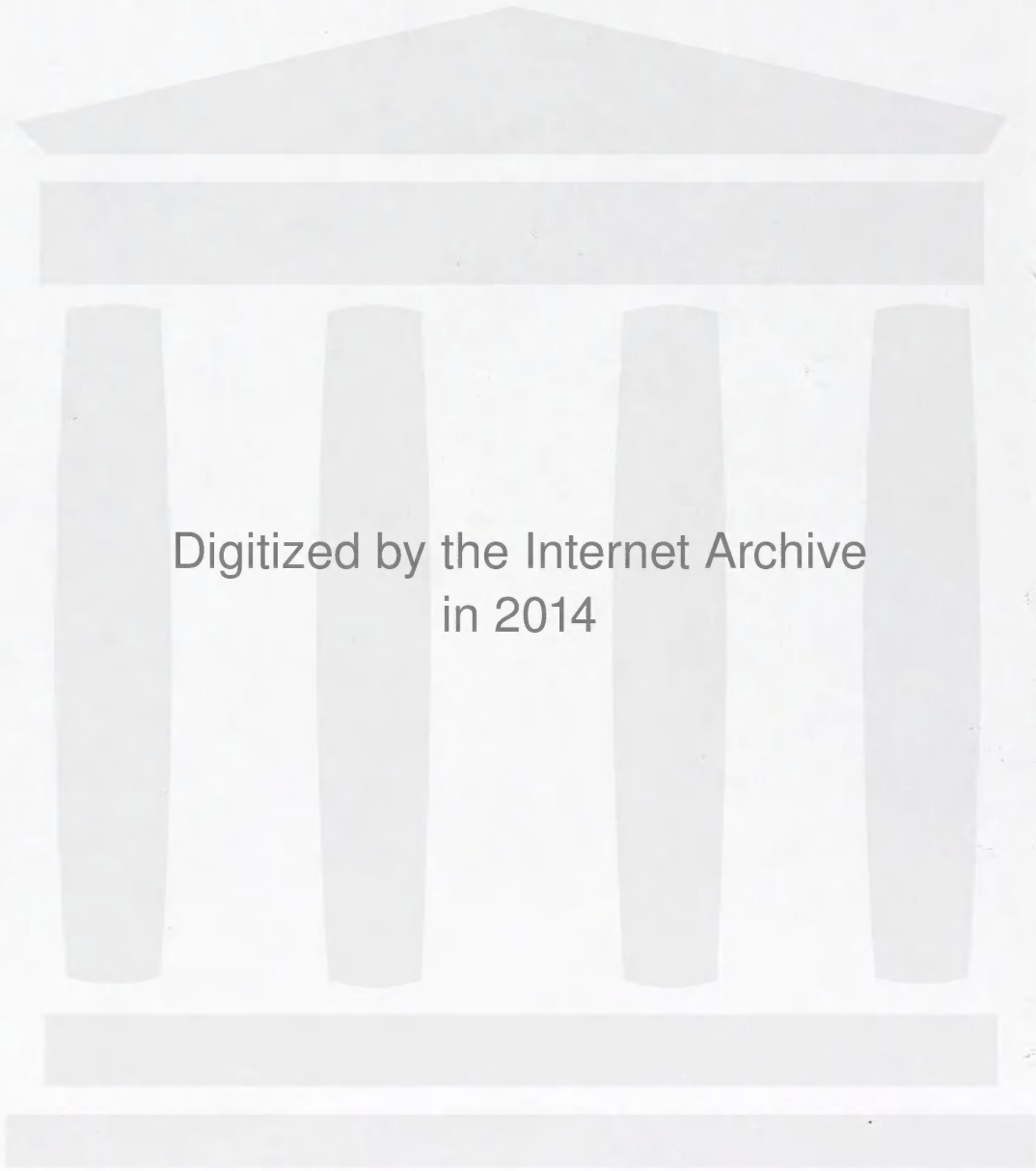


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DIES' HOME Journal JULY 1974/60¢



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THE HEARST FAMILY'S PRIVATE ORDEAL
A startling inside report

We had the post-partum blues. So we became blondes.



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But sometimes, for no reason, there'd be tears in my eyes. I guess no matter how sweet and attentive Dick was, I felt that my girlhood and the romance of me was over.

At least I wasn't alone. Carol, who had just had a baby too, felt like I did. She'd come over and we'd do exercises together. Before long, our figures were back in shape. And so was our hair. Except, it still looked dingy. Then one day we had a brainstorm. We decided to go blonde. And to do it like professionals. With Lady Clairol®.

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Simple pain can change the way a woman looks.

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Which is why you may want something more effective than common aspirin.

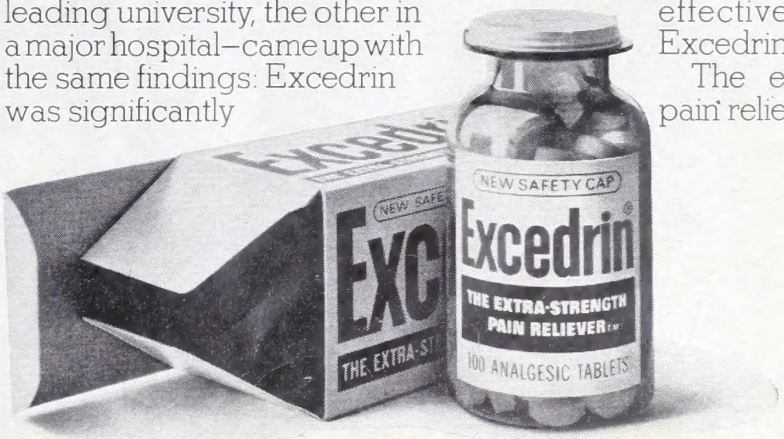
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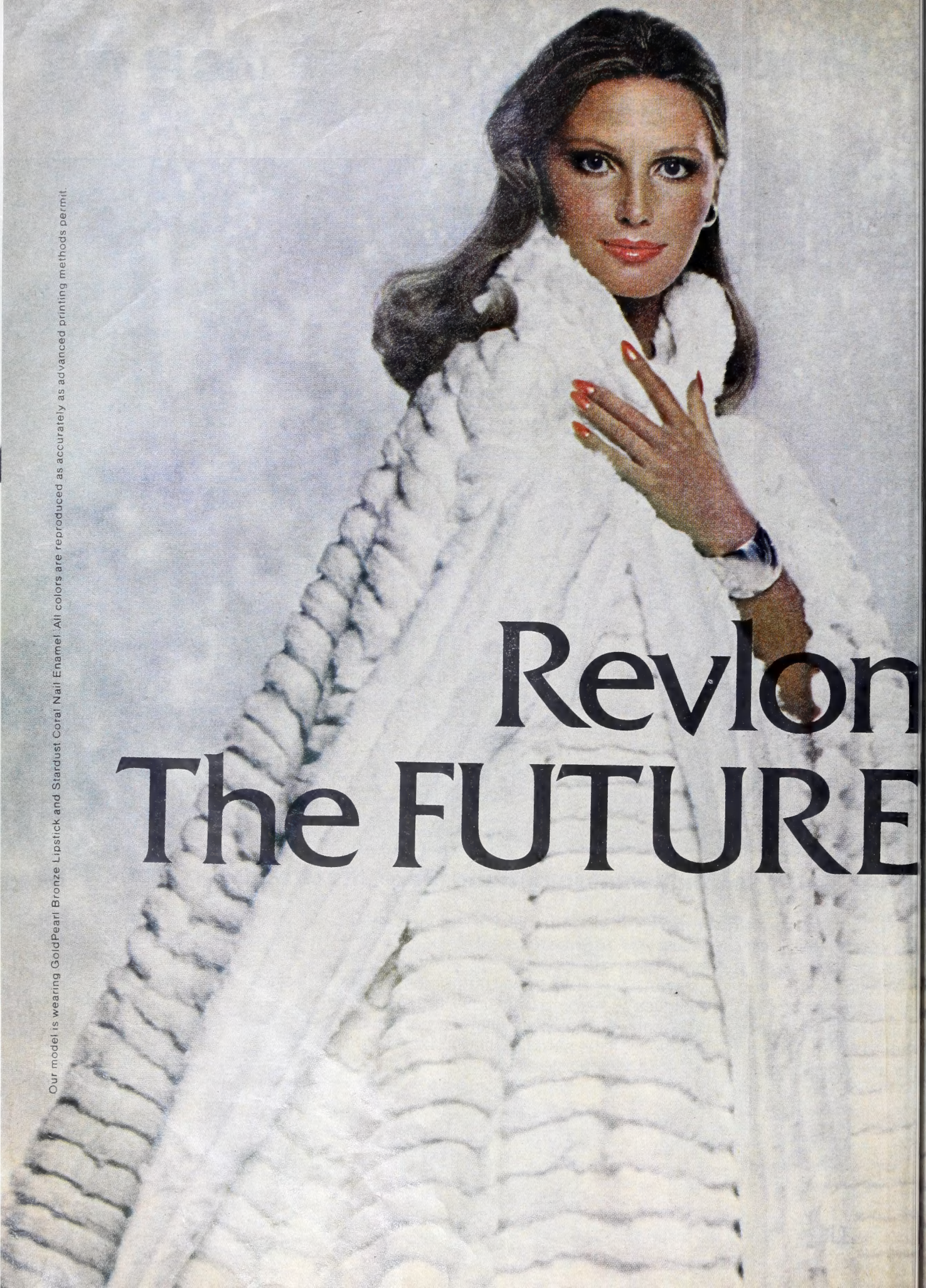
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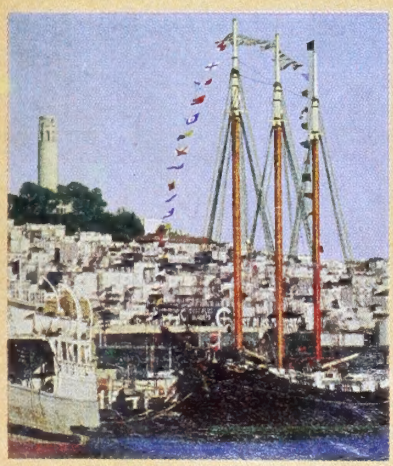




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VOL. XCI, NO. 7

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



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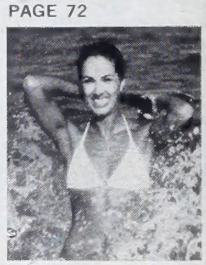
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Cover photograph of Cher by Francesco Scavullo. Cher's makeup by Way Bandy; hair by Suga of Suga Salon. Pg. 65: photograph of Catherine Hearst by UPI.

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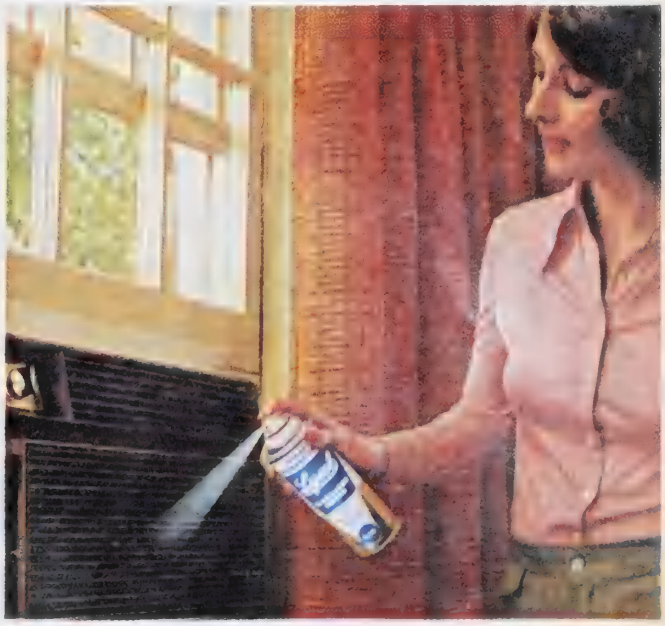
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY LENORE HERSHEY

Backgrounder

Having once stated that readers had no curiosity about magazine editors, I must now admit your letters have proved me wrong. So here are a few facts.

I am a New Yorker, a graduate of Hunter College, an alumna of both the New York *Times* and the now defunct New York *Herald-Tribune*. I've spent a considerable number of years in the women's magazine field: more than five here at the JOURNAL, more than a decade down the street at our competitor and friend, MCCALL'S. For longer than I can remember, I've been married to an exceptional husband—a physician—and we have a lovely and exceptional daughter, who has just been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and who will now do graduate study, on a fellowship, at the University of London.

We live in a house on the green edge of the city, in Riverdale. Here I read and write (perennially), cook and entertain (sporadically), diet and swim (defensively), needlepoint (erratically) and worry (selectively). About what do I worry? Family and friends, the magazine, the nation, the world . . . in whatever order the crisis seems most immediately compelling. Many community and national problems disturb me. But I suppose the chief cause of my overall uneasiness is the continuing scarcity of something basic and strengthening that used to be called goodness, and also of something rare and reviving that used to be called joy. If you detect in our pages a growing effort to capture a little more of both of these qualities, it will be no accident, since most of our other editors seem to agree with me.

There, that should be enough. Now, on to other things.

Breakthrough women

Creativity is something that comes naturally to women . . . and the JOURNAL has a long history of encouraging women to be more, do more, express themselves more. In this issue, we have some fine examples of women discovering and using new talents. On page 68, you'll meet a former movie star, *Gina Lollobrigida*, who for the past four years has been pursuing photography as a serious career. Says Gina, who still causes a flurry when she comes into the office, "The best of my life is now. When somebody takes my picture, I am an object. When I take the picture, *I* am the discoverer." To avoid the flurry bit, and remain the discoverer, Gina often dons a disguise. That's her, down there on the left, with wig, glasses and muffled contours. Also in this issue, on page 66, the winners of our American Primitive painting contest—three women who have found through their canvases and brushes the way to make a personal statement about themselves and their heritage. Says first-prize-winner *Marlene Zimmerman*, of Beverly Hills, Calif., artist, wife and mother: "I think art is one way of dealing with the impersonality of our mass-produced world."

And still another multi-talented woman is *Adalene Ross*, whose story on Catherine Hearst starts on page 65. In addition to being a travel writer (and close friend of the Hearsts for many years), she is also public relations director of I. Magnin and Bullocks-Northern California.



Left: Gina Lollobrigida? Yes! She's making sure nobody regards her as anything but just another roving photographer.



Right: Marlene Zimmerman, painter. She's the winner of our American Primitive art contest.

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MOVIE VIOLENCE: ROUND TWO

BY GENE SHALIT

Violence is the new obscenity. That was the theme of my column in the April issue of the JOURNAL, and the deluge of letters from you in support of my position was staggering . . . and humbling. The letters ran *more than 1000-to-1* in favor of the JOURNAL's position against the obscenity of violence in movies and TV, and against the movies' rating system.

Since there were thousands of letters (one of the most overwhelming mail responses in the JOURNAL's history), it is impossible to acknowledge them all. But we do thank you, *everyone*, for your letters: they were thoughtful and informative, passionate and concerned, filled with insights about children and outraged at the posture of the Motion Picture Association of America. Letters came from every section of the land, from big cities and smaller cities. Space limitations prevent us from printing them all, but here is a swift sample reflecting recurrent opinions.

• Never before have I been compelled to write in response to something I read in a magazine . . . I am only 25 years old yet I am truly appalled at . . . vile and vapid movies.—*Mrs. Jane Glisson Grinstead, Clarkston, Ga.*

• My husband and I are under thirty and very liberal minded but we view the current trend in violence as horrifying. How can anyone enjoy watching someone being dismembered?—*Paulette & Jim Hedemark, Ewa Beach, Hawaii*

• I find life a very positive and rewarding experience, but the movies would have me believe all the world is a sad and lonely gutter and most people are base, crude, sex starved, murdering perverts. I strongly resent the pollution they put into the minds of impressionable teen-agers.—*Sheila Wentzel, Arnold, Md.*

• Each day I look out the window at boys 10 to 13 waiting for the school bus. They constantly mimic the swagger and tough brutality they are exposed to by the media. Please let's do something about it before it's too late—if it's not already!—*Betty Kinger, Gainesville, Fla.*

• I have been to PG movies I would not want to take my child to. On the other hand, there have been PG movies that were perfectly "safe." What good is a rating system *if* a parent still must call the theater to ask specifically what is contained in a particular PG film?—*Diane Hamilton, Phoenix, Ariz.*

• I hope . . . that in some way the M.P.A.A. will become convinced that the rating system is absurd and that the young people of America are becoming completely insensitive to the threat of violence.—*Mrs. George K. Payne, Carmel, Calif.*

• I think your idea on either-or rating has merit and is probably one of the most sensible approaches . . . the majority of the American public seems to have a need to participate in, if only vicariously, violence against other human beings.—*Phyllis Putter, Dallas, Tex.*

• If it is possible to cultivate taste for good in all things the opposite must also be true. The film ratings are certainly not dependable and parents, if they care at all, should realize it.—*Esther Schupbach, Midland, Mich.*

• Even conscientious parents get trapped by the ratings!—*Mrs. Lowell G. Wilkey, Bourbonnais, Ill.*

• I might have heard that there was a nude scene in a film, but never do they warn you about the violence.—*Terri Touron, Englewood, Colo.*

• The reason we get violence is that we, the public, respond so favorably to it that the film-makers rush to make more money-making ventures. It is a vicious cycle, but one in which the public is a full partner. I am sorry.—*Mary Dell Miles, Birmingham, Ala.*

• It's either X or G. X to me means unacceptable and General is acceptable. Period.—*Carolyn C. Hall, Anchorage, Alaska*

• Keep up the pressure!—*Bernadine G. Schultz, Webster, S. Dak.*

• . . . my views exactly, even though I am single and do not have to make decisions for anyone but myself.—*Miriam Prentice, N.Y.C., N.Y.*

• Very few of our friends go to the movies any more. Not because TV has replaced the movie; there are so few really good pictures we just will not take a chance.—*Robert Mayhew, Greenville, Maine*

• Can't we have more beauty in our lives?—*Mrs. L. Templeton, Las Vegas, Nev.*

(continued)

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- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 fresh tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs (garnish)

Heat oil on setting 400-450 in Corning®Electromatic Table Range. Brown steak and sauté onions. Add remaining ingredients. Cover. When food starts to bubble, turn setting to 275-300 and cook gently for 1½ hours, adding more water if necessary. Add garnished tomatoes during last 30 minutes. Serves 4 generously.

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MOVIE VIOLENCE
continued

• Violence, at least 1974-movie-style violence, cannot but harm the minds and souls of impressionable youngsters, or for that matter, of impressionable young adults. I am much more concerned about my children viewing unlimited violence than their viewing unlimited sex.—*Carolyn M. Baumgartner, Greene, N.Y.*

• Our society is sick of sickening movies.—*Anita Filippi, Va. Beach, Va.*

• I have always found hypocritical the idea that children should not be allowed to view nudity, even in the context of tender and beautiful love-making, while given more latitude in seeing the grossest violence.—*Michael A. Rogoff, Ph.D., Keuka College, Keuka, N.Y.*

• Why go to a movie to remind yourself of the brutalities of the world?—*Roberta Davis, Houston, Tex.*

• No one from the film industry should be in the majority when deciding the rating. There should be a child psychologist and pediatrician on the board that decides, plus someone representing parents.—*Mrs. J. Gallian, Reno, Nev.*

• Perhaps a connection between violence and behavior cannot be proved scientifically at this time. But—as educators—we can see the effect upon our pupils.—*Mrs. Gladys J. Reedhead, R.N., Trenton, N.J.*

• "Right on!"—*Mrs. R. H. Cahoon, Cleveland, Ohio*

• Movies today are an exploding art form, escaping from the clichés and strictures of the past. I suggest that while M.P.A.A. ratings have their inanities, I would not care to substitute government regulation, local vigilante supervision, or the rule of the opinionated Gene Shalit. Suffocation is also a violent way to die, and that's what censorship is.—*B. Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.*

• Your article should be made compulsory reading for every parent.—*Mrs. Ann Shell, Milwaukee, Wis.*

• I detest movie and TV violence. I wouldn't put garbage in my stomach and therefore do not care to put it in my mind.—*M. C. Singer, Annapolis, Md.*

• Oh me! Mr. Valenti, you ought to be ashamed to pass on some of the movies you okay.—*Tom and Ann McGrath, Passaic, N.J.*

Among the tiny number of defenders of the movies' position was Jack Valenti. Mr. Valenti is President of the Motion Picture Association of America. He is, according to the reference work *Current Biography*, "the chief spokesman and moral arbiter of the motion picture industry in the United States." He moved into that job directly from the Lyndon Johnson White House. When he joined the M.P.A.A., Mr. Valenti told reporters: "I don't ever remember seeing a bad movie." When the American public choked on that, he said he had *meant* to say, "I don't remember seeing any ba movies lately."

Following, in its entirety, is Mr. Va lenti's letter to the JOURNAL.

(Later on, I discuss several aspects Mr. Valenti's letter, which explains th footnote reference numbers that hav been added.)

TO THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

In response to Gene Shalit's savag indictment of violence in movies (thoug he was strangely silent on violence i other media):[1]

Movies didn't invent violence.[2] Th movie reflects what goes on in the con munity.[3] Whenever anyone asks m why don't we make movies like we use to (we forget about the spectacularl violent gangster films of the 30's)[4] I re spond by asking: "Why isn't the societ the way it used to be?" Today there ar riots in the streets, insurrections on th campus, corruption, lying among hig government officials, child beating b callous parents, kidnapping, senseles murders, dope-crazed killers, muggers stalkers, rape, you name it and it run rampant on the networks and local T news shows, on the front page of newspa pers,[5] in the glossy four-color print magazines, in books and pamphlets, a of which are open to the inquiring ey and ear of the child.

I hold no brief for all movies, some which are too violent for my specifi taste. But the movie industry, *unlik* television (from which Mr. Shalit earn his living),[6] newspapers, books, maga zines, deliberately turns away business a its box office[7] in order to honor its rat ing system, which bars children withou their parents to certain movies. We in th movie industry stake no claim to specia piety,[8] but the fact is we are the onl communications-entertainment mediun which voluntarily restricts its revenues i order to monitor film audiences.

Mr. Shalit displays appalling igno rance of the movie rating system. Let m fill in the gaps:

1. The "R" rating is a very severe rating.[9] No child under 17 without par ents or adult guardian can enter a theate playing "R" films. There is some leakage but about 85 percent of the theaters i the country scrupulously enforce the rat ings.[10]

Parents can take their child to an "R" film if the parents choose. That is the essence of the rating program: Free choice by parents.[11] I don't want Gen Shalit telling me how to raise my chil dren or what they should see and read and I would not intrude my opinion on his family's conduct. When I make the decision that my children, aged 10, 7 and 5, see *no* "R" movies, that is my decision and the exercise of that parental choice is what the rating system is all about.

(continued on page 40)

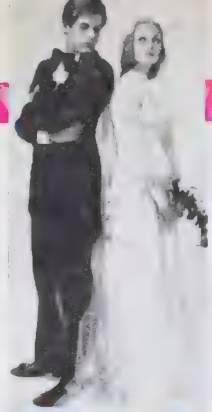
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

The more Analise pestered Nick for proof of his love, the more he held back. The more he held back, the more convinced she was that he didn't love her. And round and round they went, in a needlessly painful circle.

Analise and Nick really had a great deal in common, but they did not work to make their marriage succeed. Analise was always "sickly" after marriage. Nick thought the most helpful thing to do was to ignore her ailments and merely work harder himself. When Nick got into a different line of work, they soon became wealthy. However, that made him work harder still, so Analise saw even less of him. She began to complain even more. Finally, he decided that he'd had enough and walked out. With a little honest communication, the two could have changed their life for the better. Why didn't somebody tell them what was going on—or, more accurately, what was not going on—in their marriage? Husbands and wives should recognize from the start that either one can make a marriage successful. But it takes effort. —The counselor in this case was Nelson Miller.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the
Board of Trustees,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

Analise talks first

"I've lost the most generous husband a woman ever had," said 33-year-old Analise, a small, pretty woman with light hair, blue eyes and fair skin. "Three weeks ago, Nick moved to a hotel—leaving me and our two adopted sons in our ten-room house in Malibu.

"Nick says he will continue to support us—he has always been fantastically generous—and says he doesn't want a divorce. But he doubts that he will ever return. He says he is tired of me—and our marriage.

"I thought I could always depend on Nick's love and understanding. He has helped me through so many problems—physical and emotional—that I don't see how I can function without him. I will do anything to get him back.

"Both Nick and I are Greek-American. We grew up in the same neighborhood. Our families were acquainted, but belonged to different churches and weren't especially friendly. I met Nick at a community picnic. I was twenty-three years old and was recovering from a miserable love affair.

"There was a thunderstorm and Nick rushed me to shelter. Suddenly I had an incredible sense of his protectiveness and strength. I can't say I fell in love on the spot, but I did feel in a strange way that this man was my destiny. Later, Nick told me that he'd had an identical feeling.

"In a few weeks we were very much in love. But on the night he proposed, it took me quite a while to answer. Both his parents and mine have rigid moral standards, and I was afraid that Nick might be just as strict. Fearful and trembling, I told him I was not a virgin. For a moment, he looked at me silently. Then he took me in his arms, kissed me and put the engagement ring on my finger. And that was that.

"During our brief engagement, he treated me affectionately, but with respect—as though I was as inexperienced as our families supposed. We didn't sleep together until our marriage a month later, and then we had a marvelous honeymoon.

"I know Nick expected to start a family right away. When we learned that I had a medical problem that ruled out pregnancy, I am sure he felt let down. But he was too generous to admit it. We had to go through so many delays and legal difficulties adopting our sons—a baby girl was taken away from us because of a quirk in the adoption law—that I was afraid my nervous system would be permanently shattered. But Nick stuck by me.

"I now believe he cares more for our youngsters—Billy is six, Bob is five—than he does for me. I used to ask him if this were true, but he never would answer.

"I think our major troubles began when Nick struck it rich and we bought our house. Until last year, he was a moderately prosperous industrial lawyer earning approximately $18,000 a year—an income that seemed adequate to me. But Nick was ambitious. He went into partnership with a client who owned a paper and plastics manufacturing plant. In September, they incorporated their business and almost immediately the profits began to roll in. Within two or three months, Nick's income jumped to the $50,000 bracket, maybe higher; he didn't tell me the exact amount.

"Nick gave me a sable jacket last Christmas. He took the boys and me to Mexico City for the holidays, and we lived like millionaires. I decided I wanted to show off his success to our families and friends by buying a super house. When I first brought up the subject, Nick hesitated, then agreed. Unfortunately, he was too preoccupied with business to go house-hunting with me, which was a terrible blow since I have always counted on his judgment. Finally I begged and teased until he made a quick survey of three places among the dozens I had inspected.

"The Malibu house cost the most and needed the most repairs. But it had a private dressing room for me, and it was located near a fine public school. Nick has always wanted our sons to have the best. He poured $22,000 into repairs and remodeling, including a special playroom for the boys.

"He was out of town too much to supervise construction, which was another blow. My secret dream was that the two of us would plan our new home together, and that the project would draw him closer to me. But after he went into the partnership, I got less and less of his companionship.

"I had to supervise the remodeling. I realize that I complained too much about the hard work. I had no training and no talent. Worse still, it turned out I had an allergy to paint, and the fumes made me sick. I picked up a virus and ran a temperature of 103. In fact, I was flat on my back so often that Nick finally hired a live-in housekeeper to care for the boys. He said it was cheaper to pay her wages than to interrupt a legal conference to straighten out a domestic crisis. He was quite nice about my mishaps, but I felt awfully guilty.

"I've been prone to accidents, allergy and illness since childhood. I struggled desperately to keep up with three older, stronger brothers but managed only to collect a series of broken bones and childhood diseases— *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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ailments from which my brothers speedily recovered while I inevitably became severely ill. Mother, hovering and clucking, ruled my life as a child. Her smothering attention turned me into a nervous little worrywart.

"I am still a worrywart. I worried constantly about the costs of our house. The bills drove me crazy. Although Nick had been incredibly lucky financially, I was terrified that his luck would suddenly run out and we would wake up penniless. Yet Nick wasn't at all worried. One evening I got so upset by his lack of concern that I had hysterics.

"Nick gave me a funny look. He said his stockholders trusted him and that maybe I ought to explain my fear. Before I could answer, he changed the subject. He asked what I wanted for my birthday. Our expenses had been so heavy that I didn't want a present, but I said a nice negligee would be fine. On my birthday a week later, he surprised me with a new foreign sports car. That was Nick's way of telling me to stop worrying.

"Not long afterward our new home was finally ready. On moving day, Nick was in Chicago. To make sure that he wouldn't miss out on our housewarming, I set it on a date he selected. He promised faithfully to be there. Instead, he and his partner flew to New York that weekend. The party was a flop.

"The next morning, as I put away the china, I fell off the kitchen stepladder. I was so badly hurt that I had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance. The X-rays showed that I had sprained my back.

"I telephoned Nick, expecting him to return on the next flight. He said it was impossible. Then he telephoned the news to my mother, who hopped on the bus at once, and sailed in to take charge.

"Nick was gone six days. Usually, after an absence of any length, Nick could hardly wait to make love. This time he didn't even kiss me. Well, I swallowed my pride and suggested that we hold our own housewarming party in our own bed. He said he doubted that I felt up to sex. When I said he was mistaken, he said he'd had a tough flight and was too tired.

"It was the first sexual turndown I had ever had from him, and it cut me to the heart. When I began to cry, he didn't comfort me; he didn't say anything. I then suggested that we drive to Carmel for a weekend of rest and relaxation—a trip we'd discussed before. Nick shook his head no. Then, in a quiet voice, he told me that he had dropped his luggage at a hotel on his way in from the airport. He said quietly that our marriage was at an end, turned and walked out the door.

"I have seen and talked to him since. I have begged and pleaded; I have told him we can't face life without him. But he hasn't changed his mind."

Nick's turn to talk

"It wasn't easy to tell Analise I was moving out," said 35-year-old Nick, a conservatively dressed six-footer with rugged features and distant blue eyes. "I hoped—indeed, I had planned—for her mother to stick around and supply the emotional support Ana requires at all times. I figured she was bound to need somebody to lean on as soon as I became unavailable.

"It took ten years, but finally I had to admit that Analise was unable to handle even the slightest pressure. I hated to leave the boys, but I intend to see that they don't miss out on the luxuries of life. I've never been inclined to shirk my family responsibilities.

"Before I left Ana, I did everything in my power to help her cope with accidents, ailments and difficulties of all kinds—real and imaginary. Her health isn't the best, but I'm sure many of her illnesses are neurotic.

"Nevertheless, I married her of my own free will. In fact, the night I proposed to her she gave me the opportunity to back out by confessing to an affair with someone else. That took courage on her part. I admired her honesty.

"At the time we met, I thought she was the most appealing and sexually exciting girl I had ever known, although I should add that my experience with women was pretty limited.

"My father—who worked in the neighborhood fish market—and my mother agreed that I was the smartest boy on earth. From boyhood it was drilled into me that I would complete my education with honors and then marry a fine Greek girl. Since I expected to be the breadwinner, I waited until I passed the bar exam and established a law practice, then began to drop in on the community dances, festivals and picnics to look over the field of bridal prospects.

"I was twenty-five, had a reasonably substantial bank account and my own idea of the kind of wife I wanted—a wife entirely different from mother. Mother ran after me with sweaters, handkerchiefs and warnings not to get overchilled, not to play football on a full stomach or study in a poor light. I wanted a wife who would let me take care of myself and her, a girl I could protect and maybe spoil a little."

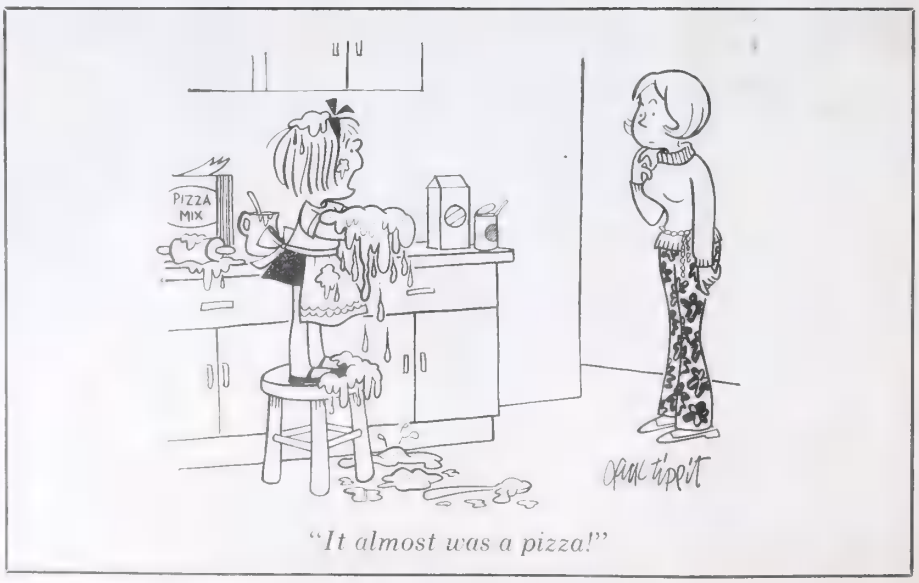
"At first it tickled my ego to have Ana depend on me to shape her ideas and opinions. But it wasn't long before her lack of confidence became a nuisance.

"I hurt her feelings, and then became acquainted with her sensitivity, her endless worries and fears. Ana is afraid of everything—spiders, drafts from hotel air conditioners, germs that may be lurking in the restrooms of swank night clubs. Last Christmas we stayed at the best hotel in Mexico City—and changed our suite twice because Ana didn't think the sunken bath was clean enough. We have never taken an overnight trip by car; her kidneys refuse to function in filling station toilets.

"From the beginning, we both wanted children. It was obvious to me that Ana didn't have enough to do, and I hoped a child would fill the void. When no child arrived, we applied to an adoption agency and encountered the usual red tape. As the months dragged by, Ana became increasingly discouraged.

"She was so pessimistic about our chances that I made a serious mistake. Through a doctor friend, I arranged a private adoption. With his assistance, I paid the costs of confinement for an unmarried pregnant girl, on the agreement that we would adopt her baby. Ana bought a layette and furnished a nursery. Both of us were radiant when we brought our baby girl home and held a christening party at the church.

"For six months we were *(continued)*



"It almost was a pizza!"

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parents of a charming daughter. Three days short of the six-month period, when our adoption papers would be finalized in court, the natural mother changed her mind. She exercised her legal privilege and reclaimed the child. But in our view she robbed us of our daughter.

"Ana collapsed. I didn't blame her. I blamed myself for taking an insanely stupid risk; as a lawyer I should have known better. We went through some terrible months together.

"But then the agency came through with our boys—first Billy, then Bob—and Ana and I shared the joy. We had several good years. Ana was a devoted mother, which relieved the pressures on me.

"But soon her old devils got at her, and she began to worry that our neighborhood wasn't the right place for our boys, that we couldn't save enough money from my practice to put them through school. Frankly, I was worried about that, too. Last year I had an opportunity to go into partnership with a client. I thought we could turn his failing business around, and I was right. We were even more successful than I anticipated. In the first twelve months, our partnership grossed more than a million dollars. But it's been hard work. Ana seems to think I've been lucky, and that Lady Luck might desert me at any minute.

"Her attitude is sad. She'd had no fun with our prosperity. She's got no enjoyment from our new home, although she did a fine job supervising the remodeling. Unfortunately, she doesn't think so. I feel sorry for Analise, but I've had it with her gloomy fears and worries."

The counselor's turn

"In an early interview, Analise spoke of herself as thirty-three years old going on twelve," the counselor said. "The remark was accurate. In her emotions and behavior she was very immature. Overprotected by a domineering mother, she had been trained to become a sickly little worrier. Association with her father—an amiable but ineffectual man who drifted from one job to another—magnified her feelings of personal and economic insecurity.

"Nick's background, similar on the surface, was markedly different. Both he and Analise were the youngest in the family—she was an only girl, he an only boy. His mother, too, fussed and fretted about the health of the favorite—but Nick fiercely rejected maternal ministrations and modeled himself after his father, who was definitely the head of the house.

"Analise's fears were mainly focused on her own welfare. Like many self-centered people, lacking in self-confidence and self-esteem, she *(continued)*



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hoped marriage would help her to find lifetime security. She had many admirers, and selected Nick as the one most likely to meet her need. When he struck it rich—as she tactlessly described the result of his hard work—she was inwardly jealous, and regarded his business as a rival. Consequently, she demanded more of his companionship and time than he was able or willing to give.

"On the other hand, despite the efforts necessary to make a go of the new partnership, Nick could have been more considerate of Analise. Certainly, he could have shown more interest in their new home. He told me of his pride in her good taste, but he had been too preoccupied to tell her.

"However, Analise's behavior hardly tempted him to stick around. She childishly tried to win his attention with complaints and sulks. There seemed to be little doubt that her ailments and accidents were subconsciously calculated to gain sympathy and attention. Inevitably, these devices failed.

"Nick had sought and found 'a girl he could take care of,' but he got considerably more than he bargained for. Fortunately, he knew he hadn't been trapped into the marriage, and he appreciated Analise's honesty. Because of background and religion, he was family-oriented to an unusual degree. He disapproved of divorce and felt a strong obligation to maintain a home for the sake of his sons. Nevertheless, when he left Analise he had firmly decided that their marriage was at an end. He did not believe his wife capable of easing the heavy emotional burden she had laid on him.

"But Analise was powerfully motivated to change. She was determined to win him back. Not surprisingly, she was stunned by his abrupt departure. After all, Nick had dropped no hints of his dissatisfaction with their relationship.

"His reticence was unfair to Analise, Nick admitted, as was his silence on the subject of his business and the amount of his income. It increased rather than decreased her tendency to worry about finances.

"The couple spent a weekend together. Nick stayed overnight and played with the boys. The next day, however, he returned to his hotel.

"Analise was disappointed, but she did not permit herself to sink into a depression. She recognized the necessity of learning to depend on herself. With pain and difficulty, she learned to change her habits and her thinking. Indeed, she made more personality changes than I have observed in any other patient.

"She refrained from pursuing Nick with telephone calls. She forced herself to solve her own problems, and discovered that her own solutions were quite adequate. She began regarding the boys as individuals rather than extensions of herself. She joined a class in child-rearing. She took lessons in karate with a group of other young women. Whenever she was tempted to worry, she went outside and took a brisk walk or practiced karate exercises. She already had an excellent figure, but it improved.

"Nick visited the boys once or twice a week. Naturally, he noticed the change in Analise, which was striking. He approved. At Easter, the two went back together on a trial basis.

"That was some months ago, and they are still together. Their life isn't perfect, of course. Nick still spends more time out of town than Analise would like, but she doesn't nag him about it. Nowadays, she frequently accompanies him on short trips—and she doesn't complain about hotel accommodations. He now talks to her about his business. She is pleased to receive his confidence, and her baseless worries have virtually disappeared.

"Occasionally she still has a headache or backache, but she no longer reports the details to Nick. As far as I know, she has had no further accidents. Both she and Nick consider their marriage eminently more satisfying." **END**

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CHILDREN'S MANNERS BY AMY VANDERBILT

Birthday party

For my son's second birthday we are planning a dinner party for friends' children and kids in the neighborhood. How can we let people know not to bring gifts? I think a two-year-old is too young to appreciate gifts.

You could write on a slip of paper to be included in the invitation: "Please don't bring the baby gifts. We feel he is too young to enjoy them." Or just tell people that verbally. And if the guests you are inviting are about the same age as the baby, I would suggest ice cream and cake after naptime in the afternoon—not a dinner party!

Telephone manners

Most children have terrible telephone manners. For example, the other day my phone rang. I picked it up, said hello—and heard a child say, "Who's this?" Would you discuss children's telephone manners?

A child—or anyone else—should never say, "Who's this?" to someone who happens to answer the phone. Instead, a child should say, "This is Caroline Jones. May I speak to Billy, please?" A child answering his parents' phone should just say "hello," not "Jones' residence" or "Billy speaking." He should not volunteer any information about his parents' whereabouts if they are away. He can say, "Mother isn't here at the moment, but she'll be back soon and I'll be glad to take a message."

Children should write messages down and remember to give them to their parents.

Watching TV

When children are watching TV in the living room and adults arrive, must the children leave the room?

In many cases I think it would be rude of the adults to think that the children should leave. The mother can say, "The children are watching a special program. Do you mind if we go in here?" and indicate another room. Adults should think how they would feel if they were asked to shut off the television because children entered the room.

Nose blowing

I am a 10-year-old boy. Some of my friends call me "slob" because I blow my nose a lot. What can I do?

Ask your parents to take you to an ear, nose and throat specialist. You may have a condition that he can cure. In the meantime, blow your nose as often as you have to, and as quietly as possible. Ignore your so-called "friends" who ridicule you.

The curtsy

These days few parents insist that their small daughters curtsy when they are introduced to someone. Is curtsying an outdated custom?

I feel it is outdated, although many very little girls enjoy curtsying—and if they do enjoy it, they should be allowed to do so. For a gangling teen-ager to curtsy seems strange.

Manners away from home

I wish you would say something about children's manners away from home, particularly on buses, where they can be very rude and pushy.

When children are away from home, they sometimes think that because nobody recognizes them, they can do what they wish. This, of course, can be unpleasant for other people. On public transportation, children should be quiet and move slowly and carefully without pushing. They shouldn't yell or talk loudly to one another. In the movies, whispering is disturbing, as is loud rustling of candy wrappers or much jumping up to go to the refreshment stand. Children walking on the street together should be careful not to crowd other children or adults. Allowing plenty of time to get to school—or a movie—helps to keep rush and hurry at a minimum and makes for more courteous passage.

Look people in the eye

Why does my mother say that I must look people in the eye when speaking to them?

Because looking down or looking away seems evasive and unfriendly.

Messy plates

I am eight years old. My mother tells me not to mix gravy and potatoes together on my plate, but I like it that way. What's wrong with it?

It is messy-looking to other people. Gravy should be added to the meat, not to the potatoes. When you take a little potato with your fork, you can dip it in the gravy.

Interrupting conversation

How can you teach a child not to interrupt and not to whisper when grown-ups are talking?

By being very conscious of the child's need to express himself, too. Perhaps when adults are talking, they should notice the child's desire to speak and pause to let him do so, not continue to frustrate him until he interrupts rudely. Sometimes when a child absolutely must communicate something to a parent, he does whisper. The parent should make it clear that they both know it is a breach of etiquette before others by saying something like, "Please excuse us for whispering."

Slangy response

Don't you agree that the response "OK" from a child seems very abrupt?

I'm afraid that "OK" is firmly entrenched in our language. You hear it in the business world as well as socially. A child does not mean disrespect by using the word. Of course, I prefer "Yes, I'll do it" or "Yes, I will, Mrs. Smith," but much depends on the child's manner.

Correcting adults

Mommy says we may not correct big people but sometimes they make mistakes. Why can't we? I'm eight.

I don't completely agree with your mother. Sometimes adults make mistakes that can be painful or destructive; then certainly children have every right to set them straight quickly and as tactfully as possible. The key is tact. You should never correct anybody by saying, "You're stupid!" or "Dopey!" Try putting yourself in the other person's place and see how you would react to that kind of correction.

(continued)

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

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CHILDREN'S MANNERS
continued

Offensive language

Why does my mother say that some words are gutter words and we can't use them? I see those words in magazines in the barber shop.

You do hear those words in films and see them in magazines, but that does not mean that they are suitable for you to use. If you use certain words that are unacceptable under social circumstances, you may not always realize when you are using them. They may very well pop out at a time that could prove embarrassing—for example, when grandmother is visiting. Listen to your mother in this matter to avoid embarrassing her and yourself.

Birthday parties

In our new neighborhood, children's birthday parties are big productions—rented ponies, magicians, films, all kinds of hired entertainment. I neither want to nor can keep up with this sort of thing. Am I wrong?

I think it is unwise even to try to keep up with this kind of thing. I believe that children's parties should be simple, manageable and inexpensive. It is usually people who are "climbers" who put on parties of these pretensions. If you know who you are and feel comfortable about yourself, you don't have to prove anything by having expensive parties for your children.

Sissies

Our children claim they are regarded as sissies when they behave correctly. How can we inspire in them good manners and respect for others?

Tell them to be leaders, not followers. Explain to them that if they have good manners, they will inspire good manners in other people. A sharp remark encourages a sharp answer, and this can make life very unpleasant. Tell them, too, that by learning proper manners, they are making life easier for themselves as adults. They won't have to stop to think what is the right thing to do. They will already know. This will help give them poise and self-confidence as well as acceptance among people who do know their manners.

Rising children

I believe my children should rise when an adult enters or leaves the room, but how is this handled when there are several adults entering and leaving over a short period of time? I don't want them to look like jumping jacks!

Children should rise for introductions, but if people keep coming and going, children should be busy with something other than jumping up and down, watching the parade. If a child is spoken to, he or she should rise, but again, I feel that a child should not have to rise to say, "I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Smith" if he is in the middle of playing a game or reading a book or is otherwise occupied. Some youngsters use this constant jumping up as a means of attracting attention, and that can be a dreadful bore.

Church

Why must I go to church on Sunday? It's a drag. I'm a boy, 10 years old.

Religious education is part of our culture. It teaches us where we are and where we belong. and gives us roots. It also gives us comfort and hope in times of trouble. We shouldn't turn to the church only when we need it, but should support it as a matter of course and as a responsibility.

Egg on the face

Is it all right to tell a grown-up at the table that he has egg (or some other food) on his face? Or should you just wait for him to find out?

It is quite all right to say, for example, "Grandpa, you have a bit of food on the right side of your chin." You should say such things very quietly, of course. **END**



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Grant G. Simmons, Jr. Chairman of the Board





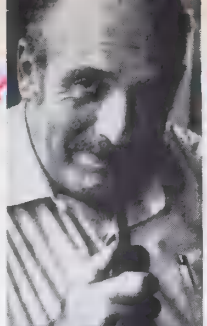
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MENTAL HEALTH QUIZ FOR PARENTS

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

These questions and answers from the well-known psychiatrist will help parents determine whether or not they are giving their children an emotionally healthy start in life.

In this age of enlightenment about mental health, parents repeatedly ask me what they can do to help their children grow into emotionally healthy adults. While there is no magic plan to insure mental health, there are basic areas parents can examine to help determine whether they are helping or hindering their child's chances for happiness. Here are ten questions to ask yourself—plus answers that will perhaps give you some idea of whether you, as a parent, are doing everything you can to give your children an emotionally healthy start in life.

1. Do you respect your children? I mean, do you respect their opinions, assets and desires? This is very important in terms of their future self-esteem. How children feel about themselves—especially their constructive aspects—is an outgrowth of how their parents feel about them. For example: if you have contempt for your children, your children will have contempt for themselves. If you regard them with respect, recognition and praise, they will have the same regard for themselves. A parent's respect constitutes a child's earliest basis for self-confidence and provides a child with inner emotional security necessary for successful and satisfying use of his or her abilities.

2. Do you set proper limits? Parents must be parents and not children. A generation gap is both appropriate and healthy. Setting limits is vital for a child's sense of security. Children feel insecure and anxious, and lack confidence in their ability to make realistic judgments, when parents fail to set limits. Weak parental guidance about do's and don'ts will cause a child to feel afraid and to lack respect for his parents as well as himself; to such a child, the world seems chaotic and dangerous.

What *are* proper parental limits? They are neither too lax nor too stringent. Too-stringent limits often lead to destructive rebellion or criminal behavior. All parental limits must be applied with love, sound judgment and a proper regard for the child's age, sensitivity, energy, needs and standard of sophistication. Parental limits must also be firm and consistent. Not to be firm and consistent is just as destructive to the child as cruelty, and by cruelty I don't just refer to physical cruelty; I mean ridicule and embarrassment.

3. Are you consistent? The consistency I speak of here applies to the image of your child that you convey to him. Telling him that he is a genius one moment and a blithering idiot the next does little for his feelings of security or sense of identity. Great fluctuations in methods of upbringing create confusion, anxiety and neuroses. Parental fluctuations often come about when one parent replaces his or her own spontaneity and good judgment in order to follow a child-rearing fad of the moment. If the other parent disagrees with the new plan of upbringing, their divisiveness can create a divided loyalty, guilt and conflict within the child, thereby sowing the seeds for future emotional difficulty.

Parents need not always agree, but the child must not become the arbitrator of their differences. When parents do disagree, it is best that they work out their differences between themselves and then present and apply a united front to the child.

4. Do you encourage your child to express his thoughts and feelings? It is vital that children be allowed to express their feelings, especially love and anger. Children hear adults talk about their feelings, and when a child is encouraged to express his feelings, too, the child learns that feelings are highly acceptable, that they are part and parcel of being human. Human beings who do not express feelings tend to live in an emotional vacuum. They become terrified to feel, and suffer great anxiety and an emotional upheaval when these repressed feelings are finally stirred up by outside stimuli.

5. Do you promote human realities? On a practical level, this means that you let children in on the fact that hum beings are human and not Godlike, th the human condition is tough and th life inevitably has its ups and dow This means that people—all people—g jealous, envious, angry, possessive, se ish, lazy, afraid, confused and hurt. V all fail and succeed. We are all healt and sick. We all have assets and liab ties. Relationships, work and amuseme can be fruitful or frustrating, but ne perfect. Learning these human realitie as opposed to seeking perfection o heaven on earth—mitigates self-hatred well as hatred for the less-than-perfe or for one's day-to-day existence. Ea promotion of human realities witho bitterness or cynicism makes for futu mental health, as well as the ability be happy with what this less-than-p fect world has to offer.

6. Do you allow appropriate freedo By this, I mean do you have enou judgment about and confidence in yo child to permit an independence co mensurate with the child's state of dev opment? I do not advocate overpern siveness because to a child that seems mean that the parent doesn't *care*—a in turn, the child will care less for hi self. Overprotection can be even m damaging because it does not give child ample opportunity to feel like separate, whole human being. Overp tection also produces dependency a teaches a child to seek dependent re tionships. I have seen many compete whole young women who regard the selves as only fragments unless they ha men to attach themselves to. These wo en often rush into disastrous male-fem relationships because aloneness terri them so much that they cannot wait a constructive relationship. Love is portant, but it does not provide soluti to all of life's problems.

Overprotective parents tend to ov emphasize the importance of love a girl's life, and this inevitably le to impossible expectations, disappoi ments and feelings of inadequacy in b love and marriage. It is very difficult parents to "let go" of their children—a we take chances even when we let children cross the street themselves the first time. But if we overprotect children to keep ourselves *(continu*

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answ questions on your personal, marria family, and emotional problems. T doctor is a well-known psychoanal who practices in New York. He is a the author of Dr. Rubin, Please Ma Me Happy *(Arbor House). If you h questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in column, please address them to him care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 L ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. regret that only letters selected for in the column can be answered.*


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MENTAL HEALTH QUIZ FOR PARENTS
continued

from being anxious about their safety, then we are helping to stifle their growth. Yes, there are dangers out there—even death—but dangers are a part of life. Preventing a child's full and appropriate participation in life promotes an emotionally crippled lifetime. I am not suggesting here that a parent exceed a child's limits. You must know your child and always use judicious judgment.

7. Do you encourage and promote family friendship? Members of a family who like each other and help each other foster an atmosphere of security. This security promotes feelings of personal strength and belonging both in the home and in the world. Parents who encourage competition among their children, or who foster mutual envy, hostility and vindictiveness, create a divided family atmosphere. Pitting one child against another, establishing a hierarchy of favoritism or using one child's abilities as a standard of performance for all—these are destructive activities. Each child should be encouraged to appreciate his own abilities to to share them with the family. Only in this way can a child have both family and personal self-esteem.

8. Are you aware that a child is not an adult? Parents must realize that children are children and need time to grow up. The maturing process requires the parent to be tolerant and patient. A child must not be pushed into the full development of intelligence, emotional processes, and decision-making, but should be allowed to progress toward maturity at his own speed in all areas. Expecting more sophistication from a child than the child is capable of at any age or level of development produces feelings of inadequacy and self-rejection within the child.

It must be remembered that a young child's neurological system and reflexes are not fully developed. Consequently, youngsters may be clumsy and impulsive and lack control or judgment. Parents who use strong language to express themselves, and then expect a child "to control himself" and not do what his parents do, are not realistic.

Neither is it realistic for a parent to say, "I never did *that* when I was your age." Parents must recall their own childhoods honestly, but here again, they should not compare what *was* with what *is*. Each new generation has its own fads and values, which parents must try to understand and respect.

9. Do you help to promote healthy sexual attitudes? Offering your child information about sex that he or she neither asks for nor is capable of understanding can be destructive. Refusing sex information when a child is ready for it, or giving a child false information, is very destructive to the child's future attitude toward sex. Parental rejection of a child because she is a girl and not a boy (or vice versa) is disastrous. The extent to which parents help their child accept her or his sexual identification is the extent to which they promote the child's general self-acceptance at whatever stage of development.

10. Do you cherish your child's individuality? I'm referring to *all* individual characteristics. It is destructive to the child's well-being to force him into a particular mold. Ignoring your child's particular talents and desires cuts your child off from his vital source of self-esteem. Some mothers and fathers fear uniqueness in their child because of their parental zeal to conform to what their immediate society seems to condone. But such parents are only contributing to self-hate in the child as well as a disastrous future parent-child relationship. A child who feels her parents deprived her of a chance for "something—anything," may turn out to be unforgiving indeed! **END**





La Choy® swings American with

Mom's Bean Sprout Salad

Combine 2 cups diced cooked ham and 1 can (16 oz.) LA CHOY Bean Sprouts (rinsed and drained), ¼ cup French dressing, and 2 teaspoons LA CHOY Soy Sauce. Chill in refrigerator for 30 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons each: chopped green onion, chopped green pepper, and chopped celery, ½ cup chopped sweet pickle, dash pepper, and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Toss lightly and serve on crisp salad greens. Makes 4 servings.



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

What can be done to improve on-the-spot ways of saving the lives of heart-attack victims? Plus news of the Cu-7, a new, approved Intrauterine Device.

Sudden death. The American Medical Association calls sudden death from heart attack "the most important medical emergency." When the heart stops, breathing and blood circulation must be restored in less than four minutes or the victim will die.

Timely help, experts say, could save tens of thousands of lives each year. To meet heart-attack emergencies, the AMA urges basic life-support training for policemen, firemen, students, and others who can be taught to save lives by clearing the air passage to the lungs and providing mouth-to-mouth respiration and heart massage through the chest wall.

While these methods may work, far more effective is a strong electric shock delivered through the chest to the heart with an instrument called a defibrillator. But doctors are reluctant to let nurses and rescue workers use it.

One life-saving strategy has been to put defibrillators in mobile coronary-care vans that can respond quickly to emergency calls. But these units are expensive to buy and operate, especially if an M.D. must be available when the vehicles make calls.

One specialist in cardiac resuscitation, Dr. William Hopewell of Valley Hospital in Ridgewood, N.J., recommends an alternative strategy: "Perhaps we should consider the widespread distribution of simple . . . defibrillators—in business areas, police cars, homes of high-risk patients—and the training of lay people in the recognition of sudden death and how to use a defibrillator. When a 52-year-old man collapses in a bank, a nearby $500 defibrillator—and someone who knows how to use it—may save him; an $85,000, electronically elegant mobile-care unit with highly trained personnel twenty blocks away will not."

Women and lung cancer. During the last decade, the lung-cancer death rate for women has doubled, the American Cancer Society says. (It was ten years ago that the Surgeon General's Report on Smoking and Health identified cigarettes as the major cause of lung cance Smoking statistics? Women are smok more—and teen-age girls, who o lagged far behind boys, are catching to them in smoking statistics.

Autopsy report. When a family has be struck by a loved one's death, a doc may ask permission to perform an topsy—and the bereaved may wish say "No."

However, New York City's rece ly retired chief medical examiner, Milton Helpern, who has perform 25,000 autopsies, explains why su postmortem investigations are neede

"Death creeps up on every liv thing. . . . This is why it is important determine how death occurs, and it quires diligence and study. . . . You m first start with the circumstances death]."

Contraceptive clinic. Researchers fo see improvements in existing contrac tives, but no wholly new ones soon. C in federal research funding are at fa say Rockefeller and Ford Foundat experts.

Despite problems, the Pill still is u by half of all U.S. practitioners of bi control. (Newer forms of the Pill c tain smaller amounts of, and/or saf female hormones.)

A much-heralded new IUD that small enough to be inserted in wom who have not had babies has been proved by the Food and Drug Admin tration. Called Cu-7, it is a "7"-shap plastic wire partly coated with copp About two-millionths of an ounce of metal is released into the uterus ea day. For reasons that are still uncle this helps prevent pregnancy. The ma facturer, G. D. Searle & Co., says Cu-7 is turning out to be almost as eff tive as the Pill.

Meanwhile, some couples are swit ing back to older, more familiar, but l sure contraceptive methods—such male prophylactics and vaginal foar on the premise that abortion, which n is legal, is available as a backstop. increase sales, makers of male propl lactics are now promoting their produ more openly than ever.

"There's no instant miracle for ummer-damaged hair. The only miracle I know takes a little longer."

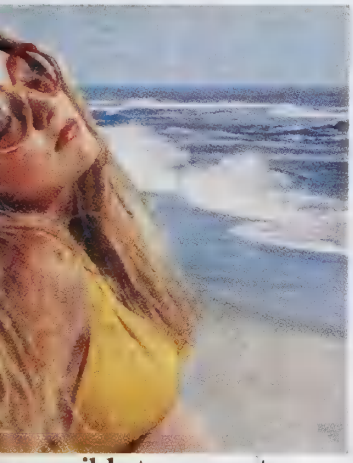
Julius Caruso

"Summertime really gives your hair he hardest time.

The sun burns it, the wind beats it, he water dries it like seaweed. Those uick-down-the-drain rinses just on't make the difference.

They weren't made to help dam-ged hair.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol is specially formulated for damaged hair.



mpossible to correct eeks of drying sun, and water in a minute.

When I apply protein-rich condition* the hair seems to soak it up immediately. (The way you see a dry plant drink water.)

Naturally, the hair that absorbs quickly is the porous, or damaged air. So condition* goes right work where it's needed he most.

Then as you wait, with his intense 30-minute



treatment, the warmth of your scalp helps condition* penetrate throughout your hair.

Lifeless hair gets real body of its own. Becomes shiny, manageable. Really and truly reconditioned.

Remember, summer fun is no fun for your hair.

A regular condition* treatment can keep it shining no matter how brutally the sun shines."





But Clairol's condition* do the impossible in a little longer time.

condition*

The professional treatment for mistreated hair.

Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion for touch-ups.

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RALPH NADER REPORTS: AIR TRAVEL

"Bumping," transporting dangerous materials, unsafe plane cabins—the famed consumer advocate explores the problems that irk (and sometimes imperil) air travelers.

The young couple looked dumbfounded as they stood in the airport waiting room with their two children. The trip they had planned for months had suddenly turned sour when they learned that they had been "bumped" from their flight—despite having made plane reservations and paid their fare in advance. Now they had joined the 500,000 passengers with confirmed, paid reservations who have been "bumped" from flights within the past five years. "Bumping," or "denied boarding" as the airlines call this procedure, is the lines' method of compensating for "no-shows"—people who make airplane reservations but don't use them—by overbooking flights.

All airlines overbook; they call it an economic necessity. But, in fact, the lines encourage overbooking by their heavy-handed pressure to book a flight when a telephone caller simply wants information, or to make a return reservation when a passenger is only sure of one-way plans. A partial solution—with obvious limitations—is the so-called "leisure class" or "conditional reservation" plan. Such a reservation is booked with the understanding that the passenger may be "bumped"; if this happens, he or she is reimbursed for the fare and flies at no cost on the next available flight.

Many courts have found "bumping" to be discriminatory, deceptive and contrary to the Federal Aviation Act of 1958. In several cases, punitive damages have been awarded. As more lawsuits are brought by irate consumers who have been "bumped" off flights, perhaps the airlines will remedy a practice that leaves thousands of travelers disappointed and inconvenienced each week.

"Bumping" and other problems associated with flying are being given belated attention by the Consumer Affairs Office of the Civil Aeronautics Board (the government agency responsible for the economic and service practices of commercial aviation). The CAB recently chastised the airlines for their cavalier attitude toward passengers' complaints. The scolding was precipitated by the increasingly heavy number of consumer complaints received by the Consumer Affairs Office.

On questions of safety, consider, for instance, the moorings of a plane's seats. The Federal Aviation Administration (the government agency responsible for air safety) requires the airlines to install seats that can absorb a force up to nine times the force of gravity without coming loose from their moorings. (Compare this to the seat moorings in automobiles, which since 1968 have been made to withstand 20 times the force of gravity.) The seats of a plane are held in place with small round screws from the seat legs. This is a tremendous benefit to the airlines because the seats can be removed easily and new ones installed in seconds, thus making it easier for the airlines to use space for cargo, when such an arrangement becomes necessary.

Passengers, however, are capable of withstanding forces of 35 to 45 times the force of gravity without sustaining injuries. There have been plane crashes in which seats have been torn

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"General Electric and Clorox help me get the best possible wash!"

Sandra Le Baugh

General Electric's Dispensall™ washer and Clorox® liquid bleach make an unbeatable washday team. The GE dispensall system automatically releases Clorox and other additives at just the right time, with only one trip to the washer. And Clorox gets out the stains, dirt and germs your detergent alone can't.

Clorox—it's automatic with General Electric.

The most automatic automatic washer General Electric ever made. That's the General Electric washer with the Dispensall™ system. It also has the energy-saving Mini-Basket® feature for washing things you once had to do by hand. And a Filter-Flow® system which traps lint fuzz out of the washing cycle.

Clorox has agreed to supply General Electric with a Stain-Removal Guide, to be packed in each washer; and to feature General Electric appliances in Clorox advertising.

© 1974 The Clorox Company

ose with the passengers still fastened in them—and the pas-ngers were killed by being hurtled about the cabin interior. ssengers would have a far better chance of survival with avier moorings.

Another urgent problem is fire and smoke inhalation. In 69, the FAA announced its intention to issue smoke emis-n standards. Five years later, it has still not done so. Last ugust, the Aviation Consumer Action Project—ACAP—a nprofit group concerned with passenger safety and consum-rights—petitioned the FAA in August to issue rules regard-g the emission of smoke and poisonous gases. ACAP's peti-n cited many accidents in which passengers were killed m inhaling cyanide and carbon monoxide released by burn-g aircraft interiors. (In the 1973 crash of a Boeing 707 near ris, 124 people died from an in-flight fire fueled by cabin erior materials.) Seat cushions, upholstery and paneling rtain plastics, which release poisonous gases when they tch fire. In addition, plastics burn at a far higher heat than tural fibers and emit a dense black smoke that reduces visi-ity within the plane's cabin and interferes with the pas-ngers' efforts to escape.

Too often the airline advertising has stressed luxuries rather an safety. If passenger safety were given top priority, there uld be more emphasis on the location and operation of ergency doors. These doors are extremely heavy—about 50 unds in the window sections and heavier in the front and ck—and directions for their use are unclear. Imagine the nic and confusion in a plane's cabin after an emergency nding. The cabin is filled with smoke and the lights have ne out. This is not the time to experiment with the emer-ncy exits. Why not have mock-up doors in the waiting oms at terminals so that passengers can experiment with ening them? The airlines could also give emergency evacua-n training to all of their employees, not just to stewards and wardesses, as is the case now. Airline employees travel a great deal on free passes and could be of considerable help if they were properly trained. And there is one simple step you can take in your own behalf: For your own safety, note the placement of the emergency doors on boarding the plane.

Many passengers don't know it, but airliners often carry such hazardous materials as radioactive isotopes, corrosive acids, lethal chemicals and pesticides, poisonous gases, biologic disease-carrying agents, explosives, etc. Every other type of vehicle must display a placard identifying the hazardous materials it carries—except airplanes. Last year more than a million shipments of radioactive materials were made by plane. FAA regulations specify the packing and amount of hazardous materials allowed on any one flight, but these rules are, in my opinion and that of ACAP, systematically violated by shippers and ignored by airlines who don't want to lose this cargo business. In 1972, ACAP petitioned the CAB and FAA to ban the transporting of hazardous materials on passenger flights—or to strengthen the regulations. The FAA rejected the petition, claiming that the present regulations are adequate and are being enforced. Yet the FAA has no inspection system to monitor these shipments; it is totally dependent on the shippers and the airlines. This weakness was evidenced again in the recent radiation leaks on two separate flights: 157 passengers, including a pregnant woman, were exposed to potentially hazardous levels of radiation. The pilots' union and ACAP are urging the passage of legislation to ban the transportation of all hazardous materials, with the exception of those necessary for emergency medical treatment.

For more information on airline safety, consumer problems and your rights, or to express your support for the work that the Aviation Consumer Action Project is doing, write to ACAP, P.O. Box 19029, Washington, D.C. 20036. END

Editor's note: The JOURNAL *welcomes comment on this and other reports by Mr. Nader.*



Where the food dollar goes

How does the "average" family budget its food dollar between meats, poultry, eggs, fruits and vegetables and all the rest? We have been analyzing our family's food spending patterns in hopes of finding new ways to cut costs, but whenever I come up with a suggestion on where to cut back, my husband or one of the kids always complains it's an unreasonable sacrifice.

According to the Agriculture Department's latest tally, the cost of the "average" market basket of foods originating on farms bought by the "average" household came to $1,634.65 at the end of 1973. (Average household size is slightly smaller than the average family because the statistician's "household" includes individuals as well as families.) Here's the breakdown:

Item	*Average spending*
Meats	$545.85
Dairy	276.40
Bakery and cereal	244.09
Processed fruits and vegetables	142.73
Fresh vegetables	100.77
Poultry	69.32
Fresh fruits	68.68
Miscellaneous	64.52
Eggs	62.80
Fats and oils	59.49

Time for a new freezer

Our freezer is now 21 years old and we'll have to replace it soon. Since we probably have some leeway on the purchase, is there any particularly good time to go shopping for a new one?

Right now, in July. This is the traditional bargain month for home freezers and for refrigerators, too. As for your old freezer, it "owes" you nothing; the average lifespan of a home freezer is 16 years.

When you go shopping, keep these basic guides firmly in mind:

- If you buy a self-defrosting variety, you are signing up for an average yearly electric bill about 50 percent higher than the yearly energy costs of the standard model.
- Check whatever appliance sales are now being staged at major mail-order houses, local dealers, furniture stores, discount houses and gas and electric companies. Compare prices. Even if you're pricing a single brand and model, you may find a cost range of as much as $100 to $150 from one seller to the next.
- Try to get estimates of monthly electrical consumption of each refrigerator make and model you are considering—including costs of operating automatic defrosting mechanisms, ice-makers, etc. These costs vary according to local electric rates and according to the temperatures at which you set the controls (normally 5 degrees for the freezing compartment, 38 for the main refrigerator).
- Compare the warranties. The typical refrigerator is guaranteed for replacement of parts, including labor, for a full year and the sealed refrigerating system for several additional years. However, some brands have longer and more valuable guarantees. Do not neglect weighing these legal promises as you shop for this expensive and long-lasting appliance.

Remembering wills

The husband of a dear friend of mine died recently without leaving a will and as a result, the family's entire financial position is in chaos. He was a highly intelligent man and he loved his wife, so it's hard for us even now to believe he was so thoughtless.

Fewer than three out of 10 widows' husbands leave a will.

Battle of egos

I pity the poor husbands whose wives take jobs and then batter their man's ego (or even "castrate" him) by bringing home the fattest paycheck!

For your information, at last count, working wives earned more than their husbands in only 7.4 percent of American families in which both spouses worked. Whose egos are being battered?

Medical school bequest

This may sound macabre, but if you bequeath your body to a medical school, who pays transportation costs of the body to the school? My husband and I want to leave ourselves to the medical school from which we both graduated and we'd like to think our "funerals" w cost our survivors nothing.

That's a perfectly good question. M schools will arrange for and pay transp tation costs within a given radius (10 200 miles). Sometimes, arrangemer are made with ambulances for this ty of service.

Age discrimination

I am 50 years old and have been unal to find a job for several months. The e ployers who have interviewed me a employment agencies I've contact never come right out and say they do want me because of my age, but I su pect that's the reason. Still, I have a d gree in engineering and a quarter-ce tury of work experience. Why do all t ads call for a "junior executive" or a " cent college graduate?"

Because of sheer age discriminatio This type of ad and the practice of a discrimination in employment both v late the 1967 Age Discrimination in E ployment Act, which specifically prote Americans up to age 65. For your ov sake, write the Equal Employment O portunity Commission (address: 1800 Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 2050 and tell this commission the details your problem.

Bike insurance

I am constitutionally unable to read fi print, particularly on insurance policie so let me ask you: are bicycles cover under a homeowner's policy?

Yes, but you'll probably find there's $50 or even a $100 deductible—so th the coverage doesn't mean too much u less you have a pretty valuable bik You can buy a special floater policy f $12.50 per $100 of coverage. The mi mum premium ranges from $15 to $2 depending on the state in which you liv

Confusion at the meat counter

How on earth is a shopper to know wh a "Pike's Peak roast" is? Or a "pat steak" or a "beauty steak"? I keep seei these names in the supermarket but hav no way of identifying the meat or deci ing whether or not it is a bargain.

The fanciful (and useless) names yo mention are *supposed* to be on the wa out, under the "truth in meat labeling campaign launched last September b the National Live Stock and Meat Boar The NLSMB called for a new, but volu tary, system under which each piece pre-packaged meat you buy at the supe market would be labeled first with th type of meat: beef, pork, lamb, vea then according to the primary cut: fo example, shoulder, rib, flank, round chuck, loin; *(continued on page 39*



If it's the phone company at your door, we can prove it.

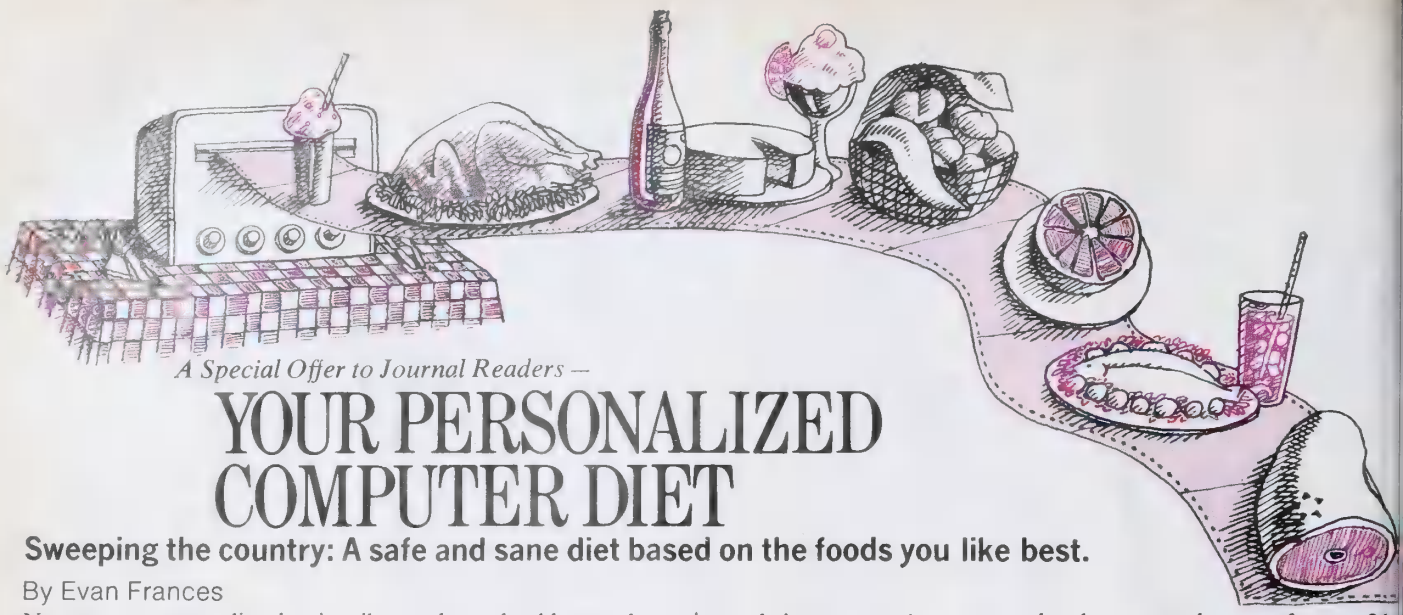
We can understand your reluctance to open your door to a stranger.

So we make sure that people who work for us can introduce themselves with phone company identification.

If you should ever have reason to doubt that the person at your door works for us, ask to see phone company identification.

We telephone people know you want to be sure who enters your home.

We hear you.



A Special Offer to Journal Readers —

YOUR PERSONALIZED COMPUTER DIET

Sweeping the country: A safe and sane diet based on the foods you like best.

By Evan Frances

Now you can get a diet that is tailor-made to your eating habits and your personality. No more regimens of grapefruit and cottage cheese, no more juggling calories. The Cadence Computerized Diet lets you eat the foods you love—to lose the pounds you hate.

The innovative brains behind this miracle program are a concerned woman doctor and a busy computer. Georgina Faludi, M.D., a distinguished obesity specialist. Her method is to conduct an in-depth interview with each patient, then work out a meal-by-meal diet for them. She has had remarkable success in bringing patients to their ideal weight and maintaining it. "But I wanted to help many *more* people," she explains, "and how could I do that without time-consuming individual interviews and diets?"

The computer was the answer: Now you, too, can have an "interview" with Dr. Faludi and get a diet designed just for you. It's simple: First, you fill out a detailed questionnaire on yourself: this is put into a computer that has already been fed with data based on the doctor's long experience in treating overweight people. In seconds, the computer works out a safe, meal-by-meal 21-day diet in booklet form that is yours alone.

The Cadence diet, introduced just a few months ago, has been phenomenally successful so far. "I think it's because it treats people like the individuals they are," says the doctor. "Most reducing programs are the same for everybody. But you can't prescribe the same diet for an active 6-foot 2-inch businessman and a 5-foot 1-inch secretary who sits all day."

To get *your* own computerized diet, you supply a bit of preliminary information on coupon (below) and send it in, along with $14.95. (To participate, you cannot be pregnant and must be over 16.) In return, you receive a long, confidential questionnaire that covers your physical makeup, medical and dieting history, exercising and eating habits.

The questionnaire includes a list of close to 200 foods. Next to each, you check off: "Like to eat often," "Like to eat occasionally," "Eat if I have to," "Absolutely dislike or am allergic to." The whole thing is much like the patient history you would give Dr. Faludi in an interview.

The diet booklet you receive begins with personalized advice about the way you should eat and exercise, and about any problems your case may present. And there's a 21-day breakfast/lunch/dinner diet.

The diet, which comes with a three-month guarantee, is completely balanced nutritionally. You don't have to count calories; the computer does that for you.

Being overweight is a problem, of course, and many people today are beginning to realize that it is more than a mere matter of looks. "Overweight shortens life," says Dr. Faludi. " It is the greatest contributing factor to cardiovascular death—our nation's single largest killer."

Attempting to lose weight, the average overweight person has been on at least six fad diets, with only temporary success. There's only one real answer, according to Dr. Faludi: "You must retrain your eating habits, learn to pace yourself—eating what you like, but eating less. If you follow the Cadence diet exactly, you can use it for the rest of your life without ill effects.

At the end of 21 days, you can simply repeat the plan or pay the cost of a new 21-day program based on what's happened so far. On a follow-up questionnaire, you list your new weight and note any diet changes you might wish—more meat, maybe, or less tuna fish. This goes back into the computer and out comes a new program.

"Ideally," she adds, "every overweight person should see a diet specialist, but that's expensive and often impossible. The computerized diet is the next best thing. If you fill out the questionnaire honestly and follow the diet you *will* lose weight—safely, slowly and permanently."



Dr. Georgina Faludi, the woman behind the new computer diet, has been treating overweight people for years. She heads the Obesity and Diabetic Clinics at Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital in Philadelphia and is also a busy wife and mother of two active sons.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON TO ORDER YOUR COMPUTERIZED, PERSONALIZED DIET

SPECIAL OFFER, $14.95 TO JOURNAL READERS

Cadence Computerized Diet
P.O. Box 962, Opa Locka, Florida 33054

I have read the article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* about the Cadence Computerized Diet. I understand that the best advice on a diet can be obtained from my own doctor. However, I am interested in trying your diet based upon my personal diet history and food preferences in order to lose weight and retrain my eating habits.
I am giving the following preliminary information about myself. Please send me your special questionnaire form described in the article. I understand that this entire program is completely guaranteed and if I am not satisfied at any time during the three months, I simply return it for every cent back.

I am enclosing a check or m.o. for $14.95 plus 60¢ for mailing, payable to Cadence Computerized Diet, or charge my: (check one) ___Diners Club ___Master Charge* ___Carte Blanche ___Bank-Americard ___American Express

Account No. _____ *Exp. Date* _____

Interbank No. _____ *(find above your name)*

___Mr.
___Mrs.
___Miss _____
(Please print)

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip Code* _____

FILL THIS IN NOW!

1. What is your sex? M___F___Present weight_____lbs. Age_____years. Height (in stocking feet) feet_____inches_____
2. I would like to lose_____lbs.
3. How would you define your body frame? Big-boned_____Medium_____Small_____. What is your wrist measurement (inches)?_____
4. How long have you been overweight?_____
5. Have you been on a diet in the last 12 months?_____How much weight did you lose?_____lbs. Did you keep that weight off?_____How much of it did you gain back?_____lbs. How fast?_____months.

PENDING YOUR MONEY

ontinued from page 34

nd then by its "common name": sirloin eak" or "blade pot roast" or "eye steak." If the food market where you shop oesn't give this information on meat bels, ask the manager why not. And if e pleads ignorance of the "truth in meat beling" drive, be sure to show him this nswer.

Change of mind

ow do you change the beneficiary of our life insurance policy?

imply write to the insurance company, sk for the appropriate form to use in hanging your designation of a beneficiry and follow the instructions. Or just sk your insurance agent to have the eneficiary's name changed. I assume ours is not a policy in which you have ade an irrevocable beneficiary arrangeent, for if this is the case, you may not nange beneficiaries.

Withholding—how much

know that it is entirely legal and proper r an employer to withhold a part of n employee's wages for a creditor if he as a big unpaid debt. But isn't there me law that restricts the amount of a erson's wages that can be held back? have a friend whose employer is reatening to withhold about half of is pay to repay a debt.

es, "wage garnishment" is restricted nder the federal Truth in Lending law whichever is less of the following forulas: your after-tax earnings above 30 mes the federal minimum hourly wage r 25 percent of your weekly paycheck. n states where wage-garnishment laws rovide more protection than the federl law, the state rules hold. If your friend uspects a violation, tell him to get in ouch with the Wage and Hour Division f the U.S. Labor Department. This diision has offices in most of the major ities of the country.

Unseasonal move

Ve are planning to move in August. Of ourse, we've been advised not to do so uring the busy mid-summer months—ut in this case we have no choice. Is here anything at all we can do by way f timing our move to make it a little less ectic than we fear?

lan your move in mid-month—or at *any* ime except the last week or 10 days of he month. This is a particularly impornt rule for the month of August. **END**

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.
—G.B. Shaw

Here's How You Can Sponsor A Child



Here's What You Do

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country.

Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
- Enclose your first monthly check. The cost is only $15 each month to help a child who needs you.

Here's What You Will Receive

- In about two weeks you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder with photograph and information on the child you sponsor and a description of the project where the child receives help.
- Later on . . . a "welcome letter" from the overseas field office.
- Progress reports on the child when you request them.
- A Christmas greeting from the child.
- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
- Letters from the child answering your correspondence. You receive the child's original letter and an English translation from an overseas office.
- And the satisfaction that comes from helping a deserving child.

Here's What Your Sponsored Child Receives

- In orphanages: supplementary food, clothing, medical care, and dedicated housemothers.
- In Family Helper Projects: school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker.
- Special aid depending on the country and the type of project.
- Psychological support because the child knows *you* care.

Sponsors are urgently needed for children in: Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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Hold it!

Wella Care Do holds your set longer while it adds body and shine.

Wella Care Do is the first hairset with "memory." It actually holds your hairstyle until the next time you shampoo. And at the same time, it gives body and sheen to your hair, because it contains Wella's famous texturizing and conditioning ingredients. No flaking or dusting. Try Wella Care Do for a shiny, bouncy, long-lasting set. The more you brush and comb, the better your set looks.



Love your hair with Wella.

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MOVIE VIOLENCE

continued from page 10

The parents make the decision, not Gene Shalit nor the government.

2. Moreover, the rating program is self-regulatory. No rational person wants the government in the form of censorship and classification boards involved in the movie or communications business.[12] Shalit would be the first to scream "Foul" if someone suggested a censorship authority for television. There is an ancient Platonic maxim that says when a tyrant first appears, he appears as a protector. When government declares it "will protect you from movies" it will be only a matter of time before other freedoms are similarly "protected."

Shalit does, finally, make one sensible point: If you don't like specific movies, don't patronize them. No one forces anyone to go to a theater. But on the other hand, no one should set himself up as a divine arbiter of people's choice of movies or anything else.

The American people have sufficient good sense to make their own judgments about their family choices, including their children's viewing habits.

One final point: Politics, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. If there were no movie rating system, the government, either state, federal or local, would promptly move in to fill that vacuum. If Mr. Shalit doesn't understand that, it's back to McGuffey's Reader for him.

(signed)
JACK VALENTI

GENE SHALIT COMMENTS: The Motion Picture Production Code rule that governs the depiction of murder on the screen says: "The basic dignity and value of human life shall be respected and upheld. Restraint shall be exercised in portraying the taking of life." Well, as they say in McGuffey's Reader. "Rules are made to be broken." And, when Mr. *Valenti* breaks them, they stay broken, shattered and smashed.

1) If Mr. Valenti had read my article, or had somebody read it to him, he would have seen that I opposed television violence and scorned those who watch it. I suggest that he also check my article excoriating children's programs in the January, 1973, issue of the JOURNAL.

2) And Charles Manson didn't invent murder. So what?

3) In what community does Mr. Valenti dwell? Gomorrah?

4) The gangster films of the 1930's were not as vilely violent by a long shot. The special-effects specialists had not perfected their macabre methods.

5) Dope-crazed killers, muggers and rapists "running rampant" on TV news shows and the front pages of the newspapers? I remember that when my mother mopped the floor, she covered

(continued on page 102)

Spring Air's

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All prices suggested retail. Proportionate values on Full, Queen and King Sizes.

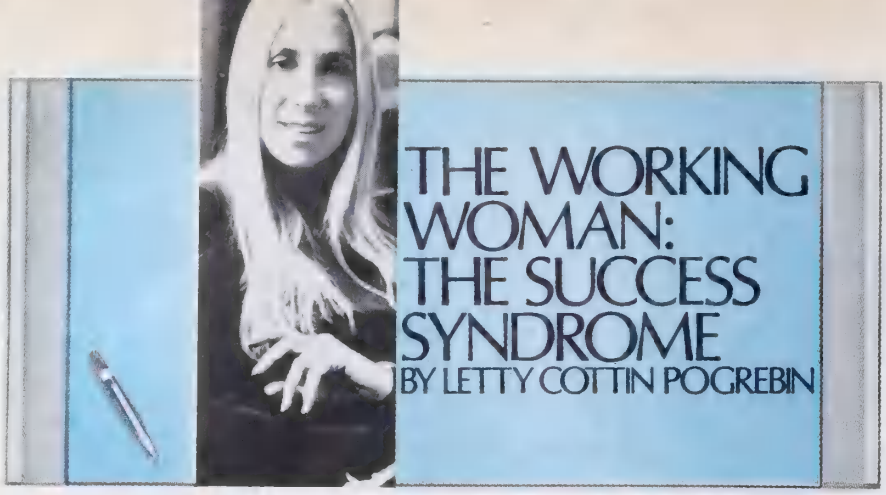
Now Spring Air lets you pick your firmness in beautiful Health Center mattresses . . . at special prices!

It's that simple. The firmness you like—at a price you'll love—and Spring Air *quality*, too! Like the Health Center's incomparably comfortable spring system, plush upholstery, pre-built borders . . . and your choice of coverings in beautiful decorator prints. See your Spring Air dealer *now*, during his "Pick Your Firmness Sale!"

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THE WORKING WOMAN: THE SUCCESS SYNDROME

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

What does success mean to the working woman who has "made it"? How does she rate celebrity, status and money as measures of success? Can she really feel successful with an unhappy private life? Is success different for women than it is for men?

Are you working for something greater than a paycheck? Do you want to be a success, or is success an outdated ideal? Can women change the meaning of success by the ways they seek and value it? I put these questions to a great variety of women—and discovered that success has no meaning. At least, it can't be defined in any reliable, finite way.

For many women, the whole concept of success is off-base. They prefer to talk about *growth*. Some call success a "male invention"—a product of the "must-win" mentality that men are taught from boyhood. Others say that in this sexist society, women can achieve only second-class success. (You know, "It's a terrific victory—for a woman.")

I found a number of women who want to succeed at *something*—an assignment, a personal relationship, a difficult job. But no matter how famous, prosperous or accomplished the women might seem, surprisingly few call themselves "a success." Nevertheless, they each had eloquent answers to the following questions.

WHAT DOES SUCCESS MEAN TO YOU? "Success is whatever you don't have. It's the brilliant article I haven't yet written."—Susan Braudy, free-lance writer.

"It's accomplishing something according to my own standards. When I perform to someone else's expectation, I'm not a success, I'm just a grown-up teacher's pet."—Catherine Samuels, administrator.

"In my commercial work, I feel successful when I'm paid well. But as a painter, money can't convince me I'm good if my own eyes tell me different."—Barbara Nessim, artist.

"Ambitious people can never feel successful; we're always focused on the next hurdle. I can't even retain the memory of my past successes. Maybe I don't believe them."—Brenda Feigen Fasteau, lawyer.

"Anticipating success is more fun than getting it. I looked forward to my promotion, but now that I have it I don't feel it."—Florence M., postal worker.

"When I feel in charge of my own life—while still being able to ask for help—then I'll be a success."—Anselma dell'Olio, actress.

"You can't be a success unless you know you've earned it. That's why so many big shots feel guilty and anxious; they know they faked their way to the top—Millie P., confidential secretary.

"It depends on how you define failure. When I'm not frightened of failure, then I'm successful."—Ena Riisna, film-maker.

CHANGING VIEWS OF SUCCESS

"Only lately has success changed from 'getting' somebody to 'being' somebody yourself."—Ellen Goodman, journalist.

"Even if I were adored, admired and earning $30,000, I couldn't be satisfied if a man in a comparable job was earning $5,000 more."—Laura B., ad executive.

"There's no such thing as success. There are only breakthroughs that lead to other breakthroughs."—Anne J., sound technician.

"No one else can tell you you're successful; you have to know it's happening to you. You have to taste it."—Betty Dodson, sex counselor.

"Love. Work. Knowledge. And not having to choose between them."—Mary R., teacher.

AS MEASURE OF SUCCESS, HOW DO YOU RATE FAME, STATUS AND MONEY? Being rich, famous and powerful turns out to be a simplistic and naïve definition of success. Women who want or already have these trappings of high achievement are also quick to establish their conditions. Those who devalue wealth and celebrity do so philosophically or out of bitter experience.

Tony Award-winning actress Rae Allen says: "Fame is like an addictive drug—the craving for it distorts and overshadows all other goals. I'd rather have power behind the scenes and do what I believe in."

Public relations executive Liz Carpenter, former press secretary to Lady Bird Johnson, believes women in the spotlight should cast their light on important issues. "Fame is a precious gift," she says. "Because fate cast me into the White House, I now have an identity that draws crowds and allows me to reach people on matters like the Equal Rights Amendment. But most of the successful women I know aren't famous. They're just exuberant people who are stretching themselves to the limit."

Meteoric success hasn't changed the self-image of Marcia Seligson, author of a bestseller, *The Eternal Bliss Machine*. But when paperback rights to her book were sold for $350,000, she found herself being secretive about her money: "I saw my financial success as a threat to the men in my life. I ignore my money; it's unreal."

Folk singer Mary Travers compares her present success as a solo performer to her 10 years as part of the Peter, Paul and Mary group "My partners' male chauvinism created terrible friction. I was their equal in the group, yet they expected me to be the 'dependent wife,' taking orders from a man. When we split it was like a marriage breakup. After all those years of thinking 'we,' I had to develop the concept of 'I.' Now I've grown up and I'm as much in charge of my own life as any woman with four children can ever be."

What effect has Mary Travers' success had on her husband, Gerald Taylor, publisher of *National Lampoon* magazine? "He loves me, loves my talent and thinks I'm beautiful," Ms. Travers answers. "But the money part was tough. When we married he was making $30,000 and I was making $250,000. He had to face the fact that he might never top my income. Big deal."

Congresswoman Bella S. Abzug feels she was always successful—as a student, lawyer and political activist. However, since entering Congress she finds her recent fame useful to popularize such issues as peace, women's rights and expanded democracy. "Success is when you're personally satisfied with what you've accomplished. Fame is when others see you as successful for reasons that may or may not meet your standards. It becomes a problem when people see you only as a *celebrity*."

Muriel Siebert, the first woman ever elected to the New York Stock Exchange, bought her seat in 1967 for $445,000. "My sudden fame and visibility brought with it great obligations," *(continued)*

With your tampon the Stayfree* Mini-pad will give you extra protection on heavy days. Its adhesive strip locks securely onto your underwear. You still have the freedom you like.

If you're going through a change the Stayfree Mini-pad will comfortably help you through the days when you don't know what's going to happen.

In between periods the Stayfree Mini-pad will protect your underwear from everyday feminine discharge. It weighs only one-eighth of one ounce, so it's light and comfortable enough to wear all the time.

If you're on the pill the Stayfree Mini-pad with its moisture-proof lining will be all the effective protection you need, for your lighter period.

For light days the Stayfree Mini-pad is all the protection you need. It won't bulge like a napkin or pinch like a tampon.

Why wear more than you have to?

Until now, you've probably had to wear maximum protection, even on the days when you didn't need it. That's why we created the Stayfree Mini-pad. It's small, light and beltless.

And if it's all the protection you need, why wear more than you have to?



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CAN'T SLEEP?

Try This Different Sleeping Method That Lets You Fall Asleep More Naturally.

Does it work? Judge for yourself. Try the simple Compoz method. Take two Compoz tablets one hour before you get ready for bed. Then let Compoz help you unwind—quiet you down. By the time you climb into bed Compoz is working at its peak to help you relax to sleep more naturally. Compoz is not a sleeping pill. Not a barbiturate. Compoz is so gentle we think of it as throwing the sleep switch.

Compōz®

GENTLY THROWS THE SLEEP SWITCH.

says Ms. Siebert. "Not only did I have to prove to my colleagues that I had bought the seat for business reasons, I also had to be a fitting model to all those young women who said, 'You're my ideal; you've inspired me.'"

Elinor Guggenheimer, Commissioner of Consumer Affairs for New York City, says: "When you're sixty-two you don't take triumphs for granted; you work much harder for everything you get. When your ego is stroked, of course you purr a little. A lot of my friends complain about getting older, but I'm just hitting my stride."

Dorothy Haener of the United Auto Workers Women's Caucus started out working in a bomber plant during World War II. Now, after 20 years with the UAW, she is a candidate for vice-president of the union. "If I'm elected, it will be the zenith for me," she says. "Blue-collar women have limited opportunities for success on the job. Their only chance to excel is in the union movement or at home."

Eleanor Perry, screenwriter *(David and Lisa; Diary of a Mad Housewife)*, isn't recognized on the street, but her name cuts through red tape at airports and restaurants. "It makes life easier, but that's not what success is about," she says. "When I do a movie I can go into a theater and watch the audience. They're laughing, they're crying—I have evidence that I've moved them. That's the real love trip."

"The only two quarrels I have with fame are being physically touched by strangers or having my children fussed over as celebrity objects," says Josephine Premice, the actress and singer. "My husband and children belong to my private life. For myself, being recognized in the supermarket is fun. When I played a fortune-teller on the soap opera *Secret Storm*, people came up to me and asked if I could read their palms. That meant I had impact as an actress." Ms. Premice feels as gratified when she redecorates her breakfast room as when she wins praise for her performances. "Success comes from all directions."

Marlo Thomas, actress and producer, defines success as "running your own race and getting as many people as possible to listen to your message." Ms. Thomas accepts and enjoys her own success because "I fight hard, I'm unflinchingly honest and I work for nothing on projects I love. I turned down $600,000 a year to be a ginger-ale 'girl' in commercials. If you sell your credibility for a price you might never get it back."

Gloria Steinem, the feminist writer and activist, says: "When you're famous, people react to you without content. They want your autograph because you're just a name, not a person. On the positive side, if fame gives you visibility, credibility and access to the press, then you can use your clout for good causes. But this public power comes with personal impotence: people can hurt you and you can't fight back. You're closely watched because you're expected to stand for something.

"Fame loses friends, too. Both women and men can be hostile for no reason, or overly friendly for the wrong reason. The nice people stay at a distance. They're worried about imposing on your time, or else they don't want the burden of sharing a famous person's scrutinized life. Often you find yourself left with the opportunists. As for money, it's important to have enough so that you don't have to think about it. Then you're free to pursue satisfaction."

Despite her fame, Ms. Steinem perceives herself as incomplete: "When people call me a success, I feel falsely accused. I might feel successful if I could write one book that mattered."

In their own smaller spheres, women without national prominence also contend with the effects of fame and money. They are rarely comfortable being the most famous person they know.

"To my old school friends, I'm the glamorous superachiever," says a much-honored newspaperwoman. "Their awe for my accomplishments becomes an excuse for them to diminish themselves by comparison. They get masochistic; then I get defensive and go into my false humility act to assure them that I'm no better than they are. It makes it hard to savor whatever success I have."

No matter how much fame and influence they enjoy, few would feel successful if they were underpaid; all are somewhat uneasy about money.

"Accepting prosperity is my problem," reports a merchandise manager. "I was raised to think 'poor' equals 'virtuous,' yet in business, recognition equals money. I have to learn to feel worthy of what I earn."

A magazine editor answers the question with a question: "Would you rather be President or First Lady? Neither has to worry about money; both are famous; but only the President is a success."

CAN YOU FEEL SUCCESSFUL WITH AN UNHAPPY PRIVATE LIFE? The replies add up to a qualified "no." Woman after woman described blissful success as the total integration of professional *and* personal satisfaction. While several women said they can forget their troubles in their diverting careers, most argued that a disappointing home life or love relationship blights career achievement.

A theatrical director remembers: "My show got rave reviews, but opening night was a disaster for me because a long love affair had ended that afternoon."

(continued on page 62)

Duncan Hines Re-invents Cake!

New Deluxe II

A whole new cake mix!
So moist it melts in your mouth, bursts into flavor and tastes so incredibly good it's like re-discovering cake!



Even the batter is changed. You can see the New Deluxe II batter is so much moister it pours faster, spreads faster and more evenly in the pan. And moister batter makes moister cake.



Old style Duncan Hines

New style Duncan Hines



BILLIE JEAN BY BILLIE JEAN KING

A famous athlete writes her provocative life story. In this excerpt, she speaks out with great honesty on tennis, feminism, her liberated marriage and her abortion. A JOURNAL exclusive.

When the Women's Liberation Movement began to make a big splash in the late 1960's, my first reaction to it was pretty negative, I've got to admit. I thought it was a collection of fanatical, bra-burning women who hated men. I'd never considered myself particularly radical about anything, burning bras was definitely out, and as far as men went . . . well, I sure didn't hate them, and in a lot of ways I preferred their company. I was a little uneasy around women, especially those who weren't into a career the way I was. I didn't disapprove of women being wives and mothers, but that kind of life seemed to require the kind of social small talk and small outlook I just wasn't comfortable with.

Women's lib is a pretty personal thing in the end, I think. It's fine to talk about the history of the movement and discuss lib theory, and for the one or two percent of the women who can do that, great. But I know for a fact that a lot of times the movement has got hung up on trivia in the interest

"Libbers don't want to move three feet forward if they have to slide an inch to the right at the same time."

of radical purity. Sometimes I think libbers don't want to move three feet forward if they have to slide an inch to the side at the same time. *Ms.* magazine, I understand, once turned down a year's worth of advertising, and a neat five-figure deal, from Virginia Slims because it didn't like the slogan, "You've Come a Long Way, Baby." That's ridiculous. Virginia Slims was supporting women's tennis, which was certainly a part of the movement, so why lose all that good dough that could be used to spread the word? Libbers get down on me because I sometimes say "girls" instead of "women." Big deal. I sometimes say "boys" instead of "men," too. I occasionally feel the movement wants to create a new stereotype of the liberated woman almost as much as it wants to rid women of the old stereotypes. One stereotype is as false as the other.

When it comes to women's lib, I'm pretty much of a pragmatist, and I'd bet that most other women are, too. Maybe you start comparing paychecks and find you're not making as much as the guy sitting next to you who's doing the same work. Or you apply to med school and find out you're going to be the only woman in a class of 200. Pretty soon you start thinking, "If I'm getting a lousy deal in my little world, I wonder what's going on with women in other places?" So you check around and find your experience isn't unique in the least. Then you decide to do something about it—and all of a sudden you're part of the movement. That's pretty much what happened with me.

"Larry and I should never have gotten married . . . when we did. We were both immature in a lot of ways."

To me, women's liberation means that every woman ought to be able to pursue whatever career or personal lifestyle she chooses as a full and equal member of society without fear of sexual discrimination. That's a pretty basic and simple statement, but boy (girl?), it sure is hard sometimes to get people to accept it. And because of the way other people think, it's even harder to reach the point in your own life where you can live by it.

It's impossible for me to separate my tennis career from my personal life, or to separate either of them from women's lib. My personal awareness of the problems facing women came in bits and dribbles—once or twice in torrents—and it's only been in the last three or four years, really, that anything has happened to me personally that I saw as a cut-and-dried lib issue.

I discovered that my own experiences weren't very different at all. I once received a really sad letter from a mother whose daughter had been ridiculed by their local newspaper because she'd had the audacity to say she wanted to be a professional athlete. It killed me to read both her mother's letter and the newspaper clip. It was just something else that made me realize a double standard has always existed for women, even in sports, where you might figure there'd be a little more tolerance. I've since read about studies proving that women athletes have to be much more success-oriented than men because there's so much more social pressure for us to overcome, and I know for a fact that's true. For years, women who played sports full time into their late twenties, or, God forbid, their early thirties, were considered tough, overly aggressive, to have probably too many male genes, and to be failures at love—and unfortunately, that kind of stereotyping still goes on. The barriers are slowly falling, and I'd like to think our pro tennis tour has had something to do with it, but the barriers are still there.

When I was 15, I wrote an essay. In it, I thought way ahead and imagined my life at the age of 45:

> Here I am at home . . . sitting with my four wonderful children. (At times they're wonderful.) After that summer of '61 I entered Pomona College in California, spending five years, and graduated with a master's degree. I married Ramsey Earnhart, remember that boy I met on the way to the plane that day? Even though I never did achieve my ambition in tennis, I'm so glad I went ahead and received a higher education than high school instead of turning out to be a tennis bum. . . .

Incredible! That's what my expectations were—college, marriage, retirement, kids—just the way my parents wanted. They've really had to adjust a lot to accept what I've become. Years later when my husband Larry was in law school and I was helping out with my earnings, my mother still kept telling me she'd never raised me to be a breadwinner. And even now they both think I should have started in on those four kids and forgotten about the tennis entirely.

"It's hardly ever been OK for a woman to look up to another woman. The big reason: a lack of examples."

I could have gone either way, really, up until 1966 when I started playing full time and if I'd married somebody besides Larry King I might well have had a more conventional life. But Larry was cool. In a *(continued on page 54)*

Copyright © 1974 by Billie Jean King, from her book, "Billie Jean," to be published by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc. Photograph by Jerry Abramowitz.



'6, Mr. Theodore Eaton allowed
'aton to ride in the sidecar
motorcycle.



Mrs. Eaton allowed herself a smoke.



Mr. Eaton demanded an
immediate separation.

You've come a long way, baby.

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ng: The Surgeon General Has Determined

lot of ways he sensed my needs and desires as a tennis player even more fully than I did. Larry was also quick to see the connection between women's tennis and women's lib—that the changes I was trying to bring about in my profession were exactly the same as the changes women in other professions had been fighting for in theirs for years. I'm fortunate to be married to a guy like Larry, because a lot of the demands of my career certainly haven't made his life any easier, and I'm sure he realized almost from the start of our marriage that if he'd wound up with somebody else his life might have been a little calmer, too.

Rough spots

Our marriage has had a lot of rough spots. Overall, I think we've made the adjustments pretty well but sometimes other people—everyone from total strangers to our families and some of our friends—haven't been able to adjust to us at all. If it had been left up to just Larry and me, I'm sure our marriage would have had an easier time of it.

Recently, Larry and I have been compared (mostly unfavorably) with Margaret Court and her husband, Barry. They were married in late 1967, and four years later she dropped off the circuit for 11 months to have her child, Danny. When she started playing again in mid-1972 the three of them were an inseparable fixture on the circuit. The comparisons were really vicious, especially after my abortion became big news. I remember in particular one magazine article in 1972. It was an otherwise nice piece, but it ended with an imaginary description of me looking over at Margaret and her baby and, to me at least, the implication was clear: There was Margaret who'd given up tennis so she could have a baby and there I was supposedly in a real depression because I'd done something I'd feel guilty about the rest of my life.

It wasn't just the comparison that bothered me in this case either. I felt it was another example of the old double standard. Nobody ever writes about the really intimate life of a male athlete. It's usually off limits, just as it is with male politicians and other male public figures. I didn't think I should be treated any differently just because I was a woman.

I'm really freaked about my privacy. Basically, I feel my private life is nobody's business but my own, and I feel sorry for other celebrities who are hounded even more than I am. I really don't understand why people are interested in what movie stars or politicians or athletes do from the moment they get up until they go to bed—and sometimes even after that. Sure, I'll admit that being a celebrity can be fun, but the gossip-column stuff I can do without. Number one, they're usually wrong. Number two, even if they're right about something, I change my mind so often that whatever the situation is, it's usually totally different by the time a particular item sees print. And if I told everything I know, I really feel I'd be crucified.

Low spots

At the same time there are some things I'd like to say about my marriage. Larry and I have gone through a lot together. I certainly don't want to suggest we're the ideal couple or anything like that because I don't believe there is any such thing, but after almost nine years of marriage I really do believe we get along together better now than we ever have. There have been a lot of low spots, and even times when we were both ready to cancel everything, but through it all we were both always able to communicate, and I think that's just about the most basic requirement for any relationship, in or out of marriage.

Larry and I should never have gotten married, at least not when we did. We both thought we were ready—couldn't wait—and I think we both felt that despite my tennis and his law school, we'd eventually get around to a pretty conventional marriage. Maybe not right away, but eventually. But we were both young—he was twenty and I was twenty-one. And neither one of us had any idea, really, what was going to happen in tennis in the next few years. We both agree now we should have just moved in and lived together for a few years to see how things worked out.

We had to adjust a lot the first couple of years because after that first winter

(continued on page 56)

**Right Guard calls itself anti-stain.
Sure promises to keep you drier.
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y darling husband is a very demanding an. He insists on a good Sunday breakfast d Maxim®. It tastes like perked coffee.

y husband is a man who knows his own mind. He wants his ee-minute eggs cooked exactly three minutes. And he's just as ticular about his coffee. He says coffee makes the meal, so it to be Maxim, of course. Maxim tastes like good perked coffee. ake it for him by the potful. He thinks it's the best-tasting ever. d I never argue with him. Especially when he's right!"

Patricia Neal

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Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

Home Product News

By Virginia T. Habeeb

• To welcome the season of ice cubes and frosty drinks, General Electric's new 20.6-cubic-foot refrigerator/freezer in the top mount design (freezer on top) has the convenience of through-the-door ice cubes and crushed ice. The ice dispenser, usually available only on side-by-side models, has a storage bin that holds up to 10 pounds of ice, or about 260 cubes. The refrigerator/freezer measures 30½ inches wide and 66 inches high, with a 6.82-cubic-foot freezer and 13.81 cubic-foot fresh-food capacity. Completely frost-free, this model is equipped with a "Power Saver" switch that can help reduce power consumption. In the "Dry" position it saves electric power on dry days, during heating season or in air-conditioned homes; the "Humid" position is for humid days or if moisture appears on the outside of your refrigerator. About $600.

• GE's new Potscrubber dishwasher boasts a new molded plastic tub. Called PermaTuf, the material is impervious to rusting, chipping and cracking—it's superdurable. The new plastic tub is said to help reduce noise considerably, thus making this model somewhat quieter than others. It, too, has a power saver switch that permits the elimination of the drying cycle forced-air fan and calrod heating to reduce power consumption. About $350.

• Sunbeam has a new, exclusive feature in can openers—a removable drive wheel allowing thorough cleaning. The handle and cutter assembly can be removed quickly, and the drive wheel simply lifts out without tools. The face of the unit can then be thoroughly wiped clean and the individual parts washed clean before reassembly. It's available in white, avocado or harvest gold with woodtone trim, and has a self-storing cord. Called Total Clean, it sells for around $20.

• Here's news: new auto-repair tapes can double for household repairs. Vinyl fabric is found around the house in many forms, from baby strollers to chair upholstery to bowling-ball bags. And often, with use, it will tear. A new tape, called Clear Patch, originally designed to mend automotive upholstery, can patch these household items quickly and unobtrusively.

Made by Arno Adhesive Tapes, a division of Dr. Scholl's, it's in a line of pressure-sensitive products for the do-it-yourself enthusiast. And it's excellent for decorative touch-ups as well. How about using a 3-inch strip of wood-grain tape, normally used for automobile instrument panels, at the bottom of plain window shades in the den or boys' room? The other tapes, in all kinds of unusual designs, have many potential uses. Look for them in automotive departments and hardware stores.

• Picture-hanging can be a breeze or, if you get off to a bad start, it can become a big headache. You'll want to know about these new self-gluing or nail-on picture hooks. A wood insert in the gluing place assures long-lasting adhesion to wood, tile, plaster, dry wall, ceramic, metal, concrete and glass. Just moisten and press on for easy installation. Or hooks may be installed with the brass-like nails provided. Center nail hole is engineered so that nail is automatically directed to the proper angle. (Glory be!) Each hook holds up to 15 pounds. By Selfix, Inc.; you can buy two hooks for 49¢.

• Blue denim, the fastest growing fabric fad in history, is now invading the laundry room in the form of really handsome new Lady Seymour products. Designed to make laundry day's eternal chores of sorting and toting easier and certainly more sophisticated, a laundry cart with a slip-on, preshrunk cotton container has a clothespin pocket; a matching laundry sorter has three labeled compartments. (By the way, do you know that denim was first introduced to America as sails on Christopher Columbus' ship *The Santa Maria?*) Cart, $9.95; sorter, $12.95; both by Seymour Housewares Company. **END**



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(F) Lady Vanity Shampoo Center in Fresh Green.
(G) A new shape, the Rondelle in Pink Champagne.
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Bouquet cotton

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Good eatin' from Boise.

75 Years Ago in the Journal

Martin Van Buren's methods might have been time-consuming, but his honesty is refreshing, as shown in this 1899 JOURNAL *article on gifts to Presidents.*

On the seventh day of the month of Schawwâl, in the year 1254 of the Hegira—which is the Arabian way of writing December 25, 1839—the Sultan of Oman, whose name was Seyyid Sáood, Bin Sultan Bin Ahmed, addressed a gracious letter to "His Excellency, Martin Van Buren, President of the United States of North America," in which he informed the President that he had sent him by the Royal ship *Sultanee* a few trifles as a token of friendship and good feeling. These trifles consisted of two Arabian horses and their groom, one bottle of attar of rose, two pieces of gold, five demijohns of rose-water, one Persian carpet, one gold ornament with a silk tassel, four camel's-hair shawls, one gold-mounted sword, two large pearls, a string of 150 pearls, one gold plate, one bottle of diamonds, one gold snuffbox studded with precious stones, and one box of mixed pearls and diamonds.

Under the Constitution the President has not the right to accept a perso gift from any foreign power, and con quently Mr. Van Buren was in a dile ma. He referred the matter to the Sec tary of State, who wrote to the agents the vessel in New York that the Preside was without authority to accept the gi But the commander was not willing carry the presents back to his Ro master, for the Sultan had a way beheading his messengers if they fail to deliver his presents. So he polit but firmly insisted that they should accepted. *The President finally refer the question to Congress, which, af two months of deliberation, resolved t the gifts could be accepted in the na of the United States.*

How about this for a way of saving fu

One of the most novel methods cooking has recently been invented a Western housekeeper. This intellig woman transformed an ordinary box i a "heat holder." Knowing that feath were used for keeping warm the bod of birds, whose bodily temperature higher than that of animals, she thou a box covered with feathers would h in the heat that had been given by t fire, so she lined a box neatly with C ton flannel, and covered the outside over with thick pillows of chicken fea ers. The lid of the box was made to closely, and was covered also with fea ers. In the morning this housekeep would place a kettle of mush over t fire to boil, while the dishes were bei washed, and transfer it to the box, wh she went upstairs to clean. The boili heat was retained for at least two hou and the cooking thus continued with care for a longer time. The fire was once cooled off, making the house qu comfortable. Meats were treated in t same way, and a chicken cooked in t box was most delicious, tender and jui It was brought to boiling point over t fire, boiled rapidly for five minutes a then put at once into the box, where finished cooking in an hour and a half.

And some beauty points from 1899 wh the "natural look" was invented.

Cucumber peelings, boiled in water, v be found good for the skin. A slice cucumber may be rubbed on the fa instead of soap. Lemon juice will remo sunburn.

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Do not forget, when drying the fa after washing, to rub upward toward nose. This will help to prevent or smo out wrinkles. DEBORAH PI

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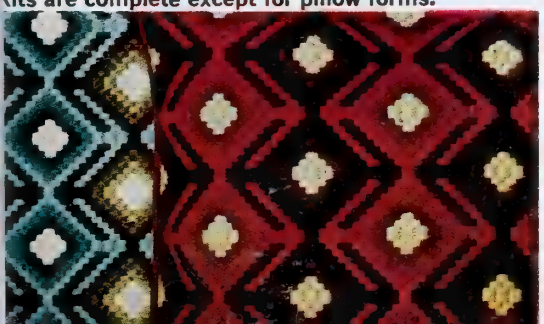
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By Ann B. Bradley If you love needlepoint, you'll enjoy stitching some of these beguiling creatures. Surrounded by a golden bargello-stitch honeycomb (left, below), our bee trio hovers on a leaf-green needlepoint center. The quickly stitched bargello owls (right), symbols of good luck, perch on tree limbs against a brilliant blue-green sky. Both pillows finish at 14 by 14 inches. Our fabulous feline (below, right) is a huggable pillow in a crazy-quilt needlepoint design. It measures approximately 12 by 12 inches. All kits include canvas, yarn and needle, design, color guide and corduroy backing. (Piping and zipper come with square pillows.) Stuffing and pillow forms are not included.



Diamond-pattern bargello pillow designs (below), each 14 by 14 inches, come in blue or red, with cream-and-brown accents. Kits are complete except for pillow forms.



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BILLIE JEAN
continued from page 54

when I stayed home and brought him sandwiches at the factory where he was working, we both started to lead pretty separate lives and it got lonely for both of us. I think we started to realize early that marriage isn't a 50-50 proposition very often—it's more like 100-0 one moment and 0-100 the next. But that was pretty hard to put into practice. I wanted Larry to travel with me on the circuit, but I was afraid to ask him because that would have taken him away from law school, which was his life.

Larry did come to certain tournaments, but that wasn't much better. I wanted to be with him, but I'd have to jump out of bed first thing in the morning to go practice or play or something, and when I wasn't around there just wasn't anything for him to do. He'd read a lot and play tennis himself whenever he could, but mainly he'd get antsy.

Of course, when I went home to Berkeley I wanted our moments together there, right? And I just expected him to drop everything. But by then he was filling up his time alone with various things and it was hard to ask him to drop his little schedule and toodle on home just because I happened to miss a tournament. Our separate routines got so different that it became more and more difficult for us to get back onto the same cycle those few times we were together. We reached the point where we never felt that we were married, that we belonged to each other. I remember he told me once, "Y'know? I'm getting sick and tired of sharing you with the world." And that was a pretty accurate remark about what was going on.

In those first couple of years, we had traditional expectations of each other, and a couple of times I thought seriously of not playing at all any more and just going back to that apartment in Berkeley to be there full time, for him.

The promoter

The one really good thing that happened during this period was that Larry saw for himself what a mess tennis was in—like when promoters offered to pay his expenses if I would play in their tournaments. I didn't want him to feel any smaller because I was getting extra money through him, and he didn't. He felt a little strange, sure, but mainly he saw there was a tremendous opportunity in tennis for anyone with even a little bit of business sense. And in 1968 he started in as a promoter. He took our life savings, all $5,000 of it, and with a bunch of other law students from Cal put on a tournament in the Oakland Coliseum Arena. Made a little bit, too, and he's been in tennis full time almost ever since.

I think our worst moment together was in 1969, right after Larry graduated from law school. He wanted to live in Hawaii. I said fine, but right away was miserable, for a lot of reasons. That made my plane trip to the East Coast eleven hours, and that's a killer. And the East was where most of the tournaments were. There just wasn't anything for me in the Islands. So I'd bop into town for a week and it was great when Larry had time off, but he was just starting to practice law then and didn't have much time off. When he did, he liked to go swimming. I didn't, but I'd go lie on the beach and get a suntan. Fair enough. You can't like everything. At night we'd occasionally go out with other lawyers and their wives. Another problem. I just couldn't handle the social chatter again.

I felt lost whenever I was there, and I felt that Larry and I were on different levels completely. I could maybe take being away from him, but when we were together we had to have something in common. Enough was enough.

We eventually moved back to Berkeley—two years later—but I think that summer in Hawaii was the first time I started thinking about divorce. Over the next four years I thought about it



and by the end of 1973, I was
dy—we both were. You've got to re-
mber that by then I'd been through
awful lot of things with my career—
n tennis and the National Tennis
ague tour, the Virginia Slims circuit,
ouple of pretty good playing years,
l the Riggs match. It was go-go-go
the time and I wanted a change. We
n't get a divorce then, and now I
't think we will, but the things that
e going through my mind then were
tty revealing.

f we had separated, it wouldn't have
n a traditional divorce at all, be-
se I'm pretty sure we would have
ie on living together. Considering
amount of traveling we both did
l the time we were already apart,
n a divorce wouldn't have changed
geographic relationship very much
ll.

still loved Larry and I knew I al-
ys would. And I knew Larry loved
. Larry and I always disagreed on
important thing, however, which
s maybe only a matter of semantics.
said "love" was liking someone the
st; I thought "love" was "love" and
e" was "like" and that they were
h very different. I understood what
was saying—I think the difference
s that he's simply not as emotional
I am—but I didn't agree with him.
ybe I was old-fashioned, but to me,
e was really indescribable; it was that
ling of something extra, something
cial.

Different kind of love

However we defined it, though, we
h knew that love was something
t changed constantly. It was never
same from one day to the next. I
s happier than I'd ever been in my
, even with all the crazy things that
l been going on around me, but I
that now we had a different kind
relationship from the one we'd
ted out with, and that maybe it
uired a different kind of love. What
elt was almost just the opposite of
e, or of wanting to scratch his eyes
. It was the sense that we were two
ture people, which we hadn't been
ht years before, and that because
the way we lived we both needed a
se of personal freedom that we'd
er really had before. A lot happens
you in your twenties. Even though
d been apart geographically, we
re always very close emotionally,
ybe so close that I just hadn't been
e to absorb and sort out all the
nges that had come to me. I
uldn't have minded being alone for
while—and then starting over with
ry. I felt it would have been like
eting a stranger—but someone I
w I'd love and admire right from
first.

also felt it would have *(continued)*



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made things much easier for me because of people on the outside who didn't understand our relationship at all. People drove me nuts. They were asking the same questions they'd asked for eight years: Where is your husband? Doesn't he travel with you? When are you going to retire? Don't you want kids? And on and on. I didn't like that. It's like they were chipping away at me, always expecting me to live up to their own expectations rather than mine. If I were single again, I felt, a lot of those questions would stop, or at least my answers would make more sense to others.

Did I want kids? Sure, by the time I was thirty-five. Just for my own healthy, bodily reasons. But it didn't make any difference any more if I had them in or out of marriage. I knew that would blow everybody's mind. How could I want a divorce and *then* want kids?

My parents were just completely in love with children, and to them the family unit was the beginning and the end. Here Randy and I had just excelled at what we'd done [Billie Jean's brother Randy Moffitt is a major-league baseball player], and I knew they felt one of the reasons was that they'd given us the time and the love and the attention, and they were absolutely right. They'd done a great job. But times had changed, and I couldn't raise my kids in the same fashion. Yet, when the time came for me I was sure I'd have the guilts if I didn't raise my own kids the same way I was brought up. It's hard to change your conditioning no matter how right-on you think your thinking is.

But just then, I didn't feel marriage was where it was at—at least not in the traditional sense.

Too busy for divorce

Well, we didn't get a divorce and I'm not sure why, except we just stopped talking about it. There was one very practical reason though. During the winter of 1973–74 I was caught up in the aftermath of my match with Riggs, I was trying to get my magazine, *WomenSports*, off the ground, and I was also working into shape for the 1974 Virginia Slims tour. For his part, Larry was tied up with World Team Tennis almost daily. Even if we had finally decided to go ahead with it, I think neither one of us would have had the time to file the papers.

More important, I think we've since come to a pretty solid understanding about where our relationship is. He's got his career and I've got mine, and they're like two big intersecting circles. At those points where they meet, everything's great. Where they don't meet—what can I say? Except we can both handle it because we know that's just the way things are going to be for a few more years.

I got pregnant in late February, 1971—dollars to doughnuts, the night before the finals of the Women's National Indoors in Winchester, Mass. I am sure, I am *positive* it was then because the next day I started getting hot flashes on the court. I thought—I hoped—I was getting sick. No such luck. In the next few days coffee started smelling bad and tasting worse, and when we got to New York three weeks later, I knew. I just knew.

I lost to Rosie Casals in the finals and I felt terrible. I thought I was going to vomit the entire match.

By then, Larry was back in California. I called him, told him the news, and flew home.

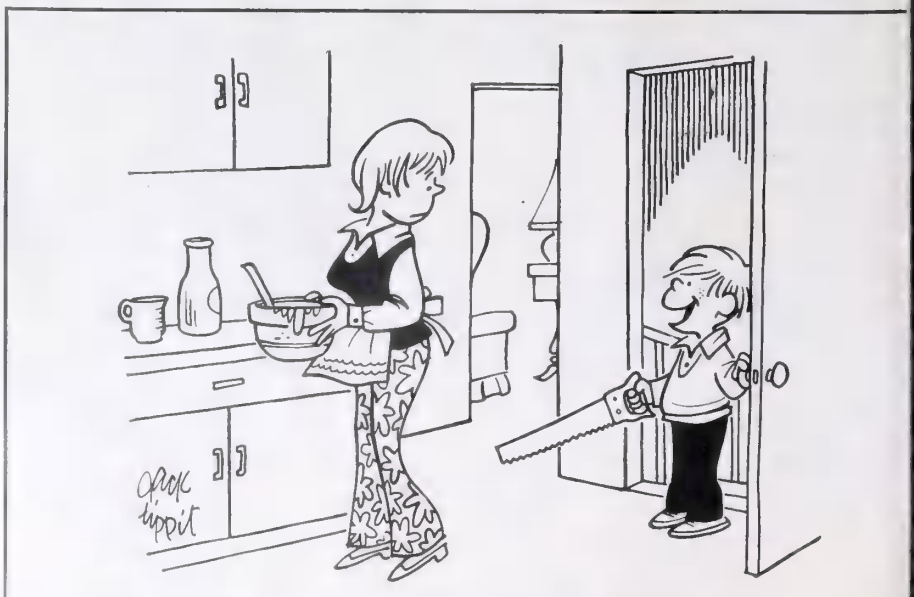
I took the usual tests, and when they came out positive, there was absolutely no question about what I would do. We agreed on an abortion from the beginning, and there was very little thinking about the morality involved in our decision. If that sounds shocking, all I can do is plead honesty. I mean I did believe strongly that inexpensive, legal abortions ought to be available to every woman, and since I was only about a month pregnant I didn't feel I was killing life or anything like that. But the real reason for my decision was that I also felt it was absolutely the wrong time for me to bring a child into the world. Even though Larry and I had been married for five and a half years, we'd been living a strange, disjointed life and I felt we needed more time together by ourselves to see where our relationship was headed. I was entering a period of great change in my life, personally and professionally, and under the circumstances I felt it just wasn't proper t start a family. Finally, I didn't want t become a mother unless I could devot myself fully to the job, and I knev that was something I just couldn't dc not yet. So I decided to go ahead witl the abortion. It's a decision I've neve regretted.

Get it over with

In California it usually takes te days to arrange for an abortion, bu the doctor was a friend of a friend an got things together in four or five Larry, as my husband, had to sign th permission papers, which we both fel was wrong, and it cost $580, whic was absolutely ridiculous. I could cer tainly afford it, but that's a lot o money for most women who want an need abortions. My operation was s simple that it could easily have bee performed by a competent nurse an probably shouldn't have cost mor than $25 or $30. I went to the hospital was knocked out, had the abortion spent two hours in a recovery room and then Larry took me home. Done It didn't begin to compare with eithe of my knee operations, and later tha year when I had some wisdom teetl yanked, the pain and the agony wer much worse. There was no trauma a all. I just wanted to get it over with.

The immediate reaction was pretty quiet. I told only two or three people and although that was enough to ge the word around to the other women on the tour, nobody ever said much It was sort of a taboo subject, I guess and I wasn't about to volunteer to much information myself. So thing stayed calm. What happened a yea later, though, was something else.

The legalization of abortion was nov a big issue all over the *(continued*



"Got anything else you want sawed in two?"

Now you can give your dog all the goodness of egg.

An egg is one of nature's wonders. It's the best natural source of complete protein. Everybody loves them. People love them. Dogs love them.

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country and to help dramatize it *Ms.* magazine ran a petition under a headline that said, WE HAVE HAD ABORTIONS. It was signed by 53 women, and I was one of them. This petition had come in the mail a few weeks earlier and Larry gave it to me. "You'll probably want to sign this," he said, "it's about legalized abortion." Good stuff. Fine. So I signed. I was almost sure the petition said that we signees were only in favor of legalized abortion, *not* that we'd had abortions ourselves. (It turned out that *Ms.* didn't know for sure itself that all the women who signed the petition had, in fact, had an abortion. It was relying on the politics of the women it solicited.)

On February 8, 1972, sportswriter Bud Collins quietly put two and two together in the Boston *Globe* and wrote, "[Billie Jean King] was so busy winning and earning and trying to make the women's pro tour succeed that she decided not to take time out to start a family. Billie Jean's abortion was made public in a declaration. . . ."

In the next couple of weeks I started getting some feedback from people who'd seen either Bud's column or the petition itself. But nothing I couldn't handle.

Then, two weeks later, the tour hit Washington, D.C., and that was just about the worst week in my life. Mark Asher, the tennis writer for the Washington *Post*, asked me flat out in an interview before the tournament began whether I'd had an abortion. I told him I was there to promote a tennis tournament and to play in it, and I didn't think his question was relevant to that.

He said he was sorry, but that he had to ask. I said I believed that women ought to have control over their own bodies, that I was strongly in favor of legalized abortions, and that's why I signed the petition. I said as to whether I'd actually had an abortion, he'd have to come to his own conclusions.

Finally, I asked him to please not write about the abortion issue at all, as a personal favor to me.

I didn't lie to Asher, but I'll admit I did hedge on my answer, for three reasons. First, although I was certainly in favor of legalized abortion, I really didn't think it was anybody's business whether I'd had one myself unless I chose to announce it personally. Second, it was now almost a full year since my operation and I felt it was old news. Finally, I'd told very few people about it, and among those I hadn't told were my parents, because I was sure they just wouldn't understand.

Well, the next day the *Post* ran Mark's story across the top of its sports section under the headline: "Abortion Made Possible Mrs. King's Top Year." In fairness to Mark, his story never quoted me as saying I'd had an abortion, but the damage was done.

I lost to Julie Heldman in a sloppy match in the round of sixteen. Afterward, there was the usual press conference, and when Asher walked in I saw red. That's all there was to it. I felt he'd betrayed me and broken a trust, and I couldn't even believe he'd had the guts to show up. That was the final blow to a lousy winter and a devastating week. I think I felt every negative emotion in the book.

I refused to talk to the press until Asher left. He wouldn't, and I walked out. I'd had it, and almost immediately, Larry and I flew to Hawaii. When we got off the plane, the first headline I saw was: "Tennis Star Has Abortion."

Asher's story had been sent out on the Washington *Post*-Los Angeles *Times* wire and was getting big play everywhere. I couldn't have felt worse, because I knew what must be happening in Long Beach, where my parents live.

So there it was, my parents first found out in the newspaper, not from me.

Abortions and Mother's Day

Several weeks later I went home for Mother's Day. I still hadn't talked to either Mom or Dad about it. Chicken. I just couldn't bring myself to do it. Mom and I sat down to watch television because there was a long segment about me on "60 Minutes" that we wanted to see. That came and went uneventfully and was followed by another long segment—on abortions.

That broke the dam and I could have died. Mom said she'd cried for three days when she first heard about it. She asked me if I loved kids. She asked me if I loved Larry. She said she trusted me but she just couldn't understand.

I told her I didn't expect her to understand, that Larry and I had our reasons—personal reasons I didn't want to go into—and through it all I was mainly sorry I hadn't had the guts to tell her first myself.

The hate mail was coming in by then, too—letters from people who called me a killer and, predictably I guess, refused to sign their names. In all, it was a pretty grim period.

But overall, I've seen a lot of good come from it. Several women have told me that just knowing I'd had an abortion and was willing to speak out about it—however reluctantly at first—made it easier for them to have theirs, and that's a really big plus. I don't expect everybody to accept what I did, but that's all right because I don't ever want to go around putting my own standards about anything on other people. I can't help thinking, though, that if somebody in my position had spoken out five years earlier about abortion, it might have made it a whole lot easier for me to deal with my abortion when the time came.

What is my position? I'm not really sure. I'm not going to be too humble about this—why start now?—but I'm honestly amazed sometimes by the way people react to me. I mean like especially after the excitement of that perfect night in Houston when I beat Bobby Riggs and just plain went over the top, I think, as a public figure. You wouldn't believe the number of people who have got to tell me exactly what they did, wherever they were, as they watched the match.

Like the women at Mount Holyoke College who clustered around a dormitory television set shouting, "Right on!" after practically every point.

Or the magazine editor, a woman, who was supposed to have dinner ready on the table but wound up at a party at *Ms.* magazine—where Bella Abzug waved her floppy hat almost the whole night—and finally called her husband: "Dear . . . darling . . . I won't be home until after the match."

Or, the group at a country club bar in South Carolina, mostly men, who actually stood up and applauded the TV set—*the TV set!*—when I was finished with Bobby.

Sure, the match grabbed everybody, but people had been reacting to me very strongly long before that. It began really, about the end of 1971, after the Virginia Slims circuit had been under way for almost a year. Women especially started to look up to me then, I think because they realized how much the tour and I had fought to get where we were.

Sometimes I'm totally *(continued*

BILLIE JEAN

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After all, fighting cavities is the whole idea behind Crest.

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BILLIE JEAN
continued

amazed by the things that happen. About two weeks after I played Riggs, I went to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* for a press conference. I must have met everybody in the building—just small talk, nothing serious. I found out later, though, that the morning after the match with Bobby several of the women there had stormed into their bosses' offices and demanded raises on the spot. I couldn't believe it, but I thought it was great.

It's a funny feeling to know that women look up to me, but that's one of the ways women's lib has changed things. Women aren't ashamed of identifying with other women. It's always been all right for a guy to look up to another guy, but it's hardly ever been okay for a woman to look up to another woman, because we were taught that men were the only successful people in the world. The big reason was probably a lack of examples, but I think we're getting a bunch of our own now.

It's a two way street. Maybe women look up to me, and that's fine, but in the last couple of years especially I've really tried to talk with other women, too. I've tried to find out about their lives and their problems and I think I've learned a lot.

I've learned two basic things. First, that we women are all the same, in the sense that somewhere along the line we've just about all of us encountered some kind of sexist discrimination either in our careers or in our personal lives, and probably in both. Some of us have been lucky and have had either the opportunity or some kind of inner strength to fight back and make a little niche for ourselves. Most of us haven't been so fortunate, however, and that's why mutual support among women is so important. Because although things are changing, they're changing slowly, and it's a pretty good bet we're not going to get too much help from anybody except ourselves.

The other thing I've learned is that we women are all different in our desires and our expectations. One of us might want a career, another a family life, and still a third might want both. We might want to swing or we might not want to swing at all. The important thing is for each of us to be able to do her thing with respect and dignity, to be able to lead the fullest possible life she can, and to find the center of herself.

Liberalized abortion laws? Yes. An end to job discrimination? Of course. Equal pay for equal work? No question. But those are details. What really counts is for us to be able to fulfill our potential in whatever way we choose. And the awareness of that possibility, that right, is only the beginning; the achievement is the end. **END**

THE WORKING WOMAN
continued from page 44

"My personal life is my secret career," says an investment analyst. "I don't get a raise when my marriage is going well, but without excellence in that area I can't experience it professionally."

"I felt fantastically successful when I was nine months pregnant and I presented my research paper to the academy," admits a biochemist. "That day the best of me was all rolled into one."

A staff writer quit her magazine job and got divorced in the same year. "I felt scared to be without the institutional identity of my work. And without my identity as a wife I felt like a complete loser. Recent success with free-lance writing has relieved the first anxiety but not the second."

"I've made it in business. People listen to my opinions. I have a staff of twelve, a $28,000 salary and a great reputation in my field," says a public relations woman. "I wouldn't give up *any* of it for a man. But I also won't feel like a success until I find someone to whom I can say 'I love you'—and mean it."

Is success different for women than men? Here the answer is an unqualified "yes." Ulcers, heart attacks and mid-life depression are familiar components of the male success syndrome. (Feminism, with its plea for equal distribution of roles, might liberate men from dying an average of 6.8 years ahead of women.) Then, too, men seem to separate career from private life much more than women do. A mediocre businessman doesn't call himself a success just because he's a great husband and father. By the same token, neither a broken marriage, expectant fatherhood, nor a scandalous affair puts the curse on the career of an up-and-coming male dynamo.

Since men are expected to be striving, ambitious creatures, they rarely have to explain themselves if their marriages fail —while the divorced professional woman is thought to have sacrificed her husband and children to her "unnatural" craving for success.

Thanks to studies done by Dr. Matina Horner (now president of Radcliffe College), we can understand the conflicts women feel about their own achievement. Because our culture holds competition, independence, competence and success to be male goals "inconsistent with femininity," Dr. Horner found that women develop a "motive to avoid success." Women fear "social rejection and/or feelings of being unfeminine as a result of succeeding." Rather than be considered "aggressive," many disguise their abilities and drop out of the race. Depending upon the age groups studied, Dr. Horner found that from 47 to 88 percent of girls and women actually *fear* success!

At the 1972 conference on "Women and Success" sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, it was determined that, in the earlier years of life particularly, support from both parents was imperative for developing the self-esteem a female needs to succeed. In adult life, a husband's encouragement becomes important—and support from female peers is sorely needed and much missed.

Dr. Cynthia Fuchs Epstein, author of *Woman's Place*, notes that women are assigned "supporting roles in the human drama. They are almost never heroes." However, it is Dr. Epstein's conclusion that serves as the message of this column: "Women who have had any success find that, in fact, it is more pleasant than failing."

THE BULLETIN BOARD

- To understand what's wrong with the male approach to career competition read *The Nightmare of Success* by William J. Ruzicka, Ph.D. $6.95 from Peninsula Publications, Box 975, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.
- *Women & Success*, edited by Ruth B. Kundsin, includes 37 essays on top female achievers. $7.95 from Morrow, 105 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
- *Women's Action Alliance* provides tools and resources to women working to change their lives. Order these information packets from 370 Lexington, N.Y., N.Y. 10017; "Tools to Eliminate Discrimination in State and Local Government" ($2); "How to Organize a Multi-Service Women's Center" ($1.50); "An Introduction to the Women's Movement" ($2); "How to Organize a Child Care Center" ($1). All fees are doubled for institutional orders.
- The literature kit prepared by *Women Office Workers* (WOW) covers issues affecting white-collar women and tells how to organize a full-day WOW conference. $1.75 from WOW, Box 439, Planetarium Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10024.
- *Women's Yellow Pages 1974* is a Boston sourcebook for child care, health programs and educational, employment and legal aid. $1.50 from Boston Women's Collective, 490 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115.
- Long Island, N.Y., chapter of the National Organization for Women maintains a talent bank for all management levels. Register at Box 176, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.
- Options for Women has expanded its services to include full- and part-time job placement for professional, technical and managerial women all over the country. 8419 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118.
- *Career Planning for College Women* by Renee Taft is a practical counseling pamphlet. $1.30 from Distaffers, 392 Legation St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015. **END**

The Versatronic® oven system gives you the flexibility of cooking with conventional electric heat, extra fast with microwave energy, plus both ways at the same time for speed and browning.

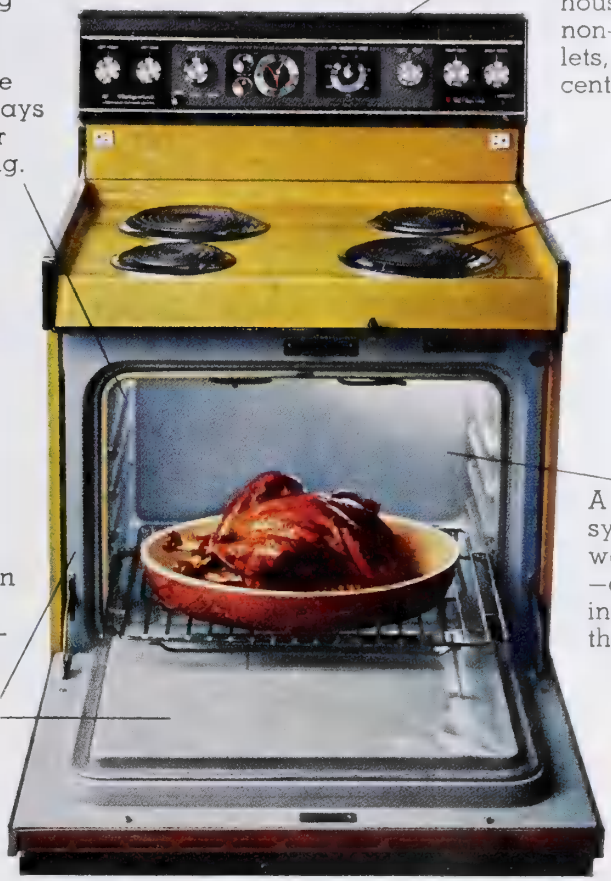
Sample cooking times: You can roast a 15 pound turkey in less than 2 hours. Do a beef casserole in 16 minutes. Bake and brown an apple pie in 16 minutes. Or bake a potato in 9.

The self-cleaning oven uses less energy during baking and roasting than comparable non self-cleaning models. The reason: added insulation.

Rangetop controls are located high on the backsplash. Control panel also includes an automatic oven timer, clock, 60-minute household timer, timed and non-timed appliance outlets, and full-width fluorescent lamp.

Calrod® surface units are designed to distribute heat evenly and respond fast when you turn them on, off, or change temperature. And they simply unplug for easy rangetop cleaning.

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Your lemon pie's so luscious. Should the glasses be spotty?

Get the Cascade look... virtually spotless.



Look–even clean water lets spots form.

Your guests will compliment you on your pie! But what about your glasses? You don't want spots at a time like this, or any time.

The spotty glass shows how plain water alone can leave dulling spots. So it's good to know that Cascade's sheeting action fights drops that spot ...gives your guests glasses with the Cascade look!

Cascade fights drops that spot.

But Cascade in your dishwasher gets dishes virtually spotless.

The Private Ordeal of Catherine Hearst

BY ADALENE ROSS

"From this tragedy some good will in some way come," believes Patricia Hearst's mother. A loving portrait by a friend who's known her for 20 years.

To look into the eyes of a mother whose child has been kidnapped is a shattering experience. To see her as she stands at a window, staring silently at the garden where a beautiful daughter used to play, or to hear her soft words, spoken from a heart more prayerful than vindictive, challenges one's own thoughts of anger or vengeance. And to see the faith and courage of a woman from whom not only a child has been torn . . . but also the last shreds of peace and privacy that had been the essence of her life . . . gives one a respect for the strength that our traditional values can provide in times of crisis.

Such a woman is Catherine Campbell Hearst, whose 19-year-old daughter, Patricia, was kidnapped on the night of Monday, February 4, by four terrorists of the self-proclaimed Symbionese Liberation Army.

In the months after Patty's disappearance, Catherine Hearst was to be subjected to merciless torment by her daughter's kidnappers; Mrs. Hearst endured days and nights of anguish such as few mothers have ever known.

A gentle woman who reveres the goodness of life, Catherine was to hear the tape-recorded voice of her Patty criticizing her mother personally, heaping insults upon a father who had always adored her, and renouncing all that their family life had been. And Catherine was to see photographs of her daughter, clutching a semiautomatic carbine, seemingly participating in a bank holdup. Later, after six members of the S.L.A. died in that Los Angeles shoot-out/fire, Mrs. Hearst had to see Patty hunted as an "armed and dangerous" fugitive. Mrs. Hearst had to go on TV, begging Patty to give up after hearing her quoted as saying: "They'll have to kill me before I'll go back."

How did Catherine Hearst take it? How *could* she take it?

Although she was supported by a strong, compassionate husband, San Francisco newspaper publisher Randolph Apperson Hearst, her four other daughters and an outpouring of love from friends and strangers alike, it was nevertheless Catherine and Catherine alone who could finally come to terms with her overwhelming grief.

"All my life, my [Roman Catholic] religion has meant everything to me," Catherine said as the two of us talked in a quiet corner of her living room.

"I cannot imagine going through anything so tragic as this without the comfort of my faith, and I find particular solace in reading the Psalms. I go to church as often as I can, and people are very kind and no longer stare. But, of course, I say my prayers silently, wherever I am, night and day.

"I have disciplined myself to cope with each eventuality and to believe that from this tragedy some good will in some way come. I have not propped myself up with tranquilizers; I don't believe in that. I have simply gone about my daily life as best I can.

"We—Randy and the girls and I—have just been pulling together one day at a time. We support each other, and when one is weak the others help. The girls have been wonderful, so thoughtful about never putting any extra burden on us—and they are oh, so concerned for their sister."

Catherine and Randolph Hearst were in Washington, D.C., when they learned that Patty had been kidnapped. They had spent that fateful Monday with the high-school boys and girls in Washington as scholarship winners of the 12th annual U.S. Senate Youth Program sponsored by the William Randolph Hearst Foundation.

(continued on page 102)



Mrs. Hearst: "I cannot imagine going through anything like this without the comfort of my [Catholic] faith."



Patty Hearst (right) and her sisters (from left) Anne, Vicky and Cathy at their sister Gina's wedding in 1968.

Marlene Zimmerman, first prize winner in our American primitive painting contest, is a homemaker who lives in Beverly Hills, Calif. The judges felt that her submitted work revealed "fresh, original perspectives and real talent." Ms. Zimmerman's husband 22 years is an engineer; her four children range in a from 8 to 22. "Although the family takes time," s says, "I still am able to produce a great deal of ar



"VICTORIAN SUMMER" by Marlene Zimmerman

All winning paintings will be on view, and for sale, starting June 20th, at Nena's Gallery, Bergdorf Goodman, in New York City, where the winners will spend a whirlwind week as part of their prize.



AMERICAN PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS

BY OUR JOURNAL CONTEST WINNERS

Last fall, in connection with a feature on the work of Grandma Moses, the JOURNAL announced an American Primitive Painting competition for non-professionals working in this popular naive form, so appropriate to the oncoming Bicentennial. The competition invited readers to submit three of their works in color-transparency form.

The response was both overwhelming and gratifying. Over a thousand entries were received, and as one of the judges—art publisher Harry Abrams—commented: "The entries revealed an astonishing freshet of pure talent of high quality." An art jury winnowed out 20 finalists, and then, from the paintings themselves, selected a first prize-winner (left) and two runners-up (below).

First prize:

Marlene Zimmerman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Runners-up:

Ann Murfee Allen, Bon Air, Virginia

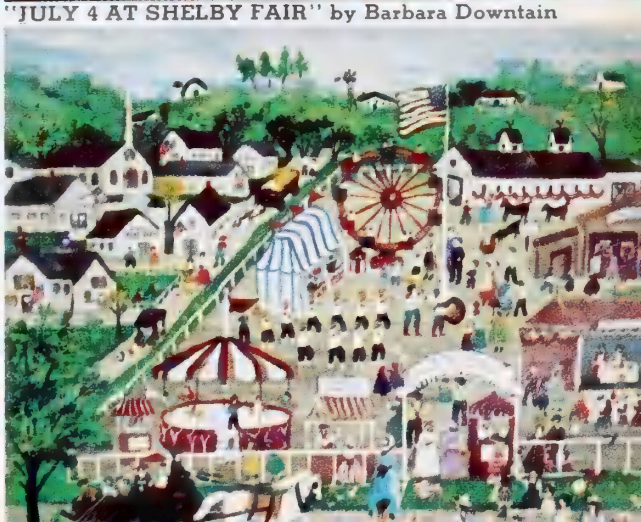
Barbara Downtain, Chicago, Ill.

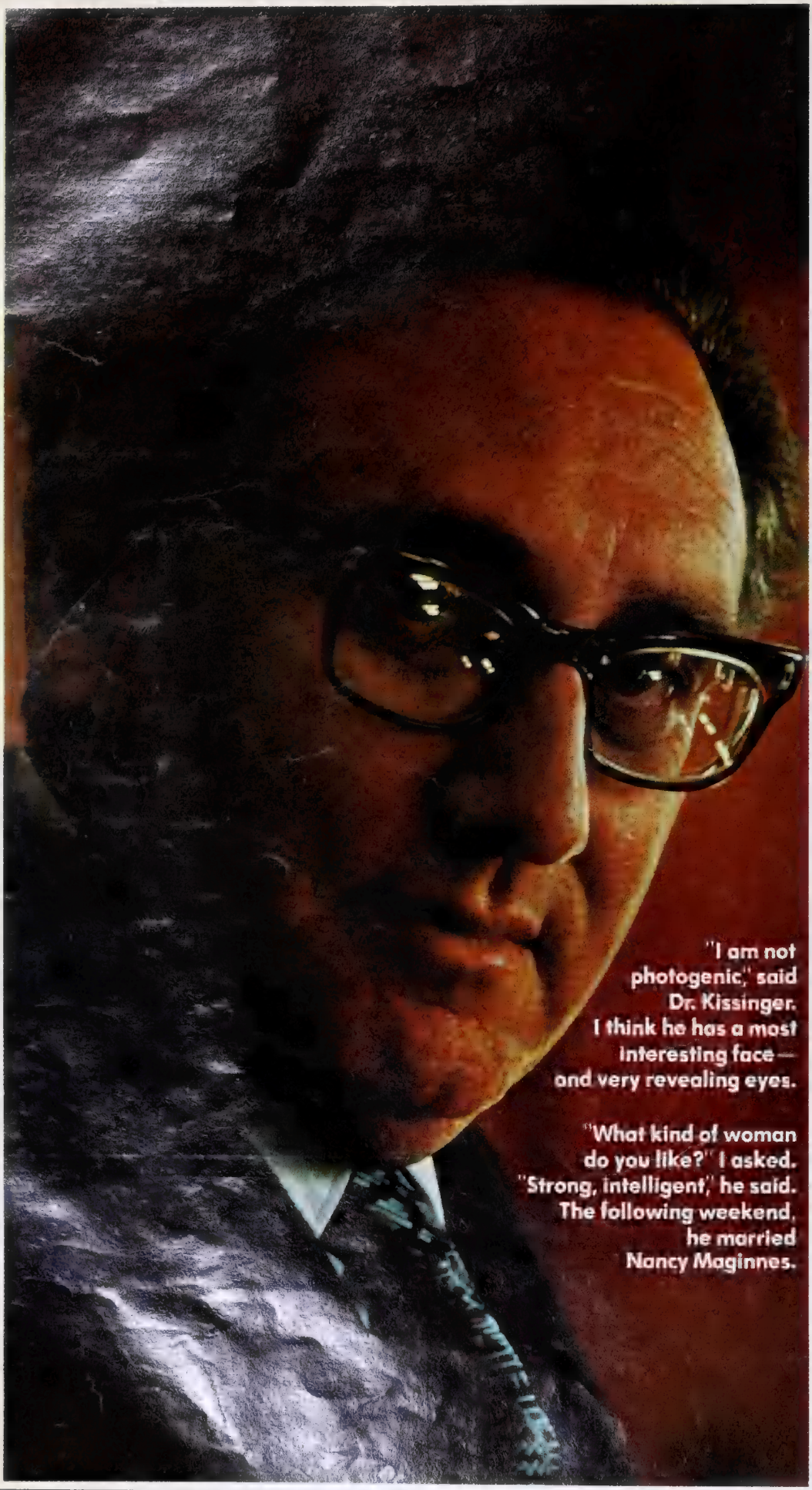
Honorable mentions: Charles A. Brown, San Marino, Calif.; Ann Dupre, Baton Rouge, La.; Kitty Good, Richmond, Va.; Girldine Merrill, Novato, Calif.; Mary Parker, Oxford, Conn.; Cora Lou Robinson, Minden, La.; Virginia Taylor, South Orange, N.J.

"OCTOBER" by Ann Murfee Allen



"JULY 4 AT SHELBY FAIR" by Barbara Downtain





"I am not photogenic," said Dr. Kissinger. I think he has a most interesting face—and very revealing eyes.

"What kind of woman do you like?" I asked. "Strong, intelligent," he said. The following weekend, he married Nancy Maginnes.

You know Gina Lollobrigida beautiful actress whose m movies have made her an in national celebrity. Now, howe Gina has developed a new ca as a serious, dedicated—and s ful—photojournalist, whose b about her native land, My I *has achieved worldwide succ A self-taught photographer, G revealing—and constantly proving—pictures rely, it is t on her uncanny rapport with subjects. But the quality of work is high enough, we beli to make her a* Journal *contribu Here, in pictures and prose, is first in a series by Gina Lolla gida on The World's Most In esting Men.*

When the *Journal* as me to photograph most interesting m in the world, I thought first Henry Kissinger, the Secretar State for the United States. I never met Mr. Kissinger, but I heard about his diplomatic acc plishments as well as his—h should I say it?—"romantic" He was evidently a man w charm, brains, and the ability balance his two worlds at same time.

I was not sure that he wo have time to pose for me, an was quite surprised when the swer immediately came that would. Happy and satisfied, I w to Australia to promote my bo I was not aware that the Sec tary of State would change my pointment!

For four days, the staff of *Journal* went crazy trying to f me in Australia through my frie all over the world—without s cess. Finally, after 20 phone ca they reached me in a small Aust lian city where I had gone to pho graph kangaroos. During t night, a New York friend call he yelled and shouted at me desperately that I asked if son thing had happened to my s "No, you idiot," he said, "you m leave for Washington immediat Otherwise you lose Kissinge "Yes, sir," I replied. "I arr tomorrow."

My appointment was for W nesday, March 20, 5:15 P.M. Dr. Kissinger's office at the St Department. I was just to ch with him, to get acquainted. The would be no picture-taking at o first meeting.

That *(continued on page 10*

KISSINGER CLOSE-UP

BY A NEW JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHER-INTERVIEWER GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA



Kissinger at work in his State Department office (below) and relaxing in the apartment he keeps upstairs.







The Last Word Was Love

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Leaving home is never easy—for one who goes or for those left behind.

A long time ago when I was eleven my mother and my father had a prolonged quarrel.

The quarrel picked up the minute my father got home from work at Graff's, where he was a forty-seven-year-old assistant—to everybody. Graff's sold everything from food to ready-made clothing, animal traps, and farm implements. My father had taken the job only for the daily wage of three dollars, which he received in coin at the end of every twelve-hour day. He didn't mind the nature of the work, even though his profession was teaching, and he didn't care that it might end at any moment, without notice.

He'd already had the job six months, from late summer to early spring, when the quarrel began to get on my brother's nerves. I didn't even begin to *notice* the quarrel until Ralph pointed it out to me. I admired him so much that I joined him in finding fault with my mother and father.

First, though, I'd better describe the quarrel, if that's possible.

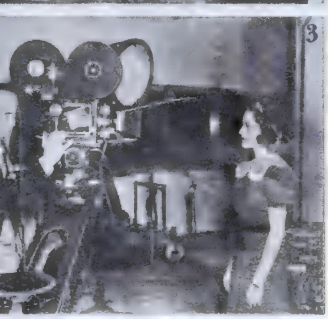
To begin with, there was my mother running the house, and there was

(continued on page 112)

Painting by Chuck Wilkinson













1. At right, in San Francisco, little Julia Turner had red hair and a winning smile. 2. At 15, she lived in Los Angeles, where she attended the Hollywood High School. 3. Discovered at a Sunset Boulevard soda fountain, Julia was given a screen test. 4. At 17, her name changed to Lana, she became known as "The Sweater Girl." 5. Lana gave her first paycheck to her mother and promised her many more. 6. By 1941 Lana had become a blonde and appeared in MGM's "The Ziegfeld Girl." 7. Also in 1941, Lana played opposite "The King" Clark Gable in "Honky Tonk." 8. In World War II, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Lana were pin-up favorites. 9. By 1943 Lana's career was in high gear, but her personal life was unhappy. 10. 1945: Lana with her two-year-old daughter Cheryl Crane, her greatest joy. 11. 1946: Her greatest role: "Postman Always Rings Twice." Above: Lana today.

Color photograph by Sherman Weisburd. Black-and-white photographs from the Lou Valentino collection.



LANA

Y LANA TURNER WITH JANE ARDMORE. A LIVING LEGEND'S INTIMATE MEMOIRS

na Turner today is not the Lana rner of yesterday. Still beautiful, , but very much her own woman, in trol of her own life. In this exclu- e article, the first Lana has ever con- ted to write about herself, she tells at she has gone through to achieve inner peace she has always sought.

r the first time in my life, I know at the word "contentment" means. I not lonely. I am standing on my n feet . . . I am my own woman. I ve no romantic involvements what- ever—by my own choosing—and I'm t searching for anyone with whom become involved. I have a sense of edom that I never had during the ars of constantly searching for the ve I felt I needed because I didn't nk I was able to stand alone.

Thank God, I still have the lifestyle I joy and worked to achieve—although s more contained, just as I am more ntained. I have a lovely apartment th a view of the ocean and the moun- ns. My maid comes in—I've had her 18 years. My secretary for four and half years, Taylor Pero, works five ys a week. Co-workers tend to stay th me and become a part of my life, hich is a blessing. With the right peo- e around, there is a feeling of stability this world. The few close friends I ve are *there*. I go to their places or ey come to mine; we're not out tear- g up the town—that's no longer fun. he greatest blessing of all is my fam- : my mother and my daughter, heryl, are my closest friends.

I like my life much better now. hat's more, I like *me* better. To be le to say that is a giant step for me. st talking about myself is a giant step, t if I can help one woman who has perienced heartache, I'll talk. I'll say at I think I *had* to go through all the t-wrenching, heartbreaking experi- ces of my life to come at last to a dead halt so I could take stock of myself before something or someone destroyed me. Because I will not be destroyed. I'm not referring to an illness or accident over which I have no control; I mean I will not be destroyed by another human being—I've been too close to that. Those who cared tried to warn me; I wouldn't listen. But this, too, was my destiny. I had to learn the hard way—but I *learned*.

And I'm still learning.

That's why, several years ago, I went on the road for three months with the play *Forty Carats*—the only thing I've done in the theater. I was petrified constantly, and the body microphone I had to wear on stage didn't help. The dresses were too low-cut to hide the mike in my bra, so we strapped it to my right thigh; the cord was wrapped around my waist, down the groin to the little box with its so-necessary battery. And they warned me that one actress forgot to turn off her mike when she rushed to the bathroom between her scenes. All of a sudden—BOOM, BOOM, BOOM—then the big flush. That story terrified me. The whole experience did. Yet I accepted the play because something was opening within me, something I call "the sponge." I was learning, absorbing, growing. The next time I'm upset with an assignment, I'll be able to think, "Cool it, baby—you got through *Forty Carats* and you can get through this."

It's important to keep working, and this is a difficult time in which to find the right vehicles. For the past 15 years, the best film roles have been written for men. But I'm looking. I'm ready. To take the wrong thing, out of desperation, is equivalent to emotional and artistic suicide. There are actors who need the money for rent and food; my heart hurts for them. So far, I've not been in that position; I've turned down roles rather than destroy myself and do a disservice to an employer for whom I'd not be doing an honest job. What I seek are challenges like my roles in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, *Imitation of Life* and *Madame X*. (*Peyton Place*, for which I received a 1957 Academy Award nomination, was *not* a challenge, and I never did understand the nomination; I've done better work.)

That's why I chose to do *Persecution*, which has just been released. Filmed in London, it is a psychological drama. My part—that of Carrie Masters, a mother dominating an only son, but for a *reason*—is different from anything I've done. If it turns out as envisioned by our director, Don Chaffey, it should be a fascinating picture with insights into people with twisted minds and what happens when they go to work on other people. This marvelous director was a Svengali, and I say that lovingly. I want and value direction; I don't want to wear all the hats. We had a six-week shooting schedule that stretched to eight. (In the old days at MGM, it was nothing for us to spend four to five *months* on a picture—this is one of the big changes in the business, the difference between getting it done and getting it right.)

Don Chaffey was out to get it right, even with the pressure gun at his back. So was I. We worked horrendous hours on location in a freezing old mansion. I never did see rushes, and the print I saw was very rough—but we were scrambling madly to get seats on a plane (an airline strike was on) to get back home for Christmas. We left London on December 23, 1973. I went straight to Cheryl's home in the valley. Mother is there, too; she moved in last fall from Malibu when the traffic fumes on Pacific Coast Highway became unbearable. (Mother has her own apartment on the lower floor. Cheryl has the other two floors.)

(continued on page 108)


7


8


9


10


11



PHOTO FINISH FASHION

Check out the big entries in the fashion derby. Each crossed the finish line in record-setting time. The superchic sweatshirts and the thoroughbred wrap dress made it out of the sewing room into the winners' circle in two hours or less. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

Photographed at Belmont Raceway by Otto Sc[illegible] Fabrics by Blue Ridge Winkler. Backviews on page 114.

1

A great wrap dress in an acrylic sporting print takes about two hours to make. There are no buttonholes or zippers to slow things down. Simplicity #6260.



2

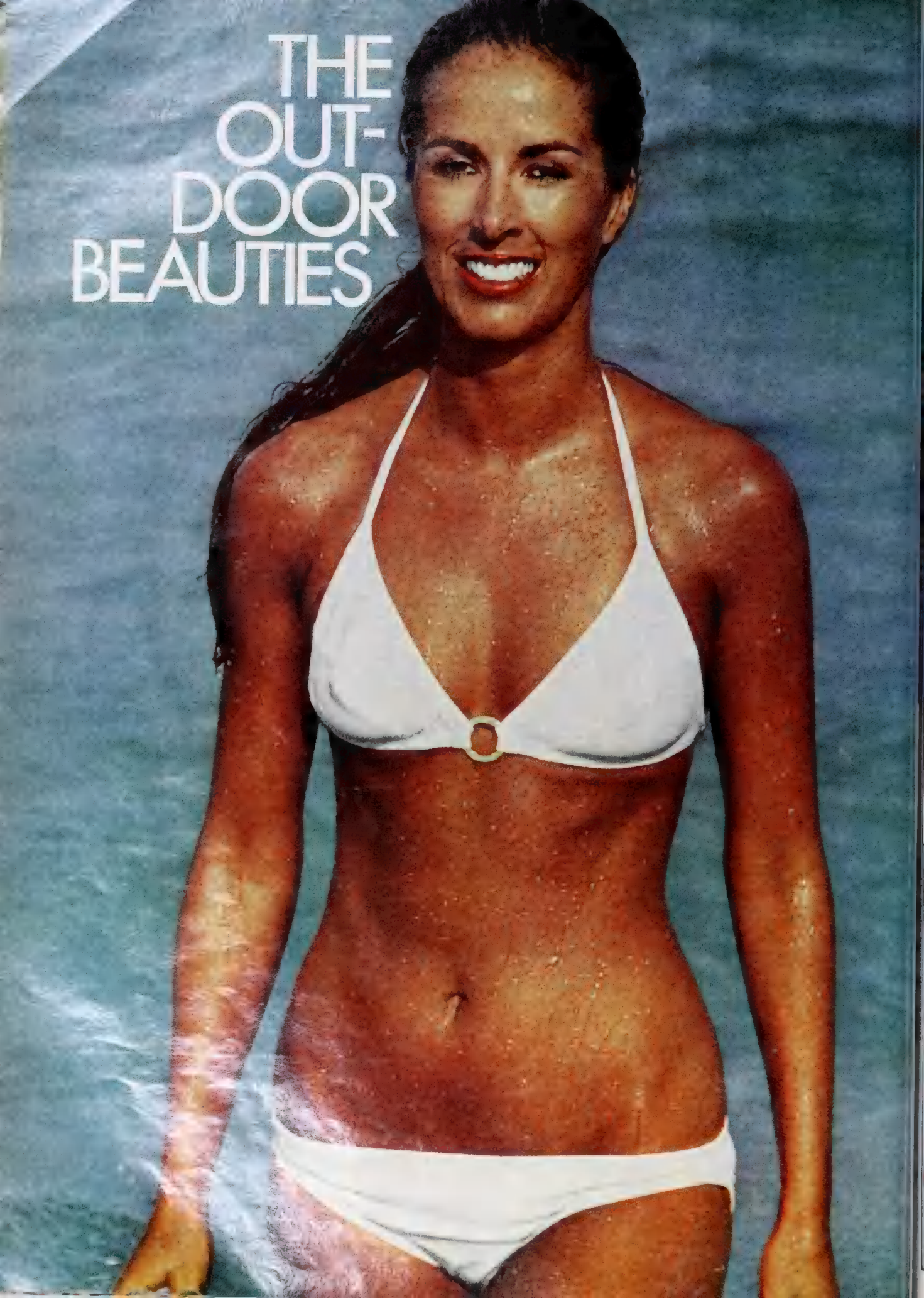
ne primary-colored T-shirt in
n acrylic knit velour takes un-
er two hours. Pattern's shaped
r a quick fit—no fussing with
arts. Simplicity #6289.

3

The bicycle-print sweatshirt has a flattering V-neck trimmed with ribbing that comes ready made for quick action. Simplicity #6413. Riding gear by Miller's.

4

The sweatshirt takes on a feminine look in a flowery acrylic knit. The ready-made ribbing makes this pattern a fast study, too. Simplicity # 6490.

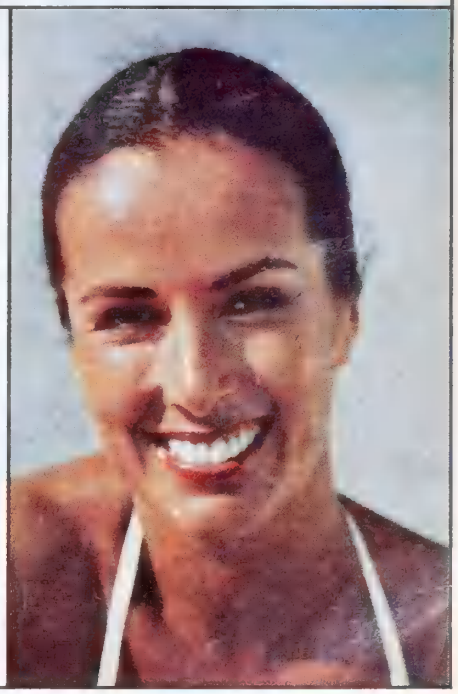

THE
OUT-
DOOR
BEAUTIES

PALM BEACH—The sunstruck landscape of this palm-studded resort competes for attention with the eye-dazzling women who people its private pools, tennis courts and marinas. Beauties like raven-haired Susan Hutton, wife of real estate investor William Hutton III, thrive on the outdoors life at Palm Beach. Tanned and radiant, Susan maintains her fashion-model slim shape with several stints daily in the family pool where she swims and does rigorous calisthenics. She also bikes and plays tennis regularly. "Activity is the key," says Susan, who also fits a job as merchandising specialist to a cosmetics firm into her sporting life. Like many other glamorous women here she stays beautiful and busy. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.



Susan is well equipped for her life in the sun: Before venturing outdoors she coats her body religiously with a sun bloc. At noon she protects both hair and skin with a wide-brimmed straw hat. When her hair is wet she untangles it carefully with a wide-toothed comb and a brush with wide-spaced plastic bristles. Her makeup is minimal—bronze shadow, black mascara and creamy, earth-toned lipstick.







JACQUIE KIMBERLY. She is at home on land, at sea or in the air. Twenty-three-year-old Jacquie Kimberly is a horsewoman, a sailor and, to top it all off, a top-notch parachutist. "I'm never bored," says this avid sports enthusiast.

Because of her active sports life and frequent trips with her husband, Jacquie avoids complicated beauty routines. Her long, sunstreaked hair flies loose in the breeze or is tied back in a pony tail and center-parted. She keeps her makeup simple during the day. Lipstick, mascara and a face bronzer are her three staples. Her skin-care routine consists of regular cleansings with plain soap and water. At bath time, however, she indulges in a long, hot soak with lots of lubricating oils in the water. She watches her weight like a hawk and keeps her 5-feet, 4-inches at a slim 95 pounds. Her slight frame looks good in the straightforward, casual sports clothes she favors—shorts, pants, shirts and little knit tops. At night, a more sophisticated woman emerges. She is the Jacquie who loves night life and elegant designer dresses. Despite her active, sports-filled days, Jacquie confesses, "I'm basically a nocturnal person."



Jacquie avoids heavy makeup tha shows off badly in the sun's glar Lipstick, mascara, a bronzer an light eyeshadow are all she wear



Jacquie's sporting life makes hair styles that require constant atten tion impossible. She prefers a sim ple, loose look or a pony tail.



At night, her makeup is more so phisticated. She likes an earth toned foundation, a deep rust-col ored gleamer and lots of mascara.



Nicole always wears a sun bloc on her face to protect her fair skin. She is usually equipped with a brimmed hat and sunglasses, too.



She likes her long, blond hair streaked by the sun. To keep it off her face, she ties a tiny self braid in the back or wears a pony tail.



Nicole's makeup is soft and subtle. Beige shadow and brown mascara go on her eyes. On her lips go a tawny gloss and a clear protector.



NICOLE LEIDY. "I used to have a drastic weight problem," confesses 22-year-old Nicole Leidy, a tall, slim beauty-around-Palm Beach. If she no longer is 20 pounds overweight as she was as a teen-ager, it's because she works very hard at staying in shape. She's a strict vegetarian, even in the face of tempting Palm Beach filet mignon dinners. "I simply tell the hostess I don't eat meat—just salad and vegetables. I'm very blunt about it," she says. In addition to diet, she exercises religiously. Late afternoons she's on the tennis courts with women friends or with her stockbroker husband, Bob. If the courts are too wet to play, she substitutes 30 laps in the backyard pool of her L-shaped stucco house. She also waterskis and snorkels. When away from the tennis courts or the water, Nicole is usually found at "A New Leaf," the health-food store she owns with her mother. Having the shop has taught her a lot about health and nutrition. "It's a whole self-educational experience," she says. She swears by daily doses of vitamins A, B-Complex, C, D and E, plus an assortment of minerals. She attributes her clear complexion, healthy hair and remarkable energy to her vitamin-packed regimen.

DECORATING: A RED, WHITE & BLUE BARGAIN

Raise the flag and celebrate. Old Glory's colors bring brand-new excitement to summer living at inflation-fighting prices. This red, white and blue decorating scheme is based on one of the best fabric buys around—sheets. The denim-look upholstered walls, the deep-ruffled curtains, the stuffed pillows and sofa all began as the stuff beds are made of. And what's more, the sofa *is* a bed. It's a single-sized mattress that was slip-covered and piled with pillows. The shiny red floor is a do-it-yourself affair in vinyl tile. And the old-fashioned wicker was retrieved from second-hand stores and lacquered bright white. How-to information on page 92. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

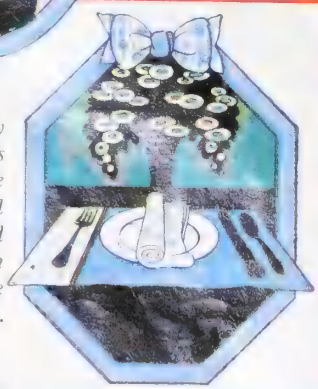
Three more bed-linen bargains: This big ruffly bag to dress up flower arrangements or plants began as a pillow slip.





It takes two pillow slips to make this double-tiered denim-look apron with a big bow in back.

Yet another way to play games with a pillow case is this oversized placemat and matching napkin dressing up the breakfast table.



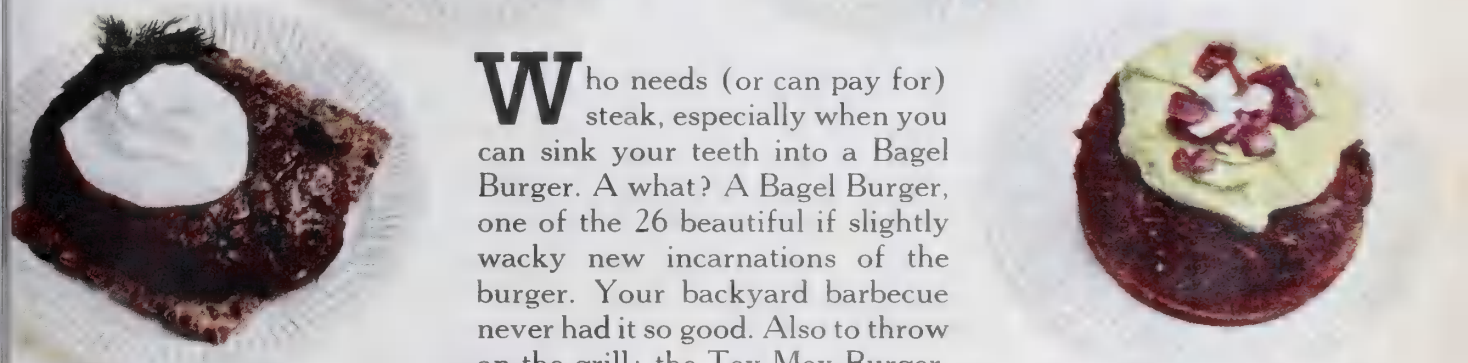


Photograph by Tosh Matsumoto; illustrations by Barry Zaid. Sears sheets, Armstrong floor. More shopping information on page 48.




Stroganoff Burger
Charcoal Giant Burger
Rossini Burger
Sauerbraten Burger
Caesar Bur
"Hot Dog" Pickle Burger
Bagel Burger
Burger au Poivre
Tuna-Cheese Burger
26 BURGERS (?!)
Greek Burger
Taco Burger
Shepherd's Pie Burge





Who needs (or can pay for) steak, especially when you can sink your teeth into a Bagel Burger. A what? A Bagel Burger, one of the 26 beautiful if slightly wacky new incarnations of the burger. Your backyard barbecue never had it so good. Also to throw on the grill: the Tex-Mex Burger, the Green Goddess Burger and the "Hot Dog" Pickle Burger, if you don't mind mixed metaphors. There are also burgers to please special interest groups. There is, for example, the Greek Burger, served on a slice of sautéed eggplant; the Beach Burger for those who prefer seafood; and our own Journal Giant, a triple-decker entry on the fast-food scene. All recipes begin on page 94.



Photograph by Arthur Beck





SUMMER: COOKING FOR A CROWD

The grass looks greener this summer in your own—and everyone else's—backyard. Because so many people are staving off inflation by sticking close to home during summertime, the neighborhood is becoming the focal point for all the fun. Get a crowd together for a big backyard bash some summer night. Ask each neighbor to bring one of our great over-size party dishes: There are basic recipes with variations for baked chicken, stuffed meat loaf, lasagna, potato salad, do-it-yourself green salad, party punch, and a watermelon boat for dessert. Don't worry about how to figure the number of potatoes or heads of lettuce you'll need for the crowd. Whether you're having 12, 18, 24 or even 36, our large-quantity recipe charts and cooking tips on page 90 will keep you out of trouble. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

READER RECIPE EXCHANGE



Dumpling Chiffon Pie



Melba Miniatures

Sandra Mast of Middlebury, Ind., sent us a dreamy version of that good old American standby, apple pie. Well, sort of apple pie. By the time you've put together this fluffy, delicate chiffon dessert, you may have forgotten its sturdy origins.

DUMPLING CHIFFON PIE

Crust:
1 package (10 oz.) pie crust mix
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
¼ cup red-hot candies
1½ tablespoons cold water
1 tablespoon vanilla
Filling:
3 eggs, separated
6 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup finely diced apple
2 tablespoons apple juice, hot
¼ cup strawberry gelatin
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
6 tablespoons granulated sugar

To prepare crust: Preheat oven to 350°. Combine pie crust mix, sugar, walnuts, and candies with a fork. Add water and vanilla; toss to blend. Gather dough with hands and press into a well-buttered 9-in. pie plate. Bake in a 350° oven 15 minutes.

To prepare filling: Cook egg yolks, brown sugar, salt, lemon juice and diced apples over low heat, stirring until it comes to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in apple juice and strawberry gelatin. Cool.

When gelatin is partially set, fold in whipped cream. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Add sugar while beating until stiff peaks form. Fold into apple mixture.

Pour into cooled pie crust. Chill. Top with additional whipped cream and garnish with red-hot candies or chocolate curls. Serves 6–8.

"I just *dream* about recipes all the time," says the creator of these irresistible frozen sweets, Laura Getschman of Bremerton, Wash. Ms. Getschman, a veteran recipe-contest winner (she's won trips to Chicago and to Hawaii for some of her creations) entered our contest five times before she received her laurels from LHJ . . . and well-earned they are. Keep on dreaming, Ms. Getschman; we love it.

MELBA MINIATURES

1 package (10 oz.) frozen red raspberries, defrosted
3 tablespoons light corn syrup
1⅓ tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups miniature marshmallows
1 cup milk, scalded
½ teaspoon salt
1 can (13¼ oz.) crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup toasted slivered almonds

Combine raspberries, corn syrup and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Spoon raspberry mixture into 16 crinkle baking cups placed in muffin pans. Place pans in freezer until raspberries are partially set. Add marshmallows to hot milk and stir until melted. Cool. Add salt and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Fold in pineapple, whipped cream and almonds. Spoon mixture over raspberries. Freeze until firm.

To serve, remove paper cups and invert onto plate. Makes 16.

Send us your favorite dessert pie or tart recipe. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used. recipes become property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by July 31. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

Turkey, Part Two: Last year around this time, we suggested that you go out and buy a whole turkey, fresh or frozen, bring it home, and roast it. This year we're suggesting something along the same lines—but with this difference. This year, bring the turkey home in pieces. Here are some of the newer ways you can bring home less than the complete bird.

- Turkey steaks. You'll find them in 3- to 16-oz. weights and from ⅜ to a full inch thick. They're cut cross-grain from turkey breasts; grill, pan-fry, or marinate and barbecue.
- Turkey cutlets. Again cut from the breast, these cutlets are boneless, skinless and sliced at a slight angle to the grain for tenderness.
- Diced turkey. Quick-frozen turkey cubes you can use directly from the container for hot dishes such as turkey pot pie. Good in salad, soup, stew.
- Ground turkey. This high-protein, low-fat ground dark turkey meat shapes up into turkeyburgers, meatloafs, sausage—anything you make with ground meat.

SOMETHING FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

For nothing more than a postcard or a few cents' postage you can have some of this summer's most useful little booklets. "Meals Ahoy" for the nautical crowd offers simple, filling recipes with salty titles such as Mizzenmast Meatball Soup and Aegean Pilaf—not to mention Racing Committee Chicken Salad. There's also a section on how to organize your galley.

If camping is your thing, so is another well-organized booklet, "The Cooking Camper." After it organizes you with an Equipment Checklist, tips on packing food, on fire-building and fire-safety, it offers hearty one-pot meals like High Sierra Skillet and Cowpoke Spaghetti, with one of the most relaxing cooking directions we've heard: "Stir now and then."

To order one or both of these booklets, send a postcard to "The Cooking Camper" and/or "Meals Ahoy," Home Economics Department, Campbell Soup Company, Box 391-LHJ, Camden, New Jersey 08101.

Thirsty? Well, the *(continued)*

Border design by Barry Zaid

Sampler text by Louisa Rose; photographs by Charles Gold



CHUNKY
MINESTRONE

New Chunky Soups from Campbell

Chunky Chili Beef

Chunks of beef and plump kidney beans with flavor after a chili lover's heart. Chunky Chili Beef is so hearty, you can serve it as a main dish.



Chunky Minestrone

Chunks of vegetables in a rich beef stock with a zesty Italian flavor. Chunky Minestrone is more than just soup -- it's a vegetable main dish in a bowl.



CHUNKY
CHILI BEEF

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

Bacardi Party Kit tells you what to do about that. Dozens and dozens of festive rum cocktails, punches, eggnogs and hot drinks are presented as well as a number of dishes prepared with rum. To order, send a postcard to Bacardi Imports, Inc., Dept. LHJ, 2100 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33137.

The "Sausage Sampler" comes from the Films-Packaging Division of the Union Carbide Corporation. The booklet includes a description of sausage types, menu suggestions and tempting recipes such as Salmagundi Salad, Baked Liverwurst Custard, and Deviled Biscuits. For the booklet, send 25¢ for postage and handling to Sausage Sampler, Union Carbide Corporation, 6733 West 65th Street, Dept. LHJ, Chicago, Ill. 60638.

FARMING THE SEA

We're fond of those cosily familiar farm characters the Little Red Hen and the Three Little Pigs, but with the way things are going these days we may be telling our children bedtime stories about the Seven Little Fingerlings and the Million Little Oyster Seeds. How so? Well, as aquaculture (the raising of fish and seafood for market in controlled environments) progresses, we can expect to buy more and more products such as catfish, shrimp, oysters, clams, salmon and trout from aqua farms. To get some idea of what is going on in the field, we talked to Mayo Martin, an extension biologist for the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife.

"Aquaculture has a very, very bright future," says Mr. Martin with easy assurance. "Not the immediate future," he warns, for in addition to problems with fish feed shortages, the energy crisis has been a hardship to fish farmers. Nevertheless, as population increases, the demand for new sources of protein will make aquaculture an increasingly attractive commercial venture. Even now catfish farms in the Mississippi Delta produce about 25 million pounds.

There are trout farms, oyster farms, shrimp and clam farms--and in northwest Washington State, an unusual new venture. Imagine yourself on the shores of Puget Sound, looking toward the San Juan Islands. In front of you is a curving 3-mile dike enclosing a 750-acre sea pond. And in that immense pond the Lummi Indians (about 100 on the project) are growing oysters, trout, and salmon. The Lummis are natural sea farmers. But with the building of this sea pond (a great engineering feat accomplished against great odds) and the construction of associated labs and freshwater hatcheries, the tribe is entering a highly sophisticated new phase of its ocean-oriented way of life. From the selecting of fish eggs and oyster seed—through the hatching of tiny fish and oysters—to the raising of more than a million coho (the word means "silver" in the Lummi's language) salmon and Pacific Ocean trout and some 10–20 million oysters annually (sounds like a lot of oysters), the techniques the Indians are using are precise and scientifically determined. Trout and salmon in the sea pond are actually hand-fed little highly concentrated food pellets to increase and speed up growth. The harvest of this unique new farm, flash frozen and individually packed in plastic, is now largely sold to restaurant suppliers. Within about a year, though, expect to find packages of their yearling (pan-sized) coho salmon in your local supermarket, stamped with a distinctive totem-like design.

SHORT ORDER

Fourth of July! And we're declaring our Independence from the Kitchen. Independence from the Stove! Independence from the Sink! (But we continue to rely on the Refrigerator and on that modern semi-indispensable, the Blender.) Salute the red, white, and blue desserts. . . .

HAWAIIAN RED FRUIT PUDDING. Beat 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese until light and fluffy. Add 1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk and 1 can (6 oz.) frozen Fruit Juicy Red Hawaiian Punch (thawed) and 2 tablespoons red wine (optional). Beat until smooth. Spoon into 6 dessert dishes.

Sauté 1 cup Corn Chex in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine 3–5 minutes until crisp and golden. Crush and sprinkle on tops of puddings.

SNOW WHITE GRANITA. Place in blender container 1 can (6 oz.) frozen concentrate for lemonade, 3 cups crushed ice, ⅔ to ¾ cup superfine sugar, 2 egg whites and ¼ cup light rum. Blend at high speed until mixture is snowy, about 45 seconds. Serve immediately with a straw, or freeze 1 to 2 hours until firm. Makes 3 cups.

BLUEBERRY CHEESE DESSERT. Place 1 can (9¾ oz.) Fruit Float Blueberry Dessert, 1 container (16 oz.) ricotta cheese and 1½ teaspoons almond extract in blender container. Blend until just combined. Divide 1 pint fresh blueberries among 6 dessert glasses, top with blueberry-cheese mixture and 2 tablespoons toasted sliced almonds.

CHEF OF THE MONTH

"Today Providence, tomorrow Hartford"—and after that? Well, Chef Bernard Davodet, owner of LeTicoz, a deliciously French restaurant in Middletown, R.I., has plans to reach us all with his TV show, "Cooking with Bernard." We're betting on this good-looking, ambitious young Frenchman who came to the United States in 1963 with nothing but dreams and talent and is now setting out to create a Cooking Empire. Stressing economy and resourcefulness, he tells us:

- In the absence of cream, you can make a good substitute for cooking purposes by using ⅞ cup milk, plus 3 tablespoons butter.
- You can make your own (relatively inexpensive) pancake syrup. Mix one cup each brown sugar, granulated white sugar and water. Boil until it's thickened, then flavor as you like with a few drops of orange, lemon, almond, or maple essence.
- For an even fuller, richer-tasting cup of coffee, try adding a few drops of soy sauce —yes, *soy sauce*— —to a family-sized pot of coffee. Chef Bernard does this to enhance the flavor and body of the coffee—says it will even improve the aroma.





Historic photograph by Culver Pictures, N.Y.

You'll love Heartland's new toasted corn cereal.

Tomorrow morning, try a golden taste from golden times. A good old-time taste that hasn't been around for so long, it's a whole new breakfast experience. It's the new Toasted Corn variety of Heartland® Natural Cereal. Like the other Heartland flavors —plain, raisin and coconut—the new corn cereal is completely natural, with no artificial preservatives. It's toasted so crisp and crunchy it doesn't get soggy. Even when you add milk. And you can't help liking it. Because you have a natural taste for Heartland.



PET
INCORPORATED

26 HAMBURGERS (?!)

continued from page 83

HOW TO HAVE TENDER, JUICY BURGERS

1. For maximum flavor and adequate fat content, we prefer ground chuck for our burgers containing beef. However you can select regular ground beef, round or sirloin. Adding 3–4 tablespoons cold water, milk or bouillon to the beef loosens up the consistency and replaces the amount of natural juice that evaporates through the cooking process.
2. When using vegetable-protein meat extenders, follow the directions on the package before adding it to your ground meat. The directions vary from product to product.
3. Handle ground meats, poultry, fish and other ingredients as little and as lightly as possible; over-manipulation toughens the mixture. Use 2 forks, or we prefer clean hands to blend ingredients.
4. Coat hands with vegetable oil or cold water before shaping patties. Remember, don't squeeze meat. Pack it lightly.
5. If you are not planning to serve immediately, undercook patties, then you can reheat without overcooking.
6. Burgers made of cooked meats, fish, poultry or vegetables require less cooking time.

To pan-fry: Heat a heavy skillet or frying pan over high heat. For plain meat burgers, sprinkle the pan lightly with salt to prevent sticking. For other burgers, including those with added extenders, add a little butter, margarine or salad oil. For a flavor treat try adding a bit of bacon fat. Add patties, reduce heat to medium. Cook 1-in.-thick patties 7 minutes on each side for medium; ½-in.-thick patties 4 minutes on each side. This is only a guide. Time varies from recipe to recipe and according to personal likes.

To broil: Remove broiler pan and preheat broiler. Lightly grease broiler rack with vegetable oil to prevent sticking. Arrange patties on rack and broil 4 in. from source of heat. For 1-in.-thick patties broil 6 minutes on each side for medium. For ½-in. patties, if you like them medium rare or rare, we suggest pan-frying. With broiling, the inside will be overcooked before the outside is browned.

To barbecue: Follow manufacturer's instructions for the equipment you choose. About 30–45 minutes before cooking begins, place briquettes in center of grill base and ignite. When coals are covered with ash and glowing in center, spread in uniform layer and place greased grid over, 6–8 inches from coals. Arrange patties on grid. Cook 5–10 minutes on each side, depending on thickness of

(continued on outside column, page 96)

MEAT LOAF

Ingredients	Serves 12 (1 loaf)	18 (1½ loaves)	24 (2 loaves)	36 (3 loaves)
Basic recipe:				
Dry bread crumbs	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Milk	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Chili sauce	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Onion, finely chopped	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Eggs	3	4	6	9
Salt	1 Tb.	1½ Tb.	2 Tb.	3 Tb.
Basil, crumbled	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Pepper	½ tsp.	¾ tsp.	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.
Beef, ground chuck	3 lb.	4½ lb.	6 lb.	9 lb.
Stuffing variation #1 *(pictured on page 84)*:				
Frozen green peas, thawed	1 pkg. (10 oz.)	1½ pkg.	2 pkg.	3 pkg.
Medium noodles, cooked	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Swiss cheese, grated	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Sweet sausage	4 oz.	6 oz.	½ lb.	¾ lb.
Onion, finely chopped	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Basil, crumbled	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Stuffing variation #2:				
Eggplant, peeled and sliced	2 cups (7 oz.)	3 cups (10 oz.)	4 cups (14 oz.)	6 cups (1 lb. 4 oz.)
Onion, finely chopped	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Salad oil	⅓ cup	½ cup	⅔ cup	1 cup
Tomato paste	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Red wine	2 Tb.	3 Tb.	¼ cup	⅓ cup
Cloves garlic, crushed	1	1½	2	3
Salt	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Cinnamon	¼ tsp.	scant ½ tsp.	½ tsp.	¾ tsp.
Pepper	¼ tsp.	scant ½ tsp.	½ tsp.	¾ tsp.
Eggs	1	1	2	3
Ricotta cheese	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Parmesan cheese	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Dry bread crumbs	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups

To prepare meat loaf: Preheat oven to 350°. In a large mixing bowl combine bread crumbs, milk, chili sauce, onion, eggs, salt, basil and pepper. Mix until well combined.

Add ground chuck and mix lightly with bread mixture only until combined.

Shape meat-loaf mixture into loaves, measuring about 10x4 inches. Place on ungreased jelly roll pans. (At this point, loaves may be set aside in refrigerator until baking time.)

Bake in a 350° oven about 1 hour or until done. Remove from oven; let stand a few minutes before slicing. Each serving should equal about ¾-in. slice.

To prepare stuffing variation #1: Spread meat-loaf mixture out to a 15x 10-in. rectangular shape on a sheet of heavy-duty aluminum foil.

In a mixing bowl combine all stuffing ingredients. Spread stuffing mixture over meat loaf, pressing it slightly into the meat. Fold the two long sides of meat loaf toward the center, using the foil to help you shape a loaf about 10x5 inches. With the meat loaf still on the aluminum foil, transfer it onto a jelly roll pan. (At this point, loaves may be set aside in refrigerator until baking time.) Bake in a 350° oven for about 1 hour or until done. Remove from oven; let stand a few minutes before slicing.

To prepare stuffing variation #2: Spread meat-loaf mixture out to a 15x 10-in. rectangular shape on a sheet of heavy-duty aluminum foil.

Sauté eggplant and onion in salad oil until tender. Combine with tomato paste, red wine, garlic, salt, cinnamon and pepper. Spread eggplant mixture over meat loaf, pressing it into the mixture slightly.

In a bowl combine all remaining ingredients. Spread cheese mixture over eggplant mixture. Fold the two long sides of meat loaf toward the center, using the foil to help you shape loaves about 10x5 inches.

With the meat loaves still on the aluminum foil, transfer it onto jelly roll pans. (At this point, loaves may be set aside in refrigerator until baking time.) Bake in a 350° oven for about 1 hour or until done. Remove from oven; let stand a few minutes before slicing.

continued



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hicken à la King Cookin' Bag entree. Banquet makes it a fast feast for kings. ıd when you want to fancy it up, here's how:

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26 HAMBURGERS(?!)

continued

patties and degree of doneness desired and recipe variations. Turn only once with long-handled spatula when juices start to ooze around the edges. If dripping fat flares up, squirt or sprinkle with water.

All the following variations serve 6.

STROGANOFF BURGERS: Combine 2 lb. ground veal, ⅓ cup heavy cream, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon each marjoram and grated lemon peel and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 12 4-in. squares. Sauté 1 cup chopped mushrooms and 2 tablespoons fresh parsley (or 2 teaspoons dried) in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for a few minutes. Spread on 6 veal squares. Top with remaining squares. Press edges to seal. Cook and serve on black bread spread with sour cream; garnish with sautéed whole mushroom caps and parsley.

JOURNAL GIANT BURGERS: Combine 2 lb. ground chuck, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 12 round patties. Top each with a slice of American cheese after cooking on one side. Cook and serve on triple-decker hamburger rolls with tomato, shredded lettuce, onion, Russian dressing, mustard, ketchup and dill pickle slices.

ROSSINI BURGERS: Combine 1 envelope unflavored prepared vegetable-protein meat extender with 1¼ lb. ground chuck, ⅓ cup Burgundy wine, 1 teaspoon each salt and thyme, ½ teaspoon marjoram and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 6 oval patties. Cook and serve on diagonally sliced toasted garlic French bread. Spread each burger with liverwurst spread from 1 can (4¾ oz.). Garnish with black olives.

SAUERBRATEN BURGERS: Combine 1 envelope unflavored prepared vegetable-protein meat extender with 1½ lb. ground chuck, ½ cup each finely chopped onion and carrot and crushed gingersnaps, 3 tablespoons wine vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon coarsely ground pepper. Shape into 6 patties, top with 2 bay leaves. Cook and serve on sourdough bread; garnish with carrot curls and the bay leaves.

BAGEL BURGERS: Combine 1½ lb. ground chuck, ½ cup finely chopped dill pickles, ¼ cup chopped scallions, 2 tablespoons horseradish, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Form into 6 doughnut shapes. Cook and serve on bagels with cream cheese and smoked salmon.

"HOG DOG" PICKLE BURGERS: Combine 1¼ lb. ground chuck, ⅓ cup crushed potato chips, 2 tablespoons hot prepared mustard and ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper. Divide mixture into 6 parts and wrap around 6 dill pickle spears. Cook and serve on hot dog rolls with chili sauce and chopped onions.

(continued on outside column, page 98)

OVEN-CRUSTY CHICKEN

Ingredients	Serves 12	18	24	36
Basic recipe *(pictured, p. 85):*				
Frying chicken, cut in eighths	3 (2½ lb. ea.)	4½ (2½ lb. ea.)	6 (2½ lb. ea.)	9 (2½ lb. ea.)
Flour, all purpose	¾ cup	1⅛ cup	1½ cups	2¼ cups
Salt	2 tsp.	1 Tb.	1 Tb. 1 tsp.	2 Tb.
Pepper	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Eggs	2	3	4	6
Milk	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Dry bread crumbs	2 cups	3 cups	4 cups	6 cups
Garlic powder	2 tsp.	1 Tb.	1 Tb. 1 tsp.	2 Tb.
Basil, crumbled	2 tsp.	1 Tb.	1 Tb. 1 tsp.	2 Tb.
Butter	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Marinade variation #1:				
Currant jelly	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Salad oil	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Lemon juice	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Lime juice	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Horseradish, grated	2 Tb.	3 Tb.	¼ cup	⅓ cup
Lemon rind, grated	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Lime rind, grated	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.
Marinade variation #2:				
Salad oil	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Frozen orange juice	1 can (6 oz.)	1½ cans	1 can	3 cans
Soy sauce	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Garlic, crushed	2 cloves	3	4	6
Coconut, flaked	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Almonds, chopped	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups

To prepare chicken: Preheat oven to 400°. Wash chicken under running water. Drain well. Combine flour, salt and pepper. Dredge chicken, shake off excess. Beat egg and milk together. Dip chicken into mixture; drain. Combine bread crumbs, garlic powder and basil. Coat chicken parts in crumbs.

Place skin side up in a single layer in shallow baking pans lined with aluminum foil, or in greased pans. Pour melted butter or margarine over chicken in each pan. (At this point chicken may be set in refrigerator until baking time.) One serving equals two pieces of chicken.

Variation #1: Blend all ingredients except lemon and lime rinds. Place chicken in large bowls. Pour marinade over chicken and refrigerate for 3–6 hours.

Proceed with above directions, adding rinds to crumbs before coating chicken.

Variation #2: Blend all ingredients except coconut and almonds. Place chicken in large bowls. Pour marinade over chicken and refrigerate for 3–6 hours.

Proceed with above directions, adding coconut and almonds to seasoned crumbs before coating chicken.

Bake in a 400° oven for 30–35 minutes or until tender and browned.

WATERMELON BASKET

Ingredients	Serves 12 (4 qt.)	18 (6 qt.)	24 (8 pt.)	36 (12 qt.)
Basic recipe:				
Watermelon	1 large	2 small	2 large	3 large
Strawberries, sliced	2 pints	3 pints	4 pints	6 pints
Bananas, sliced	2 lb.	3 lb.	4 lb.	6 lb.
Fresh peaches, peeled and sliced	2 lb.	3 lb.	4 lb.	6 lb.
Sauce #1:				
Coconut cream	1 can (8¾ oz.)	1 can (14 oz.)	2 cans (8¾ oz. ea.)	3 cans (8¾ oz. ea.)
Crushed pineapple	can (8¾ oz.)	can (13¼ oz.)	can (15¼ oz.)	can (20 oz.)
Sauce #2:				
Peeled peaches	1 lb.	1½ lb.	2 lb.	3 lb.
Lime juice	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Sugar	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Brandy	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup

To prepare watermelon basket: Cut a ½-in. slice from side of melon so it will rest flat on table. Mark scallops (1½ in. apart) to be etched on rind with a pencil. Cut out scallops with a paring knife, removing top section. With a melon ball cutter, scoop out center, leaving a shell 1 in. thick. (If melons are carved a day in advance, wrap tightly in plastic wrap and refrigerate. Do not fill melon until serving time.)

Combine fruits and choice of sauce.

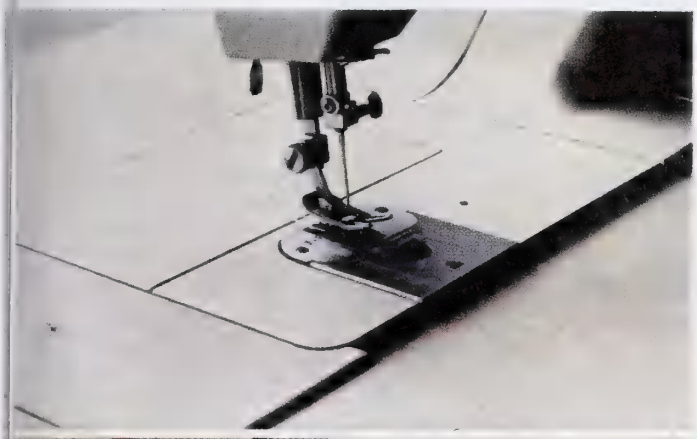
Sauce #1: Combine coconut cream and pineapple. Toss with fruit before placing in the watermelon basket.

Sauce #2: Puree all ingredients in a blender; toss with fruit and place mixture in watermelon basket.

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26 HAMBURGERS(?!)

continued

CAESAR BURGERS: Combine 1 envelope unflavored prepared vegetable-protein meat extender with 1½ lb. ground chuck, 1 package Caesar salad dressing mix, 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 3 crushed cloves garlic, 1 egg and 1 cup garlic-flavored croutons. Shape into 6 round patties. Sprinkle each with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese after cooking on one side. Serve on toasted English muffins with romaine and croutons.

BURGERS AU POIVRE: Combine 1 envelope unflavored prepared vegetable-protein meat extender with 1½ lb. ground chuck, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 crushed cloves garlic. Shape into 6 round patties; sprinkle 1 teaspoon coarsely ground pepper on each side. Cook and serve on sesame hamburger rolls; garnish with sliced tomato and french fried onion rings.

TUNA-CHEESE BURGERS: Drain 3 cans (6½-7 oz. each) tuna and put through fine blade of a food grinder. Combine with ¾ cup soft white bread crumbs, ¼ cup each heavy cream, chopped celery and parsley, 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, 2 teaspoons dry mustard and ½ teaspoon onion salt. Shape into 6 round patties. Chill 1 hour. Top with American cheese after cooking on one side. Serve on rolls with sliced tomato and tartar sauce.

TURKEY-CRAN BURGERS: Combine 3 cups ground cooked turkey, ⅓ cup finely chopped beef suet, 2 eggs, ⅔ cup fresh white bread crumbs, ¼ cup heavy cream and ¾ teaspoon each poultry seasoning, nutmeg and salt. Shape into 6 round patties. Chill 1 hour. Cook for 3 minutes on each side, adding a slice of Swiss cheese after turning. Serve on toasted white bread spread with mayonnaise. Top with cranberry sauce.

GREEK BURGERS: Combine ¾ lb. each ground chuck and lamb, 1 cup cooked lentils, ¼ cup yogurt, 2 tablespoons snipped fresh (or 2 teaspoons dried) dill, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 6 round patties. Cook and serve on sautéed eggplant slices with dill sprigs and *avgolemono* sauce made by beating 4 egg yolks well with electric mixer. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, beating constantly. Gradually add ½ cup boiling chicken broth and continue beating until thick.

TACO BURGERS: Combine 1¾ lb. ground chuck, 2 packages taco seasoning mix and ¼ cup evaporated milk. Shape into half circles to fit taco shells. Cook and serve in taco shells with shredded lettuce, diced green chilies, tomato, onion, sliced pitted black olives and grated Cheddar cheese.

(continued on page 100)

DO-IT-YOURSELF TOSSED SALAD

Ingredients	Serves 12 (4 qt.)	18 (6 qt.)	24 (8 qt.)	36 (12 qt.)
Iceberg lettuce *or*	2 heads (2¾ lb.)	3 heads (3½ lb.)	4 heads (6⅔ lb.)	6 heads (7 lb.)
Romaine *or*	1½ bunches	2¼ bunches	3 bunches	4½ bunches
Boston lettuce *or*	4 heads	6 heads	8 heads	12 heads
Chicory (curly endive)	3 bunches	4 bunches	6 bunches	8 bunches
Cherry tomatoes	2 pints	3 pints	4 pints	6 pints
Red onion, thinly sliced	1 medium	1½ medium	2 medium	3 medium
Cucumbers, sliced	1 cup (½ ea.)	1½ cups (¾ ea.)	2 cups (1 ea.)	3 cups (1½ ea.)
Garnishes:				
Croutons	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Green onions, cut in 3-in. lengths	1 cup (1 bunch)	1½ cups (1½ bunches)	2 cups (2 bunches)	3 cups (3 bunches)
Parmesan cheese, grated	1 cup (3 oz.)	1½ cups (4½ oz.)	2 cups (6 oz.)	3 cups (9 oz.)
Sliced bacon, cooked and rolled into curls	½ lb.	¾ lb.	1 lb.	1½ lb.
Radishes, cut into roses	1 bunch	1½ bunches	2 bunches	3 bunches
Fresh mushrooms, sliced	1 cup (6 oz.)	1½ cups (9 oz.)	2 cups (12 oz.)	3 cups (1 lb. 2 oz.)
Salad Dressing (see below)				

To prepare tossed salad: Choose salad greens or a combination of several. Wash salad greens and drain well. Wrap in paper towels and refrigerate to crisp. Tear greens into bite-size pieces.

Combine greens with cherry tomatoes, sliced onion and cucumber. Serve with a choice of dressing and garnishes. Each serving should equal 1¼ cups. *To prepare garnishes:* Prepare and place each in a separate bowl.

BLUE CHEESE SALAD DRESSING

Ingredients	Serves 12 (1¼ cups)	18 (1⅞ cups)	24 (2½ cups)	36 (3¾ cups)
Mayonnaise	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Sour cream	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Blue cheese, crumbled	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Worcestershire sauce	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.	1 Tb.

Beat all ingredients until smooth. Refrigerate until serving. Each serving should equal 1½ tablespoons.

ITALIAN SALAD DRESSING

Ingredients	Serves 12 (1 cup)	18 (1½ cups)	24 (2 cups)	36 (3 cups)
Vinegar	⅓ cup	½ cup	⅔ cup	1 cup
Red pepper, crushed	½ tsp.	¾ tsp.	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.
Salt	¾ tsp.	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.
Oregano, crushed	¾ tsp.	1 tsp.	1½ tsp.	2 tsp.
Olive oil	¾ cup	1 cup 2 Tb.	1½ cups	2¼ cups

Combine vinegar, red pepper, salt, and oregano in a jar. Pour in olive oil. Cover jar and shake well. Chill. Shake again to combine oil with vinegar before serving. Each serving should equal 1 tablespoon.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

Ingredients	Serves 12 (1¾ cups)	18 (2⅔ cups)	24 (3½ cups)	36 (5⅓ cups)
Mayonnaise	1 cup	1½ cups	2 cups	3 cups
Chili sauce	½ cup	¾ cup	1 cup	1½ cups
Indian relish	¼ cup	⅓ cup	½ cup	¾ cup
Eggs, hard cooked and chopped	1	1½	2	3
Horseradish, grated	1 Tb.	1½ Tb.	2 Tb.	3 Tb.

Blend all ingredients thoroughly. Chill. Each serving should equal 2 tablespoons.

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26 HAMBURGERS (?!)
continued

SHEPHERD'S PIE BURGER: Combine 2 lb. ground chuck, 1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste, ½ cup chopped onion, ⅓ cup chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons celery salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 6 round patties. Brown lightly, turn and, using a spoon, press an indentation into the top. Fill with ½ cup hot whipped potatoes and 2 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese. Continue cooking and serve on toasted English muffins; garnish with parsley.

GREEN GODDESS BURGERS: Combine 1¾ lb. ground chuck, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 12 round patties. Combine 1 package (10 oz.) frozen cooked chopped spinach, 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs and 1 tablespoon of green goddess salad dressing. Spread mixture on 6 patties and top with remaining patties; press edges to seal. After cooking, wrap burgers with cooked bacon slices. Serve on hamburger rolls with additional dressing, chopped parsley and cherry tomatoes.

BEACH BURGERS: Combine 3 cans (8 oz. each) drained minced clams, 1 can (8 oz.) drained and chopped oysters, 1 egg, 1⅓ cups soft white bread crumbs, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon onion salt and ½ teaspoon celery seed. Shape into 6 round patties; chill 1 hour. Top each with a slice of Cheddar cheese after cooking on one side. Serve on hamburger rolls with Boston lettuce, chili sauce and a lemon wedge.

REUBEN BURGERS: Combine 1 lb. ground chuck, 1 can (12 oz.) corned beef, 1 egg, ½ cup pumpernickel bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds and 1 teaspoon salt. Shape into 12 oval patties. Place 1 tablespoon each grated Swiss cheese and drained sauerkraut on 6 patties. Top with remaining patties; press edges to seal. Cook and serve on pumpernickel bread with dill pickles.

ORIENTAL BURGERS: Combine 1 envelope unflavored prepared vegetable-protein meat extender with 1¼ lb. ground chuck, ½ cup crumbled bite-size shredded rice biscuits, 3 tablespoons each evaporated milk and naturally brewed soy sauce, ½ teaspoon ground ginger and 2 crushed cloves garlic. Shape into 6 diamond-shaped patties. Cook and serve on toasted diamond-shaped white bread. Top with heated, drained canned mixed oriental vegetables.

GARDEN BURGERS: Sauté 1½ cups peeled and finely chopped eggplant, ½ cup chopped mushrooms and ⅓ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Combine with 1 can (20 oz.) drained and mashed chick peas, 1 cup wheat germ, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, 1½

HOW GOLDEN IN THE SUN
By David Thibodeau

I cannot pay
My mortgage-debt of love
I owe to you,
sweet woman,
Across a thousand miles
As years toll by.

But I must play
Sad melodies of love
Within my heart
That none may hear.
And wonder too,
If your heart aches sometimes,
As mine has done
This long, long night.

Please give me leave
To dream of you sometimes,
And give me leave to remember
Your warm and subtle merriment,
And how golden!
How golden in the sun you walk!



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aspoons salt, ½ teaspoon thyme and ¼ teaspoon pepper. nape into 6 round patties. Chill 1 hour. Top with 1 table- oon each grated Parmesan and Swiss cheeses after cook- g on one side. Serve on whole wheat bread; garnish with atercress.

FRICAN BURGERS: Combine 2 lb. ground lamb, ¾ cup opped peanuts, ½ cup each soft white bread crumbs and opped onion, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons ground riander, 1 teaspoon each curry powder and grated lemon d and ½ teaspoon pepper. Shape mixture into 6 round tties. Cook and serve on hamburger rolls; garnish with opped peanuts.

COTCH EGG BURGERS: Combine ¾ lb. each bulk sau- ge and ground chuck, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each ge and thyme and ½ teaspoon pepper. Wrap mixture ound 6 hardcooked eggs and cook until well done. Serve hamburger rolls with ketchup; garnish with parsley.

WEDISH LINDSTROM BURGERS: Combine ¾ lb. each ound veal and chuck, 1 can (8¼ oz.) drained diced beets, cup minced onion, 2 tablespoons each horseradish and ipped fresh or 2 teaspoons dried dill, 1 teaspoon salt and teaspoon pepper. Shape into 6 oval patties. Cook and serve rye crackers; garnish with sour cream and fresh dill sprigs.

EX-MEX BURGERS: Combine 1½ lb. ground chuck, 1 can oz.) Jalapeño bean dip, ½ cup cornflake crumbs, 3 table- oons evaporated milk and 1½ teaspoons salt. Shape into 6 und patties. Serve on corn toaster rounds; top with gua- mole, chopped onions and tomatoes.

INT JULEP BURGERS: Combine 2 lb. ground lamb, 3 blespoons bourbon, 2 tablespoons each chopped fresh (or teaspoons dried) mint and evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons lt, 1 teaspoon each rosemary and grated lemon rind, and teaspoon pepper. Shape into 6 round patties. Cook and rve on refrigerator biscuits rolled out to a 4-in. round d baked at 425° until golden. Garnish with lemon slices d mint sprigs.

LUE CHEESE BURGERS: Combine 1 lb. each ground uck and veal, ¼ cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons snipped sh (or 2 teaspoons dried) dill, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ tea- oon pepper. Shape into 6 round patties. Cook and serve on ack bread; top with crumbled blue cheese and sliced rad- es.

ED FLANNEL HASH BURGERS: Combine 1½ lb. ground uck, 1 can (8¼ oz.) drained, diced beets, 1 cup frozen hash own potatoes (thawed), ½ cup chopped onion, 1 table- oon Worcestershire sauce, 2½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pper. Shape into 6 4-in. squares. Cook and serve on toast- white bread and top each with a fried egg.

AM" SPICED BURGERS: Combine 2 lb. ground cooked m, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and opped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon each ground oves and cinnamon. Shape into 6 round patties. Cook and ve on waffles; top with pineapple rings and parsley. **END**

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VEGETABLE ENTREES

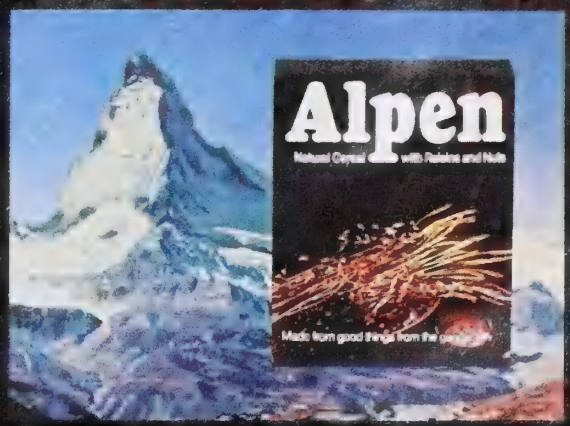
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Alpen.

Good things from the good earth. Pure and simple.



Taken from an old Swiss recipe, Alpen cereal is a unique mixture of delicious natural ingredients. Fresh roasted almonds, chopped hazelnuts, nutritious whole wheat, crispy oat flakes and sun-dried raisins. Alpen is the taste that comes naturally.



Have a taste of Switzerland for breakfast.

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MOVIE VIOLENCE

continued from page 40

it with newspaper. That was the only newspaper I ever saw anybody run rampant on.

6) I make part of my living from appearances on television. Also from newspapers, magazines and radio. And I have criticized them all on each other.

7) For Mr. Valenti to say that newspapers, books, magazines and television do not deliberately turn away business reveals a deep lack of knowledge. If the motion picture industry were as careful as the other mass media, movies wouldn't need a rating system.

8) The movie industry *does* claim special piety, and Mr. Valenti's principal task seems to be to publicize that piety.

9) The R is about as severe as a wink.

10) I have not seen many theaters keep out kids from R-rated movies. Any high school youth can walk in with any kid. Did a theater ticket-seller ever ask for proof of parenthood or guardianship?

11) If the essence of ratings is free choice by parents, what about the X rating, which deprives parents of free choice? And if Mr. Valenti and the M.P.A.A. feel they have the authority and the moral right to prohibit children from seeing an X movie, why don't they put the many depraved movies in the X category instead of slyly slipping them into the sham R rating? Could it be because the M.P.A.A.—made up of the major film companies—doesn't want to jeopardize their multi-million-dollar investments? How can parents make an intelligent decision about a movie they haven't seen? Are they supposed to see a movie first and then go back a second time with their children?

Mr. Valenti says that without ratings, government censorship would result. I can't believe he believes that. It was only when some movies sank to depraved violence that the M.P.A.A. panicked and dreamed up this rating subterfuge. The public is not fooled. They know that the current rating system does not protect children. It protects the M.P.A.A.

Let me rapidly restate my position. I am against any form of government censorship of movies. Censorship is the enemy of freedom, and I oppose censorship totally and unalterably. But I do believe, and the JOURNAL believes, that some system must be instituted to protect impressionable young children from films that have what might be called 3-D scenes: debased violence, depravity and degradation. An intelligent child-protecting system can work if rating boards have intelligent, professionally competent members who are responsive to the public—not to the Motion Picture Industry; if theater owners enforce the system honestly; and if parents accept their responsibility for what they permit their young children to see. **END**

THE PRIVATE ORDEAL OF CATHERINE HEARST

continued from page 65

"Catherine was amazing," says a friend who'd rushed to their Washington hotel room. "All hell was breaking loose, the phone ringing off the wall. There stood Catherine, choking back tears, yet absolutely in control and thinking of everyone but herself."

The Hearsts immediately flew home to Hillsborough, Calif., a town of 9,000 inhabitants. A 30-minute drive south of San Francisco, Hillsborough consists of six square miles of single-family dwellings, most of them built on lovely property of once-grand estates. There are no sidewalks. No business is allowed. The Hearst house is unpretentious, though large; it is most of all convenient to schools, church and the supermarket, where Catherine does all the shopping herself.

Catherine and I first met about 20 years ago. When we were introduced, she extended her hand and said, "I'm getting some girls together to raise money for the crippled children. Will you help me?" Over the years, Catherine has remained the woman that I, and all who know her, most admire.

It was Catherine Hearst's inspiration and dedication that made the Auxiliary of the San Mateo County Society for Crippled Children and Adults, and its workshop, a reality. She did many other "good works" anonymously. She has helped to launch many programs in the arts, as trustee of the San Francisco Museum of Art, director of the Museum Society of the M. H. de Young Museum and the Palace of Legion of Honor, and trustee of the San Francisco Ballet. She is now in her second 16-year-term as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California.

Wide-ranging interest

She paints (some have exclaimed at the "Monet" on the living-room wall, not noting the "C. C. H." in the corner). She is improving her French by writing papers, in French, on the history of France. She is a student of Greek, Roman and Egyptian history, and of the history of the kings of England, the Hapsburgs and the Hawaiian monarchy. She can tell you the name of each wildflower, and each bird whose song you hear.

And she can identify the stars in the heavens. Many an evening during the time of unbearable pressure since Patty's kidnapping, Catherine would search the skies with her Questar telescope for the nebula in Orion or for a particularly good view of Saturn.

"The serenity of the order in the heavens has been very helpful in keeping things in perspective," she says.

Catherine Hearst is just over five feet tall, a petite, graceful woman. She has an exquisite face that lights up when she speaks, flawless skin and gray-green eyes that never leave yours during a conversation. Her brownish-blonde hair falls just below the ears in soft waves. Her manners are perfection. She has what can only be called feminine beauty, with a quick wit, a brain she has always used, and the beguiling touch of a Southern accent.

Family comes first

Catherine Campbell was born in Louisville, Ky., and grew up in Atlanta, Ga., where her father was an executive with the telephone company. She went first to the Convent of Sacred Heart, then to Washington Seminary in Atlanta. She met Randolph Hearst while he was working on the Atlanta *Georgian*, a newspaper owned by his legendary father, publisher William Randolph Hearst. Catherine and Randy were married in 1938. (To the delight of her daughters, Catherine sometimes wears her wedding veil to their quiet, family wedding anniversary dinners at home.)

"In all the time Patty has been gone," Catherine said, "I have often thought how grateful I am for our wonderful family relationship. When the children were small, I had nurses and a governess, but I never just turned the children over to them. The help was so that I could occasionally go with my husband on trips.

"My family has always been everything to me. Although we have warm friends and are grateful for them, the social scene as such means little to us. We have always preferred to build our lives around our children."

Even when Prince Philip, the husband of Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth, came to dinner in 1962, it was a family occasion.

"Patty and her two younger sisters, Anne and Vicky, were allowed to stay up to meet Prince Philip," recalled Catherine. "Patty, as spokesman for the three of them, was to say, 'Good evening, Your Highness.' I taught the girls to curtsy, explaining that we would show the Prince that Americans did, too, have manners.

"When the big moment came, Patty made a perfect curtsy and then, to the delight of the Prince, she came out with 'Good evening, Your Majesty!' "

Each of the five Hearst girls is the apple of her father's eye. "And our daughters are extremely devoted to their father," Catherine says. "As soon as they were old enough, he took them fishing—and he just adored it. To this day he loves to take them shopping for clothes, and the girls find that one hundred percent better than going with me!"

(continued)

I spent my life on a "starvation" diet, then I ate and lost 72 pounds.

By Mary Gioia — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

When I say I "starved" myself, the menu for my day went like this. No breakfast. But as soon as I got to work, diet soda and a piece of coffee cake. Twenty minutes later, coffee to wake me up, with cream and sugar. Then, about eleven thirty, maybe a bite of cake. At lunchtime? Just a skinny sandwich. But since I didn't have breakfast, I figured I could afford a little scoop of ice cream. Then, mid-afternoon, so I wouldn't cave in, a malted. Never anything solid. Too many calories! Naturally, by evening I was starved. I couldn't wait for my first meal of the day. A good healthy Italian dinner. Of course, when my mother put dessert on the table, I didn't want to hurt her feelings, so I ate it. And that, quite frankly, is how I actually dieted up to 205 pounds.

Now in between all this hunger, I also took reducing pills. But they always made me very nervous. So eventually I'd give them up until I couldn't stand hearing any more comments, like: "You've got such a pretty, rosy-round face. Too bad you can't lose weight." Then off I'd go again on my crazy "starvation" diet.

As I talk about it now, I wonder how Carmine, my husband, ever married me. Maybe because of my happy disposition. Still, I used to get hurt by remarks. I remember once when Carmine saw a girl with a beautiful figure, he turned to me and said: "If your head was on that girl's body, you'd be great."

In an effort to make his dream come true, I turned to diuretics, followed by about every reducing pill in the drug store. But they made me feel so sick, I finally broke down and said: "I can't lose weight, Carmine. You have to accept me as I am." And, thank goodness, he did!

I think he would have died if he'd known that the pants suit I wore on my honeymoon had a maternity top. Of course, I wasn't pregnant, but it was the only one that was fashionable and a good fit.

It took another clothes crisis in my life to finally make me reduce. I was to be a bridal attendant at my brother's wedding, and I wanted desperately to look nice.

I'd been reading those ads about people who'd lost weight on the Ayds plan, but, quite honestly, I felt the whole thing was a gimmick. Then I saw a cardboard stand of an Ayds plan loser in the drug store and the girl looked so terrific, I thought: "It's probably money down the drain, but here goes." I read the ingredients on a box of Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy and learned they contain vitamins and minerals, but no drugs, so I bought the chocolate fudge kind.

I started on the Ayds plan the next day, taking one or two Ayds with a hot drink like the directions say, and the results were astounding. They really helped curb my appetite. What's more, I began to eat sensibly. Three meals a day, and none of the garbage I used to eat in between.

In the end I went down to 133 pounds on the Ayds plan. I was so thrilled when I had finally done it that I went out and bought the clingiest orange dress I could find. And I wore it to a big family affair in my hometown, Bayside, Long Island. And guess what happened? My husband had to re-introduce me to one of my very own cousins.

Believe me, you only have to have something like that happen to you to know that there isn't a "starvation" diet in the world to compare with being able to eat three meals a day on the Ayds plan and still lose weight.



At 205 pounds, I bet that no lifeguard could have saved me if I were drowning.



Now that I'm down to 133 pounds, I love to wear bold checks, plaids and pants.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'3½''	5'3½''
Weight	205 lbs.	133 lbs.
Bust	42''	35½''
Waist	34''	27''
Hips	48''	38''
Dress	20	11-12

"If you're in the habit of calling Long Distance Sunday evenings, you're losing money."



I'm Bill Russell for your phone co pany with another way to save money o interstate Long Distance calls.

You already know Rule 1—put 'er through yourself (like I did in those fanc shots on television). *Dial direct from you home or office.*

Rule 2 is to know *when* to call.

Take a 3-minute call on weekend for instance.

Saturdays, you save the most if yo call between 8 in the morning and 11 a night.

But Sundays, you save from 8 a.r to 5 p.m. After 5 *p.m. on Sunday, the rate go up!*

Check out the cost comparison yourself in the front of your phone boo

So remember. When it comes t saving money on Long Distance, we hea you. That's why we want you to know *when* to call and *how* to call.

And you can't miss with Lon Distance!

Long Distance
is the next best thing to being there

CATHERINE HEARST
continued

I have seen Randy with his daughters –Catherine, 34; Virginia (Gina), 24 and narried to Jay Bosworth; Patty, who on April 20 "celebrated" her 20th birthday while a captive of the S.L.A.; Anne, 18; and Victoria (Vicky), 17—and he is all things with them, in turn lighthearted and serious, and very strict. And the wrath of the gods upon anyone who would harm his daughters!

During the first few days after Patty's abduction, Catherine Hearst moved as if in a trance, stunned as the realization of what had happened engulfed her. She said little, yet she found the strength to treat with unfailing consideration friends who stopped by to ask what they might do.

Of Patty, Catherine says, "She was a bright child from the start. She seemed to know what she wanted to do, and I was pleased that she did."

It is not a mother boasting when Catherine tells you that Patty did well in school; Patty did. After the Convent of Sacred Heart in Atherton, Calif., and Santa Catalina (a girl's school) in Monterey, Calif., Patty completed four years of high school in three years at Crystal Springs School for Girls in Hillsborough and went on to Menlo College in Menlo Park, Calif., where she made straight A's in all her courses.

It was at Crystal that Patty met Steven Andrew Weed. He was her math teacher, and six years older. Four years later Steve would become Patty's fiancé.

No debut for Patty

It has been noted in the press—as though it were something highly unusual –that after graduation from Crystal Springs School, Patty chose not to make her society debut at San Francisco's exclusive Cotillion (as have her three sisters). But many contemporary girls now elect not to "come out"—for the simple reason that they have other things to do than attend endless debutante parties. Patty Hearst's mother did not make an issue of it, although she did feel that Patty might have enjoyed the new people she would meet, the new friends she would make.

What kind of childhood did the Hearst girls have?

"From the moment the children could understand, I began to read to them," Catherine related. "I read constantly. Aesop's Fables, Kipling's *Jungle Book*, *Alice in Wonderland* and, later, Greek mythology. They couldn't wait for each new story.

"As the girls were growing up—and to this day—I loved it when we had interesting conversations at the table. How wonderful when we'd get a good conversation going and stay an extra hour at the table!

"Each of our daughters was different, as snowflakes are different, and I liked that. It was my joy to see them express their individuality. Patty, for instance, majored in the history of art, and we had long talks on the subject. She had decided to be an art curator, and I encouraged her."

"A common criminal"

Gradually, increasing speculation of Patty's seeming complicity in her own kidnapping, along with other horrifying rumors, began to turn the once-joyous family days of the Hearsts into a nightmare. And when, following the S.L.A. bank holdup, U.S. Attorney General William Saxbe labeled Patty a "common criminal," the Hearsts were crushed—and furious.

It is ironic that violence should shake the life of Catherine Hearst, since she opposes it so.

"One thing I never did was allow my children to go to violent movies or to watch violence on TV," said Catherine. "I think it is outrageous that mothers should be the ones to fight to save their children's minds from these attractive nuisances. Surely it must occur to the producers of such films that the increase of crime in this country might be attributed to the constant diet of violence they are dishing up for the young. It is all too easy for them to wash their hands of responsibility with such labels as 'parental guidance.'"

I remember Patty Hearst as a toddler, friendly and sweet, with silken blonde hair and the soft, warm brown eyes of her father, clapping her hands in delight as birds flocked to the feeding stations that her mother filled daily in the garden. I remember Patty, at perhaps age nine, rushing up, hands outstretched, to show me the lovely shells she had just collected at the beach.

I remember Patty, at 19, hand in hand with Steve on long walks in velvet, starfilled nights at the family place built by Patty's grandfather, William Randolph Hearst, along the McCloud River at the foot of Mt. Shasta in California. Patty and Steve were quite content in each other's company, one moment casting for fish in the rushing river, and the next, boating perilously downstream.

Patty had set her wedding date: The last Saturday in June—June 29, 1974.

"Patty could have any kind of wedding she wanted," her mother said. Patty wanted a wedding "as lovely as her sister Gina's, with school friends as bridesmaids and a reception at the Burlingame Country Club."

I remember Gina's wedding. Patty, with her sisters Catherine, Anne and Vicky, and a dozen of the bride's friends, came down the aisle like angels in simple, pale yellow dresses with circlets of fresh field flowers on their heads, and matching bouquets.

"Patty asked me to go with her to select her china, silver and crystal patterns, and we had fun doing it," Catherine said.

Patty chose three formal patterns: the Green Derby Panel of Royal Crown Derby; the cobalt blue with raised gold stripes on the rim by Hutschenreuther; and the V.B.O.H. pattern with handpainted flowers and butterflies by Herend; for everyday, she chose the Hutschenreuther Blue Onion. Patty's sterling silver choice was Towle's Old Master, traditional, with a floral design in the handle; her crystal, Powerscourt, the thumb-cut design by Waterford.

"Patty saw some antique pearl-handled fruit knives and forks that she loved. So her father and I gave them to her for an engagement present."

In their growing-up years, the Hearst daughters had a constant stream of friends in and out of the house. The girls' parents enjoyed their young friends and often invited them on family vacations.

"It was always fun to go to the Hearst house," a young friend says. "We always had terrific conversations. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst seemed to want our opinions on all kinds of subjects. The Hearsts always made me feel very adult."

"We did some pretty crazy childhood things," said another friend who spent happy young days at the Hearsts. "But Mrs. Hearst never blew her top at us. She would just look at us in such a way, with a few well-chosen words that made us feel that we were capable of much better behavior."

A director of the Hearst Foundation's Senate Youth Program remembers Catherine at this year's event in Washington, and in years past: "The kids just love her. She takes care of the homesick ones, and listens to their problems and concerns and ideas. And she's always reminding me not to call them 'kids.' 'They're young people,' she'd say."

Do something about this

"I am upset," Catherine told me, "at the amount of crime allowed to exist at the very edge of our school and university campuses. The number of criminals, the drug-pushers, muggers and rapists is outrageous. The cities must do something about this."

In the interminable days since the kidnapping, Catherine Hearst has steeled herself against giving in totally to anxiety, or bitterness or depression.

She has cleaned a lot of closets. "You can't think of too much else when you're cleaning a closet." She has done some reading, but there are constant interruptions. (She did finish *Crown of Aloes*, a novel about Queen Isabella of Spain.) And she reads the Psalms.

She answers the staggering amount of personal mail that comes in, and often goes to the front door to shake hands

(continued)

CATHERINE HEARST
continued

with members of the press who have made her driveway their home. (Once, the ordinarily unsentimental reporters took up a collection and bought her a bouquet of flowers.)

And on many a clear evening when darkness descends, Catherine Hearst peers through her telescope to seek the reassuring constancy of the stars above. "I think the most beautiful sight in all the heavens are the Pleides," she says. "They are so small and sparkling and perfect. I am always at peace looking at them."

Is it possible that this mother, who has been so sorely tried, can deep in her heart cling to the belief that "from this tragedy some good will in some way come"?

The innocent victims

"I am very concerned about the victims of crime," she says, "and I'd like to make my voice heard. The government does nothing for victims of crime, those who are physically or mentally disabled, their lives perhaps ruined at the hands of criminals. The government does many things for the criminals, with therapy to restore them to usefulness, even educating and training them in prison; but the innocent victim is the forgotten person. This must be remedied, and I plan to work at it.

"And I hope something of a permanent nature can be done in our country to prevent anyone from going through what Patty has gone through.

"The lawmakers should make some effort to protect the people. We have given up our freedom to go into the park, or to go to the movies at night, and now we are to be terrorized by political kidnappings such as those they have in Latin American countries.

"The lawmakers must strengthen the laws, and improvements must be made in the parole system, to make sure that violent criminals, such as the ones who captured our daughter, are not set loose in our cities to repeat their crimes. The F.B.I. and law-enforcement people should not have their hands tied by the judicial system."

When all this—her daughter's kidnapping—is resolved, Catherine Hearst says she is going to work to do everything in her power to see that such a tragedy can never again happen to any other family.

"I am going to fight until something effective is done."

In an uncertain world, in which so many people are disillusioned with the human condition, there has come into all of our lives a woman—a mother—to show us that courage, faith, hope and love are still possible in the face of evil.

Catherine Hearst has touched all our hearts, and we are the better for it. **END**

KISSINGER CLOSE-UP
continued from page 69

morning I took the shuttle plane down from New York and ran into my old friend Jack Valenti, President of the Motion Picture Association of America. He asked why I was flying to Washington and I told him. "Good luck," he said, "you will see Kissinger for all of five minutes and he will not see you alone." I was already nervous about the assignment, so you can imagine how Mr. Valenti made me feel. When we parted he said, "Let me know how you make out."

At the State Department I was ushered into Dr. Kissinger's office. We were alone. I was startled when I saw him because here was a man I had never met and yet I felt I knew him—he was so familiar. "I'm so glad to meet you," I said.

He smiled and said in a baritone voice, "I'm so glad to finally meet you. I have tried so many times. . . ."

Ah, yes, I thought to myself—the time in Hollywood when Kirk and Anne Douglas had a party for Kissinger (who was then the President's Special Advisor on Foreign Affairs) and had invited me. I didn't go—for a very feminine reason: Dr. Kissinger's picture had appeared in the Los Angeles paper on one day with this actress and on another day with another actress. I didn't wish to be another one. Certain that this was the incident to which he referred, I said, "Oh, the Douglas party. Yes, I remember, but I was so busy I couldn't come."

"No, not only that evening," he said. "But once you and I were in the same hotel, the Waldorf. I was with President Nixon and I saw you. I tried to arrange an introduction through the Secretary of Protocol, whom you knew, but nothing happened."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I told him. "You want to know why we weren't introduced? The Secretary of Protocol didn't introduce us because he wanted me to meet his younger brother, that's why."

Dr. Kissinger and I chatted for over an hour, and I knew that outside the closed door, his poor staff must have been going crazy. I was ruining the schedule for the day.

Honest and charming

What is he like? I found Henry Kissinger remarkably open, honest and charming. He is much younger, much stronger, in person than he appears in photographs. He has confidence in himself.

He is not a handsome man, but he will tell you that almost instantly. "I am not photogenic," he said as he showed me a picture of himself in Russia. "I hope you can do better." I told him that looks don't matter when I photograph. "It's the personality I want to capture on film—not just looks."

His office is the office of a busy man. Files are piled up to here on his desk. My file was on the top. He showed it to me. It contained my book and the letter I had written thanking him for agreeing to be photographed by me.

He surprised me by saying how much he enjoyed my films—even naming them. "Your book is beautiful," he told me. I replied, "Ah, now I know why you agreed to be photographed by me—you know I am a good photographer."

He looked serious, "Oh, I don't care really about that, I just wanted to meet you."

With the bodyguards

He asked me to dinner that night and I wondered where we would go. At eight o'clock, there was a knock on my hotel room door. I opened it. There stood the Secretary of State. I was astonished and my face showed it. "Oh, don't worry," he said, "I have the bodyguards."

We talked for a while and I asked where we would eat. He said there were only a few places we could go. I knew what he meant. In Rome, there are only a few restaurants free of *paparazzi*—photographers; if you eat anyplace else, your picture is in the Rome paper the next morning and your dinner companion has suddenly become your lover.

"I think," he said, "we will eat downstairs. It is not very romantic, but it will be best."

As we walked into the hotel hall, I saw that his bodyguards were indeed there.

During dinner, Dr. Kissinger questioned me about many things—including the kind of man I liked. I asked him what kind of woman he liked. He answered, "Strong, intelligent." I found him inter-

I THOUGHT I HEARD

By Julia Collins Ardayne

I thought I heard your footsteps
yesterday;
Soft as the fall of petals on the sand
Along the dunes where we once walked
together;
And in the sun I thought I felt your
hand.

Down shore-swept winds I thought I
heard you calling;
Your joyful shouts as paeans to the sky.
Then answering again I heard your
laughter
Blown back to me as in some old reply.

I thought I heard you walking close
beside me;
Following on the shore these
wave-foamed rings.
Then as I turned with eager word to
greet you,
A gull, borne seaward, dipped its silver
wings.

ting, with a good sense of humor. "I ave written a book, but not a successful ook like yours," he said. "A German itic said that a reader may not find e a good writer, but he will find himlf a good reader." Dr. Kissinger exained to me that his book was exemely long.

The first photographic session was in s office on Friday, March 22. Again we ere alone. He was rushed so I worked uickly.

For all the times he has had his picture ken, Kissinger is not at ease before the mera. Trying to make him relax, I nattered away, saying, "Oh, you will ok very good on this half of the film ecause on the other half I still have the ngaroos from Australia." He laughed penly. I knew that would be a good cture.

When I told him that I would like to hotograph him more informally, more laxed, he said his home was "too plain" r photographs. I said that was typical a bachelor.

The next day I returned to photograph im in the apartment he often uses upairs in the State Department. The partment is charming. It has a terrace, ood light, lovely furniture.

Since I knew he was going to Mosow that same day, I had to rush a bit and I was on edge. While waiting for issinger, I wanted to prepare my camras, but when I opened the bag I ealized that the driver had sent me up e wrong bag. Panic set in. It was mpossible to find the driver; he had one back to the hotel. Finally, I manged to reach him—and the camera quipment arrived just one second beore Kissinger did.

"I'm nervous, he's nervous"

To the amused Secret Service men round me, I said, "I'm nervous, he's ervous—so now you just disappear so can do this right." One of the bodyuards laughed and answered, "Don't orry, we'll disappear."

When Kissinger walked in, I had just few minutes left to take my photoraphs. "Yesterday you were not very ooperative," I said, "and I want to do ood work, so I hope you will let me." He was stunned. "What did I do rong?" he asked—and then he tried to nake me relax!

Dr. Kissinger told me that when he eturned from Russia he was going to Mexico for a vacation. "Can you come o Acapulco to photograph me?" he sked.

I said I could. "Can I bring my son?" asked.

When he left, he said that he would all me in Rome on Friday, March 29, o let us know his plans. Dr. Kissinger ever called. Now I know why. On Satrday, March 30, he married Nancy Maginnes. END

If getting your cat to eat has come to this, you should know about Tender Vittles.



What's the special this week—canned liver or white-meat tuna? Off your knees. Try a package of Tender Vittles. Does it taste delicious? Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. That's one yes for each delicious flavor Tender Vittles comes in.

And Tender Vittles is a moist cat food that gives your cat all the nourishment she needs. Every day.

Tender Vittles comes in easy-to-open foil pouches. No messy cans to open. No fishy smell to live with.

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LANA: A LIVING LEGEND

continued from page 73

I was dazed by the time change and the weeks of hectic shooting on the picture, but I was home. I could reach out and touch my mother, reach out and touch my daughter, the two dearest people in my world.

My mother is one hell of a wonderful woman, and oh, are we close! She is only 17 years older than I am. We talk as mother and daughter, but we can also discuss any subject as friends. My daughter has the same relationship with "Gran." The three of us are close, with my mother as pivot. A blessing, my mother; a blessing, my daughter. I am so proud of Cheryl's business career! She started out working for her father, Stephen Crane, as hostess at his restaurants —first the Luau, then the Scam. She has an instinct for business.

We talked about it and discovered that Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., has an excellent course in restaurant management. Seven years ago, Cheryl enrolled and took the course. She made straight A's; I was very proud of that, and even prouder when her father made her an equal partner in the company. They have the concession for Kon Tiki restaurants throughout the world, so Cheryl travels a good bit.

I see maturity now in my daughter. We're friends and confidantes—she can come to me with any problem and know she'll get an honest opinion because I respect her as her own woman. When two human beings go through a tremendous emotional experience as we did—the darkest period of a lifetime—it either cracks them apart or brings them closer together. Cheryl and I became closer, but not overnight. Love was always there between us, but the situation was chaotic. Cheryl had to take her years, I had to take mine and my mother had to take hers—but we melded, and now we are one in openness. Mother-love is lasting. They say the cord must be cut, but I don't believe it. And I thank God.

"I play no games"

Most of my prayers *are* "Thank you." In the worst moment, there has always been the Supreme Power to call upon, to say, "Please, once more, send me the strength and courage to do the things, whatever they are, to carry through. Because it's all in Your design."

A believer, a realist, honest to a fault, I play no games and deviousness appalls me. Sometimes I wish people could really know me, not just believe the junk that has been written. I've given up trying to read it all or understand it, except in this way: the world adores celebrities. They adore getting you up there; once you're there, they'd like to tear you down. The press can be very cruel.

Case in point: my secretary, Taylor Pero. He is my closest friend outside my family. When we're here, he has his office in my apartment. After we've been involved all day with promotion plans for *Persecution*, a photographic sitting or legal abracadabra, I may say, "Hey, let's get out of here and see a show," and we do. His is certainly not a nine-to-five job. It couldn't be anyhow, because we are friends. But the press snidely derides him as my "confidant," "companion," "consort," or what have you. So rotten—trying to make us lovers. Taylor's private life is his own; this type of publicity hurts him and hurts me.

Sex-symbol image

It all has to do, I suppose, with image —oh, God, my *image*. From the moment I walked down the street in that first picture—*They Won't Forget*—I evidently was a so-called sex symbol—to everyone except myself, that is. I had no idea what it was all about. I'd never done even a high-school play. I didn't come to Hollywood as if to Mecca. We'd lived in and around San Francisco from the time I was six, and our move to Los Angeles meant leaving school and my few friends. It meant coming to a strange place and moving in with a friend of mother's, where I'd probably have to make do on a cot or whatever.

Mine has been called a Cinderella story, but to me it's destiny. We came to L.A. in November because mother was having chest problems—she was never without a cold—and she worked so hard as a beauty operator that the doctors finally insisted on a warmer, drier climate. We got a ride down from San Francisco to L.A. with two lady friends of mother's, and I must tell you of my grand entrance to Hollywood. The car was a funky old sedan with all our boxes and suitcases strapped to the sides. The driver had a nervous habit of stepping on the brakes. When we were on a deserted road just out of Paso Robles, it started to drizzle. When she braked, wham!

The car skidded, spun and turned over in the ditch. We were all tumbled together in the back seat. First we checked to see if we were still alive, then we got a window open and clambered out onto the muddy bank. Mother had on a coat she'd been paying for at the rate of two dollars a month. It was black and curly and looked like fur. I remember how it smelled in the rain. I also remember that as we sat there waiting for help, mother pulled out a cigarette; everyone lit up and I said, "May I have one too, please?" Mother gasped, "Judy!" (I was baptized Julia Jean Mildred Francis Turner.) "Do you smoke?" I was 15, I'd been smoking from the time I was 13. Well, as a result of the fact that I was honest enough to admit it and that she was so nervous, mother gave me one, God love her. It was dark when a truck finally came along. We flagged it down, rode into town and got a tow truck. We stayed a a motel that night and next day drov down Hollywood Boulevard, the ca caked with mud, caved in on one sid and carrying all our dilapidated luggage

We moved in with a woman who wa and is a dear friend of ours. I starte Hollywood High. Whenever possible I' dash across Sunset Boulevard to the sod fountain for a soda. That's where th Cinderella story started. One day Bill Wilkerson, publisher of *The Hollywoo Reporter*, saw me and thought I ought t be in movies. After mother had checke out Mr. Wilkerson, she agreed to let hi send me to the Zeppo Marx agency Solly Baiano, the agency representative took me first to Fox, then to Warne Brothers. Each casting director aske what I'd done and I'd say, "Nothing." wasn't a movie fan. We were too poor

As we walked across the Warner lot Solly had a hunch: Mervyn LeRoy, wh had his own cottage on the lot, was cast ing a movie. Without an appointment we just dropped by. Mr. LeRoy didn' ask me what I'd done. He asked me t walk across the room. I walked. Then h and Solly suggested I wait outside whil they talked. Solly came out smiling, an a day or two later I was called for photographic tests. I spoke no lines. Then th contract was signed.

I was fitted for a sweater and skirt and a little rakish beret and went to work. It didn't seem difficult. I walked down the school stairs, down a street. I didn't know what the picture was about: it was a hard-bitten examination of a Southern trial of Blacks accused of rape. I was the motive, but I didn't know; I had no idea what I was doing on that screen until the sneak preview. I remember, this is God's truth, sinking lower and lower in my seat; so did my mother. Just a girl walking, but I'd no idea it would turn out this way. I've seen reruns since and it isn't so bad. But back then. . . . I wore a bra—it was just a little silk covering—not like the bras today. I was not big-busted; I've never been—36B is not big—but on that screen, bouncing along as I walked. . . . I left the preview in tears. Within weeks, I had publicity across country as "The Sweater Girl."

A promise to mother

Tears and all, I wasn't about to quit. I was making the most fantastic money in the world: *$50 a week!* That first paycheck—I took it home and made mother sit down. I knelt in front of her and said, "Close your eyes and hold out your hand." When she opened her eyes, I said, "Mother, you will never have to work again." Thank God, I've been able to keep that promise.

I was a movie actress: Lana Turner. (I almost missed my own billing when *that* came on the screen. Not Judy Turner; "Lana.") When Mr. LeRoy moved to MGM, he took me with

(continued)



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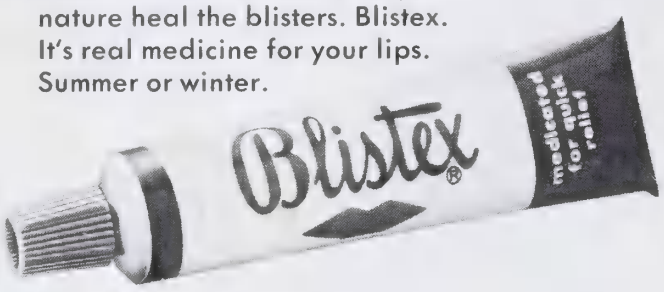
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LANA: A LIVING LEGEND
continued

him and raised my salary to $75. Then he loaned me to Goldwyn for *The Adventures of Marco Polo*. The credits concluded, "and a cast of 5,000." I was one of the 5,000. A half dozen years later, when the film was re-released, guess who got top billing? It ran, "starring Lana Turner *with* Gary Cooper."

I didn't begin to focus on acting until I was 19 and we filmed *Ziegfeld Girl*. This picture was one of the super musicals, with an all-star cast, and mine was a small part in the beginning. But every day I noticed I was getting new pages of dialogue. Suddenly a light went on. Someone up there (and I have to think it was director "Pop" Leonard) was thinking of me enough to challenge me, to help me dig deeper. I got the idea that perhaps there was talent to dig *for*, and put myself into the part heart and soul. It paid off.

My next assignment was opposite "The King," Clark Gable. That's how it was at MGM. We were protected and looked after, but I don't mean pampered. We were brought along slowly—first in "B" pictures, then, when we'd shown we could accept responsibility, they'd put a young female with their top male stars: Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor. My first experience was with Gable, and I was scared to death.

Honky Tonk. We rehearsed our first love scene—ours was a wonderful, chemical rapport that came over on film—and suddenly I turned around and froze. There was Mrs. Gable, the beloved Carole Lombard! She seldom came on the set, but I guess she wanted to see who the new kid was. Well, it's one thing to work with a king, but quite another to have his lady there. I retreated to my dressing room, and when director Jack Conway came to say we were ready to shoot, I wailed, "I can't!" Whether Jack told Clark, I don't know; I just know that while I sat in my dressing room suffering, beautiful Carole disappeared. Clark knew I was inexperienced and frightened, and he'd say, "Calm down, you know the lines, you know where your marks are, relax."

Interesting, isn't it, how things come full circle? We made four films together. On the last of them, *Betrayed* (1954), we were working in Holland, and Clark was a bit uneasy. I didn't ask why, but there were moments when I'd say, "Clark, calm down, relax. You know the lines. You know where the marks are. . . ." Such a dear man. We were working together on *Somewhere I'll Find You* (1942) when Carole Lombard died in that plane crash. Of course, filming stopped. In those days, the major studios had compassion for a shocking situation that involved their people. But now it's "Keep shooting, no matter what."

It was three weeks before Clark came back after this terrible shock, and what could you say? You can only take someone's hand, let him know. Somehow we got through the picture. Later, we made a great film, *Homecoming*. Clark and I had a closeness without intimacy. There was a dear loving for him, but never an affair. No way.

Maybe that doesn't go with the image but the image isn't me, which probably has led to as much confusion in my personal life as any other factor I can think of. No man except possibly Tyrone Power took the time to find out that I was a human being, not just a pretty, shapely little thing. That could have been my fault—I didn't know myself. My writer friend Adela Rogers St. John once said I had plenty of brains, practically no sense at all, and terrible taste in men. She nailed it right on the head, didn't she?

First love

I fell in love for the first time when I was 17, with, of all people, Greg Bautzer, an up-and-coming Hollywood attorney who was determined to be the greatest lawyer in the world. Some of the most beautiful and sophisticated ladies found him enchanting. So did I! I was like a little puppet. How can you explain your first love? I might have been so much better off with some inconspicuous young student. But not me. I was engaged to Greg for two years. How could I have been so naïve? Greg was the escape artist of the century!

He had planned to take us out to dinner to celebrate my mother's birthday. But he called up that night and pleaded a fierce stomachache. Five minutes later, Artie Shaw telephoned. Would I go for a ride along the sea? We'd worked together on *Dancing Co-ed* and I couldn't *bear* him—he was egotistical and opinionated. But I went. We rode around and had dinner; he talked, eloquently—as he certainly can—and that night we flew to Las Vegas and got married. Can you believe it? I was childishly getting even with Mr. Bautzer. By the third day I knew this was no marriage. I stuck it out for three months and then called Greg. Within two hours, a moving van arrived. When Artie came home, I was long gone. The musician's lifestyle had been a nightmare. His only interest in me was in trying to change me completely. I wonder how I fell into such a trap.

And then a second one. I'd known Stephen Crane a month and a half when we went to Las Vegas and were married by the same judge who'd married me to Mr. Shaw. Five months later, when I discovered Stephen's divorce was not final, I had our marriage annulled. *Then* I discovered I was pregnant; and when Steve was legally free, we married again. But it didn't last.

There is a terrible sense of failure in divorce; today's *(continued on page 122)*

You'll never know how much good you can do until you do it.



Felipe Maghirang knows how much good he can do. He does it every week as a volunteer at a home for mentally retarded children.



Lawyer Barry Klickstein knows how much good he can do. He does it by volunteering to help poor people win their rights in court.



Volunteer Candy Richards knows how much good she can do. She's doing it for the children at a neighborhood day care center.

You can help people.

In fact, there's a crying need for you. Your talents. Your training. Your concerns. They can make you priceless as a volunteer in your community.

Take a moment to think of all that can be done. For children. The environment. Sick people. Old people. People who just need someone behind them.

Then take another moment to think of what you can do. Perhaps by applying your job skills or personal interests to voluntary action.

There are probably several organizations hard at work in your town doing things you'd be proud to be part of. We'll put you in touch with them. Join one. Or, if you see the need, start a new one.

If you can spare even a few hours a week, call your local Voluntary Action Center. Or write:

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The Nutri-Tonic Life 60-second treatment. Its unique combination of five conditioning ingredients work together to help restore your hair to its natural healthy good looks.

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JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

BY VIRGINIA T. HABEEB

Now you see it, now you don't

Because changes in technology and materials used in furniture construction have been dramatic in the last 10 years (what hasn't, as a matter of fact?), what you think you see is not always what you get. Stop and think about it. Plastic can look like wood . . . vinyl can look like leather . . . marble dust can appear to be slate. Because of this trend, the Federal Trade Commission has issued new guidelines for the household furniture industry. They call for more detailed disclosure of the use of such materials. Another provision permits furniture to carry such designations as "Chinese Chippendale," and "French Provincial," since the commission believes most consumers understand that these terms are descriptive of furniture styles, rather than of origin. But the guides require that references to countries, like "Danish" cannot be used without the word "style" or "design" to qualify the label.

Housework and fatigue

Surely there isn't one of us who, at some time or other, has not complained of hating housework. Usually those are the times when we are especially tired. Admittedly, most of us are involved in more activities than our energies permit; however, time and motion experts will generally agree that in most cases when we complain of housework making us tired it is usually from boredom, lack of interest or using the wrong methods, *not* from overwork. How can you tell which category you're in? Next time you are especially tired (if you have any energy left), think back over your activities of the day, then ponder these ways to prevent fatigue: Don't overdo—leave some of the work for tomorrow; make sure what you are doing is really necessary; use your head to save your heels; delegate some of the work; don't make unnecessary work; take some shortcuts; keep your tools in good working order; take some time out.

A matter of semantics

Do you use the words "disposable" or "throwaway" to describe items such as napkins, diapers, cups, tablecloths, plates and other household products? Perhaps those terms aren't strictly accurate. All "disposable" means is that you can get the used items out of the house—either through the sewer system or carried away by the sanitation man. It isn't disposed of; it has merely been moved from one place to another. Let's hope that wherever it goes, it's biodegradable.

EN

THE ANTIQUE CORNER

BY EPSIE KINARD

Keep the onions in the kitchen

My mother thinks that the surface of oil paintings can be rubbed clean with sliced raw onions. Is this true?

Let an expert clean the surface of a painting—never try to do it yourself. Dust the painting when necessary with a soft 4-inch brush that has squirrel and ox-hair bristles. Don't dust a canvas* if it's shedding loose flakes of paint. Don't use a feather duster or dust rag that can tangle up with and pull off flaking paint.

To dust the frame, use the round dusting brush of your vacuum. If frame is heavily carved, use upholstery brush at lowest point of suction.

Attach slices of cork or foam rubber to the lower corners inside the frame of a hanging painting. This creates a space between frame and painting, opening up a passage for debris that collects on the wall behind the picture.

Egg beater beats cleaning problem

Would you please outline the procedure for home-cleaning of hand-hooked rugs?

The following method can be used for home-cleaning of hand-hooked and hand-braided rugs.

Using a light-duty vacuum with a rug-and-floor attachment, vacuum both sides of the rug.

Whip up a stiff foam with an egg beater, using 3 tablespoons of soap flakes to one gallon of lukewarm water, and a spot of household bleach.

To test each rug's color reaction before wetting, dip a sponge into the foam and rub on a small underside area of the rug. When dry, if the colors have bled, run another color test, this time leaving bleach out. If the colors still bleed, give up trying, and put in a call for your dry-cleaner.

If, however, colors are stable, apply foam to rug and rub it in lightly, following braiding direction for round or oval braided rug and circular motion for a hooked rug.

Place rug flat on floor or on a table to dry overnight. During this time, most of the foam will have evaporated. When the rug is completely dry, the remains can be vacuumed off. Vacuum as you did to remove soil.

When copper pots need repair

How often should antique copper cooking vessels be re-tinned?

Sometimes an early indication that repairs are due are unpleasant metallic tastes, a reaction of vegetable acids on copper. And when old tin linings rip, split at the seams or wear down, it's obvious that your copper pots and pans need to be relined.

When vessels are taken out of circulation for re-tinning, it's a convenient time too for resoldering spouts, mending leaky seams, fixing handles and restoring missing knobs to lids.

The butler did it

Is there any way to put the stunning silvery white finish on silverware that used to keep English butlers inseparable from a polishing rag?

You can still rub up a "butler finish" instead of having the glossy, mirror-dark finish that Americans favor. The secret is to clean and polish with cream of tartar—its abrasive effect on silver is infinitesimal.

Apply cream of tartar dry or as a paste made by mixing it with a little water. Rub it on with cotton, following one direction in a straight line. This will etch a silkier finish than the fine lines made by circular motions. Polish until the silver turns a dead white, then rinse off the cream of tartar with warm water and hand-dry with a soft cloth. This is the way clock-makers for centuries polished their clock dials. END



Here are two towels that absorb more and faster than the leading brand.



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THE CONDITION OF YOUR WATER

When you live in a large metropolitan area or a large community, there is not much you personally can do about the water before it is plumbed into the house except to speak up on all public issues that will improve the water supply. *Your control* begins with the water you bring indoors through your plumbing system from the street main.

Soft or softened water makes housekeeping infinitely easier. Your local water-softening appliance dealer can make an analysis of your water supply. Water hardness is measured in grains per gallon or parts per million (milligrams per liter):

Area 1: Soft, 0 to 1 grain (0 to 17.1 ppm).

Area 2: Water varies from 1 to 3.5 grains hardness in these areas and is considered slightly hard (17.1 to 60 ppm).

Area 3: Moderately hard, from 3.5 to 7 grains (60 to 120 ppm).

Area 4: Hard water in these areas ranges from 7 to 10.5 grains hardness. (120 to 180 ppm).

Area 5: Very hard; over 10.5 grains (180 ppm). Such water causes serious housekeeping problems.

An unsightly ring around the tub after each bath, water spots on bathroom fixtures and wall tiles, spots and streaks on dishes and glassware could all be signs that the water you are using is too hard.

To Soften Your Water: You can soften your water for each task performed, when you use a *packaged water softener* except for showers and the last rinse in an automatic washer. Also, *detergents* are also formulated to help combat the hardness problem. Or you can use a water-softening appliance.

Water-Softening Appliances: If you want to assure yourself of a continuous supply of soft water, you might consider installing an automatic mechanical water softener.

Home water-softening equipment contains ion exchange resins which have a definite capacity for removing hardness. When they reach their saturation point, these resins are recharged with salt obtainable from your water-softener dealer. The frequency with which this is done depends on the hardness of the water, the hardness-removing ability of the tank and the amount of water that is used. Recharging usually occurs automatically.

For best results, it is advisable to soften both hot and cold supplies. If hot water only is softened, the soft-water benefits are somewhat reduced since cold water is usually added to hot for most household tasks. Some find it economical to soften all water except that used in toilets. A water-softener should also bypass the outdoor supply used for sprinkling and gardening. It should be installed near the water service entrance to the house.

There are three different ways you can have a water softener in your home:

- Buy one of your own.
- Rent one.
- Subscribe to a portable softening appliance service in which the dealer periodically will exchange an exhausted unit for a fresh one.

Water Purifiers: Water purification should be adequately maintained by your local water department, long before it reaches you, to provide a safe drinking supply. However, if you do want some control of taste, palatability, and odor of your own water supply, investigate home water purifiers. Though water conditioner people are just beginning to make a dent in the progress of home water purifiers, you will currently find several on the market. **END**

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Fruit and vegetable studies in needlepoint; checked background is needlepoint too. The frames come with the kit. Photograph by Ben Swedowsky



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LAST WORD WAS LOVE

continued from page 71

my father working at Graff's. There was my brother, Ralph, at the top of his class at high school. There I was near the bottom of my class at junior high. And there was our nine-year-old sister, Rose, just enjoying life without any fuss.

All I can say about my mother is that she was a woman—to me a very beautiful one. She had a way of moving very quickly from a singing-and-laughing gladness to a silent-and-dark discontent that bothered my father. I remember hearing him say to her again and again, "Ann, what *is* it?"

Alas, the question was always useless, making my mother cry and my father leave the house.

During the long quarrel my father seemed hopelessly perplexed and outwitted by something unexpected and unwelcome, which he was determined nevertheless to control and banish.

My brother, Ralph, graduated from high school and took a summertime job in a vineyard. He rode eleven miles to the vineyard on his bicycle every morning soon after daybreak and back again a little before dark every evening. His wages were twenty-five cents an hour, and he put in at least ten hours a day. Early in September he had saved a little more than a hundred dollars.

Early one morning he woke me up.

"I want to say good-bye now," he said. "I'm going to San Francisco."

"What for?"

"I can't stay here any more."

Except for the tears in his eyes, I believe I would have said, "Well, good luck, Ralph," but the tears made that impossible. He was as big as my father. The suit he was wearing *was* my father's, which my mother had altered for him. *What were the tears for?* Would I have them in my own eyes in a moment, too, after all the years of imitating him to *never* have them, and having succeeded except for the two or three times I had let them go when I had been alone, and nobody knew? And if the tears came into my eyes, too, what would they be *for?* Everything I knew I'd learned from my brother, not from school, and everything he knew he'd learned from my father. So now what did we know? What did my father know? What did my brother? What did I?

I got out of bed and jumped into my clothes and went outside to the backyard. Under the old sycamore tree was the almost completed raft my brother and I had been making in our spare time, to launch one day soon on Kings River.

"I'll finish it alone," I thought. "I'll float down Kings River alone."

My brother came out of the house quietly, holding an old straw suitcase.

"I'll finish the raft," I said. I believed my brother would say something in the same casual tone of voice, and then turn and walk away, and that would be that.

Instead, though, he set the suitcase down and came to the raft. He stepped onto it and sat down, as if we'd just launched the raft and were sailing down Kings River. He put his hand over the side, as if into the cold water of Kings River, and he looked around, as if the raft were passing between vineyards and orchards. After a moment he got up, stepped out of the raft, and picked up the suitcase. There were no tears in his eyes now, but he just couldn't *say* goodbye. For a moment I thought he was going to give up the idea of leaving home and go back to bed.

Instead, he said, "I'll never go into that house again."

"Do you hate them? Is that why?"

"No," he said, but now he began to cry, as if he were eight or nine years old, not almost seventeen.

I picked up the raft, tipped it over, and jumped on it until some of the boards we had so carefully nailed together broke. Then I began to run. I didn't turn around to look at him again.

I ran and walked all the way to where we had planned to launch the raft, about six miles. I sat on the riverbank and tried to think.

It didn't do any good, though. I just didn't understand, that's all.

When I got home it was after eleven in the morning, I was very hungry, and I wanted to sit down and eat. My father was at his job at Graff's. My sister was out of the house, and my mother didn't seem to want to look at me. She put food on the table—more than usual, so I was pretty sure she knew something, or at any rate suspected.

At last she said, "Who smashed the raft?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"I got mad at my brother."

"Why?"

"I just got mad."

"Eat your food."

She went into the living room, and I ate my food. When I went into the living room she was working at the sewing machine with another of my father's suits.

"This one's for you," she said.

"When can I wear it?"

"Next Sunday. It's one of your father's oldest, when he was slimmer. It'll be a good fit. Do you like it?"

"Yes."

She put the work aside and tried to smile, and then *did*, a little.

"She doesn't know what's happened," I thought. And then I thought, "Maybe she *does*, and this is the way she is."

"Your brother's bike is in the garage," she said. "Where's *he?*"

"On his way to San Francisco."

"Where have *you* been?"

"I took a walk."

"A *long* walk?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I wanted to be alone."

My mother waited a moment and then she said, "Why is your brother on his way to San Francisco?"

"Because—" But I just couldn't tell her.

"It's all right," she said. "Tell me."

"Because you and Pop fight so much."

"*Fight?*"

"Yes."

"*Do* we?" my mother said.

"I don't know. Are you going to make him come home? Is Pop going to go and get him?"

"No."

"Does he *know?*"

"Yes. He told me."

"When?"

"Right after you ran off, and your brother began to walk to the depot. Your father saw the whole thing."

"Didn't he want to stop him?"

"No. Now, go out and repair the raft."

I worked hard every day and finished the raft in two weeks. One evening my father helped me get it onto a truck he'd hired. We drove to Kings River, launched it, and sailed down the river about twelve miles. My father brought a letter out of his pocket and read it out loud. It was addressed to Dear Mother and Father. All it said was that Ralph had found a job that he liked, and was going to go to college when the fall semester began, and was well and happy. The last word of the letter was love.

My father handed me the letter and I read the word for myself.

That Christmas my father sent me to San Francisco to spend a few days with my brother. It was a great adventure for me, because my brother was so different now—almost like my father, except that he lived in a furnished room, not in a house full of people. He wanted to know about the raft, so I told him I'd sailed it and had put it away for the winter.

"You come down next summer and we'll sail it together, the way we'd planned," I said.

"No," he said. "We've *already* sailed it together. It's all yours now."

My own son is sixteen years old now and has made me aware lately that his mother and I have been quarreling for some time. Nothing new, of course—the same general quarrel—but neither his mother nor I had ever before noticed that it annoyed him. Later on this year or perhaps next year, I know he's going to have a talk with *his* younger brother and then take off. I want to be ready when that happens, so I can keep his mother from trying to stop him. He's a good boy, and I don't mind at all that he thinks I've made a mess of my life, which is one thing he is *not* going to do.

Of course he isn't. END

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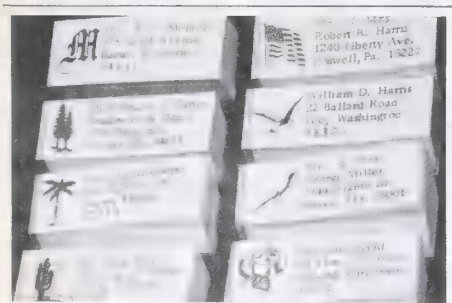
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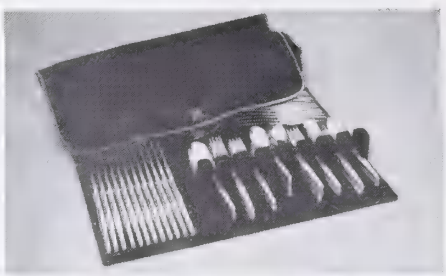
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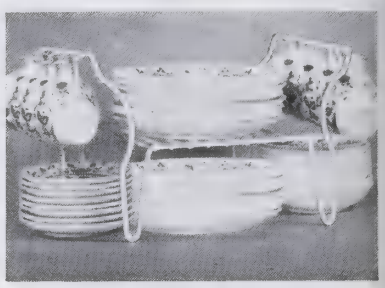
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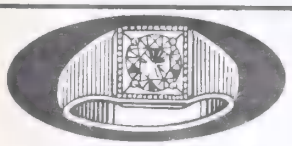
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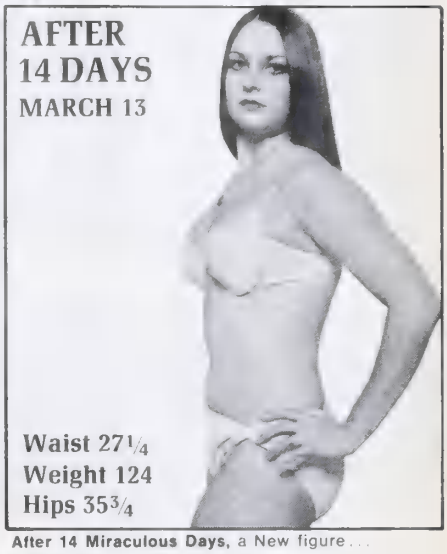
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Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' —it sure does a lot!

What Satisfied Customers Say:

"I lost 18 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Mathews** ▪ "I lost 15 lbs. and 4" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Harvey** • "I lost 15 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," **P. Boyd** ▪ "I lost 10½ lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Pearson** • "I lost 15 lbs. and 5" off my waist in 14 days," **L. Heathcock** • "I lost 11 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Peetrich** ▪ "I lost 13 lbs. and 2⅞" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Vaderity** ▪ "I lost 9 lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **J. Miniford** • "I lost 14 lbs. and 3½" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Reed.**

Results vary depending upon how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 15 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, even while watching TV—(some ate between 10 to 20% less foods). Naturally, their impressive results vary. The above sampling of our hundreds of thousands of users proves that you, too, can make sensational gains. Satisfaction is guaranteed!

What The Experts Say:

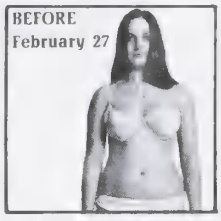
Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

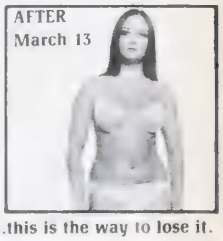
"Exposing Effortless Exercisers:

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree....there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

Money Back Offer!

Because this isn't a gimmick plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"





If you've got a lot to lose...this is the way to lose it.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

Free Trial Offer

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY $9.95

JOSEPH WEIDER, Dept. BA/S
'5' Minute Body Shaper Plan
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, CA 91364

I love being a woman and want to show it! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I can feel glorious all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it — in plain wrapper!

☐ **I enclose $9.95 for the above, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.** ☐ **SAVE! Order Two for only $17.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is** ☐ **check or** ☐ **money order for $** ..... California residents add 6% sales tax.

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IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

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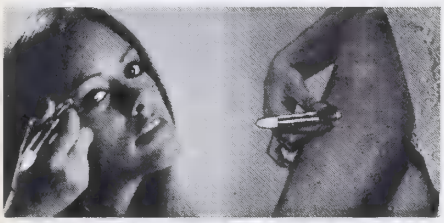
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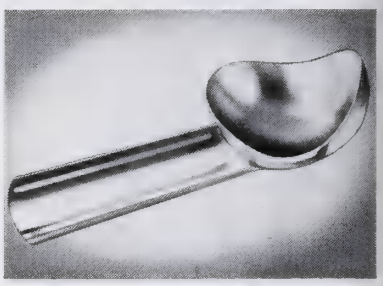
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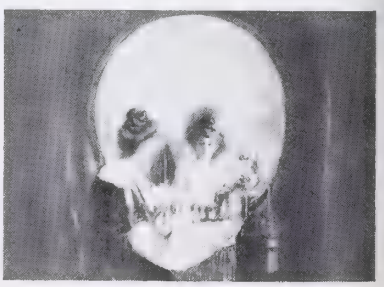
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"All is vanity"
"All is Vanity" depicts a lady at her dressing table mirror, but the effect reflects a skull. A lesson to "look deep" rather than at outer superficiality. An optical illusion that makes a marvelous conversation piece. 8"x12" ready for framing. $1.25. Illusion, Dept. LJ, 306 Busse Hwy., Park Ridge, IL 60068.

DEATH ROW



"We have halted capital punishment for even the worst kind of criminal; yet, this year, we will execute 17,000,000 innocent animals whose only crime was being born unwanted."

—Belton P. Mouras

This is the final day. If these pets aren't adopted by *four o'clock* **they will be put-to-sleep . . . forever.**

WHY? They're surplus. Excess. They must die by four o'clock because there are more pets than there are homes. Five out of every six puppies and kittens born **die** in one tragic way or other. MILLIONS are destroyed in pounds; more millions are abandoned to starvation, disease and highway slaughter. And on top of the terrible toll paid in animal life, it costs you, the American taxpayer, $500,000,000 annually just to keep from being overrun by stray cats and dogs. WHAT'S THE ANSWER? **Planned pethood.** Animal birth control. Until veterinary science discovers a pet "pill," the only sure way to keep pets from breeding unwanted litters is a spaying operation which some people can't afford. There's a desperate need now for low-cost spaying clinics—and accelerated pet contraceptive research.

Something must be done. The consequences of doing nothing are horrifying: bigger-and-bigger pounds to kill more-and-more animals, and restrictive laws banning pets from cities. Who wants to contemplate the future day when pets are outlawed—when man has no other animal companion but himself?

YOU can change this grim forecast. Join us to halt surplus breeding **NOW.** *It's almost four o'clock.*



Please mail immediately to: Belton P. Mouras, President

ANIMAL PROTECTION INSTITUTE of America

Dept HJ-6
Box 22505, 5894 South Land Park Drive
Sacramento, California 95822

YES—I WILL HELP!

*My tax deductible contribution of $_____ is enclosed to help.

☑ **EXPOSE** the pet population problem in newspapers, radio, and television.
☑ **PROMOTE** public low-cost spay clinics.
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(OR WHAT-CHA-MA-CALL-IT?)

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PSOREX®
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LANA: A LIVING LEGEND

continued from page 110

pattern has advantages. I don't believe in promiscuity, but it's a healthy situation when a man and woman have the honesty to say, "I care for you, you care for me, let's try it." If it doesn't work out in a year or two, then "Good-bye, my darling, God bless you." It wasn't that way in my era. For me, everything had to be legal. It was also the era of total possession. A man possessed a woman and she had no freedom other than what he allowed her. Yes, today's pattern is better . . . except where children are involved. There is still that stigma of illegitimacy. I remarried Stephen for that reason. I had been hurt by him and never wanted to see him again, but my child was his baby and she was going to be legitimate. We were divorced when Cheryl was six months old.

The one man I *did* love, very much, was Tyrone Power. He was a beautiful person, possessing not just outer beauty but sensitivity and gentleness. He was fun. I learned wonderful things from him. Tyrone was a dedicated actor who was able to bring understanding and dimension to his roles. You didn't just admire him on screen; you *cared*. We had no plans for marriage (he was estranged from his wife Annabella when we met), and Tyrone and I had many separations because he was away working.

Once I decided to fly down to Mexico City and surprise him. Tyrone was on location 80 miles away. He sent a small plane for me and we had a lovely New Year's Eve. I was to fly the little plane back to the big plane and be on the set of *Green Dolphin Street* on Monday morning. Except there was a storm. The small plane couldn't fly. The road to Mexico City was washed out. Two working days passed before I could get back, and that was torture. I had *fought* for my part in this picture. I rushed from the airport to MGM, shaking while my hair and makeup were done. Then I snatched up the sarape I'd brought back, put a red rose between my teeth and walked out. If I was facing sudden death, I wanted to face it my way.

"I was in trouble"

The set was dark. Where was everyone? Panic. Then, suddenly, I heard guitars—it still gives me gooseflesh to remember—and there was the crew and the director, Victor Saville, all of them wearing Mexican sombreros while guitars strummed "South of the Border." God love them, they knew I was in trouble and they were helping me.

Tyrone had known I was in trouble, too. He was with me when we called the studio. He was the one who had taught me dedication. That was a happy and wonderful time, my time with Tyrone. And when I lost him . . . snap . . . I zipped back to New York and met H Topping. I didn't marry him *right* aw I waited five months because I wasn' love with him and liked him enough tell him so. He was very dear to me a my child, and he was so sure that l would come with time. My next m riage, to Lex Barker, I tried very hard make work, but couldn't; and my m riage to Fred May lasted five years— are still very dear friends. Husbands and seven are best left unmentioned, cept to say of the latter that he co have charmed the birds out of the t . . . but so could a snake.

"Lose one, catch another"

If you want a blueprint, here it is: l one love, snap right back and catch other. I've done it again and again, a a number of people have insisted th because my mother and father were s arated when I was only eight, and cause my father was killed tragically fore I was ten, I've always searched fo father image. I would like to put an e to that theory. I loved my father dea and resemble him: his face, his eyes, build. I remember how he danced w me, his gentleness, the time I inveig him into buying me a pair of pat leather shoes with heels. But I ha never looked for a father image; unf tunately, the men I chose were anyth *but*. I've fallen for charming, handso men of the right age. Never an old man and never one who bought black patent leather shoes—or a hou for that matter. I was the one w always bought the house.

I still feel young and I still dig you I'm sure there are some delightful old men and perhaps, as I am growing m mature, I might find an older man f cinating; but he will never be a fath image. No, I was a very normal girl w was looking for excitement and roman in love with love, and a sitting duck the wrong man to give a snow job marriage. And seven of them did.

In each case, because I was just cently out of an inferno, these charact I married looked like saviors. How wro could I be? So I am no longer lookin Love and suffering have gone togeth for me, and suffering always overto the love. I believe I'm a different pers now. I'm not about to accept I-don care-who—just somebody charming—b cause I'm lonely. No, the strength within me. I've been disappointed bu am still open-minded, I am still a r mantic; I am just not as gullible. Wh really saves me is that I have never be and am not bitter. If anyone has the rig to be bitter, I have, but what a waste time and energy! You can't dwell on t past. I fell into traps because I didn know or value *myself*. Today, thank Go I am my own woman. I'm in a holdi pattern, but I am growing, I am learnin and I pray it will never stop. EN

ES' HOME

AUGUST 1974/60¢

Journal

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KENNEDY
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WEIGHT
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TO MARRY RICH
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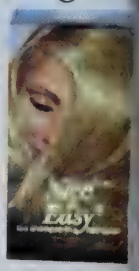
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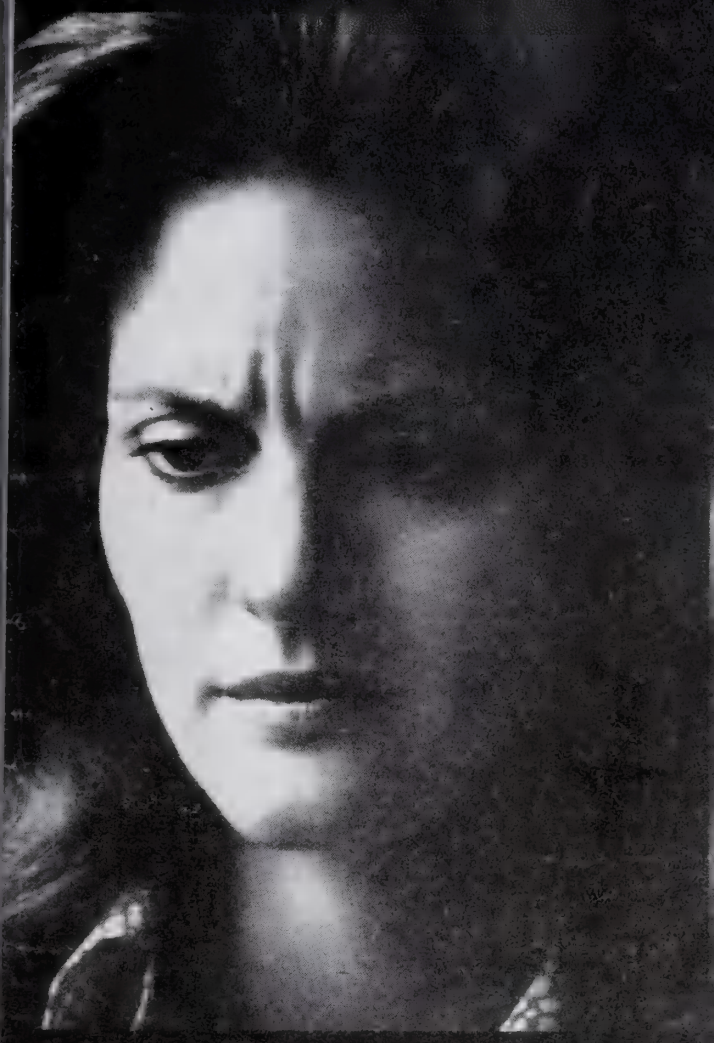


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Eventually, heavy-traffic areas may begin to show a reduction in gloss. So, if you need it, your Armstrong retailer can supply a special Solarian Floor Finish for use occasionally to touch up the shine.



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Now there are more colors and patterns than ever before to sunbrighten your kitchen. Here are three. See them all at your Armstrong retailer. Or, if you'd like, we'll send you a free color brochure. Write Armstrong, 7408 King St., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.





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But Midol works just as well relieving all that as it does for my teenage daughter's cramps.

The exclusive formula of Midol® relieves your low backache and headache, to help soothe accompanying irritability. And Midol helps stop cramps with an anti-spasmodic, an ingredient you don't get with ordinary pain relievers.

If you thought Midol was just for cramps, now you know better.

Midol



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VOL. XCI, NO. 8

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LADIES' HOME Journal®

AUGUST 1974

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Cover photograph of Marlo Thomas by Francesco Scavullo. Blue denim sweater of Malina yarn—for directions see pg. 128. Page 64: photograph by UPI. Page 82: bottom left photo courtesy of NASA.

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Spray it at least once a day.





Kill mold, mildew and their odors. Summer means lots of showers—you'll need Lysol Spray.

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BRAND GELATIN

Ginger ale gives this Jell-O® Brand Gelatin parfait extra zip.



1. Make Jell-O Brand Gelatin according to package directions but substitute ginger ale (or orange juice, pineapple juice, or non-carbonated orange drink) for the cold water. Chill until firm (about 3 hours).



2. Spoon gelatin and your favorite fruit into glasses.*



3. To make your parfait look even cooler, spoon on whipped topping and make peaks with a spoon, so it looks like the froth on a cold drink.



4. Garnish with more fruit. Serve, and watch your family light up as they cool off. Find many more Jell-O recipes in "The New Joys of Jell-O" recipe book. Making great desserts is easy when you start with Jell-O Gelatin.

Ingredients

1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O Gelatin, any flavor
1 cup boiling water
1 cup ginger ale
1 to 1½ cups fresh or drained canned fruit
1½ cups prepared whipped topping
Makes 4 servings

**If you use skewers of fruit, as pictured, place them in the glasses before adding the gelatin. To rim the glasses with sugar, first dip the glass rim into egg whites and then into sugar.*

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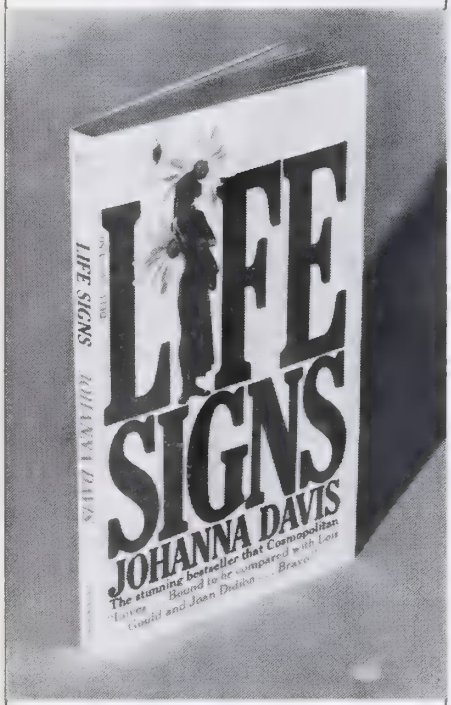
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY LENORE HERSHEY

Keeping in touch

We who edit your LADIES' HOME JOURNAL don't just sit here in our New York office, dreaming up ideas. We do a lot of traveling, a lot of listening, and a lot of pulse-taking. Early last fall, for example, when Managing Editor John Stevens crossed the country in search of the perfect fast-food hamburger (May LHJ), he found that most people were talking not about the scandals in Washington, but about a small boy's cheating in the Soap Box Derby. Somehow, the fact that deception and deceit had come so close to the roots of American life was even more shocking than what went on in political circles.

The results: we assigned the Soap Box Derby story immediately, and the results, in time for this year's Derby, are on page 64.

Now, as we eat our hamburgers and sit in the August sun, we, like you, are still preoccupied with what seems to be an unraveling of our national moral fiber. We, like you, are disturbed by what seems to be a general lowering of personal standards almost everywhere . . . from pilfering in shops and hotels under the joking name of "ripping off," to passing red lights, to shortcuts and fa charges on repair bills, to the epider of purse-snatching and billfold-steal that requires extra vigilance by anyo living in a major city, to the subtle ov tone of cynicism and distrust that see to infect even personal relationships.

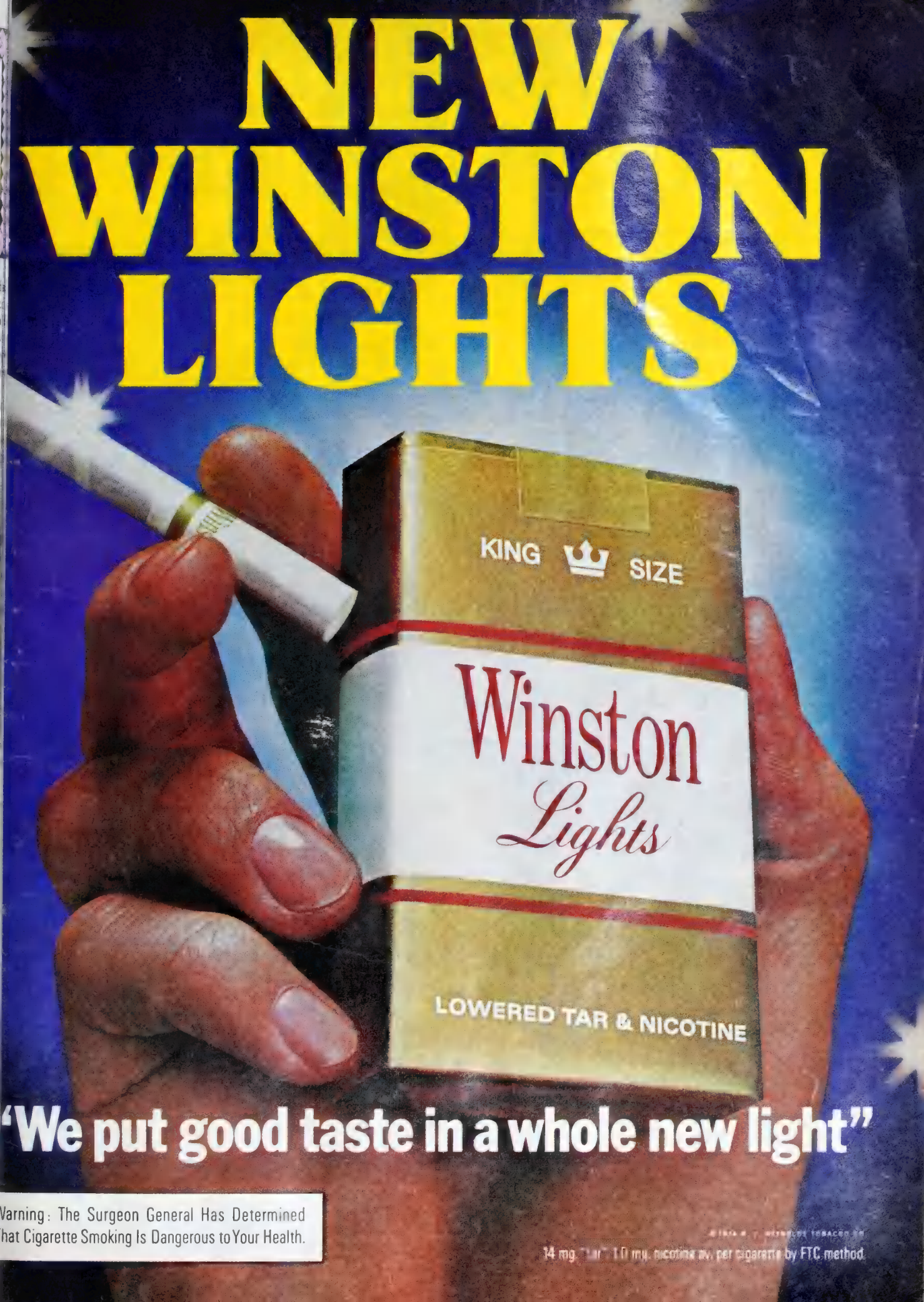
As a magazine for women, we ha the brooding suspicion that women w ry more about such things, and are m inclined to do something about the Hopefully, in months ahead, we'll touching on these subjects. Meanwh in this issue, we've invited that acer reporter on the Washington scene, B bara Howar—author of the best-sel *Laughing All the Way*—to present woman's-eye view of Senator Edw Kennedy (page 79). We invite your o personal views, as well. As we indicat we like to listen, too.

Correction: Speaking of lapses, in May fashion story, "A Summer to Sav we incorrectly identified the family the foreground of the "Doubling Up" cation picture. To set the record straig they are the Paul Vaughns, and his l and moustache, although they lool dark in the photograph, are actua blond. We apologize, Mr. Vaughn.



Slogan T-shirts: Here, LHJ's own Debby Pines and Bruce Danbrot model our new "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman" T-shirts. Originally designed for our softball team, they are now available for you to order, too! See coupon, page 122.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

THE JOURNAL CHEERS *That's Entertainment*, a cavalcade of musical scenes from the scores of a score of MGM musicals. There's about a bullion dollars' worth of movie on display—the most stupefyingly ostentatious and memorable musical sequences from 1929 to the late fifties. *That's Entertainment* is a movie of those movies, and it scores with one overproduction number after another—all singing, all dancing, all (hold your breath) swimming. Yes, there she is! Esther Williams in her unintentionally hilarious aqua-cadences. And here comes Gene Kelly, singing in the rain as he splashes and flashes through one of the happiest hand-clappiest song-and-dances ever. And here comes Fred Astaire gliding with icy elegance across the silver screen with Ginger Rogers . . . or is it Eleanor Powell . . . or is it Joan Crawford . . . or Cyd Charisse—goodness! It's *all* of them, and what's that up *there*? It's Fred Astaire alone, *upside down on the ceiling!* Oh lawdy, I can't catch my breath! More popcorn! Here they come, all of those starry E-endings: Debbie, Mickey, Judy, Jimmy, Frankie! What a mass of melody and memory, and if it is too much of a goo thing—it does go on a half-note too long—it is still worth seeing for the remembrance of sings past. And it's the most enjoyable way to relax for a couple of hours of summer camp.

Cybill and Henry James

Daisy Miller, the Henry James novel about an innocent 19th-century girl from Schenectady who is spurned by European society, has been made into a movie by Peter Bogdanovich. He is a gifted director *(The Last Picture Show, Paper Moon)*, but even a gifted director can miss through miscasting—in this case Cybill Shepherd, a fashion model. As Daisy Miller, she is a disaster. Her monotonous voice is first irritating and then tiresome. The story concerns an American family touring Europe: a weak and naïve mother . . . her independent daughter Daisy who is unable to comprehend European social conventions . . . and her 10-year-old brother, an unspeakable brat who made me wonder if he survived his childhood. (I know that I had a hard time surviving his childhood.) The setting is Switzerland : Italy. The focus is on Daisy, and o 27-year-old American expatriate nan Frederick Winterborne who is witched, and bewildered, by her. Th performances are admirable: Ba Brown as Winterborne, Cloris Lea man as Daisy's mother, and Mild Natwick as Winterborne's proper au It takes inordinate patience to through *Daisy Miller*—and I have o ordinate patience.

Steely Michael Caine

If you enjoy a mystery, you should a bang-bang-bang out of Michael Ca starring in *The Black Windmill* as a s of iron-jawed, steely-eyed copper, w the bad guys testing his mettle. Ca is an able undercover agent in a Brit see-eye agency.

Enter a building, and after you cipher your way through a mystificat of mismarked doors you come upon chief: Donald Pleasance. Pleasance inflexible, insensitive and in no mood dealing with Caine, whose little boy l been kidnapped from boarding sch by political vandals. They demand deluge of diamonds as ransom. Ca leaves no stone unturned to get the b back—chases, secret meetings, intrig The ending is not all it might be, but you're a guys-and-spies fan, *The Bla Windmill* should give you quite a tu

In the log cabin Far West frontier of t last century, Gene Hackman lives a lo ly backwoods existence on an isolat grassy ranch. He eats mush, he does do his laundry, and wipes his nose his sleeve. He wouldn't recognize cou if it fell on him. In fact, he'd probab punch it. Into his life comes a ma order bride, and he's the male who dered her. When he orders her arou she rebels.

She introduces him to laundry.
He introduces her to rape.
She introduces him to manners.
He introduces her to his family.
So far she's ahead, 2 to 0.

His name is Zandy, and the movi name is *Zandy's Bride*. Ultimately L Ullman succeeds in transforming Ge Hackman from a very selfish clod to selfish clod. *Zandy's Bride (continue*

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Lamb a Indienne starts with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

Saute 2 strips bacon, diced. Cube meat from 2 shoulder lamb chops, fry with bacon. Stir in 1 pkg. Chicken Rice-A-Roni. Cook until vermicelli is light brown. Pour in 2¾ cups hot water, contents of Chicken flavor packet, ½ to 1 tsp. curry powder, ¼ cup raisins and ¼ cup chopped green onions. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer 15 min. Sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped peanuts.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 10

is a well-acted, well-photographed movie that is almost always quite uninteresting.

Question: What's a black and white color picture?

Answer: It's filmed in color, but it entertains both blacks and whites. The movie is called *Claudine* and it stars two attractive performers: James Earl Jones as a boisterously friendly garbage man who doesn't want to get involved, and Diahann Carroll is a husbandless Harlem mother who's involved with six children. This un-brided woman and her unbridled brood live on her money from welfare and her illegal job as a suburban maid. Miss Carroll meets Mr. Jones and falls for him. But when she introduces him to her brood he broods about all of those hassling kids. Still, he loves her. He is interested in her welfare but wants no part of her welfare. He would like her to say farewell to welfare, figuring they could fare well without it. Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones are winning in this comedy drama, with scenes that are funny, and a few that are touching. It's rated PG but some parents of younger children may feel that the language and incident warrant a warning stronger than PG. That's why you might leave the younger kiddies at home if you go out to enjoy *Claudine*.

Here's one that children *will* like—and they'll learn something. It's called *Two Men of Karamoja* and, logically enough, it's about two men of Karamoja, which is a part of Uganda in East Africa. The two men are in charge of a vast national game preserve, and what we see is all true. (The producers call it a non-fiction movie because they've found that audiences are turned off by the word "documentary.") So this is the story of Ian Ross—Uganda-born and white—who is chief warden of the park, and Paul Sali, Uganda-born and black, who is going to take over the job. The men work together for eight months to insure a smooth transition of command. The park is alive with the sounds of elephants, lions, rhinos, zebras, birds, and —this is the ugly part—some humans, because some humans are poachers who sneak into the preserve to steal or kill the animals. *Two Men of Karamoja* is filled with film of wildlife, but most important is the interplay of character; the white commander on his way out, and his black assistant on his way in. For most adults, *Two Men of Karamoja* will be a new world, and for young people an entertaining and instructive film.

Reading, seeding and weeding

All across the land, Americans are enjoying their summer gardens . . . flowers, shrubs, all sorts of pretty things. Roo in the tightening economy is the f that many folks are growing vegetabl the Gallup poll reports that 30 mill American households grew some fo last year—everything from plots li with lettuce and whatnot (have y ever had sautéed whatnot?) to dai gardens of herbs. But summer will so be gone, and the outdoor gardens w fade. Don't worry, indoor plants are The cementing over of America and plasticizing of our environment are m ing more of us cherish living plants our homes. So get ready for the with some books that will help you gr healthy, happy plants indoors, and w keep you from being frustrated a throwing in the trowel. One of my vorites is the reliable (cheers) and expensive (double cheers) paperbac *The Apartment Gardener* (NA $1.50) by Stan and Florence Dwork This is a total guide to buying, raisi and living with plants indoors. They a include a state-by-state guide to hot culturists you can call in *your* state answer questions or to provide perso attention. They even give you the te phone number of the Massachuse Horticultural Hot Line, in case yo plant starts to cough in the middle of t night. The Dworkin's niftiest notion that you should take a shower with yo plants. Think about that: city air is fill with grit, and if you wipe off your pla there's a danger that you'll scratch t leaves. So just take the plants into t shower with you, but cover the pot wi a plastic bag so the soil won't wa away. Then let the shower drench yo plants. They'll be happy and refreshe I have a friend who not only takes sho ers with her plants, she reads them be time stories, which she keeps in a tru (hoe, hoe) near her bed.

A green head

It doesn't take any mysterious inna skill to grow plants. Lynn and J Rapp say that a green thumb is nothi more than "a positive state of mi about growing things." In other word a green thumb is in your head. They s it in their *Mother Earth Hassle-Free H door Plant Book*, which is an easy, se sible paperback.

An author who many consider a mu is Elvin McDonald, whose *World Bo of Houseplants* is in its tenth printing the Popular Library paperback editio And McDonald's *Complete Book of Ga dening Under Lights*, another Popul Library paperback, will switch you t to healthy plants. If you find your plan are *not* healthy, reach for *RX for Ailin House Plants* (Random House), whi is a kind of Green Cross for plants wi the droops. Charles Evans and Rober Lee Pliner let you check up on sym toms, causes, and possible cures f plants that are going to pot. EN

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Judy had provided unfailing support all through her husband Ken's difficult return to college. Then, with graduation only a week away, she suddenly, inexplicably left him.

Too many young people marry mainly on the basis of "sensations," with very little planning for what life together is really all about. Judy and Ken, in this case, had very different ideas about how they intended to live. Apparently it never occurred to them that a married couple could hardly proceed successfully with complete indifference to each other's plans. Fortunately, a marriage counselor was able to help them get straightened out so that they could work with, instead of against, each other. Both were college graduates. They had been well educated for several undertakings, but not at all prepared for matrimony. Even today, many of the nation's best colleges give students virtually no training for this most important enterprise. It is time that high schools as well as colleges explored this field of education.—The counselor in this case was Allen J. Brown, Jr.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the
Board of Trustees,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

Judy talks first

"I earn $11,000 a year. My husband earns nothing, but he runs the show," said 27-year-old Judy, a tall, slim, brown-eyed brunette. "Ken operates as the boss, using me to cook, clean, sew and haul out garbage.

"A month ago, my brother Joe came to stay with us. Ever since, I've done double the work. Neither Ken nor Joe has lifted a finger to help.

"Two weeks ago, I set up an appointment for Joe with a prospective employer, but Ken persuaded him to help chaperone a bunch of teen-age kids on a rock-hunting expedition instead. They camped out the whole weekend while I cleaned the house and occasionally shed a few tears. (Unless I'm alone, I'm ashamed to cry. I grew up as an oldest child, with five younger brothers and a semi-invalid mother. I fed the babies and did the housework.)

"Ken spends every weekend on the desert or in the mountains with his teen-age science club, and I get practically none of his companionship. I'm obliged to skip the trips. Since Ken quit his job to go back to college, we've been so short of cash that I've done private nursing on Saturdays so we can pay the bills.

"If I thought Ken loved me, the effort would seem worthwhile. I've always wanted love more than anything else. But it's plain that he doesn't give a hoot for me except as a household convenience. For several months we've had no sex at all, and I'm so sick of his selfishness that I actually don't care.

"I met Ken fours years ago. I'd just moved to California—partly to get away from the demands of my family, but mostly to end a wretched, two-year love affair with a bachelor twice my age who repeatedly promised to marry me, but didn't mean it.

"At that time, Ken's father owned a printing business not far from the hospital where I work. One day I stopped in their shop to order stationery. Ken showed me samples, we got to talking and that evening he took me to dinner. The next night he came to dinner at my place. I was terribly lonesome, in desperate need of human warmth, and I fell deeply in love with Ken. Soon we were sleeping together. I was too disillusioned to expect marriage; I told Ken about my unhappy affair, of course. Although I knew he was fond of me, I had no idea that he cared enough to even consider marriage.

"The night he proposed I was so thrilled I could hardly believe my ears. I was lying on the sofa in my apartment and he was at the door ready to leave when suddenly he asked, 'What would you say if I asked you to marry me?' I jumped to my feet, but he rushed out the door. I had to chase him to the v vator to say that maybe he ought think it over. I told him I didn't w children; I explained that I'd had fill of baby-tending as a small girl, that I knew that a lot of men look ward to fatherhood. Anyhow, I t Ken that if he changed his mind ab wanting me as his wife, I would und stand. He said he would think abou and call in the morning.

"The next morning he forgot to c I spent the day in agonizing suspen That evening, however, he arrived the hospital with an antique enga ment ring which had belonged to mother.

"Six weeks later Ken and I were m ried. I sent money to my parents Oregon so they could come to Calif nia for the wedding, but my mot used the money to buy a fur coat. I way, I was relieved by their absen My parents have always preferred five of my brothers to me, and I hat to have Ken and his parents find o how little my family cared about me.

"Our first year together was heav My mother-in-law helped us move l things to my efficiency apartme Things were a little crowded, but didn't mind, since we were planning buy a house.

"That year we had dinner with Ke parents every Sunday. Afterward, K and I went house hunting. I rec those Sundays as the best times of m entire life.

"It has always been my dream own a real home. Ken earned less fro working with his father than I earne at the hospital. He usually managed pay a reasonable share of our livi expenses, but even in the beginning noticed that he was extravagant a careless about finances.

"Every week he bought more tha a hundred pounds of birdseed for t feeding stations set up by the scienc club. Once he spent a month's incom on a telephoto lens so the kids coul photograph birds.

"Ken left it up to me to save for ou future home. I thought he wanted home as much as I did. I found out m mistake shortly after we celebrated ou first wedding anniversary. Without word to me, he quit his job in his fa ther's printing establishment and en rolled in college. Ken's father agree to help pay the tuition, hoping tha Ken would use his education to buil up the family business. Ken alread had a degree in business administra tion, but now he wanted one in edu cation.

"I was stunned. I gathered tha Ken's interest in teaching had been in spired by working with *(continued*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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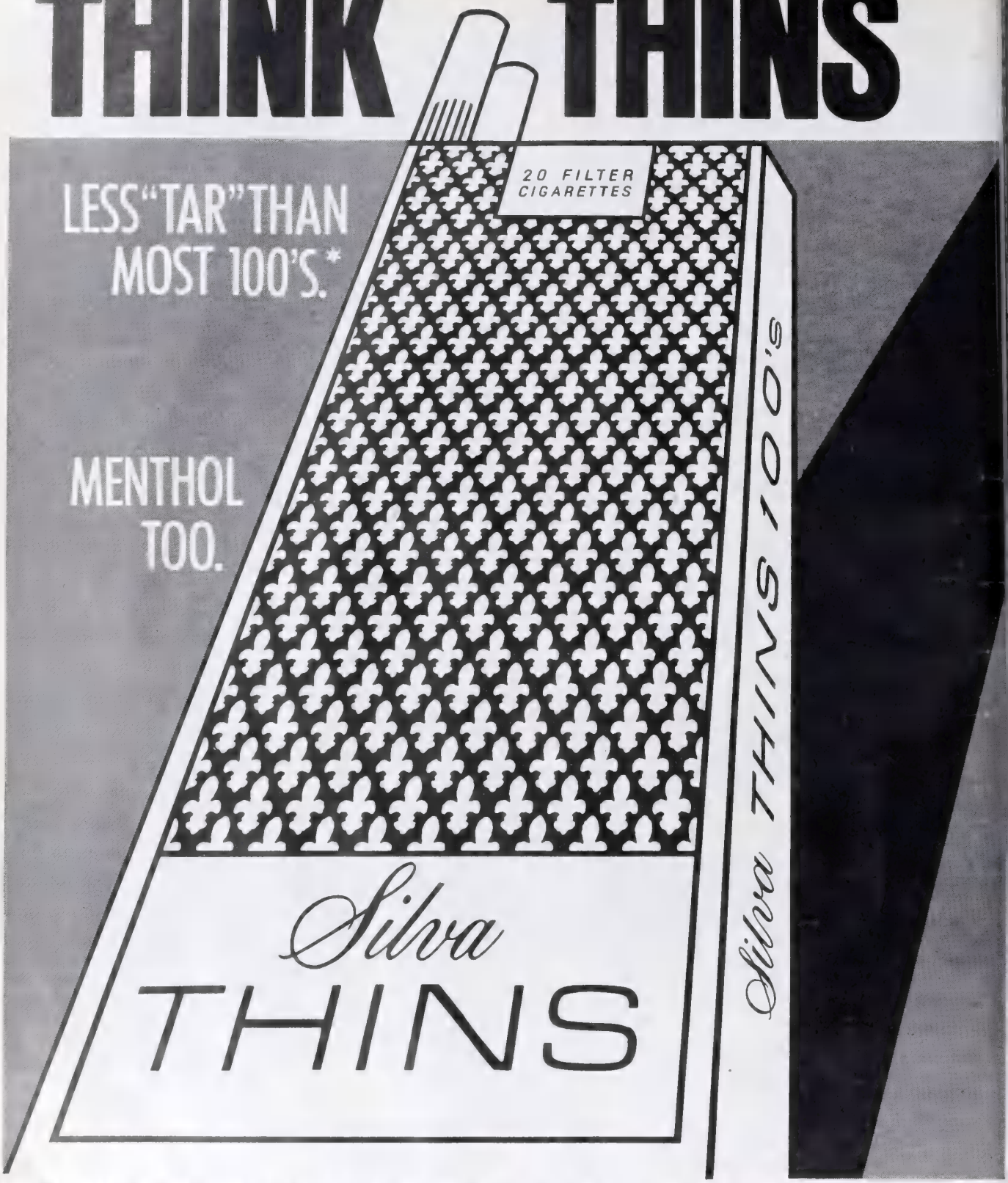
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THINK THINS



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IIS MARRIAGE
tinued

youngsters in the science group, I realized with a shock that his nt paternal instincts must be in- ved. I felt so guilty about depriving n of children that I didn't argue his ision to go back to college.

"When Ken said he would need $700 meet his first tuition installment, I nded over the savings passbook. The ount was in both our names, but I uldn't help feeling that the $2,000 had saved was *my* money.

"My mother-in-law was as baffled as as, and equally upset. That evening, father-in-law announced he had t the printing business up for sale.

"With only one paycheck to live on, was soon dipping into the savings ac- nt to pay for food and Ken's college pplies. He studied terribly hard, usu- y at the library because of our crowd- quarters. I told myself I should be ppy to help my husband, and I made my mind to be patient and unselfish til he had achieved his ambition.

"But one day I foolishly remarked at I wished we could find a cheaper artment with more room. A few days er, Ken signed the lease on a new artment without notifying me. The artment was a great deal larger, but e rent was $25 higher. The modest increase, Ken said blithely, was well worthwhile because of the convenient location. Yes, the apartment was six blocks from his campus. But it was 40 miles from the hospital where I am an assistant head nurse. Since we moved, I've had to spend two hours a day driving through heavy traffic.

"Some evenings I was so exhausted when I reached home that I fed Ken his supper and fell into bed without a bite of food. He did nothing to help me. I began to hate Ken for his selfishness, his blindness to my comfort and welfare, but I was determined to hold out until Ken got his degree.

"A month ago, just before my brother Joe descended on us, I decided that I'd had it. I telephoned the hospital and arranged for a room in the nurses' quarters until I could find an apartment.

"That evening I packed my clothes, left a note for Ken—who was out studying—and drove back downtown. In the middle of the night, Ken telephoned to say that my brother had just breezed in, unannounced, uninvited and unemployed. Well, I had to return to the apartment until Joe finds a job. But my marriage is over."

Ken's turn to talk

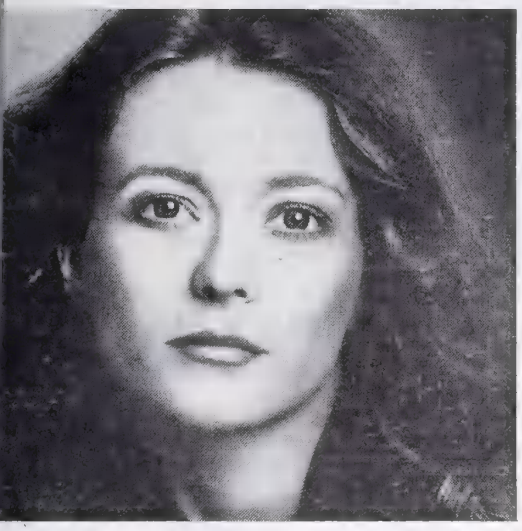
"My brother-in-law is a spoiled, lazy kid, but I'm still glad to see him," said 29-year-old Ken, a tall, handsome blond who wore faded jeans, long hair and a luxuriant mustache. "As long as Joe needs Judy's help in finding a job, she is bound to stick with me.

"Judy isn't much of a talker, and neither am I. Frankly, I have no idea exactly what's gone wrong. But I'll do anything in my power to put things right. I need Judy. I can't function without her.

"For the last seven or eight months, maybe longer, I've realized that Judy and I weren't getting along particularly well. Shortly after we moved to our present apartment, Judy seemed to lose interest in sex. I blamed it on her job.

"It's a long drive from our place to the hospital, and Judy occasionally complained of being exhausted by work plus the daily hassle with traffic. Anyhow, as soon as we ate dinner she usually fell into bed while I had to stay up and study. By the time I finished and joined Judy in bed, she was either asleep or else pretended to be asleep. A few times I kissed her or pressed myself against her, but when I got no response I didn't feel that I ought to force the issue. I decided to wait for her to take the initiative.

"Except for the disappointing sex—which I was sure would improve as soon as I finished school—I thought Judy and I were ideally matched. In three years of marriage, *(continued)*



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we have never once had a serious quarrel. Whatever I wanted, Judy wanted—or so she led me to believe.

"I'm no longer sure of anything. I thought she was in favor of my going into teaching. I never did want to take a degree in business administration. Nor did I want to go into partnership with my father. In fact, he didn't want to buy the store in the first place. That was my mother's idea. I'm an only son, born when Mom was forty-five. I had hepatitis as a kid, and thereafter Mom clucked over me like a mother hen. Dad used to be a traveling salesman. Throughout my boyhood, Mom and I trailed along with him. Consequently, the three of us were closer than the average family.

"At thirteen, I had to have an operation for ulcers. At the doctor's advice, I trained myself not to let things get on my nerves. I taught myself to be calm. But of course, I couldn't stop Mom from worrying.

"One time I mentioned that I was interested in science, and Mom had hysterics, declaring I might be blown to bits in a chemistry lab explosion. When she and Dad offered to send me to college, I didn't have the guts to object to majoring in business. But even back then, as a college sophomore, I spent my spare time teaching disadvantaged kids at the YMCA. In my senior year, I organized those kids into a science club. It's still functioning, despite an annual turnover in membership.

"I seldom talk about my science group to anyone; I'm afraid I'll sound like a big Boy Scout. Mom's fretting has always been a burden to both me and my father. Two years ago, Dad discovered he had hypertension; he was advised to sell the store and take it easy. We decided to say nothing to Mom. Maybe I should have told Judy why I was able to quit the store with a clear conscience, but I was afraid she might let something slip to Mom. Anyway, I preferred to think of it as an opportunity to achieve my original ambition—to be a teacher.

"Of course, I realized that going back to school would mean financial sacrifices, but Judy offered no objections. On the contrary, she seemed very happy.

"When I resumed my college studies, Judy was saving her money so we could buy a home—a purchase I thought could be deferred until both of us were established in rewarding careers. I could have understood her desire to own a house if she wanted children. But Judy told me from the very beginning that she didn't want kids. My mother would like grandchildren, and I myself enjoy the company of kids. Still, I believe the woman should have the final say. It does seem that a childless couple like us might be better off in an apartment, but if Judy wants a house, it's fine by me.

"I cannot understand why on earth she decided to walk out at this particular time. In five weeks, I will be finished with college forever. My years of experience as a volunteer teacher and group leader, along with my high grade point average, have already assured me of a desirable job in September. If Judy would just be patient, we can buy a house next year at the latest. I hope Judy will show up at my graduation."

The Counselor's turn

"Judy attended Ken's graduation and applauded his triumph," the counselor said. "By then the couple were working hard to save their marriage.

"While we were in the midst of counseling, Judy's brother Joe found a job and moved out. Shortly afterward, at my suggestion, the couple moved to an apartment a few blocks from Judy's hospital. Judy and Ken's marriage was suffering from as serious a communications gap as I've ever encountered. The fact that they had never quarreled was a sign of their mutual ignorance. In marriage, a heated verbal exchange frequently brings truth to light.

"In my office, Judy and Ken were taught to close the communications gap—to ventilate their deepest feelings and expose their hidden hopes and fears. In many of our sessions, Judy struggled to speak through sobs, while Ken listened and watched in amazement. He had never seen her lose control. Raised by an ailing mother who obviously preferred the boys to her, Judy grew up convinced that she was unlovable and hence had no rights and privileges. As a result, she had always suppressed her hurt and anger, lest she seem ungrateful that Ken had chosen to marry her.

"Ken was also concealing inner fears. He was afraid to oppose the overindulgent mother who had nursed h through a long series of boyhood nesses. He was afraid of ill health. F lowing his ulcer operation, he had liberately trained himself not to wo and to react as little as possible to mother and to everybody else. He liv in his parents' home until the age twenty-six, without contributing penny for food and shelter, and saw reason why marriage should alter self-centered existence. Self-sacrifici Judy, by nature a giver rather than taker, made no objections. Since s repressed her hurt and rage, Ken w totally unaware of her feelings. Indee he convinced himself that she w pleased by his decision—and continu to exploit her goodwill until the fi explosion.

"Under my supervision—and lat on, working in group counseling—Ju and Ken learned to speak up and expre themselves. Judy learned that it w okay to stand up for herself. She gra ually convinced herself that she was worthwhile person, deserving of love

"Ken gradually retrained himself become more aware of Judy's feelin and needs. Both were starved for se but fearful of rejection. Consequentl each had hung back, waiting for t other to take the initiative. The sexu stalemate was resolved when they ma tered the art of communication.

"They made out a budget as soon Ken began teaching and pooled both their incomes. Ken was soon matchin every dollar Judy deposited in the home ownership fund.

"The following year, Judy telephone to say that they had put a substanti down payment on a house. Nowaday they spend a great deal of time togeth working on renovating and redecoratin it. Ken still takes occasional weeker trips with his science group, but no Judy accompanies him." EN



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Combine 2 cups diced cooked ham and 1 can (16 oz.) LA CHOY Bean Sprouts (rinsed and drained), ¼ cup French dressing and 2 teaspoons LA CHOY Soy Sauce. Chill in refrigerator for 30 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons each chopped green onion, chopped green pepper and chopped celery, ½ cup chopped sweet pickle, dash pepper and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Toss lightly and serve on crisp salad greens. Makes 4 servings.



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Should you tell a life insurance agent that you have had psychiatric care? Old-fashioned aspirin still works. A report from the world of health and science.

Cold sore cure? Cold sores and other painful, ugly skin eruptions caused by herpesvirus are being attacked with a simple and—proponents say—effective new treatment. The sore is painted with a yellow dye, which is absorbed by the virus. Then the sore is exposed to ordinary fluorescent light from a distance of a few inches.

The dye absorbs light energy, which destroys the virus and relieves its symptoms. Houston virologist Dr. Joseph Melnick, who devised this dye-light therapy, says it dries up sores speedily and makes them recur less frequently. Because herpesvirus can in some cases lead to cancer, Dr. Melnick says, dye-light reduces the cancer risk. But another virologist, Dr. Fred Rapp of Hershey, Pa., disagrees. He argues that light-damaged viruses in fact may *cause* cancer—and warns that dye-light therapy thus may be dangerous.

Psychiatric risk. If you have had psychiatric care, should you tell a life insurance agent? If you lie, says Boston insurance broker Benjamin Lipson (who specializes in hard-to-insure clients), the policy later may be contested. But if you are truthful and say yes, you may be "rejected or unfairly rated," because insurers discriminate against people with emotional problems.

Lipson recently made a survey of 248 Massachusetts psychiatrists. Many said their patients may be *better* than average life insurance risks. But because underwriters, who lack psychiatric expertise, set high rates or refuse to insure people who have undergone psychiatric treatment, some psychiatrists deliberately modify reports on them to life insurance companies. Some tell patients to lie about emotional problems and care.

Body rhythm and voice. Singers' voices are tied to their body rhythms, voice coach Christina Carroll of Phoenix, Ariz., revealed recently at a meeting of ear, nose and throat specialists. Most girls, she said, become hoarse two or t days before their menstrual peri and cannot sing high notes. "Ev thing they sing is labored, instead coming out nice and easy."

Oral contraceptives are also a p lem. Said Professor Carroll: "As a v teacher, I can hear a change in voices of the girls who take the P

Pain-killers. The oldest and chea still may be best. Dental surgeons Georgetown University in Washing D.C., compared the efficacy of asp and the narcotic codeine in relie pain after extraction of wisdom te buried in bone and tissue. Their patients graded different "pain-killi regimens blindly. Codeine provided more relief than sugar pills. But, s Dr. Steven Cooper, two aspirins p vided "extremely effective" pain re

He credits this to aspirin's ability damp inflammation and reduce pai swelling—properties scientists hope enhance in aspirin and similar dr For example, University of Cincin researcher Dr. John Sorenson, exp menting with rats, finds that mix copper into aspirin greatly improves ability to reduce painful, arthritic- swelling. At the University of Mia skin specialist Dr. Diane Snyder fi that the drug indomethacin—which aspirin-like while not aspirin itself—v dramatically relieve severe sunb when applied to the skin in a soluti This treatment is still highly exp mental, however.

Germ-free flowers. We recently peated a medical warning that bacte growing in flower vases could harm fection-prone hospital patients. N intensive-care specialists at Cop hagen's Frederiksberg Hospital prop a remedy. They say that treating vase water with a small amount (percent) of an antiseptic, chlorhexidi will keep it bacteria-free and safe patients. As a bonus, the research say, it slows the flowers' decay and ob ates the need to change the water.

Pap poll. The Gallup Poll, in a rep made for the American Cancer Socie finds that 52 percent of women ha Pap test in the last year. Did you? E

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In the morning, you'll e ready for just about anything. ven your morning shower or bath *on't wash away* the all-day protection you get ter a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants. You an wash, towel yourself dry, and *feel* dry all day. Vithout the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.

Will Mitchum Dab-On or Cream completely stop perspiration?

First, understand this: you perspire from many reas of your body. (How many times have you opped your brow?) However, you're particularly ware of perspiration when the glands start gushing under your arms. During times of physical activity, perhaps. Or emotional stress. (No one knows better than you when this perspiration is a problem.)

What Mitchum anti-perspirants do is gently re-direct this annoying sweat. It merely leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. Don't believe the old wives' tale that if you help stop under-arm perspiration, you're doing something unhealthy.

Do you have to use Mitchum, the night-time anti-perspirant, every night?



No. If, at first, you use it four nights in a row, you can occasionally skip a night. And still feel protected the next day. Of course, you may use Mitchum any time of day you prefer. But we recommend night-time application. (This means no rub-off on your clothes the next day, either.)

How can any anti-perspirant so effective be so gentle?

Even though Mitchum Dab-On and Cream contain high percentages of the best anti-perspirant ingredients, aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate, their formula has been specially *buffered* to help avoid irritation of the skin. They do their work *gently*.



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The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.



YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Why do we keep our salaries a secret? Do all fat people crave sweets? Why are women sexually attracted to men who treat them badly? The noted psychiatrist answers these and other questions from readers.

Craving sweets

Do all overweight people crave sweets?

No, all overweight people do not crave sweets, but most of them do. Compulsive eaters are totally indiscriminate in their appetites—they'll eat anything that's handy. When they crave one special thing, like sweets, I think it is because there is personal symbolism connected with the food. My theory is that people crave sweets for either a physiological or a psychological reason. Physiologically, men and women crave sweets because of a particular blood sugar level or a metabolism problem. Psychologically, they crave sweets because they want more sweetness (love) in their lives and personal relationships. If these people could learn to love themselves more, their craving for sweets would diminish.

Divorce and depression

My friend asked her husband for a divorce and he reluctantly agreed. When she became free, she was happy—ecstatic, in fact. But now she is really depressed. I asked her if she was sorry she had divorced her husband, and she said she was not. Why is she depressed—and is this normal?

Your friend's reaction—ecstasy followed by depression—is quite common. Much has been written about the unrealistic expectations men and women have about marriage, but they have unrealistic expectations about divorce, too. Many people feel that once rid of an old mate, life will become completely different and completely happy. These feelings produce an immediate reaction of euphoria, but when reality sets in, so does depression. Even though your friend asked for the divorce, she is probably going through a state of mourning over the loss of a cherished dream (a happy marriage) and the loss of a close relationship (with her ex-husband).

Many men and women become depressed after a marital breakup because of guilt feelings brought on by parental, social or religious taboos against divorce. Divorce can also seem to be a personal failure; your friend may feel that her divorce is proof that she showed poor judgment in choosing a partner. She could also feel a loss of prestige in going from a marital to a single state. (Though this is not true in your friend's case, divorce can also cause depression because it is a sign to your friends that your mate has rejected you.) Divorce may also mean moving into new living quarters—and though this might be fun and exciting at first, feelings of loneliness can easily set in, especially for people who are not used to being alone. If, after a fair time of adjustment, your friend's depression remains, psychotherapy would seem to be indicated.

Sexual attraction

Is it possible for a woman to be sexually attracted to a man she knows is not good for her? A man who treats her badly? A man she doesn't even like?

Not only is it possible, it happens quite often to women who dislike themselves. Women (and men) with low self-esteem are most attracted and stimulated by members of the opposite sex who inevitably cause them humiliation and even grief. Some women lend themselves to a sadomasochistic relationship. These women are repelled by and contemptuous of men who respect them or find them attractive; this is true even though consciously these women may find the men likable and worthwhile. The unconscious feeling here is: "How can I respect and be attracted to any man who finds an inferior person like me so attractive?"

When a child swears

My 11-year-old son curses and swears when he is angry. I've always encouraged him to express anger, but I am annoyed at his language. Should I say something to him, or will that just make matters worse?

All parents should trust their honest and natural feelings about their children. Many parents today are too concerned with intellectual theories about ch rearing and consequently bury their natural and healthy feelings about w to say to their youngsters. You say encourage free expression of ange your home; I think that should appl you, too. If you feel like admonisl your son about his language, then b means tell him off.

Salaries and secrecy

Why are we all so secretive about h much money we earn? Are we afrai the Internal Revenue Service? Or that we are afraid our friends might us for a loan if they find out we e more than they do?

The motives you state may well be reasons why some people are secre about their earnings, but I think the sons go much deeper for most men women. People—especially men—reg the amount of money they earn a measure of where they stand in rela to others. To them, a salary is sync mous with self-worth—and reveal that salary is revealing one's worth society. The degree of secrecy about aries is directly proportional to the ext to which the person measures his wo and general self-esteem by the money earns. With such a man or woman, crecy will increase as the self-esteem g lower.

Can therapy be harmful?

We've all been told that psychothera can make us healthier and happier, can it ever have an adverse effect? Ple give me an honest answer to this sim question.

Your question is far from simple a must be answered in two parts. Fi therapy can indeed have an adverse fect on people when the treatment administered by quacks and charlata who are not qualified psychotherapi That is why a referral from your o medical doctor or an organization su as the American Psychiatric Associati is important when seeking a therap

Can a *qualified* therapist make a p tient worse? Here we must consider wh you mean by "worse." Often what see "worse" to one's friends and relatives "better" for the patient. *(continue*

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answ questions on your personal, marria family, and emotional problems. T doctor is a well-known psychoanal who practices in New York. He is al the author of Dr. Rubin, Please Ma Me Happy *(Arbor House). If you ha questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in h column, please address them to him care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Le ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. W regret that only letters selected for u in the column can be answered.*



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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED
continued

People like friends to remain the same because change frightening to them. When a compliant, self-effacing pers goes through psychotherapy, he or she begins to assert hi self—and in doing so may become feisty and abrasive. Frien will not like the change because they in turn must char the way they deal with an old friend.

Patients go through much trauma and anxiety during tre ment because they must face difficult issues and proble about themselves and their relationships. This "facing u can make a patient seem "worse" for the moment, but it u ally serves to make them "better" in the final analysis.

Prostate operation

Since my husband had a prostate operation, he has had interest in sex. Can this possibly be a psychological rath than a physical result of the operation?

Yes, indeed! The vast majority of men who have sexual repe cussions following prostate surgery are responding to em tional trauma. They view the need for the operation as t onset of advanced age and the end of sexual function. Surge is considered an assault upon their masculinity, and th respond accordingly. Women who undergo hysterectomi often have the same feeling of sexual indifference. In bo instances, it would be wise if a doctor spent time before su gery explaining that such operations do not mean the term nation of the patient's sex life. Such medical counseling elir inates reactions such as the one your husband has had. If yo husband continues to feel as he does, he might consult h doctor or a qualified therapist.

Being a doctor

Do you think it would be foolish of me to go ahead with m plans to be a doctor? I am 15 years old and I'm terrified operations and get queasy at the sight of blood.

I think it would be foolish of you *not* to go ahead. Many pe ple feel queasy and frightened but get over it. Your feelin are probably based on the deeper, psychological meanin that blood and operations have for you—not on surgery the blood, per se. Once you realize this—once you confro the unfamiliar—your fears and queasiness will vanish. Yo will need a period of adjustment to get used to these thing but a period of adjustment is needed to get used to anythin I also wanted to point out that there are many areas of med icine in which surgery plays almost no role at all—psychiatr is just one. EN



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RALPH NADER REPORTS: CONDOMINIUM PITFALLS

The noted consumer advocate reports on the pitfalls of condominiums. Here's how tenants can protect their rights—and get their money's worth.

In the past few years, the real estate industry has discovered a new way to make profits: the condominium. This relatively new development in the housing field is a method by which apartment dwellers buy their own apartments and make monthly payments for maintenance. The monthly payments are initially set by the builder or by the individual who converts an existing apartment home into a condominium. Builders can expect to make twice the profits on new condominiums as on single houses, which is one reason that while housing starts were down an estimated 15 to 20 percent last year, condominium starts increased by 4 percent. Because it is more profitable than finding single buyers for older apartment buildings, existing rental units are being converted to condominium apartments at a startling rate. In Washington, D.C., conversions already account for a reported 6 to 8 percent of a total of 200,000 apartments—most of them converted into condominiums during the past three years.

There are advantages to owning an apartment: you can build up equity, you receive the same tax advantages as a homeowner, and you share with neighbors the cost of facilities you might not be able to afford otherwise.

But the sudden upsurge of condominiums, virtually unregulated except in a few states, has created problems for the unwary purchaser. As the chairman of a Florida commission appointed to investigate condominium abuses has noted, "Under our present law, we found there is opportunity for greed and inefficiency by sharp developers. The likelihood of disappointment for the buyer is great."

Like many condominium owners, you may find yourself saddled with maintenance costs far higher than anything the developer told you about. You may discover that your building requires costly repairs that the former owner has, in effect, passed on to you and your fellow purchasers.

You are in even worse shape if the building in which you are living is converted into a condominium and you don't want to buy your apartment. Thousands of apartment dwellers are being forced out because they can't afford to pay double their current rent—the average increase in the cost of owning the apartment. Tenants who don't want to buy may be given as little as 30 days to vacate. And in cities such as Chicago and Washington, D.C., where conversions to condominiums have drastically reduced the number of rental apartments, finding a new place to live may be next to impossible.

Protecting the public's right against abuses by condominium developers has become a major housing issue. Whether you are a prospective purchaser or a tenant who wants to go on renting, here are some of the problems condominiums may pose for you:

1. The most common abuse reported is the failure of developers to disclose the full cost of maintaining a condominium. These costs are shared by all apartment owners according to the size of their apartments and are over and above the monthly mortgage payments and the maintenance of individual apartments. Understated maintenance fees are compounded when condominium owners find major building flaws that must be repaired at their expense. For example, in one Florida condominium the new owners had to pay $100,000 to waterproof areas that had been damaged by rain.

2. Another widespread practice is for developers to retain ownership of recreational facilities, parking lots and other facilities and then rent them back to apartment owners—often at exorbitant fees. A Florida attorney recently told the Wall Street *Journal*, "Some developers are getting fat by charging $250,000 a year on 99-year leases to use a small swimming pool."

A few states, including New York, Virginia, Michigan, California and Hawaii, require developers to present a detailed prospectus for approval by a state review agency. Experts say that where such statements are not required, prospective buyers should demand a detailed operating budget that clearly spells out monthly assessments and services to be received. The purchaser should find out who will manage the building and whether the developer has provided reserve funds to correct possible construction flaws t might be discovered after the bu moves in.

One of the most important piece information you should get is a tificate from a licensed engineer det ing the present condition of the bu ing and expected useful life of "common elements," such as the h ing, plumbing and air condition systems. In Washington, D.C., the t ants of a building slated for convers hired an engineer at their own expe —and saved thousands of dollars. one thing, the engineer found that plumbing system needed replaceme The owners agreed to put in new c per pipes *before* conversion.

3. Perhaps the most serious probl of condominiums is the displacement large numbers of tenants who ca afford to buy an apartment. The eff of condominiums is to remove la blocs of rental housing that have be available to people with moderate comes, people with fixed incomes a young people. Bearing the brunt of t conversion trend are older citize who usually comprise a large perce age of tenants in converted buildir and who often don't have the mon to buy, even if they wanted to. N are they apt to be interested in su facilities as tennis courts and pools.

The Retired Professional Acti Group (RPAG), in a study of cond miniums in Washington, D.C., fou that the impact of conversions on t older population could be devastatin RPAG found older people who we forced to move from apartments th had occupied for 25 years or mo Many of them are not equipped phy cally or financially to make a sudd move; many can find no place to except a nursing home.

In many cases, developers give te ants only 30 days in which to deci to buy or move out. This kind of tim pressure has forced some tenants make ill-advised decisions to buy; it also often an intolerable burden c those who must leave. A partial answ to this problem is for the tenants t make a counter offer to the owner an then operate the building themselves a a cooperative.

A broader solution calls for legisl tion on the city, county and state leve Among the legislative goals to wor for are a moratorium on conversion c apartment buildings to condominiums a requirement that the owner help i finding alternate housing for displace tenants; encouragement of low- an moderate-income housing construction giving 60 days' notice to tenants, dur ing which they can exercise their righ to buy a converted apartment, and an other 30 days before they can be re quired to vacate if they decide not t

(continued on page 132)

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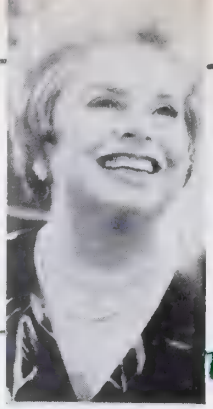
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AMY VANDERBILT

Difficult letter

We were recently asked to write a letter to a dying relative. We didn't know how. Could you advise us?

Many people who are dying know it, many others suspect it. Few people, however, face the fact of death with equanimity. It is good when they can, and good when relatives can be perfectly honest in helping them face the inevitable. I wouldn't like to be faced with writing such a letter myself. I think that even if the person realized he was dying, I would try to say something comforting and perhaps a little ambiguous, such as, "I want you to know that we love you very much and are thinking of you and praying for your recovery." After all, miracles do happen. I have known of several myself.

Home furnishings

We are building a new house with a Tudor exterior. Would early American furniture and antiques fit into this type of home?

The architecture of the exterior of a house doesn't necessarily determine its interior furnishings. But aside from that, early American furnishings frequently were of English derivation. They should go very well in a Tudor house.

Professional courtesy

My husband is a clergyman, and many of the physicians who treat our family members do not bill us for their services. How can we show our appreciation for this courtesy?

I am sure that the physicians do not expect any reciprocation, but it is nice to do things you can afford to do—bake a cake, bring them some flowers from the garden, take their children on a little local trip, make a casserole for their freezer. And remember, you are repaying them by the spiritual service you render. Nothing else is actually needed.

Elevator etiquette

Men usually stand back and allow women to get off an elevator first, but a recent date always precedes me out of the elevator, then turns to give me his hand. He says that an elevator is a moving vehicle and he therefore gets off first—just as he would out of a car or bus to help his date. Is he right and everyone else wrong?

Not only is this young man absolutely right, but most men don't know this point of etiquette. He is being protective. Appreciate him.

Titled wife

I have a Ph.D. (my husband does not), and I prefer to use my title socially as well as professionally. How should mail be addressed to us?

Increasingly, women with Ph.D.'s, who are active in their work, retain the title socially as well as professionally. Tell your friends to address you jointly in this way: Mr. John Doe and Dr. Jane Doe. If your doctorate is under your maiden name, the only way people could address you jointly would be: Mr. John Doe and Dr. Jane Gillespie. That makes it seem that you are merely living together—but that is contemporary, too, isn't it?

Presumptuous hairdresser

Isn't it presumptuous for a young hair stylist to address his clients who are much older by their first names?

Undoubtedly some women are flattered by this, but anyone who isn't should feel perfectly free to say, "I'd rather you called me Mrs. Smith."

Loathes name

I absolutely loathe my given name—Zora. I was named for an aunt I don't like, which makes it an added burden. Is there some way I can delete this name from everything except important papers? I mean monograms on towels, silver and personal items. I generally use my middle name.

It would be expensive or impossible for you to remove your initial on the things you mention. Forget about it now that you are using your middle name. You don't tell me your age, but if you are a teen-ager, you may well find that in time you will be able to accept the name given you and even like it. I did, although it was a very unusual name my childhood. Now Amy is the ten most popular girl's name.

Initials

A friend of mine has had her statione imprinted "J. L. Coleman," followed her address. This use of initials see masculine to me. Is it?

It is. A man's letterhead might read this manner. A woman's may read "M John E. Coleman" or "Mary Colema

Boyfriend's birthday

For my 21st birthday, my boyfrie gave me a topaz necklace. We have be dating for over two years. What wo be an appropriate gift for his birthd

It is not necessary to give him son thing equivalent to the value of the g he gave you, although you are proba thinking of something of lasting val I suggest you talk it over with him. P haps he needs a new watchband, or might like tie tacks, a bright sweate book or a record.

Widow's name

I have been a widow for a year. Is correct for me to continue to use husband's name (Mrs. Charles Parke or should I use my given name (C stance G. Parker)?

The conservative social solution is continue to use your husband's na and for friends addressing you to the same. However, many widows, es cially young ones, have given up on t and have become Constance G. Par because many of them are out in business world and this is their "co puter" name. So it is done both w now, and I am certain that soon it m very well be only the second way.

Long gloves

Does a sleeveless gown require that wear long gloves? When does one t off long gloves at a party?

No, a sleeveless gown doesn't requ long gloves unless perhaps on a bri and these days not necessarily on t occasion, either. If long gloves are w with a formal gown, they are usu left with one's coat and not worn i the ballroom. When *(continu*

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questi from readers and answers them in column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: M Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large P ties" (open houses, anniversaries, ho warmings, showers). Also "Letter W ing," "Engagement and Wedding quette," and "Table Manners." Send for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderb Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



Does working interfere with being a mother?

"Our family has always been very close. But my working has added something. It's made me a more interesting person to Shawn. It's helped her understand the value of pursuing something you want and enjoy and seems to make it easier for her to express her own ideas. I like that."

Mrs. Nancy Kay Condylis
Shawn Condylis, Age 10

If you're going to buy her a children's cereal buy the most nourishing.

This is the only children's cereal that meets government standards for a vitamin and iron supplement.



DON'T LET THIS SUMMER DESTROY YOUR COMPLEXION

Summer may be a recreation season for you, but a near-disaster for your complexion. You could end the three-month summer season looking decidedly older.

Just one summer day can be like a whirlwind tour through the climates of the world. You swim, then bake on a beach beneath a desert-like sun. You step from sun-baked sidewalks into chilly air-conditioned restaurants or stores. A sudden summer storm leaves the air steaming and humid. Your complexion is exposed with shocking suddenness to a gamut of environments.

No wonder your skin becomes dryer as the summer days pass. And the dryer your skin, the more that dryness emphasizes little lines and wrinkles. And the older you can look. But there's no need to fret. You may enjoy summer fun and still maintain your own youthful look.

Many younger-looking women, from Acapulco to Sydney, discovered a beautiful secret, a unique fluid known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion. This summer, share the secret of the lovely benefits of this world-renowned liquid that eases away wrinkle-accenting dryness. Complexion-cherishing Oil of Olay, discovered by beauty connoisseurs, softens and silkens a woman's complexion with a wealth of pure moisture, tropical moisturizing oils and other emollients.

Oil of Olay, available at drugstores, penetrates so quickly, so completely, it leaves no greasy after-feel on the skin so the dryness that can make you look older than you like is eased away. The beauty fluid helps maintain the oil-moisture balance, necessary if your complexion is to look as young as possible. The skin-loving liquid also helps keep nature's own moisture from evaporating into the summer air.



Your skin would welcome Oil of Olay whenever it feels dry or slightly tight or rough to the touch. Smooth on at bedtime so it can work its wonders during nocturnal hours. Again in the morning, as a moisty, non-greasy base that lets cosmetics stay fresh for hours.

Summer Beauty Secrets

Gently bathe away your sun-protective lotion after sunning. Pat your body not-quite-dry, then soothe your still-damp skin with Oil of Olay wherever the sun's rays have reached you.

* * *

If you wear sunglasses, your skin can seem dry where the frames touch your nose, temples and ears. More frequent use of Oil of Olay on these sensitive spots will be welcome and helpful.

* * *

During these months when the need for Oil of Olay® is great, always carry a bottle with you . . . to the beach, on weekend trips, shopping.

AMY VANDERBILT
continued

accepting a drink, or eating anytl remove the gloves and keep them thereafter. Having to keep track of gloves at a dinner table is annoy That is the reason few women w them today, except out of doors or haps in a very formal receiving under special circumstances.

Sauna etiquette

Are there rules of sauna etiquette invited to use a sauna in somebo home, should one bring a towel?

Yes, indeed there *is* sauna etiqu You don't, for example, smoke in sauna—and it is wise not to carry on extended conversation. You shoul exercise or eat. The idea is to relax to get the full benefit from the exp ence. Saunas are becoming increasin popular in the United States, and m neighbors are sharing theirs. It is c siderate of a guest to bring a large h towel and to observe the rules tha wise sauna-owner posts in the sauna. one, incidentally, should sauna alon take one while ill or hung over.

Eating watermelon

When eating watermelon indoors, h does one gracefully get rid of the see I've always wondered.

Watermelon is sometimes served balls as a compote and eaten wit spoon. In this case, if there are so seeds in the balls, drop them ge into the spoon and place them at side of your plate. If you are eatin slice of watermelon with a fork, seeds will go through the tines of fork. If you get some in your mou drop them into your cupped hand a place them at the side of your plate

Star-spangled spat

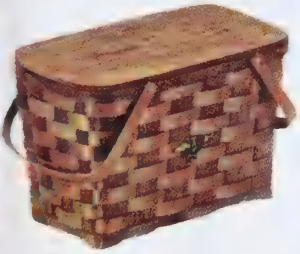
I was disgusted by your statement t the National Anthem is *never* appla ed. At every sports event I've been the crowd has always applauded. own decision is that I'll applaud "T Star-Spangled Banner" when, wh and how I please.

I should not have said that it is *ne* applauded. I should have said that i never *properly* applauded. I talked the Metropolitan Opera about this, a no one ever applauds the Natio Anthem there. I talked to Madi Square Garden officials, and they mitted that, particularly when you groups are there for basketball gam applause and screaming break out the Anthem—frequently drowning out before the song is finished. T Anthem is a hymn. You don't appla in church, either. E



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Angie wondered: If Jake were not a poet, would she love him at all? A story by Florence Bonime.

BUS ST

LOVE HAS ITS REASONS

Jake waits with his girl at the bus stop. Because he is wearing only a thin work shirt, his shoulders are hunched against Nebraska's late March winds. His hands are deep in the pockets of his jeans.

Angie protests, "But you're *cold*."

He shrugs, "Doesn't matter."

She suspects he is trying to get a chill and be sick while she is away. Now he is rubbing his blue hands. Hers are zipped into heavy leather gloves, wool lined. She takes a long muffler out of her tote bag, hesitates, then wraps it twice around her neck, so that she is swathed in red wool. Her thick black hair is covered except for a strand that escapes and flutters near her dark eyes. *(continued)*



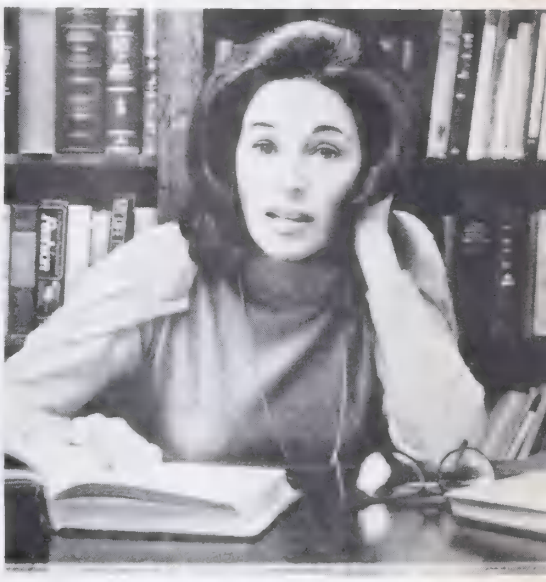
nonths ago I was a gray, plump mother of 3.
w I'm a trim, brunette college freshman.



l a mother of 3. But I'm a
ot more. And nobody's
r about it than Jim and the
n! I guess it all happened
e I saw my "babies" growing
ast, needing me less and less.



If they missed a meal my whole day would seem shot. And I knew I had to do more with the next decade of my life than sit around counting my birthdays and gray hairs, making my children feel guilty for leading their own lives!



I think the whole thing got going the day I got the courage to color my hair. I'd always been a little afraid of haircolor, but I'd heard that Loving Care® lotion was a very different proposition. And it is!



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Well, it was so exciting to get my own brunette color back it gave me the encouragement for once to really stick to my diet. And now here I am—starting college! Of course, I only go part time. But it's a start.



But that's what's so great. To see, at this point in my life, so many things ahead. To feel, in so many ways, I've only just begun!

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Because of her gloves, she has trouble tucking it in. He watches absently, not offering to help.

"Oh," he says, finally noticing. "Oh, sorry."

She wants desperately to smile, to be cheerful. His absentmindedness is so Jake-like. In the beginning she found it endearing but now, more and more, it leaves scars. Only last night . . . but no. Last night is something she wants to forget.

His thick tufts of eyebrows have come together into a ridge. "Will you mind being alone there?"

"Not a bit. I'll be busy every minute." She nods briskly toward the small suitcase standing nearby. It contains lengths of cotton fabric. Her parents are away, so the sewing room will be all hers for the week. "I'm looking forward to it." And then, her breath catching, she admits, "I'll miss you."

His "I'll miss you too" is curt. He's not much on declarations. He is thinner and shorter than Angie, but what he lacks in bulk he makes up in intensity. His hair is a corrugated, uncombed mass. His eyes are gray, and in them is a fierce light that she has never understood. His eyes command her, and she wants to go to him, to be his in some still unknown way.

He doesn't know what his eyes are saying.

She flares up. "Why must you stand here shivering! Is that for my sake?"

Now he gives her the side of his face. That she understands perfectly. He doesn't want her to go away, but he will not say one single word against it. Very well then. Let him feel deserted. Let him see what it's like to need, to wait, to . . .

"Actually," he is saying, as though continuing a conversation (which doubtless has been going on in his head all this time), "we could be married next month." When her lips open he adds, "If you like."

"If *I* like?"

He raises one eyebrow and one shoulder, to indicate *naturally*.

"Oh, well," she says, swallowing, "we can think about it later on some time."

He shrugs again. "Will Ralph be in town?"

"Ralph? I have no idea. No, how could he be?"

"I don't know. I just wondered. Here it is now," he says as the bus noses over the hill. He takes her arm and is about to kiss her but she pushes him off with a laugh. "I kissed you good-bye last night."

"Yes," he says, wounded, "and it was like kissing a walnut."

She laughs again and gets on the bus, the tote bag swinging from her shoulder. He hands the small suitcase up to her.

"See you soon," she cries gaily down to him.

"Have fun," he mutters, scarcely opening his mouth.

She makes a *moue* to indicate a kiss. Her last sight of him, after she finds a seat, is his lean body knifing forward into the wind, running hard toward the attic apartment over Wilson's garage.

The apartment, rent free, plus eighty dollars a month in cash, is Jake's arrangement with Wilson, for whom Jake greases and repairs cars five afternoons each week. In the mornings (seven mornings) Jake writes, and Angie, if she is there, works silently at her own desk or moves about on tiptoe.

Whenever possible she manages to be away. She disappears after breakfast, carrying her portfolio, and goes to the library where she translates technical papers on architecture from Italian or Swedish into English.

Jake jokingly calls her work "didactic stuff." She wishes passionately that she could stop loving him. He appeals to her for all the wrong reasons, for ridiculous reasons. She thinks of him at the sink, soaping a plate. He watches spellbound while opalescent bubbles of soap cascade over the plate's surface and drop into the sink. Does that explain why she loves him? And, if it did, wouldn't that be ridiculous?

Jake is a poet. Just now he is writing a novel, for which a publisher has paid him a respectable sum in advance—but he is a poet through and through. He is all fire and air.

Her own forebears are farmers, Swedish, and from them she feels she has inherited a stolidity that she dislikes. Jake says she is beautifully serene. What a fool he is! He says she is "real, solid, and warm." To her, that sounds like a loaf of home-baked bread.

Jake is Ariel. Visions glow in him and glint in his eyes, and his movements are beautiful to see. She thinks of him walking restlessly from wall to wall near his desk, and the rhythm of his stride enters into her and makes her sink low in the seat, biting her lip, wretched with longing. She closes her eyes and tastes his kisses. Too often they are vague, musing kisses, as though he is turning something over in his mind . . . a phrase, maybe. A few faulty words. He chants often as he tramps across the room, and sometimes when he is kissing her she knows that the chant is continuing in his ears.

Last night when he was holding her in his arms, he had raised his face to chant, aloud, a line of dialogue he had been working on. Then he returned to kissing. But the moment had chilled her, had drained and defeated her. His driftings . . . she cannot bear them. She *will* not bear them! "What's wrong?" he complained.

"Too tired." She had yawned a turned away. Serene, is she? What fool he is!

Tears came into her eyes. She has h him many times, willfully, and now s is hurting him by going away. They a going to hurt each other forever a ever.

Jake is hungry. Holding a fork in o hand and a plate in the other, he squa on his heels facing the open refrigerat Before him on the shelves is an array platters covered in transparent plast Though Angie was born rich and he w born poor, it is always she who labo and serves, and he can't understa why, and he can't make her stop.

Now his annoyance and his longi for her are so mixed in him that he f gets why he is here. At last he reco nizes some slices of meat left over fro last night's dinner. He spears two slic for his plate, closes the refrigerator, a goes to the counter where he puts t gether a sandwich, adding pickle reli spooned hastily from the jar. The reli dribbles out all around the edges of t bread so that he is compelled, instead eating at the typewriter, to sit at t kitchen table and eat the sandwich wi a knife and fork.

He chews slowly, trying to relax a rest before the long evening of work. H needed these evenings alone, thoug Angie could hardly have known. Or d she know? Did she sense something, a take herself out of his way?

He is always uncertain about her co ings and goings. Why does she run o all the time? Doesn't she know he lov to see her, quiet and lovely at her des poring over her papers? Doesn't sh know that?

Ralph.

The food is tasteless, a mass of doug in his mouth. A few months back on visit to her parents during the Christma season she spent an evening with Ralp (a lifelong friend, now a medical st dent) and they returned at dawn.

"But nothing happened!" she said, a tonished. "We drove, we sat in some al night joint drinking beer. Ye gods- *Ralph?* You must be joking. That clod.

No, no. Not Angie. If she wanted an other man, she would take him openly That much, at least, Jake knows abou her.

He washes and dries the fork an plate and puts them away, and goes t his typewriter. But Angie's face haunt him. Not her usual face—blue eyes cloud less, milky skin radiant with health—bu her sometime face with its look of stricken dumb creature, trapped and suf fering. What is it! What can he do! H wishes he could believe that marriag would make a difference. But he has al ready given her all there is of himself, o this half-formed fumbler. *(continued)*

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For the glass you'd rather drink from.



LOVE HAS ITS REASONS
continued

He is so damned incomplete. In his work he is creating not only this book, but himself as well, and he feels obscurely (he would not say it to a living soul!) that he will one day be a unique figure in the literary world. The thought is profoundly embarrassing. He suspects it is pure vanity. Yet he won't disown it. Fake modesty is the same as vanity—it's just in a different key.

Everyone, he assures himself doggedly, *everyone* is born incomplete. He is not alone in this. As he labors, blunders, searches, he is growing, he *knows* he is growing, and Angie . . . her sweet, sweet face.

"Don't give up on me," he prays in the back of his throat. He puts a sheet of paper into the typewriter and for many hours he doesn't know where he is, nor who he is, nor that Angie is away.

When she steps down from the bus she sees Ralph a few feet away, standing foursquare, his feet slightly apart. *The eternal football player*, she thinks, remaining motionless. He saunters over to take her suitcase and tote bag in one hand, and her elbow in the other.

As he tugs her along she manages to say, "How did you know I was coming?"

"Your mother."

They both know that Ralph is the husband her parents want for her. As she stoops to slide into the car his eyes move down over her, taking her all in in one gulp.

He is a big man. Before long he will have a paunch. Already his hands have a heavy, middle-aged look. She remembers vividly their fierce struggle in this car. He had sat enjoying her fury, laughing a little, saying only, "unfinished business."

He believes she is his by right—has believed it since they were in grade school together. His parents and hers are the richest in town. He is the handsomest of his large family. He is going to be a doctor. What more can she possibly want?

He believes, in addition, that no other girl he knows is worthy of him. He would feel disgraced if he lost her. Since Jake came on the scene, the possibility of loss has been eating into him like an ugly wound that only she can heal.

His bullish, unwavering pursuit is detestable, especially because, just this year, it has begun to excite her.

"Thanks for picking me up," she says primly. "Say, what are you doing in town, anyway!"

He lets the motor idle and turns square around to face her. "Meeting you," he says.

Her tongue is thick in her n
"You left your classes? And came a
way?"

"Uh-huh."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Not any more," he says evenly,
ing away. They are silent durin
five-minute ride.

She knows she should have exp
this. Because her parents are so
about Jake, she often comes home
they are away. Ralph is resourcefu
keeps track of their vacations, an
guess when to expect her.

Now he pulls into the driveway
continues all around the house t
kitchen entrance in back. He is
much at home here. He shuts o
motor, takes her bags from the ba
the car and goes ahead of her u
two steps to the back door, whe
stands waiting.

She follows, takes the tote bag
his hand and fumbles inside it fo
keys. "You can set that down," she
firmly.

He stands with his face averted,
ing the suitcase. She has the key i
hand. "Set it down, please, Ralph."

He does not reply. He has often
difficult, yet until now always ma
able. But there is something new i
set of his lips, in the movement of
cle under his jacket.

She can't let him in. *(contin*

When school opens, do you get that empty feeling?



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OVE HAS ITS REASONS

ontinued

"Open it," he says in a low, unaccented voice.

Her hands stiffen on the keys. She doesn't want a scene. She ants politeness between them.

With a quick movement Ralph has the keys. He opens the oor, goes inside and stands holding the door ajar.

She fumbles again in her bag, fighting the weakness that as begun to steal through her like an invader. "I guess I left he cigarettes in the car," she says vaguely.

He drops the suitcase and seizes her arm, and she finds herelf inside the house, the door closed, his body against hers. he struggles and cannot breathe. She falls, and he lifts and arries her inside into the small library, where there is a nick rug in front of the fireplace. He places her limp body on he rug and gets to his knees beside her.

She weeps. In a swift and terrible rush of clarity she knows he is not surprised. This is why she came.

"You belong to me," he says calmly. "You always have."

"I love Jake," she chokes out, her throat painful. "I can't do his. I love Jake."

"Sure," Ralph says. "I know his type. He's not for you."

"I love him. You don't understand him."

"Is that so?"

In the following days she cuts and sews and walks the floor nd cuts and sews again, the purr of the machine keeping her live as though it is a substitute heart. She does not answer he doorbell. Twice Ralph pounds on the door so hard she hinks he may break it in, but he stops short of that.

When the phone rings she lifts it and waits. If it is Ralph he puts it back without speaking.

She walks the floor in a darkened room asking herself why. Why did this happen? It happened because Ralph takes what he wants, and she wanted to be taken. Too often she has loundered, deserted, lost, while Jake drifts . . . and this bull, his Ralph who takes, is what Jake deserves.

Oh, how mean, how detestable she has become!

She remembers Ralph's words. "He isn't for you. You're a big, healthy girl, Angie, and he's a pip-squeak."

"A poet," she said.

"A pip-squeak," Ralph repeated, slapping his belt buckle.

Ralph's wife will be a personage in the town—Ralph himelf says this. That is supposed to please her. His sons will be big and paunchy, his daughters will marry into "the professional class," and the whole family will be *important*.

She sews late into the night. Her seams are perfect. When he needle pierces her finger she does not know it until she ees blood. Then she stops to suck the finger and bandage it, nd goes on with her work at once. *(continued)*

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Jake hunches over the typewriter. His excitement has been growing in bursts. Twice before during this year he has thought himself close to a consummation of the book, but this time he is certain. His eyes burn, images roar in his head, his trembling fingers strike the wrong keys.

But it doesn't matter, nothing matters, he is finding what he needs. Never before has he felt so open, so available to himself, so close to the page, and he chants a little as he writes and crosses out and rewrites in a blind ecstasy of creation.

He does not hear a key in the lock or a step on the floor. Even when he looks up and sees a figure he is not at all sure that it is a living being. Gradually he perceives a person, a woman, with puffy face and blotches near her eyes. She is unbuttoning her coat.

"Angie!" He springs up. "Is it Tuesday?"

She looks away. "No, Monday. I came a day early. But I don't want to interrupt you."

"Angie!" He embraces her while she is still in her coat. He kisses her face all over, touching her lips and eyes with his hasty lips, and then he cries out, "Oh what a sweet envelope, to wrap a skinny fairy in!"

"Skinny!" she says. "Me?"

"Built in hellfire!" he intones, and then corrects that to "Hellfire, built in!" and darts across the room to rattle it off on his typewriter before it can escape.

She picks up her portfolio. "I'm to the library."

He is startled. "But you've just c Isn't it past closing time?"

"There's still an hour." She is Within seconds he has forgotten he turns back to his typewriter.

She runs through the streets, a well-made girl, usually light and g ful on her feet. This time she trips sticks, over crushed beer cans, and over a stone that wrenches her ankle she feels nothing.

In her ears the telephone still "I will have you." The open wou his voice.

She has lost her direction. The h and stores are no longer familiar. knows dimly that papers are dribl out of her portfolio and whipping in the wind but she cannot stop, bec something is at her heels, baying l wild dog.

Words flash through her mind: *E one needs more than anyone else give.* What can it mean? She s breathing hoarsely, and leans agai lamp post. She thinks of Jake wit uncombed hair and the wild look i eyes, and the absent way he holds sometimes, the humble and despe way he holds her sometimes, the s fire of his love when he is all there.

If he were not a maker of imag constant worker, a helpless drifter if he were not a poet, would she love at all?

"Is it Tuesday?" In the dim stree question sheds a rainbow light, bec her eyes are full and brimming over.

Behind her the papers have left a t She retraces her steps, taking them one at a time, brushing off dust, gat ing them in a pile.

That night Angie brings a notel and pencil with her. If a thought sh strike Jake, he has only to reach them.

A thought strikes him. While h jotting it down she holds him tight, cheek against his shoulder blade. imagines herself explaining to Ra quite earnestly, that she realizes he be important in the town, but that J don't you see, is enchanted by soap b bles. She can imagine the look on Ral face, disbelieving and furious. She f she ought to pity Ralph, yet she c not quite. She begins to laugh, and splutters and gasps until Jake, intrigu turns back to her.

"What's up? What's so funny?"

What can she say? That Ralph s his belt buckle?

She can only love Jake just as he a strange, outrageous person. With J there will always be pain given and ceived, joy given and received—it never be easy.

But, oh, she wants it. She is s She wants it all.

'isher-Price toys run on imagination.



We make toys that last for years and years. But it's a child's imagination that makes their excitement go on forever.

So that our new Play Family Castle, even with its drawbridge and dungeon and secret passages is just a starting point. We know it's quite likely some child will urn the dragon into a pussycat and the princess into a novie star. That's imagination.



Imagination transforms our new Fisher-Price Dolls into sisters, daughters, very best friends. To kiss, pank, or dance a jig with.

Imagination puts our Play Family A-Frame house on top of the highest mountain and takes our Circus Train on a journey to the moon.

There's no limit to where and what and who a Fisher-Price toy can be. All it takes is a little imagination.



74 Fisher-Price Toys, Aurora, New York 14052. Division of The Quaker Oats Company.



Mileage rundown

We plan to follow the advice you have given in the past to wait until just before new car models are introduced in the fall to buy a car left over from the previous model year. Our main object is to get a car with the best possible mileage—within our automobile budget, of course. Where can we find an objective rundown?

The best source I know—this side of the actual showrooms, where dealers are required to post expected mileage on each car—is the Environmental Protection Agency's publication entitled "Miles per Gallon Ratings for 1974 Cars," available free from Consumer Information, Pueblo, Colo. 81009. It gives the results of fuel economy tests conducted by the EPA on most domestic and foreign car makes and models.

External degree

Is it possible for a veteran to get G.I. educational benefits to pursue an external degree by studying specially prepared courses at home and taking exams for a regular college degree?

Yes, it is, says the Veterans Administration. And if you try for an external degree, you can slash your college costs back to manageable levels.

Inexpensive divorces

Where can you go for a quick (and not too expensive) divorce?

For a long time, the big foreign favorite was Mexico, but when that country shut down its divorce mills a few years ago, Haiti and the Dominican Republic hastily passed laws providing all-embracing grounds for divorce to cash in on the void. You can fly to either of these Caribbean havens any morning and be back in the country with your divorce decree the evening of the following day.

According to some experts, though, the legality of these divorces is questionable, even in states with a long tradition of recognizing "quickie" divorces in which both parties have participated and minimum tests have been met.

The traditional "quickie" jurisdictions are Nevada, Virgin Islands, Idaho, Arkansas and Wyoming—and are far better places to go than Haiti or the Dominican Republic if you want a fast divorce and if both parties cooperate. However, divorces in those states are more expensive than in these foreign areas and require fairly long periods of residence.

Real estate investment

I have heard that one of the most promising places to buy real estate—with a view toward profit on a future resale—is on the outskirts of a college or university area. The real estate agent who told us this said the reason is that these institutions desperately need land for expansion and in many cases will have to pay a premium to get it. Do you agree?

What you describe was definitely the realistic outlook in the 1960's. But now, with greatly reduced fertility rates and a marked decrease in the number of children young Americans intend to bear, most educational institutions have been forced to re-evaluate their expansion plans. This fall, for instance, there will be many unfilled seats in colleges and universities the nation over. In a word, proceed with caution on any real estate investment plan based on projections of how much land will be bought for future college-university expansion.

Patenting your invention

How do you find a lawyer who is qualified to represent you in getting a patent? I have an invention that might be a real boon to home gardeners and a real money-maker for me.

Look up names of lawyers in your area in the "Directory of Registered Patent Attorneys and Agents Arranged by States and Cities." If you can't find this directory in your library, you can get it from the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington for $1.50. You also might order "Patents and Inventions: An Information Aid for Inventors" (15¢ from the Printing Office).

Accurate weights

Do you think we—the consumers—can believe the "net weight" statements that appear on food packages? I'm sure nobody ever double-checks these claims by weighing the contents minus the aging.

Contrary to your suspicions, the and Drug Administration recently ducted a nationwide survey to tes accuracy of net weight statemen labels of dry foods such as cake r macaroni and candy. The FDA f that the packages surveyed were *filled*—by an average of 4 percent c clared net weight—and that only six ples out of 849 studied weighed 17 cent or more under the stated net we

Shopping for a dentist

Any suggestions on how a family wh just moved to a new community sh go about finding a qualified dentist

The first fundamental guide is to pl *shop* for dental services just as you w shop for anything else. Become acqu ed with two or more dentists before settle on one to serve your family regular basis.

Good sources of advice on dentis your area are:

- Friends, neighbors or co-workers can recommend dentists with whom are pleased. Ask for advice only people who you know demand the s high standards in a dentist that you
- The local dental society that se your community probably has a refe service through which it provides names of nearby dentists who have dicated they will accept new patie
- Faculty members of nearby de schools who may be willing to sug practitioners in your community.
- A nearby hospital with an accred dental service.
- Your family physician, who can you who provides *his* dental care.
- The county health department.

Doctor's deduction

I'm a physician in general practice expect to take courses this fall to h me qualify as a surgeon. Will these penses be deductible on my income t

Yes. The Treasury permits a doctor deduct as education expenses the co of qualifying for a specialty within t medical field.

Equal pay for equal work

I work at an aircraft parts plant at whi many of the women workers are paid least 25 percent less than male worke for doing exactly the same job. The gi never seem to get promoted as fast or frequently as the men. This has be going on for years and a lot of us are f up. I know there is a federal law again this kind of thing, but just who a where could we write for help?

You are correct. The "equal pay f equal work" provision of *(continue*

THE ROSE'S GIMLET. THE TAME MARTINI.



If you find martinis a little hard to take, try the Tame Martini— the Rose's Gimlet.

It's very much in the same league with martinis, but a lot tastier.

Because instead of vermouth, it's made with Rose's Lime Juice. And Rose's Lime Juice is made by Schweppes.

To make the Rose's Gimlet, simply stir together one part Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Why don't you tame a martini tonight?

Is there a quick effective way to douche?

Summer's Eve® offers an answer.

How effective is Summer's Eve® ready-to-use disposable douche?
Summer's Eve, the first premixed, ready-to-use disposable douche, offers you a new way to measure effectiveness. Tests show just 4½ ounces of Summer's Eve cleans as well as a quart of ordinary douche. And it's a more sanitary way to douche. Summer's Eve comes wrapped and sealed to be pure and germ free.

Can germs collect on douche equipment you just cleaned?
No matter how conscientiously you clean the bag and nozzle of conventional douche equipment, germs are found in surprising numbers. A recent study showed 70% of douche equipment, in actual use, was contaminated with bacteria, some with mold and fungus. In this same study Summer's Eve was found to be germ-free in every case.

Does Summer's Eve offer cleanliness and convenience at a reasonable price?
With Summer's Eve you experience the clean fresh feeling you expect from douching in just 60 seconds. You combine maximum effectiveness with the most sanitary way to douche. Remember, each package contains everything you need. Try Summer's Eve in single or twin packs. It's surprisingly inexpensive.

Summer's Eve®

The 60 second sanitary way to douche.



Summer's Eve is a registered trademark of [illegible] Company, Inc.

the Fair Labor Standards Act is your federal guarantee you will be paid exactly the same wages men are paid if do the same work under identical conditions, and also you will have equal opportunity in promotions and other nomic privileges. Collect all the details you can on the s ation at your workplace and send them to The Equal Emp ment Opportunity Commission, 1800 G Street N.W., W ington, D.C. 20506 and the Women's Bureau, U.S. Dep ment of Labor, Washington, D.C. 20210.

Insuring the retarded

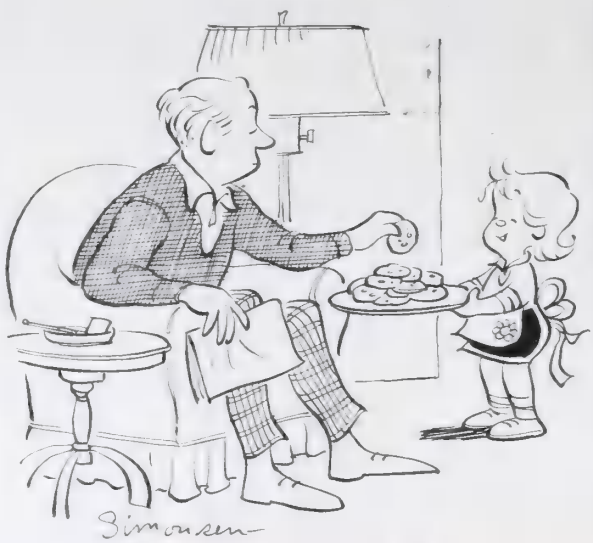
What are the rules—and penalties—on health insurance mentally retarded persons? Does regular private health ins ance cover them?

Most mentally retarded people are eligible for private hea insurance (via group insurance, as a dependent of the per who is insured) or under an individual policy which t retarded person may buy. A large number of retarded adu (including the great majority of mildly retarded adult mal are employed—and in many cases they are insurable un group plans.

Flammable materials

As a mother of three children under age ten, I'm aware the federal requirement that sleepwear manufacturers m use flame-resistant materials in pajamas for young childre But why not stretch this rule to include equally dangero sleepwear for children over the age of five? And, wh they're at it, why not lay down some laws on flammab tents used by so many campers—frequently near campfire We've seen a few terrifying near-misses on recent campi trips in which small tent occupants could have been severe burned by creeping campfires.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission, the federal age cy that is in charge of banning dangerous products of almo all types from the marketplace, has issued rules to cov children's sleepwear in sizes 7 to 14 (worn by children to age 12). The rules go into effect May 1, 1975. The com mission also is considering the very convincing argument f flammability controls on tents used by millions on campi trips. Some of these tents, incidentally, are made from cotto and paraffin—both highly flammable materials. EN



"I baked them myself, and they're so good they'll melt in your mouth . . . eventually."

You wouldn't take an allergy pill for a cold. Then why do you take a cold pill for an allergy?



Cold pills are meant for colds. a result, some have drugs in them the fever, the muscle aches, and headaches that come with colds. hich are drugs most allergy sufferers n't need and certainly don't want. On the other hand, allergy pills e meant for allergies. They're made t to relieve the sneezing, the nny nose, and the itchy, watery eyes hay fever and other allergies.

To our knowledge, there's only one line of allergy products you can buy without a doctor's prescription: Allerest.

Allerest tablets contain 2 antihistamines and a decongestant which not only help clear up your runny nose and watery eyes, but make breathing easier.

Allerest capsules are similar to Allerest tablets, except they have a time-release formula to provide long-lasting relief.

Children's Allerest as its name indicates is made specially for children. It's chewable and it's cherry-flavored. So you don't have to fight with your kids to take it. Try Allerest. Just remember the principle: headache pills for headaches, cold pills for colds, allergy pills for allergies.

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Allerest

It's made just for what you've got.

I've got two kids, one husband and a budget that's not getting any bigge But I still manage to be my own woman I read.



"Yes, I listened when Women's L told me to get out there and burn my bra, pay my own check, picket the local men's tavern. I think Women's Lib has some pretty good ideas (none of the above).

And sure I have a job.

But I love taking care of the hous bringing up the kids, cooking my husband's dinner. I find I can expand my own consciousness—as well as my family's—by reading. Reading on a regular basis. Reading the books everyone's talking about: today's most up-to-da non-fiction...today's most exciting novels...today's most revealing biographies.

So I joined The Club. The Literary Guild Book Club. Their introductory four-for-a-dollar offer is one of the last great buys left in this world. Their continuing offer of the books I want to read—the books I think my family should b exposed to—all at discounts of up to forty percent, just seems to me to be the logical way to buy best sellers.

Listen: the best way I know of to get you and your family into the world of books is to Join The Club."

Here's how The Literary Guild works:
After you get your initial four books for $1, you only have to buy four more books during your membership. Then, you can cancel anytime you want.

So, choose four books (or sets) now, send in the coupon and pay $1—plus shipping and handling—when your application is accepted.

If, after 10 days, you decide you don't want the books, send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

Fourteen times a year you'll get the Literary Guild magazine. You'll find dozens of best sellers in each issue...all at discounts of up to 40%.

To order the Selection, do nothing: it's shipped to you automatically. If you'd like an alternate, or no book, fill in your choice on the order form. There is a charge for shipping and handling.

You have 10 days to return the order form so that we get it no later than the date specified. If you receive an unwanted selection, return it at our expense.

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If card is missing, write to The Literary Guild, Dept. FR 117, Garden City, N.Y. 1153

Join The Literary Guild now, get any 4 best sellers for just $1. Buy 4 more—all at discounts of up to 40%—whenever you choose.



The Literary Guild.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

THE DIET WORKSHOP DIET





The Diet Workshop was founded by two women who wanted to lose weight. One of them, Lois Lindauer, trimmed off 100 pounds and now wears a size-5 dress. Says Lois, "No more basic-black tents for me."





Encouraged by Lois' success, Edith Miller and some friends dieted together under Lois' guidance. Edith lost 75 pounds—and The Diet Workshop was born. Their diet, below, has helped many women lose weight.

What is The Diet Workshop and how did it help 386,361 women lose weight?

The Diet Workshop was started by Lois Lyons Lindauer and her friend Edith Berman Miller. The two women met in Boston, where their husbands were business colleagues. What drew Edith and Lois together was their mutual interest in finding a diet that would work for them. Lois was 100 pounds overweight; Edith had 75 pounds to lose. Together, they tried diet after diet; none worked for them. They were beginning to give up hope of ever losing weight.

When Lois' husband was transferred to New York City, she went to a doctor who led her to a diet group. The impossible happened: Lois lost weight. Delighted, she sent her diet off to Edith but it didn't seem to work for her.

Says Lois, "By the time Edith failed, I had lost one third of my weight. I was completely absorbed by the possibility of weight control. The diet hadn't worked for Edith and I knew why. I knew how to make it work for her—and others."

Using Edith to prove that her way could work, Lois went back to Boston. She suggested that Edith get a group together and The Diet Workshop was launched in Mrs. Miller's living room in September, 1965.

The first group's success led to other Diet Workshop groups. Today The Diet Workshop is a huge organization with Lois as National Director and Edith as Director of Research and Development.

In 1968, Morton B. Glenn, M.D., one of the country's leading obesity and nutrition experts, became D.W.'s adviser, overseeing the diet and group program that has worked so successfully for all those hundreds of women.

In essence, The Diet Workshop program is like that of other diet groups.

The group-dieting idea is not new, it is based on the same principle as Alcoholics Anonymous, which began back in 1934. The theory behind the group plan is that people with the same problem can help each other solve that problem.

The notable difference between The Diet Workshop and other group diet organizations is that (1) the Workshop's program includes some toning exercise; and (2) members of D.W. groups can travel to delightful places together for vacations that are as enjoyable as they are slimming. (Last year, 70 members of the Workshop vacationed at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, and this year a group will go to Bermuda.)

How does the Workshop diet work? It works without pills, gimmicks or fads. It is a nutritionally balanced diet that gives you plenty to eat while you are losing weight. On the Diet Workshop's plan for women, you will lose up to two pounds a week—more the first week you are on the plan. Although the diet is safe, we advise checking with your doctor before undertaking this—or any other—diet.

Below—especially for JOURNAL readers—is The Diet Workshop Diet, which has never before appeared outside the Workshop. This is the diet that has worked for 386,361 women. It is the diet that can work for you.—EVAN FRANCES.

HERE'S THE DIET THAT WORKED FOR 386,361 WOMEN

BREAKFAST

4 oz. orange, grapefruit or tomato juice (or any fruit).

1 egg or 2 oz. cottage cheese or 2 oz. fish or 1 oz. hard cheese.

1 slice (1 oz.) any kind of bread or 2/3 oz. cold non-sugared cereal or ½ cup hot cereal.

Beverage.

LUNCH

3 oz. cooked fish or poultry or 2 eggs or 6 oz. cottage cheese or 2 oz. hard cheese, or 3 oz. lean hamburger (on half a roll, once a week).

All you want of the Unlimited Vegetables.

1 slice (1 oz.) any kind of bread.

Fruit.

Beverage.

DINNER

6 oz. cooked meat, fish or poultry.

All you want of the Unlimited Vegetables.

½ cup of the Limited Vegetables.

Fruit.

Beverage.

IN-BETWEEN

2 cups skim milk or buttermilk.

For more complete dieting information, please turn the page→

ou can buy Happiness-

and you could win a Tiffany watch.

Happiness is the no-peroxide haircolor from Clairol that foams in fabulous highlights and color in only 15 minutes. It actually contains conditioners. And it lasts through 4 or 5 shampoos.

And now, Happiness offers you still another kind of happiness. The chance to win one of the many 14 karat gold Tiffany watches we're giving away in the Happiness Sweepstakes. We're also giving away sterling silver Tiffany key rings.

We've put the rules of the Happiness Sweepstakes below. So enter now.

Because a gift from Tiffany's always brings happiness. But now, Happiness could bring you a gift from Tiffany's



Here are the official rules.

s often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately, to: HAPPINESS SWEEPSTAKES, ox 2020, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. Entries must be postmarked by October 31, 1974 and d by November 9, 1974.

s will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an ndent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners d by mail. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries. Only one prize to a Liability for taxes is the responsibility of the winners. Prizes are non-transferable and not nable for cash. Winners may be asked to execute affidavit of eligibility and release. For a major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: HAPPINESS WINNERS LIST, x 2357, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

will be 75 first prizes, each consisting of a Tiffany wristwatch with 14K yellow gold dial that etail value of $185.00. 1,000 second prizes each consisting of a Tiffany sterling silver key h a retail value of $9.25, personally monogrammed with three initials of the winner's choice. stakes open to all U.S. residents, except employees and their families of CLAIROL PORATED, its affiliated companies, and its advertising or judging agencies. This offer is t to all Federal, state and local laws and void in Idaho, Missouri, Georgia, and wherever prohibited or restricted.

5. To enter, hand-print or type your name, address and zip code on this official entry blank, or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper. Include with your entry a CLAIROL HAPPINESS carton front or the words "CLAIROL HAPPINESS" hand-printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. © 1974 CLAIROL INC.

THE OFFICIAL HAPPINESS ENTRY BLANK

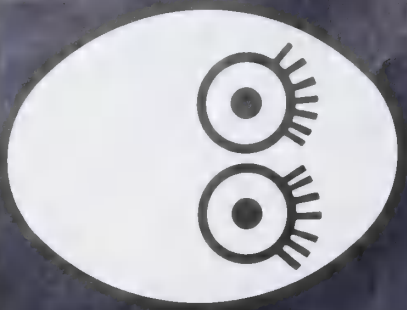
Happiness Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2020, Westbury, New York 11590.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Can't Sleep?



Try Compōz



Try This Different Sleeping Method That Lets You Fall Asleep More Naturally.

Does it work? Judge for yourself. Try the simple Compoz method. Take two Compoz tablets one hour before you get ready for bed. Then let Compoz help you unwind—quiet you down. By the time you climb into bed Compoz is working at its peak to help you relax to sleep more naturally. Compoz is not a sleeping pill. Not a barbiturate. Not habit forming. Compoz is so gentle we think of it as throwing the sleep switch.

Compōz®

GENTLY THROWS THE SLEEP SWITCH.

DIET WORKSHOP
continued

MEAT, FISH & POULTRY
First choice (lowest in calories)

Bass
Brains
Chicken breast
Clams
Cod
Crab
Finnan haddie
Flounder
Haddock
Halibut
Heart
Kidney
Lobster
Mussels
Oysters
Perch
Pike
Scallops
Shrimp
Sturgeon
Sweetbreads
Trout (brook)
Weakfish

Second choice

Bluefish
Bonito
Butterfish
Chicken (dark meat)
Liver
Mackerel
Salmon (canned)
Sardines in mustard sauce
Shad
Shad roe
Trout (lake)
Tuna
Turkey (light meat)
Veal
Whitefish

Third choice—dinner, three times a week ONLY; lunch, once a week ONLY (hamburger) (see Diet Workshop Diet).

Beef
Frankfurters (all beef)
Lamb
Pork
Salmon (fresh)
Tongue
Turkey

UNLIMITED VEGETABLES
All you want. A must for lunch and dinner; any other times are up to you.

Asparagus
Bean sprouts
Broccoli
Cabbage
Cauliflower
Celery
Chard
Chinese cabbage
Cucumber
Endive
Escarole
Kale
Lettuce
Mushrooms
Onions (raw)
Parsley
Peppers
Pickles (dill)
Pimentos
Radishes
Rhubarb
Sauerkraut
Spinach
Summer squa
French string
Turnip green
Watercress
Zucchini

LIMITED VEGETABLES
One serving—½ cup—per day, at dinne

Artichokes
Bamboo shoots
Beets
Brussel sprouts
Carrots
Eggplant
Kohlrabi
Leeks
Okra
Onions (cooked)
Peas
Pumpkins
Rutabagas
Scallions
Squash (wint
String Beans
Tomatoes
Tomato sauce (2 oz.)
Turnips
Water chestn

FREE FOODS

Low-calorie carbonated bever bouillon, salt, pepper, paprika, h spices, horseradish, lemon, lime, coffee, tomato juice (limited to 12 day), vinegar, water, mustard, soy s clear soup, gelatine, 1 teaspoon di jelly, 2 thin slices of tomato (for lu

DIETING DIRECTIONS

1. You must not skip a meal.
2. You must not substitute except a rected.
3. You must scale-weigh all pro (use a postal scale).
4. You must have three fruits a day any time), excluding cherries, w melon, dried fruits and grapes.
5. You must have two eight-o glasses of skim milk (or buttermil day at any time. Six ounces of plain gurt (partially skimmed) equals e ounces of milk.
6. Meat, fish and poultry should broiled, boiled, baked or roasted wit added fat. Remove all visible fat be eating.
7. We recommend five fish meals a w (either for breakfast, lunch or dinn
8. You must have no more than eggs a week.

POEMS IN THE PRESENT TENSE

But Oh! With Love

By Gladys McKee Iker

Nor what I am,
Nor what I say,
Will matter much
Beyond today,
And so it is
With this in mind,
I get on well
With humankind,
With rainy weather
And with pain,
With joy and sorrow,
Loss and gain,
But Oh! with Love,
I beg, I borrow,
Today, tomorrow
And tomorrow!

Please Tell Me A Story

By Mary O'Neill

Please little daughter,
Please little son,
Tell me a story,
Just a little one.
As I sit here beside you
Before you sleep,
Please tell me a story
That I can keep
For once-upon-a-time
Is old and plain.
You've heard all about it
Again and again.
Please tell me a story,
Please tell me how
It is to be living
A childhood now.



icronite filter.
ild, smooth taste.
merica's quality cigarette.
ent.

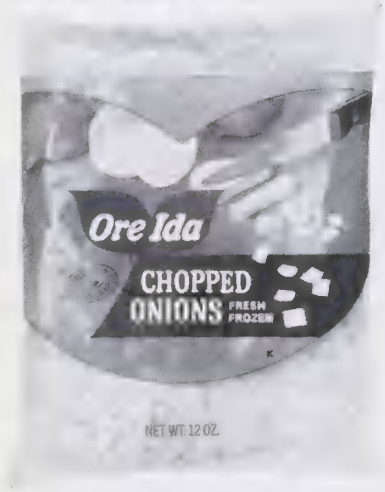
King Size or
Deluxe 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
hat Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 18 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

© 1974 by Ore-Ida Foods, Inc.

No peel.
No chop.
No smell.
No tears.



We're a soft-hearted bunch here at Ore-Ida. Can't stand to see women cry. That's why we came out with our fresh frozen Chopped Onions.

First, we pick out the finest Spanish onions. Then we peel off the green outer rings. Then we chop the pure white onion into neat little morsels. Then we quick freeze them.

Finally, we put them into a see-through bag that's easy to open and sprinkle from.

Keep a supply in your freezer for all the times you'd use chopped onions if only it weren't for the work and the weeping.

So you'll always have good eatin' from Boise.



Good eatin' from Boise.



ARE YOU A SUPERMOM?

As a mother, do you find yourself compulsively seeking a perfection that just doesn't exist? If so, you may have a malady called "supermomism." By Helen De Rosis, M.D.

Are you trying to be a supermom? If so, please stop. Because I don't think you'll make it.

Supermoms cook, clean, shop, chauffeur, entertain, go to the theater, organize Brownies and Cub Scouts, play the piano and tennis, sew, knit, garden, decorate their homes, politic, write letters to senators and are concerned with population explosions, women's rights, drugs, crime and ecology. But in their secret self-views many haven't achieved their inner goals. Even with all their accomplishments, they still feel they have fallen short. A supermom really can't be identified on any absolute scale. "Supermomism" refers to an attitude a mother has about herself.

Let me explain that I do not want to discredit the kind of woman just described. There actually are many such women. But, there are two kinds of mothers who differ with respect to their basic motivations. One kind has a compulsive need that drives her toward supermomism, a need over which she has no conscious control. The other kind never thinks of herself as a supermom, nor does she strive toward that goal.

This second type of mother may have a fine family and good marital relations. When things turn out well, she is pleased, and when things don't turn out, she may feel disappointed—but she can take it in stride. For her, there is little time for self-flagellation or despair. There's too much to do.

These women know their limits and accept them. They have no relentless inner time clock setting up irrevocable schedules, no inner council setting up standards, no inner judge waiting to sentence. What they can do, they can do. What they cannot do, they cannot. The reason their accomplishments are impressive is because they are not burdened or impeded by those inner fea-

tures that rob one of energy, wisdo and spontaneity.

Such a woman isn't proving hers to anyone, competing with anyone fighting off boredom. She is expressi her feelings, thoughts and deeds. She doing what comes naturally. Her reasc for working harder than other wom may vary, but she feels no sense coercion. She doesn't worry about wh others think or say about her. She fe no need to justify her personality.

If there is one single distinguishi characteristic between this kind of n ural, fully alive woman and the wom I describe as supermom, it would that the *natural woman is not compell to be what she is, whereas supermom compelled to be what she appears.* S has no freedom of choice. She m strive for that perfect image and s must meet the expectations that she b lieves others have set for her.

Supermomism

These standards and expectations a of her own making, however; they her own beliefs. Society contributes these beliefs because of common c tural expectations, but each woman s fers from the pressures of such beli only to the extent that she internaliz them and lets them direct her exi ence. In psychoanalysis, we refer this as "intrapsychic phenomena"—th is, when an individual unconsciously ternalizes unattainable standards a expectations. Supermomism is an exa ple of an intrapsychic phenomenon.

There are many variations of t supermom. Each one makes her o internal list of qualifications and requi ments. This list is compiled as a res of cultural, social, economic, politic educational and familial traditio These requirements become compelli pressures upon the developing you woman, and because of them she w grow with a sense of restricted freedo Most people can accept certain tra tions and reject others, *(continu*

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SUPERMOM
continued

but supermom cannot choose. She n
push herself to follow all her inter
ized directives, whether or not they c
tribute to her well-being.

However, such a woman is not
dered choiceless in every area of
living, or even in one area all the ti
She may have some areas relatively
of internalized restrictions. People
ways have a mixture of psycholog
characteristics. Even the most seve
ill psychiatric patient has some isla
of health. And a healthy person
have some islands of pathology.

There is one kind of supermom
must *constantly* center her attent
upon her children. This mother has
inner list of requirements that dema
this kind of behavior. She believes
hers is the highest form of motherho
Her view is a misconstrual of attitu
ideas and experiences that she
absorbed throughout her lifetime.
fixed form of mothering also include
secret feeling of superiority. This ri
mothering makes her feel "good"
lets her remain sure of her position.
she is blind to how this position can
destructive to her child.

It is this secure feeling that she c
not and will not relinquish. Without
she would become uncertain, conflic
and anxious. If she questioned,
might be lost among feelings of dou
incompetence, unwillingness, rese
ment—all feelings thoroughly at o
with her standard of the loving moth
After all, doesn't society describe mo
ers as loving, self-sacrificing, strong, et

If she wavered from her ideal of
permom she might find that she was
from that standard. She would then
spise herself for her imperfections.
stance must remain rigid. To take
step away would be to plunge into
abyss of untold horrors. With spuri
justifications, this woman "sacrific
herself to a grotesque realization of
unreal, yet fixed concept of supermon
and dedicates her life to it.

Menopause

Supermomism is one reason w
some women have a difficult time a
justing to menopause. At this point
a mother's life, her problems are us
ally twofold. Her hormone levels a
changing and her children are maturi
and moving off on their own. In t
case of the supermom, she is depriv
of her principal occupation and t
compulsive preoccupations that h
given her a false sense of alivene
This is "the empty nest" syndrome, a
it is the result of a lifetime of livi
through others.

I use the term "false aliveness" b
cause any woman who is truly ali

(continued on page 11

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GETTING CHILDREN TO READ

Lynda Johnson Robb Interviews Julie Nixon Eisenhower



Photographs courtesy of The White House



The late President Johnson's daughter Lynda Robb is a national board member of "Reading Is FUN-damental," a nonprofit program that encourages children to read. President Nixon's daughter, Julie Eisenhower, is an editor. Recently, Lynda and Julie visited RIF's pilot project at Smothers Elementary School in Washington, D.C. (left). Later (above), they taped this discussion.

LYNDA: Julie, would you like to write a children's book?

JULIE: Well, I've written one children's story entitled "Pasha Passes By." But the thing that holds me back is that the more I read of children's literature, the greater my admiration is for the authors. Every word is important. I think it's an art.

LYNDA: What books did you read?

JULIE: I have so many favorites. Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House in the Big Woods*. *Black Beauty*. *Charlotte's Web*. My parents used to read to Tricia and me every night until I was about eight. It was a ritual. I'm convinced that that's why I love books. Usually mother would read. Once in a while my father would. He likes *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

LYNDA: My mother read to Luci and me, but it was more Beatrix Potter. And now my children Lucinda and Cathy also love Beatrix Potter. When you started reading to yourself, what were your favorite books?

JULIE: I loved *The Swiss Family Robinson*. I could sit for hours and dream about the life they carved out on that island. I also read *The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew* and *Little Women*.

LYNDA: You're editing an antho ogy of children's literature. Do yo see a difference between the stori you're editing and what's on the ma ket today?

JULIE: Yes. Going back throug forty years of children's publicatio I found that there were a lot of st ries then that we would find offensiv today. In other words, "Daddy's th only one who knows how to c things." Or "Billy's going to achiev whereas Cathy is going to help Mo my bake cookies all day." Today think a writer is much more conscio of making sure that the little girl i the story has as many outgoing qua ities as the little boy.

LYNDA: Yes. I also think that cu rent books are more relevant to chi dren today. There are more book that talk about children who live i the inner city, and what it's like t live in an apartment and play in th park. And there are books about rea ordinary people—not just princ and kings. You also have more m nority members as heroes or heroine

JULIE: When I was studying for m degree in elementary education, read the Newberry Award-winnin children's books, which are the best *Sounder*, for example, is one of th most beautiful books I've ever read It's poetry.

LYNDA: Has TV taken children' interest away from reading?

JULIE: It's hard to generalize, bu my personal impression is that chil dren *are* spending too much tim watching TV. One thing that I've done in the *Saturday Evening Pos* [where Julie works as an associat editor] is to provide a children' story in each issue, one that parent can share with their children. It ca provide parents with something righ at their fingertips. I think that read ing aloud is really an important way of making children love literature.

LYNDA: How can we get more chil dren interested in reading?

JULIE: More parents should tak

(continued on page 76)



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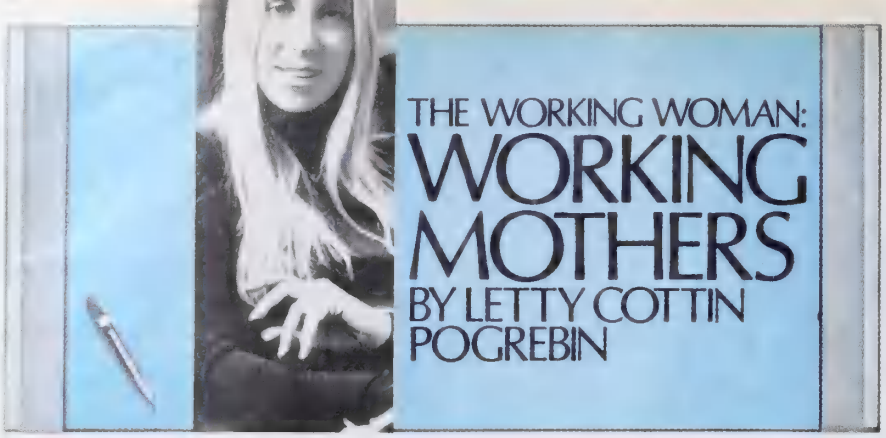
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THE WORKING WOMAN: WORKING MOTHERS

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Do kids suffer when Mom works? We asked the children of job-holding women. Here's what they said.

A friend of mine who used to be a newspaper reporter is now on a leave of absence to spend full-time with her 3-year-old son. One day, when he expressed interest in a TV story about a crime reporter, my friend told the child about her career.

"Before you were born, Mommy used to have a job like that," she said. "I went to fires or to the police station and the stories I wrote were printed in the newspaper with my name on them."

After listening attentively, the boy said: "Mommy, when you had this job, did you used to be a man?"

Not all children equate work with maleness. Most kids—even 3-year-olds—understand that many women hold jobs outside the home. However, there *are* fascinating variations in the ways children relate to this fact of life—especially when the working woman also happens to be one's mother. To learn more about how children view the working mother, I spoke with several youngsters (both privately and in a group session). Although it is hazardous to make generalizations on such a personal subject, there were certain patterns worth noting.

Surprisingly, none of the children said they resent their mothers' jobs and none feel envious of kids whose mothers are at home. All the girls, from kindergarteners to high-school seniors, plan to combine family life with a career when they grow up. All the boys said they would not object if their own wives *insisted* on working, though most preferred that the woman stay home while the children are young. None of the boys want to be a fulltime father; all felt that a steady routine of cleaning and child care was unthinkable.

Nearly every child reported that her or his working mother required the kids in the family to do a larger share of chores. On the other hand, they unanimously relish the added independence and said they were more "grown-up" or "self-reliant" as a result of it.

While they may miss having Mom home after school, the children said they've learned to solve problems and discipline themselves in their homework. Of the few children who wished that someone *was* home after school, only one child cared whether that someone was the mother or the father. The rest felt that finding *either* pare in the house would provide the desir welcome.

An incredible number of childr were critical of their *fathers*. They wan ed their dads to be home more, to l more helpful in the house and mo sensitive to their mother's needs.

When asked about working women society at large, all the girls said th women should be able to compete f *any* job. The boys wouldn't go that fa Many expressed discomfort at the id of a woman truck driver or profession athlete. In an adolescent group sessio all the girls said they would vote f a qualified woman to be President, b only one boy felt he could even *consid* doing that—"in a dire emergency."

Perhaps saddest and most revealin of all was the teen-agers' response t this question: "Can you think of an working woman in public life who you admire?" Every child thought deep ly, then each one of them said, "No."

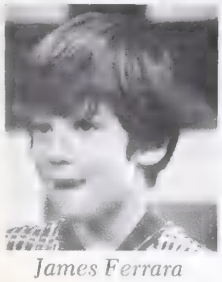
Do kids understand why their moth ers work or what they do on their jobs Do children differentiate between the fathers' and their mothers' job commi ments? Are they aware of the economic of the household? Do they want to fo low in their parents' career footsteps Listening to children answer these ques tions is a mind-expanding experience

FRANCESCA ROBLEDO, 6. Mother hat-check attendant. Father: waiter "Mommy and Daddy work to get dol lars. We give Mommy kisses when sh makes a lot of money. Once she got dollar for one coat. Daddy makes mone so he can buy shoes for himself. Momm makes more money than Daddy."

ALBERT BRATHWAITE, 9. Mother secretary. Father: policeman. "Until was 8, a neighbor used to baby-sit fo me, but now I take care of myself When Mom comes home we have din ner together. Daddy comes home a 10 p.m. and he makes his own dinner He can cook steak and chicken O.K."

BRUCE SAFFRAN, 17. Mother: mar ket researcher. Father: salesman. "I think my parents have more to talk about since Mom is out in the world all day. She's been working for eight years. Dad had some hang-ups about his working wife taking away from his role as breadwinner. I'd *want* my wife to work to help with the income and to satisfy herself. If she became a big suc cess, I'd be proud of her as I'd expect her to be proud of me."

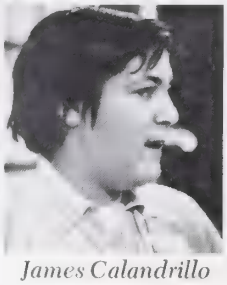
NANCY KAPLAN, 10. Mother: book keeper. Father: Executive Editor of the JOURNAL. "My mom adds. My daddy brings home papers and changes some words and crosses out other words. Mommy isn't tired when *(continued)*



James Ferrara



Albert Brathwaite



James Calandrillo



Alexandra Horvat

Howard Nelson



Anthony Maronna



Francesca Robledo



Tamara Harper



Photographs by Tony Ruta

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WORKING MOTHERS
continued

she comes home; she's more pleasant than she used to be. I don't know what she did all day when she stayed home. It must have been boring 'cause we weren't home. I'm going to work, too, and if my husband doesn't like it—tough potato chips on him."

SUE KAPLAN, 14 (see above). "My dad brings home his work problems more than my mom does. Maybe that's because I pry about his job. I often go up to his office and do editorial work. I'm less interested in my mother's job because I hate math. At first I resented my mother working. I was used to finding the meal ready and the chores done when I got home. I can see that Mom is much happier working and I think she has the right to do what she wants."

JAMES FERRARA, 6. Mother: credit information clerk (divorced). "Mommy picks me up at my baby-sitter's when she comes home from the bank. Mommy goes to work because she doesn't have a husband."

ROCIO NEGRON, 13. Mother: flamenco dancer. Father: singer. "We have five kids in the family. On weekends I baby-sit while both my parents work until 3 A.M. in a nightclub. My father always tells my mother what she did wrong in the act, but my father thinks he's perfect. I cook breakfast. My mother does all the other cooking and cleaning, plus she goes to dance class all week. When I get married, my husband and I will split the house jobs."

TIMOTHY McLOUGHLIN, 16. Mother: investment assistant. Father: transit worker. "Since I'm an only child, there's not much mess around the house. I'm responsible for my room and taking out the garbage. Dad helps out only slightly. I often wonder if Mom minds fixing dinner every night. After all, she works just as hard as my father."

ANTHONY MARONNA, 14. Mother: tax accountant (divorced). "My parents haven't lived together since I was 8. My mom has been working since I was 10. My father gives her money to support us, but we still need her income. Sometimes, if Mom gets nervous about being fired or something, I calm her down. She knows she can count on my brother and me."

CHERYL ANN TORRANCE, 10. Mother: legal secretary. Father: unemployed export manager. "We used to have a housekeeper. Now my sister and brother and I keep our rooms clean and make our own breakfasts. I think it's good that my mom makes enough money to support us while my dad is ing for a job. If a woman puts her to it, she can do anything."

JAMES CALANDRILLO, 13. Mo school aide. Father: tube tester. talks a lot about his job. Mom does, and my father doesn't seem terested in her job. Maybe nothing teresting happens to her. Sometim resent having to do chores. Then I ize that if us four kids didn't help, would have to do it all."

ALEXANDRA HORVAT, 6. Mot coat-checker. Father: travel agent. daddy goes to an airport and gets ey. My mommy cleans and wa dishes and goes to work. I like my b sitter. He's an old man but he plays with me. I wish my daddy to be h more; he smells nice—like shave l —but I wish he played with me."

LIZ GOLUB, 15. Father: comme artist. Mother: travel agent. "I'd my mother's work situation mixed tices: she's more pressured now, she's also more interesting and satis with herself. My dad still considers l self the head of the family, though."

ALAN GOLUB, 9 (see above). "I t Dad would be jealous if Mom m more money than he does. I'm for women's movement. To tell you truth, men usually get better jobs, some men take advantage of wom Men shouldn't boss women around.

MICHAEL GOLUB, 13 (see abo "My Mom's job doesn't hinder me. all have some chores. I vacuum walk the dog. My Dad cooks barbec

TAMARA HARPER, 17. Mother: b teller. Father: policeman. "My mot got bored staying home after her k were in school, but she was afraid what my father would say. Then went to work and he just accepted I've been working as a salesgirl ev day after school since I was 14.

HOWARD NELSON, 11. Moth school aide. Father: unemployed m man. "If my wife were more success than me, I wouldn't tell my frie about it. I'd be too embarrassed. T trouble with my father is that he does listen. When Mom comes home fr work and wants to tell him somethi she has to keep repeating it."

ANNE TYLER, 17. Mother: edit Father: doctor. "The only thing I ev remember consciously feeling when was little was that my mother alwa looked so elegant and beautiful when s went to the office. But more than that have always been proud that she had i portant work of her own." E



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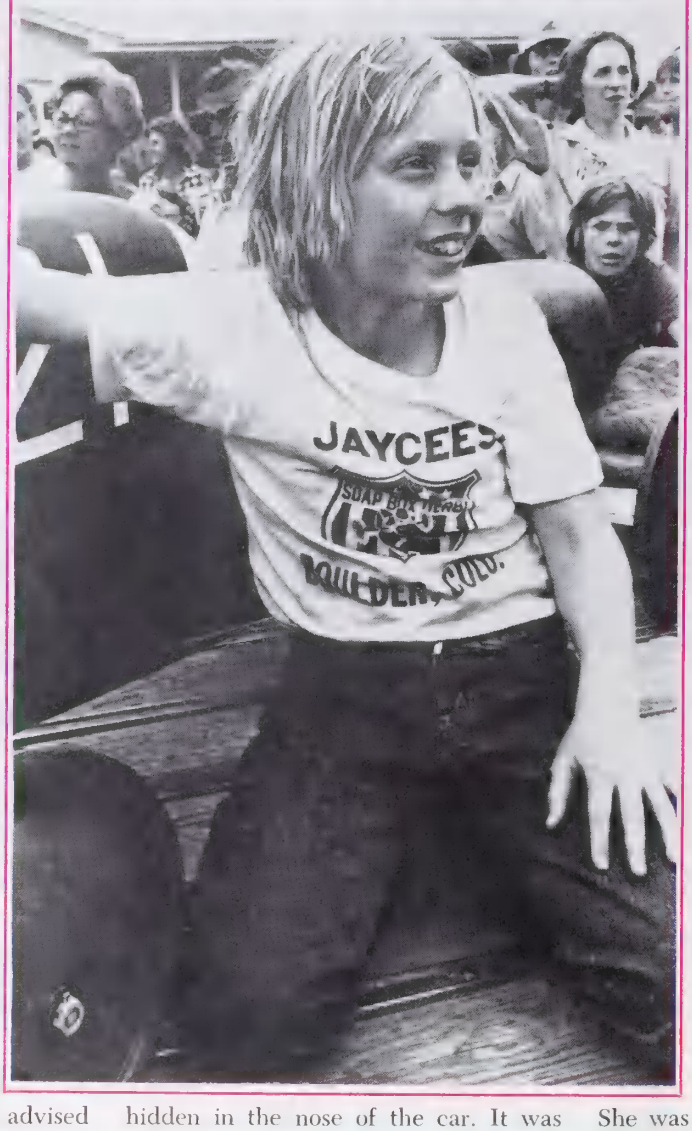
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STORE COUPON

WATERGATE ON WHEELS

That's what some called the 1973 Soap Box Derby after its champion, Jimmy Gronen, 14 (below), was disqualified for "cheating." Here's the whole story—plus a report on what's been done to make sure that the 1974 Derby will be honest. By Gwen Gibson



During the last year, America's attention has centered on moral crises. There was, of course, the burgeoning Watergate scandal in Washington, D.C. And, in microcosm, there was the teen-age "Watergate on Wheels"—the 1973 All-American Soap Box Derby, whose 14-year-old winner had to be disqualified for "cheating" and "professionalism."

The Derby has seemingly survived its stain of illegality; it will be run again this year in Akron, Ohio, on August 17. The 1974 race, according to Ron Baker, general manager of the newly formed committee that will supervise the competition, will be a "clean event" for boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 15.

The Derby has survived, but what about blond, blue-eyed Jimmy Gronen, the youngster who was stripped of his 1973 championship because his racer had been rigged to gain an illegal lead at the starting gate? How has Jimmy survived?

Jimmy Gronen lives in Boulder, Colo., with his aunt Viola Burden Lange and her husband, Robert B. Lange. The Langes are a prominent, prosperous family. Robert Lange, Sr., trim, handsome, vibrant, is a sporting goods manufacturer. His wife, Viola, a willowy blonde, is a talented artist. The Langes have three children—two daughters and a son, Bob Lange, Jr., who won the 1972 Soap Box Derby.

The fact that shy, polite Jimmy Gronen and the influential Langes were involved in the 1973 Derby scandal stunned Boulder. Most residents reacted protectively toward Jimmy. But there was some bitterness and resentment toward Lange, Sr.

It was Lange who admittedly advised Jimmy to install the electromagnetic nose in his fiber-glass racer. Such a device can pull a car ahead by as much as eight inches at the beginning of a race—if the starting blocks are made of steel. And until this year, the blocks used in the race *were* made of steel.

In a race where the winner is rarely more than a fraction of a second ahead of the runner-up at the finish line, such a jackrabbit head start can be decisive—determining the outcome of the race almost as soon as it has begun.

Officials said later that the complicated mechanism found in Jimmy's racer was something no 14-year-old could have masterminded. A magnet had been hidden in the nose of the car. It was connected, through a network of wires, to a three-cell battery in the tail of the vehicle. The whole system was concealed beneath the fiber-glass body under several layers of paint. The magnet was activated when Jimmy leaned back and pressed his protective helmet against two secret switches embedded in the headrest of the car.

In this rigged racer, Jimmy won the 1973 national Soap Box Derby, a trophy, a champion's jacket—and a $7,500 college scholarship.

The day after the race, however, Noel Michell, the chairman of the 1973 Derby, dug into the headrest of Jimmy's car and discovered the secret switches. Michell and others had bec suspicious because Jimm car consistently seemed to l ahead of the other racers in first minutes of each heat, w the cars gather momentum. ficial photographs had de ened their suspicions.

Once the switches were covered, the car was X-ra and the full dimensions of scandal came to light.

Jimmy's disqualification—first in the Derby's 40-year h tory—was announced at a pr conference on Monday, Aug 20. His title and his $7,5 scholarship were transfer to the runner-up, 11-year-o Brett Yarborough of Elk Gro Calif. By this time, Jimmy a the Langes had left Akron fo late summer vacation; Jimm had his gold satin champio jacket and his unengraved tr phy with him.

Inevitably, editorial write suggested that the Soap B Derby scandal was an ou growth of the Watergate sy drome and the obsession wi winning at any cost.

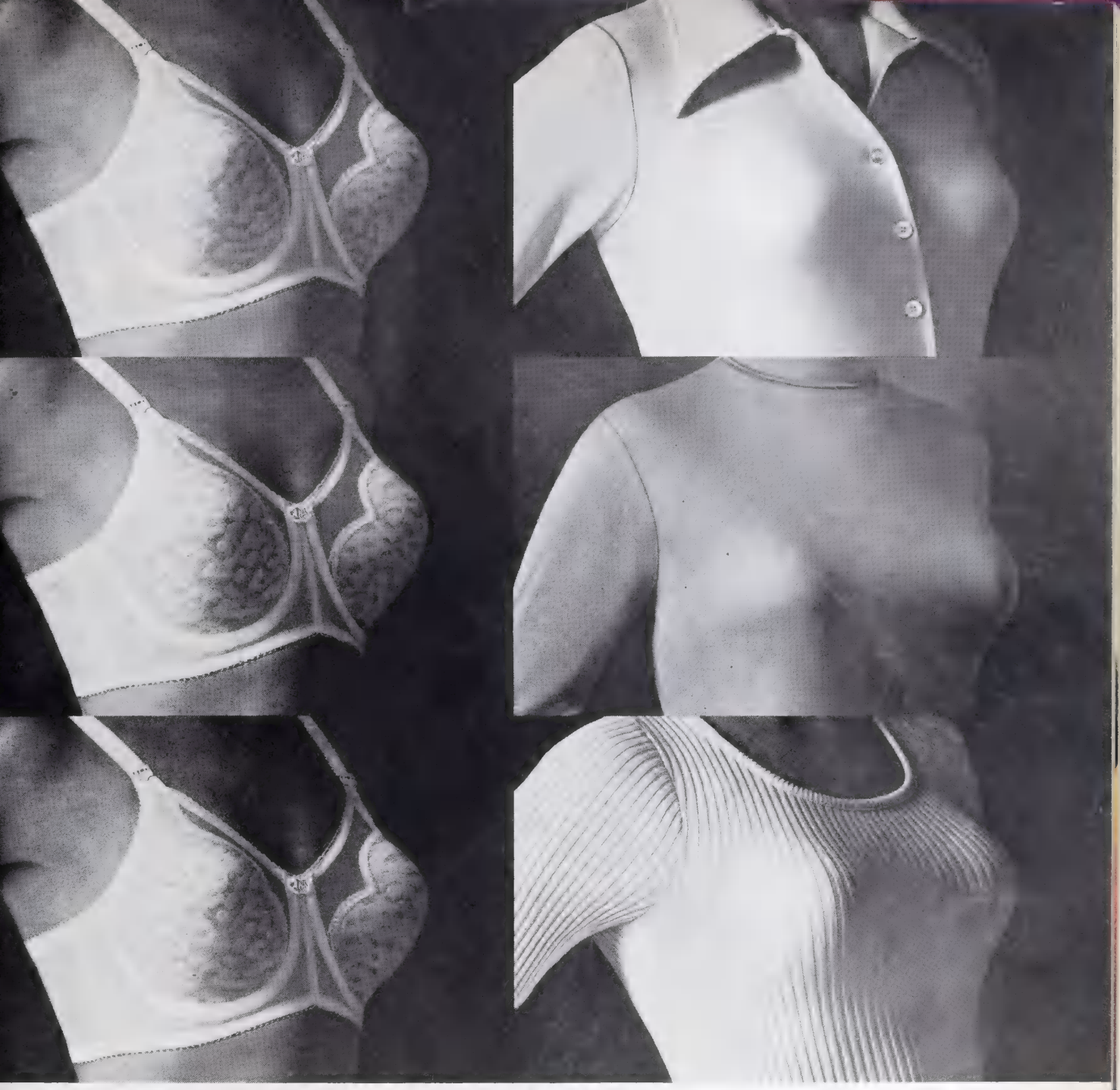
Amid all the furor, it w Jimmy who found himse caught in the national spotligh —in the most negative way po sible for a sensitive teen-age The headlines read, "Grone Accused of Foul Play" an "Soap Box Derby Racing Ta nished by Boulder Boy."

The feedback must hav been particularly painful fo Jimmy, since his life had a ready been touched by traged

Jimmy moved in with th Langes in 1972 after his ow family had been torn apart. H father, John Gronen, died of stroke in 1967, when Jimm was eight. His mother, Mr Winifred Burden Gronen, kept her three children together fo five years until she became ill She was eventually hospitalized at the Methodist Hospital in Rochester, Minn Jimmy's younger brother and sister went to live with their mother's other sister Mrs. Betsy Burden MacLeod of Gard iner, N.Y.

Jimmy's mother and her sisters are from Dubuque, Iowa—as is Bob Lange. Lange started a plastics company in Dubuque soon after graduating from Harvard. Eventually he developed a revolutionary line of plastic skis, ski boots and ice skates that are now—according to company spokesmen—widely used in the winter Olympics and the National Hockey League.

In 1968, Lange opened a plant in Broomfield, Colo., near *(continued)*



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WATERGATE ON WHEELS
continued

Boulder, and made it the home office of the Lange Ski Boot Corp. His two brothers came along as company vice-presidents and all three Lange families moved to Boulder.

The Lange firm sponsored several prestigious local sports events, including a Denver tennis tournament and a ski competition. For several years it also sponsored cars in the Soap Box Derby elimination races held each June in Boulder by the city's Junior Chamber of Commerce.

So it was a big, active and influential Lange clan that Jimmy Gronen joined in 1972 at the age of 13.

He must have been impressed and perhaps a bit intimidated. Friends say he regarded his cousin Bob Lange, Jr., a bright, self-assured lad one year older than Jimmy, as a big brother. And he looked up to his Uncle Bob as mentor, guardian and father figure.

Jimmy took to Soap Box Derby racing naturally because his cousin and uncle were Derby buffs. Indeed, Alex Hunter, the Boulder District Attorney, says that Lange, Sr., had become a "Soap Box Derby addict."

The elder Lange had been a Soap Box Derby racer himself as a boy. Then, in 1969, he saw his son, Bobby, become interested in the competition—first as a fan. Then, in 1970, Bobby built a racer, entered the Boulder competition and lost. In 1971, he built another race This time he won the Boulder competition, but was disqualified because mechanical failure in his brakes. T Langes vigorously protested the disqualification, but it stood. Bobby thereup made himself a corded bracelet, whi he called the "disqualification banc and vowed not to remove it until he h came Boulder's Soap Box Derby char pion.

After that, Bobby Lange began buil ing his 1972 car. He drove it to victo in the Boulder race as well as in t national finals in Akron. Like Jimm he won a $7,500 college scholarship.

This was the backdrop for the b Soap Box Derby scandal of 1973.

"An engineer's dream"

Jimmy Gronen, according to Lang built his own racer. On June 24, 197 he entered the Boulder Derby in a pr cision-made racer which, in the wor of one father, "was light-years ahead anything else in that race—it was an e gineer's dream." Jimmy defeated a fie of 39 contestants. His prize was a $1 scholarship, a trophy and a spot in t national race.

After the Boulder race, Jimmy's wi ning car was kept by the local Jayce until one week prior to the Akron rac Then it was turned back over to Jimm so he could repaint it for the nation competition.

The Soap Box Derby was started i 1934 by the Chevrolet Division of Ge eral Motors as an activity for youn sters 11 to 15—to foster youthful bac yard ingenuity and fair play. It has bee held annually, except for four years du ing World War II. When Chevrol dropped out as sponsor in 1972, th Akron Chamber of Commerce took ove

Under the original rules, contestant were to design and build their ow racers, which were to be propelled b nothing but gravity.

Jimmy Gronen may not have fully re alized how much he was flaunting thes original rules when he streaked to vic tory inches ahead of young Yarborough He was too excited. At the on-track ce emony that followed, Jimmy slipped int his champion's jacket and, smilin broadly through the braces on hi teeth, posed for pictures. His cousin Bob Lange, Jr., who was with him quipped: "It's sort of like winning tw years in a row for me."

One of the first things Jimmy di after the ceremony was to call his sic mother and give her the happy news Later, propped up on his motel roon bed, he munched on potato chips an held an impromptu press conference He said his victory was "kind of unbe lievable. I'm really surprised."

Two days later, Jimmy's world crum bled when his disqualification was an nounced. *(continued*



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WATERGATE ON WHEELS
continued

In Akron, Summit County prosecutor Stephen Gabalac launched an inquiry to see if criminal charges could be filed. In Boulder, D.A. Alex Hunter began an investigation and turned up some allegations—not so much about Jimmy, but about the car in which Bobby Lange, Jr., had won in 1972.

For one thing, Hunter said, the 1972 car had been shipped to the California Institute of Technology to be tested in a wind tunnel. "And we think an engineer from the Lange plant went along with the car," the D.A. said later. "We *know* that high-salaried engineers from the [Lange] plant advised Bobby and that a great deal of sophisticated equipment was used to bore and test the linings and axles—things like that, things an average youngster wouldn't have access to. High-powered lathes were used on this car, as well as instruments that can measure in minute details. So all told we had to estimate that $10,000 to $20,000 worth of professional expertise had gone into it."

Hunter said he knew that similar expertise had gone into the design and construction of Jimmy Gronen's 1973 car, but the prosecutor didn't put a dollar value on the 1973 racer.

Even Hunter conceded that the Derby rules in effect in 1973 were ambiguous. They allowed youngsters to accept adult "counseling" but not adult "assistance." They specified that only $40 could be spent on materials for any one racer, but this excluded wheels, axles, steering assembly, paint and—again—counseling.

According to 1973 Derby President George W. Brittain, this meant that there *was* no limit to what could be spent on a car.

Lange's defense

Lange, silent until this point, finally presented his side of the case in a letter dated August 27, 1973, and addressed to Jack Tracy, the Boulder Junior Chamber of Commerce official who ran Boulder's 1973 Derby.

In the letter, which Lange authorized Tracy to make public, Lange said that the electromagnet had been built for the 1973 race "by Jimmy, but entirely at my suggestion . . . and I accept whatever responsibility may arise from this decision."

He denied charges that professionals had worked on his family's 1972 and 1973 racers. "Neither of these cars were professionally constructed in the sense that anyone other than the respective boys themselves built the cars on their own," Lange wrote, "and it is foolish to suggest that any substantial expense went into them, except in the area of advice and counsel . . . which is permitted under the Derby rules."

Lange also stated that for years Derby rules had been "consistently and notoriously" violated by some participants without censure or disqualification. The rule most persistently broken, he said, was the one requiring a youngster to build his own racer. As Lange put it:

"It is common knowledge that it is next to impossible for any 11-year-old boy or girl to build a racer that can win at Akron. It is all that a mechanically inclined and dextrous 14- or 15-year-old boy can do to carry out the superfine mechanical, construction and machine work required.

"As a result of this and other factors, there has grown a body of interested adults who are professional car builders and professional participants in the Derby."

Commonplace violations

One of these pros once offered to build a car for his son for $2,500, Lange said, adding, "I promptly refused." He said he knew of other cases in which professionals had hired kids as "chauffeurs" in order to enter as many as four cars in a local race. "I determined that Jimmy should build and install a magnetic nose so as to be competitive with the professional cars he would be racing against," Lange stated.

Then, in a note of humility, he added: "I knew that this was a serious violation of Derby rules, and consider it now to be a serious mistake in judgment. . . . It would have been far better for him not to participate or to take the disappointment of losing rather than to expose him to the shock of his disqualification and the unfair criticism that followed."

In the following weeks, a number of knowledgeable persons supported Lange's contention that violations of Derby rules had long since become commonplace. Tom Jenkins, a veteran of the pit crew at Akron, told the Associated Press that at least 68 major violations occurred in the 1973 race. He said about 50 cars had illegal welding on bodies, brakes and axle assemblies, and that many others had been fashioned of fiberglass from molds costing several thousand dollars.

None of this exonerated Lange, but prosecutor Gabalac in Akron and D.A. Hunter in Boulder both seemed to soften their attitude toward him. Gabalac dropped his "criminal" investigation and the charges against Lange were limited to two misdemeanor counts of encouraging a child to violate a state law.

The case was settled on October 23, 1973, through a "non-judicial adjustment" in the courtroom of Boulder Juvenile Judge Horace B. Holmes. Lange paid $2,000 to the Boys Club of Boulder and agreed to refrain from participating in Soap Box Derby racing for two years. There was no plea and no finding of guilt or innocence. Judge Holmes noted that the purpose of a "non-judicial settlement" is to provide disposition of a case without putting the minor involved through the ordeal of a trial.

In handing down his decree, Judge Holmes deplored what he termed the "inconceivable lack of morality" in the Soap Box Derby scandal. But later, talking in his chambers, he indicated some sympathy with Lange.

"He got caught up in what I call the 'Little League syndrome,' " said Holmes. "So many times in the Little League and in other sports, parents have become so involved that they compete with each other, and what you have is no longer a kid's sport."

The settlement protected Jimmy from more public exposure, and most agreed that it should have. But many Boulderites felt it left a number of questions unanswered.

Were the 1972 and 1973 racers built in part at the Lange plant? The technique used to build fiber-glass vehicles like those Bob and Jimmy raced is strikingly similar to the fiber-glass-and-resin technique used by the Lange Company in fashioning its quality laminated skis.

And what happened to Bobby Lange's 1972 car?

In the past, national championship cars became the property of the All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron where they went on museum exhibit. But the Derby was in a state of flux in 1973—having lost its sponsor, Chevrolet. So when the Boulder Junior Chamber of Commerce asked permission to exhibit the Bobby Lange car back in the world champ's home town, the request was granted. The car was sent to Boulder and it was, indeed, exhibited.

Where is winning car?

Then the Jaycees turned it over to the Lange family. And sometime after that, in the words of Mrs. Lange, "It just disappeared. We don't know where it is. We were away at the time, and when we came back, it had just disappeared." (No theft report was filed with Boulder police.) D.A. Hunter eventually abandoned his efforts to examine the 1972 car. He said he had to endorse Judge Holmes' decision that what happened in 1972 wasn't material to the 1973 case.

As this article went to press, Jimmy Gronen—according to Akron officials—had not returned his unengraved national trophy, nor the uncashed check for $100 he received for winning the Boulder elimination race in June, 1973—this despite the fact that the Boulder Jaycees wrote to the Langes in January, 1974, requesting the return of these awards.

Gerald Sloat, an attorney representing the Boulder Jaycees, said: "We can't prove that Jimmy had *(continued)*



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WATERGATE ON WHEELS

continued

the electromagnetic system in his car when he raced in Boulder. But in view of Judge Holmes' decision, we've asked [Jimmy] to return the $100 check and trophy voluntarily, as an act of generosity, so we can close the books on this matter. So far we've had no response, but the check has not been cashed."

Lange has said that Jimmy did not use the magnet in Boulder—and that "even if he did, it wouldn't have worked because the starting blocks were made of wood."

Fritz Gassman of Denver, who built the starting blocks used in Boulder in 1973, disagrees. The blocks were made of iron and covered with carpeting that was not thick enough to stymie a magnet, Gassman said.

Lange still seemed to feel that he and Jimmy had been singled out for criticism—that a double standard had been applied because others who cheated had not been taken to task. He told acquaintances that he had accepted Judge Holmes' decision "because a trial was the last thing Jimmy needed." He implied he could have won a trial by jury, however.

He threatened a number of times to bring suit against the Soap Box Derby, although prosecutor Gabalac said, "Trying to imagine what he would pray for is beyond comprehension."

Lange also demanded that the other nine winning cars in the 1973 Der be inspected. They were examined a found to be "clean."

The adverse worldwide publicity t resulted from the Gronen incident w too much for the Akron Chamber Commerce. On December 28, 1973, Chamber announced that it was dr ping the All-American Soap Box Der "because it has become the victim cheating, fraud and hoax."

In January, 1974, the Akron Jayc formed a "Save the All-American Co mittee." This evolved into the new in pendent committee, headed by R Baker and composed of Akron Jayc and other Ohio entrepreneurs. Bal was confident that a new and bet Derby would rise eventually from ashes of the old one.

New starting blocks will render a magnet ineffective, Baker said, and n "realistic and enforceable rules" are effect.

None of Baker's dreams of a "clea new Derby" meant much to Robe Hale of Boulder, who had seen his s Rodger lose to Jimmy Gronen in t 1973 Boulder race.

"What really bothers me is that Lan can afford to send his kids to college lot better than I can. That scholarsh money would have meant a lot Rodger," said Hale.

Sympathy for Jimmy

Reaction toward Jimmy Gronen w gentler. Almost everyone in Boulder the Jaycees, the district attorney, Jud Holmes, Jimmy's friends, teachers a classmates, even Rodger Hale's fathe seemed to want to shield the boy fro undue criticism.

A teacher at Centennial Junior Hig School said that despite all anyone cou do for him, "Jim was definitely hurt first. Kids can be cruel at that age, a he had to pay for his mistake. But Jimm has a lot of resilience and I think th where *he* is concerned, the matter h been dropped."

An adult who knows Jimmy said th he had become a little more subdue and a little more guarded in makin friends. "But I don't think he has su fered any emotional damage," she sai

In California, the mother of Bre Yarborough, who became 1973 nationa champ when Jimmy was disqualifie had some particularly sympathetic ob servations.

"We felt awfully bad about Jim Gron en," she said. "My little boy played wit him at the camp they have for th participants at Akron and he was reall a nice kid. The whole thing must hav been very hard on him. Fourteen i a tender age to have the whole worl come down on you. I just hope th whole experience wasn't ruined for him.

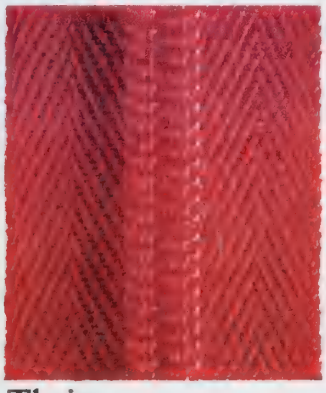
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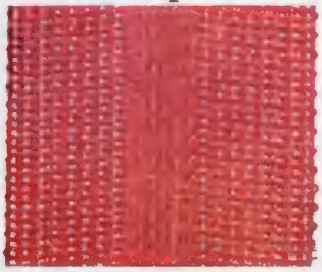


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CHASING HOWARD HUGHES

In an excerpt from her gossipy new book, "How to Marry Super Rich," the famous columnist writes about Howard Hughes—and the many beautiful women who've pursued him.

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Sometimes I wonder why I have never been able to marry a rich man. Is it because so many are not likable, that the money they make or inherit turns them into smug, arrogant ogres? Or is it that I do not believe I could cope with a rich man? I have come to the conclusion, rather late in life, that it is better to be rich. In my youthful arrogance I used to say, "I'd rather scrub floors than be married to a rich man I did not love." I'm not sure I would say that today. When you are older, you don't have to love a man to be happy with him. Liking can last longer than loving. Was Mrs. Luce right when a character in her play *The Women* said, "It's being together at the end that counts"? I don't fully agree, but if you are alo and getting on a bit, dollars can p vide a comfortable cushion for ach memories—and bones.

I, foolish girl, decided at an ea age to make good in life through career. Without realizing it, I ha been a women's libber all my life have always worked, always detest housework. I still cannot cook, exce for the simplest dishes.

Today I would like to be the w of a rich man, to be pampered, have the easy life he could give n I would like to be driven in a chau feured limousine (it's finding a par ing place that's exhausting). I'd li to have a famous chef and a live- staff of servants. I'd like to ha someone pay all the monthly bil so that I could lavish what I ea by writing—without the harassin eternal deadlines—on *(continue*

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my three grandchildren, whom I adore. I might even give my critics pleasure by not writing at all.

In brief, I want to marry rich. Perhaps it is too late. In any case, I don't want to marry a rich *young* man and I doubt whether he would want to marry me, and the *old* rich men seem to have eyes only for the pretty chicks. But, to reiterate my creed in life, you can get what you want if you really want it. So . . . .

Big fight

What do Jean Peters and Terry Moore have in common? They are both actresses, they were both married to Stuart Cramer III, and they were both in love with multimillionaire Howard Hughes. As you know, Jean married Mr. Hughes, but only after she had married Mr. Cramer. If she had not, I doubt whether she would now be the ex-Mrs. Howard Hughes and the wife of Stanley Hough.

Rich men like to think that what has been theirs is always theirs for as long as they want it. Especially girls. *They* do the throwing out, and when a woman has the audacity to leave before the rich man is tired of her, he usually puts up a big fight to get her back—even if he has to go so far as marry her.

I met Mr. Hughes when I came to this country from England, at a cocktail party at the former Park Lane Hotel on Park Avenue, hosted by Jack Duff, a rich young man about town. We were all young then, the rich men, the pretty girls (mostly models), myself, and Mr. Hughes. He looked like any normal young man then. He was well dressed and gregarious, and the deafness that afflicted his middle and older years was not noticeable. No sneakers, no long fingernails, no obsession for privacy.

I would love to have been there when he was informed of the fake autobiography of his life by Clifford Irving. I had a suspicion the book was false when newspapers leaked the fact that in the book Howard was telling about the girls in his life. I had good reason to know that this was not true.

Les Girls were one thing he would never talk about, although their names were well known in Hollywood and in the gossip columns everywhere. When I arrived in Hollywood in 1936, he was in love with Katharine Hepburn, who liked him enough to invite him to the family home in Connecticut to meet her parents. They accepted him, and I'm not surprised. When Howard comes out from behind the iron curtain of his own making, he is quite pleasant, with a good sense of humor. And kind. For example, the care he took of the late restaurant owner Dave Chasen whe was recuperating from an illness had Dave and his wife flown to Vegas and put them up in a luxu suite in one of the numerous hotel owns. "No, we didn't see him," I said when I asked. Mr. Hughes loaned his planes to friends when needed to get somewhere in a hurry has given mone people in tro and pays enor salaries to loyal ployees.

Wait awhile

Before Miss I burn, there Jean Harlow, w he converted a platinum-blo star. Ginger Ro Joan Fontaine, Gardner, Lana ner, Mitzi Gay Janet Leigh, T Moore and Yv de Carlo are s of the girls wh ceived his attenti Most of them lieved that Hov had marriage on mind when he them flowers an vitations to d Several of them fided in me, an always made a g story for my colu I can see the yo Yvonne de C lunching with m the Universal dios, her face flus with happiness she told me t Howard had as her to marry "but he wants wait awhile to absolutely sure."

His first marri to Ella Rice of H ton in 1925, ended in divo She came from wealthy family founded the Rice stitute. At that time, Howard's fort was estimated at a billion dollars.

Howard was wary of another m riage, although I think he would h married the very young Elizabeth T lor—she was about 19 when he wa love with her in the early 1950's. flew Elizabeth and her mother to vada for a vacation. When Liz went Europe to marry Michael Wilding, employee of Hughes, Walter Kane, on the same plane. To plead his ca But Elizabeth only marries *(continu*

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HOWARD HUGHES
continued

when she believes she is in love and, to the young Elizabeth, Howard was an old man.

I once spent half an hour with him at his bungalow in the grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was around midnight when he phoned and got me out of a sickbed on the promise of a scoop, which he gave me personally from time to time. (He liked me but I was never one of his girl friends.)

Elizabeth was then in love with Stanley Donen, the film director, and Howard, carrying a torch for lovely Liz, was madly jealous. The "scoop" was a derogatory statement about Mr. Donen. I almost collapsed with annoyance and a temperature of 101 as I marched out while he was saying, "Hedda would give this a lead."

"Then give it to her," I flung back.

But this incident was not the cause of the diminishing of our friendship. I had promised to stop quoting his girls when they told me that Howard wanted to marry them but they must wait to be sure. In return, he would be available whenever I called and give me a scoop I was seeking. "But what if you really were going to marry one of them?" I queried. "I would *have* to write about that."

"I will tell you," he assured me. "If I don't, you can crucify me." He complained that my column items were hurting him in his business, which included the Hughes Tool Company, 70 percent of Trans World Airlines, and the RKO Studio, which he then owned.

It was a good bargain for me, and I readily accepted, especially as I was sure he would not marry again. But I disregarded our pact on the occasion of his sale of RKO. I had been calling him every day, trying to get the story from him. I was angry when it appeared in a rival paper.

Ruination

I began my next column with "Terry Moore tells me she will marry Howard Hughes on May 18 [this was in 1952], but this is not what Howard is telling Mitzi Gaynor." It might have been Mitzi first and Terry second. All hell broke loose, with Howard calling me and threatening to "ruin" me. He did his best, but the good angels were on my side. He called Bill Hearst—several of the Hearst papers ran my column and I could have lost them all—but I apologized. We patched up the quarrel but it was never quite the same. When he sold RKO and went to live in Las Vegas, he had no further use for me, or I for him.

To return to Jean Peters, she had lunched with me soon after she arrived in Hollywood in 1946, the winner of the Miss Ohio State newspaper beauty contest. The prize was $200 and a screen test. She was 20 years old, a sophomore at Ohio State University, and was planning to be a teacher, when 20th Century-Fox changed her life with a screen test that would eventually lead to marriage with Cramer, Hughes and her present husband, Stanley Hough, 20th Century-Fox executive.

Brunette, dark-eyed and intelligent, she was not the usual type of starlet under contract to the various studios at that time. She told me she was determined she would never do the ridiculous things for publicity that starlets were eager to do. Because of her independent attitude, Jean was never a starlet. Her first film was the leading feminine role in *Captain from Castille*, opposite the studio's top glamour boy, Tyrone Power.

Familiar words

Mr. Hughes had discovered Jean even before I did. She gave me the familiar quote: "We are in love and Howard wants to marry me, but he wants us to wait until we are sure." I felt sorry for the pretty newcomer. I was sure it would never happen.

While Jean was pretty, she was not particularly chic. She made her own clothes, and had no use for a razor or depilatory. Jean was determined to remain as nature had made her.

She was completely honest, and this was her chief attraction for Hughes. She would *not* marry him for his money, he was sure. But while they were waiting, his close friend Stuart Cramer III was falling in love with Jean. She eloped with the young millionaire, in a surprise ceremony in Washington, D.C.

Jean had met Cramer in Rome the year before, when she was filming *Three Coins in the Fountain*. Only three members of the families were present at the wedding—her mother and Stuart's parents. The bride was 28, the groom 26. The officiating minister, in a moment of whimsey, laid down a strip of golden carpet that had been used at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

I am sure Howard Hughes was angry. Jean was *his* girl. How dare one of his best friends do the unforgivable—court her under his nose and then marry her? Mr. Hughes must have now realized that he loved her.

Two months after Jean's marriage to Stuart, she separated from him. How much Mr. Hughes had to do with this I can only guess at. Jean had wanted to marry Howard. The elopement with Stuart was perhaps to prove her independence. Where she came from, if a couple were in love, they did not wait years to be sure; they got married. Jean divorced Stuart in California, where you had to wait a year for the divorce to be final. (It is quicker now.)

Howard replighted his troth to Jean

(continued on page 111)

LYNDA AND JULIE
continued from page 58

an interest in what their children doing, and more teachers should courage children to read at h And I think the "Reading Is F damental" program, which you troduced me to, is terrific. It r vates children to read by making they have their own books. The whose parents can't afford to books may not have the same int in reading as the child who i posed to books all the time.

LYNDA: Do you think it's bett let children read any book, or good books, such as the classics?

JULIE: I think parents should good books available, but the important thing is for children to the freedom and adventure of se ing anything they want. My husb David, said that when he was yo for about two years all he did read books on sports. Yet now h very strong reader. It all evens Still, it was good for his parents t him go through that stage.

LYNDA: We are surrounded b much violence and sex and so f Even if you don't want to read a it, you open a paper and there are. How can parents protect t child from such reading matter?

JULIE: I think I'd go ahead an the child look through it. I thi would be worse to take it away; there is something mysterious therefore, desirable about it.

LYNDA: I remember once I go gether with three other girls an read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. sure if I had asked my mother for mission, she would have said "f But I thought it was so sinful, s citing, to read it under the co And a lot of books that I used to are banned now. For instance, *L Black Sambo*. Do you feel that ents or the community should ce such books for children?

JULIE: I don't like the idea of soring books. I think that a c should read a book, and if the par feel strongly that the book is offen or has some wrong ideas, they express their views to the child rational way and let the child fi out for himself what to think.

For more information about "R ing Is FUN-damental," write to Room 2407, Arts and Indus Building, The Smithsonian Ins tion, Washington, D.C. 20560.


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Teddy

Kennedy seems to me to be the Marilyn Monroe of politics," writes this perceptive Washington observer. In a telling—and compelling—appraisal, she peels away the Kennedy legend and analyzes the man himself, explaining why the views (and votes) of women will be decisive should he seek to command the ship of state in 1976.



BY BARBARA HOWAR

At a recent Washington dinner party, an aspirant to the Democratic Presidential nomination was heard to say: "Of course, if Teddy declares, I'll drop out of the running." Asked why, he responded that no one could beat a Kennedy when it came to capturing the public's imagination. "Why," he said, "every woman in America is fascinated by Ted Kennedy's charisma. If I did some of the things they say Teddy's done, it wouldn't warrant a single line in any newspaper. The only woman who's curious about my sex life is my wife."

At face value, this seems a convenient cop-out for a politician who lacks the stomach for party infighting. But given today's emphasis on a politician's personal charm and the public need to identify with glamour, it may be something more. I asked a prominent and responsible newspaperman why so much space is given to Ted Kennedy's private life.

"Because," he answered, "our women readers like to follow his activities. Teddy's personal affairs sell newspapers. We don't invent his escapades; we just report them." I asked if that was not merely a hypocritical excuse to pander to the Walter Mitty fantasies of *male* readers. "A little," he conceded, "but it is the women who watch Teddy like a soap opera. They buy the magazines. They select the television channels. Put to the test, women are the ones whose votes even tip the scale in an election. We don't endorse Teddy; we just give women what they want."

However outrageously chauvinistic and demeaning to the intelligence and political acumen of women these comments may seem, one has only to travel around the country to see their merit. Women *are* intrigued by Edward M. Kennedy—the man, not his record. Many young people voting for the first time have no clear recollection of Chappaquiddick. They know only the charm and the sorrow of the Kennedy legend—the martyrdom, the youth, the colorful glow of days gone by, contrasted with the dull and sordid stupidity of the current administration. Gerry Ford, they will tell you, may indeed be honest. But Ted Kennedy is *interesting*.

The truth is that Kennedy does have a finger-snapping command of the spotlight. He has our attention if he can deliver the goods. Which is, of course, what his political foes spend so much time contemplating. Publicity, they say, can burn him out. On the other hand, his natural capacity for drawing crowds gives him an edge over his contemporaries. Savvy politicians from both parties will tell you that if Kennedy can get himself pulled together without further scandal and come up with a reasonable platform, he can use the curiosity about him to an advantage that might possibly lead to the White House.

One Senator put it this way: "People, especially women and kids—regardless of their politics—are intrigued by Ted. If he can keep out front like that, and manage to sound convincing, he just might make it. Make no mistake about it: in the 1976 elections, it's going to be a case of 'women and children first'—and no political figure in the country has a stronger impact on the female voter than Ted Kennedy."

I agree. In a recent eight-week tour of the United States, I encountered hundreds of women who wanted to know about Teddy. Each was eager to volunteer her feelings, each had a "unique" theory or an inside story. *(continued on page 128)*

Photograph by Ken Regan—Camera 5

THE GIRLS OF '47

If you could live your college days over again, would you? In a nostalgic excerpt from "Family Secrets," her new novel about four generations of an American family, the author of "The Best of Everything" recaptures those young dreams that still live on in a hidden part of us all.

BY RONA JAFFE

In a New York City private "progressive" school that gives no marks, it is impossible to tell if you will get into college until your senior year when the principal tells you what the teachers have known all along and have kept a secret. The girls in Paris Mendes' high-school class of '47 were very nervous, trying to make a joke about getting into some junior college that would take anyone, and worrying themselves sick that they would be the one who had to go there. Paris sent for some college brochures. She knew her parents would decide which was the best college for her to go to after the principal gave her the alternatives. She was sure she wouldn't have to go to the joke junior college, but beyond that it didn't matter. It just had to be a college. College had the mystique, names didn't matter.

When she and her parents went to see the principal for the news, Paris was very surprised when the principal said she could go to any college she wanted to. It had never occurred to her that the field would be wide open to her. In her trimonthly reports her teachers had always complained she was not working to her "full capacity." She had assumed that meant she wasn't getting A's. It hadn't.

"Where do you think you would like to go?" the principal asked.

Paris looked at her mother.

"We want her to go to Radcliffe," her mother said.

"What's Radcliffe?" Paris asked.

"It's the girls' part of Harvard," her mother said. Her father nodded approval. *(continued on page 120)*



Copyright © 1974 by Rona Jaffe. From her novel "Family Secrets," to be published by Simon and Schuster. Photograph by Jerry Abramowitz.



Paris and Rima–
freshman year,
Briggs Hall, Radcliffe.
They had mapped out
their lives already:
go steady in senior year,
get engaged at graduation,
get married afterward,
and have a lot
of children.

NEIL ARMSTRONG TODAY: A SHY HERO TALKS ABOUT HIMSE

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

Meeting Neil Armstrong, one looks first, for some reason, at his feet—shod in simple, black, size-11 shoes. Armstrong, 44, is a big man (six feet one), still with the pleasantly handsome, blue-eyed baby face of his astronaut days—although he has put on weight around the middle. But his feet seem small. Perhaps because these are the feet that on July 20, 1969, made the first historic imprint on the moon's dust, I somehow expected them to be bigger.

There are a few questions one wants to ask Armstrong immediately, such as: Will he and his wife celebrate the fifth anniversary of his historic moon walk?

"Oh, no," he says matter-of-factly, "we're not much for anniversaries."

Will he even go out and look up at the moon?

"Oh, yes," he says. "I go out and look up at the moon a lot—almost every night." Then he adds, "Of course, the moon isn't visible every night."

Was he even just a little bit scared when he became the first man to step onto the moon's unfriendly-looking surface? "Not really," he says. "Of course, the landing was a little bit tense. In any flight, the takeoff and the landing are the most difficult parts. But after we were safely down, there wasn't anything to worry about. We had these pressurized space suits, you see."

And what about those famous first words he spoke from the lunar surface—the "one small step" quote that he spent considerable time composing during his trip to the moon? It has been consistently misquoted, Armstrong says. What he actually said, he says, was not "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind," but rather "That's one small step for *a* man," etc. Howeve word "a" was garbled and lost during transmi to earth. To Armstrong, who has a meticulou gard for the English language, there is a subtl important difference. It would have been pr tious, he feels, to have referred to himself as "r He was only "a man."

Armstrong's wife, Janet, is a pleasant-loo woman with short, salt-and-pepper graying "Hi, I'm Jan Armstrong!" she says brightly- at first glance she seems much more animated outgoing than her soft-spoken, shy husband, w she met when they attended Purdue Unive and whom she married in 1956.

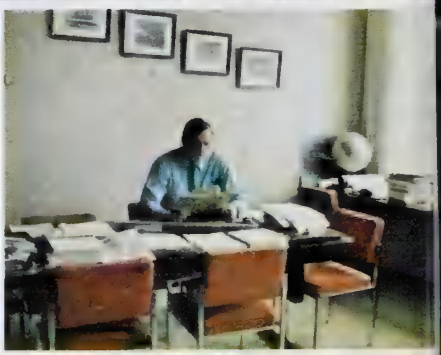
But as people cluster around to meet the fa man and shake his hand, a sudden look of war —is it fear? suspicion?—flashes in Jan strong's dark eyes. She seems to feel that thes intruders upon her husband's celebrated priva glad-handing strangers, often bubbling invitat eager for some shred of fame-by-association, murmurs "No, thank you," to the invitations Armstrongs do not care much for large partie

To sleepy little Lebanon, Ohio (popula 7,934), nestled in the green and rolling country of the Ohio River Valley, a 30-mile drive from cinnati, the presence of Neil and Jan Armst —and their two sons, Eric, 17, and Mark, 11 something of an anomaly. Everyone is proud the Armstrongs have chosen to live in Leba yet they seem out of place. Their neighbors w like to get to know them, yet thus far few peopl The Armstrongs' farm, Rivendell, is a hands place, set on 185 acres of land, with a big, fashioned barn, a silo and (continued on page

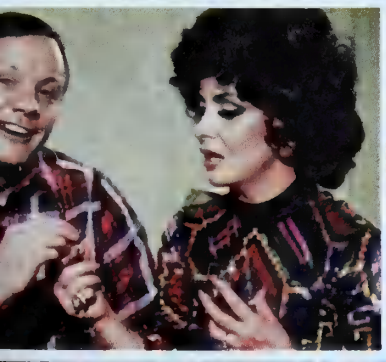
July 20, 1969: Armstrong's "small step" onto the moon (left). Center, right and opposite page: Gina Lollo gida photographs him during his day at the University of Cincinnati, where he teaches aerospace engineer







Gina: "The grape is sweet, but friendship sweeter," he said.



MOONMAN IN FOCUS

By Gina Lollobrigida

The movie star turned photographer continues her exclusive series on The World's Most Interesting Men. This month: moon pioneer Neil Armstrong.

"When I first met Armstrong in 1969, he was not so naive as he is now. Much more daring. I threw a party for him and his Apollo 11 friends, Buzz Aldrin and Mike Collins, at my house in Rome. Neil and I have been good friends ever since. Neil is a warm, gentle man with a lovely wife. It is really marvelous that he did not lose his head — that he should want to be completely unknown, as if he didn't do anything. Remarkable."


Pillars of Society

WHERE THE ELITE MEET

WOULD YOU BELIEVE T'S THE FIVE AND DIME, SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

he labels may not be St. Laurent, ut the in crowd couldn't care less. he five-and-dime, in its new in- arnation as all-purpose depart- ent store, has become clothier to e best sort of people—the ones ho can recognize good fashion ithout the help of fancy price gs. Dollar for dollar (you can't y much more than paper clips r a dime these days), these new shion centers offer some of the st-priced classy clothes in town. y Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

pposite: "People of our social osition must be seen in the very est—be it homes or clothes." he daughter's man-tailored shirt, -necked sweater vest and tab- aisted pants are from McCrory. hirt, $6.99; vest, $4.99; pants, 6.99. Mother's classic houndstooth lazer with flap pockets, her rtleneck top and pants with elas- cized waist are from Woolworth. lazer, $12.99; turtleneck, $7.99; ants, $9.99. The well-dressed an-of-the-house wears a madras laid shirt, a V-necked pullover nd flared jeans, all from ress. Shirt, $5.99; sweater, 7.99; jeans, $9.99.

Right: "We collect only the finest editions—the bound volumes come from rare book dealers; the portswear, from Grant." Mother's cable-knit cardigan is worn over a gingham shirt and wide-legged pants. Sweater, $13; blouse, ; pants, $11. Her well-brought-up daughter wears a puffed-sleeved shirt printed with koala bears and tailored pants with tab pockets. Shirt, $4.99; pants, $6.99.

For store information, see following page.



Photographs by Horn/Griner. Hairstyles and makeup by Leonardo De Vega.



WHER THE ELITE MEET

"Our pedigrees— very Social Regis —are pure thoroughbred. So are our ho —and our clothes." Her shell-pattern shirt, classic cardi and perfectly taile pants are from McCrory. Shirt, $6.99; sweater, $5 pants, $8.99. He wears an elegantly cut plaid C.P.O. jacket over a ribb turtleneck sweate and flared jeans f Kress. Jacket, $9. turtleneck, $6.99; jeans, $9.99.

Widest range of a fashion selections found mostly in suburban branche these stores: Grant clothes available at all Gr City Stores. Kress and Woolworth clothe at selected branch McCrory fashions available at most large McCrory's, J.J. Newberry, H.L. Green, and McLellan stores. Many of the acces ries shown are also available at these stores.



The Trophy-Winners

he trophies are the Yacht Club; wardrobe from Woolworth and Grant." The son rts a burgundy-olored V-necked cardigan over a tersall shirt and patch-pocketed jeans. Sweater, .99; shirt, $2.99. Both by Grant. ans, $6.99, from Woolworth. His r's turtleneck in ulticolored check elasticized-waist, ated skirt are by Woolworth. Top, .99; skirt, $4.99. The father of the family wears a shawl-collared ardigan sweater, over a sleeveless pullover and chambray sports t all from Grant. ardigan, $10.99; Vest, $4.99; Shirt, $5.99. His denim jeans are 8.99, from Kress.



REE TO BE MARLO

36, actress Marlo Thomas still s like a little girl who needs tak- care of. But the fact is the deli- 103-pound actress can take care erself just fine. So far she has aged to become a star of stage, n and television, a political cam- ner and the producer of a multi- a children's project that is a rec- a book and a television special. her free time—obviously a scarce modity—she also managed to fit photography session with the nal. A needlecraft enthusiast, o was intrigued with our do-it- self crochet and knit evening ters she models here.

ren as a child entertainer Danny nas' oldest daughter and the ap- of his eye was a do-it-yourself in the broadest sense. At ten she e a poem called "Women Can Be le, Too." Since then she's spent n of her life proving the point. ter graduation from a strict olic girls' school and then L.A., she headed East to become ctress. She also knew she'd be r pressure from critics to be good because she was Danny Thomas' hter. "I think if I'd had a fear of g I wouldn't have become an ac- at all," she says.

ccess and failure aren't impor- terms in Marlo's vocabulary. l triumph is doing what I want," says. What she wanted in her twenties was a television show t a single girl living alone. In that was a radical idea for tele- n. Marlo convinced ABC offi- to take a chance. Her "That series ran for five years.

nce then she's done two television als, a movie, campaigned for ge McGovern and produced *Free e You and Me* for children. The i-media project debunks old al stereotypes that say Daddies and Mommies do dishes.

arlo's most recent crusade was g *Thieves*, a play written by her riend, Herb Gardner, from clos- during a disastrous out-of-town ut. When the leading lady quit, o took over the part.

arlo doesn't say whether she and Gardner will marry. She does t that until recently she was udiced against the idea of mar- . "I've spent my life guarding my ness.' Now I know I can still have and share my life with someone '—GERALDINE CARRO

With or without sequins, sweaters glitter this fall. Marlo Thomas models four great examples, representing the season's best looks—all ready for you to make yourself. Information for ordering instructions to crochet or knit on page 128. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.





Above: Splashes of mellow peach, orange and rust streak across a crocheted cardigan. The seams, crocheted together on the outside in contrasting yarn, are an integral part of the design. William Unger yarn. Designer Susan Toplitz. DeNoyer Velvet jeans.

Left: A knit V-necked pullover glitters with sequins knit into the sweater's striped design. Bernat yarn. Designer Mona Weiman.

Right: The inspiration for the bold geometrics of this scoop-necked crocheted sweater is obviously Aztec. Bernhard Ulmann yarn. Designer Jacqueline Jewett. Monet necklace.

Opposite: This sparkling shell of a sweater with tiny capped sleeves features a variety of colors in a crocheted design. William Unger yarn. Designer Jacqueline Jewett. K.J.L. bracelet.



Photographs by Francesco Scavullo. Makeup by Way Bandy, hair styles by Lynn Masters. For knitting instructions, page 128.

VELVET: OPULENCE BY THE YARD

Scan these pages at your own peril. Velvet is corrupting. One look, one length of it makes you an addict. And once your hand has stroked it, you're utterly trapped, enslaved to its seductive blandishments. No mere cloth ravishes the senses like velvet does, with its almost palpable excitement. Even drab shades bloom, and patterns (usually so much printed matter) become a trove of jewels. Like many beautiful things velvet's allure doesn't depend on quantity. A yard or two framing a picture or binding a portfolio or wrapping a box or even marking one's place in a book creates instant richness, a spot of splendor. This is not to deny the marvelously satisfying experience of being surrounded by velvet walls or the sinful embrace of a sofa. Sit or tread on velvet, skirt a table, spread a bed or one wall, festoon a window. Let velvet's soft touch touch your room, your whole life, because magic and luxurious illusion is what velvet is all about. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Photograph by Charles Gold. W. & J. Sloane furniture and rug; Jack Lenor Larsen velvet, Grayblock ribbons.


"Magic and
luxurious illusion is what
velvet is all about."


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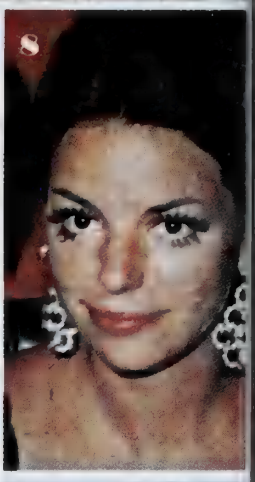

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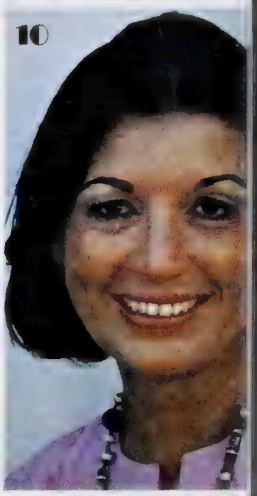

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THE SKIN STORY

Ten Glamorous Women Share Their Skin Secrets

While every woman hopes to have eautiful skin, glamorous women like Dinah Shore, Diahann Carroll and Cristina Ford do more than *hope*. They o something about it. Because of their igh visibility, they can't afford to eave things to chance. All of them ave experimented with various skin-are routines until they found one that eally works for them. And now they ollow it religiously. Their beauty ecrets and those of other skin-wise omen are below.

1 AILEEN MEHLE, *columnist "Suzy"*
never, never, never go into the sun. used to sunbathe a lot. But one day ight years ago while I was on vacation n Italy, I looked down and saw dark lotches on my chest. I was very rightened. A dermatologist I knew old me to stay out of the sun, and I ave ever since. I also have oily skin, hich helps a lot. (You may not think ily skin is terrific when you're 20 or 0, but after that, count your bless-ngs; you'll wrinkle less than other eople.) I always sleep with a humidi-er to keep my skin from drying. Dur-ng the day I use a moisturizer under ny makeup. I wash my face with soap nd water in the morning only. At ight I use a hypoallergenic cleansing ream. I keep smoking and drinking to minimum.

2 MAUDE ADAMS, *model, actress*
Cleansing is my most important skin ecret: I use an astringent to cleanse. My skin is very oily so this is perfect or me, but would be a disaster for a oman with dry skin.) I wash with a uper-fatted soap and then rinse at east ten times. Whatever the weath-r or time of year, I always wear a ich lubricating cream around my yes. Twice a year I have my skin leaned professionally. Otherwise, I team it at home with a facial sauna. work out at a gym three times a eek, which gives my skin an extra ealthy glow.

3 SERENA RHINELANDER, *model*
Staying as close as possible to natural kin treatment is most important to ne. I simply cleanse my skin with a nild facial soap, and once a week I use facial cleansing grains to help combat lackheads in the areas of the fore-ead, nose and chin. Next I use an stringent specially formulated for ily skin. I don't use a moisturizer at all except when the weather gets cold. Then I use a night cream to keep my skin from getting chapped. I don't have any favorite skin-care trick; just natural skin care. The key word is "natural."

4 DOLLIE COLE, *Detroit civic leader*
I'm the kind of woman who tries every product that promises anything. Basically, though, I don't believe you can dispel time. But with a good night's sleep and a few happy thoughts you'll be brighter the next day. A little night cream helps, too. . . . Best of all, be in love! It may cause acne in the young, but brings nothing but smiles and lightness to older women.

5 DINAH SHORE, *actress*
Growing up, I never thought I was pretty so I wore a lot of makeup. It turned out to be fortunate because I spent a great deal of time outdoors and the makeup protected my skin. Today if I'm out in the sun playing tennis or on someone's boat, I wear a visored hat. I also wear a sun bloc under my makeup. I always clean my skin thoroughly. In television they use a lot of powder and I feel it's terribly important to get it all out. I use a cleansing lotion, which I rinse off with a washcloth and warm water. I often repeat the process two or three times until I feel my skin is really clean. Afterward I use a moisturizer. Living in California, I need a lot more lubrication than I would back East.

6 CAROL BURNETT, *actress*
At least three times a week, I perform a major cleansing. First I clean my skin with oil and then wash with soap and lukewarm water. Then I apply a gritty pore cleanser and steam my face. (Use a facial sauna if you have one, or a basin of very hot water with a towel over your head.) Then I rinse with warm water and apply a facial mask. I let it harden, then wash with warm water, followed by cold water and an astringent. The secret is to be *clean, clean, clean!*

7 CRISTINA FORD, *international activist*
Here's my four-point program for skin care: 1. Most important of all, a cleansing regimen to keep the complexion in good condition. I remove my makeup thoroughly with a cleansing cream. Then I spray with cool rose water and pat dry. At night I apply a moisturizing cream. 2. A good diet to keep the system clean inside and out. 3. Plenty of exercise and fresh air for good circulation accompanied by lots of rest. 4. Keeping the complexion free of makeup as often as possible so that the skin can "breathe."

8 ABRA ROCKEFELLER ANDERSON, *co-publisher of* The Chicagoan
After a gusty day in the Windy City, my face looks and feels like a baked potato. In the morning I use a cleansing lotion to clean off sleep soot, followed by a moisturizer. At night I remove my makeup with a cleansing cream and then wash with soap and water. When I remember, I put on a very light night cream. During the winter months, when my skin is very dry, I put a heavy, gooey cream on my face when I take a bath. I always put baby oil in the bath water for my overall dry skin. Sleep, which I never get enough of, is important for good skin.

9 DIAHANN CARROLL, *actress*
When I moved out to the Coast I found a lady who introduced me to her own natural products that really seem to work for me. I have very dry skin, and in the winter time use milk to clean my skin (the fat in the milk helps). You really have to cleanse your skin thoroughly until the tissue or cotton ball shows no dirt at all. I discovered this very young when my pores started enlarging because I was lazy about cleaning my skin. The most extravagant part of my regimen is my papaya cream. I massage myself with it all over as a lubricant during the winter. Twice a week I go to an exercise class, which helps my circulation and my general physical state.

10 PAT LOUD, *author*
I inherited my skin from my mother. It's not especially good skin, but it doesn't wrinkle very fast. Moral: choose your mother wisely. I do, however, make an effort to take care of what I have. I wash my face two times a day with neutral soap (three times if I'm going out and have time to change my makeup). First, I use an astringent diluted with cold water and then a moisturizer. At night I use a lubricating cream. I also eat properly and try to sleep eight hours.

FROZEN TRUFFLE MOUSSE

1. SEMISWEET CHOCOLATE
2. WHITE CHOCOLATE
3. INSTANT ESPRESSO
4. BUTTER
5. EGGS
6. RUM



Photograp

THE SHORT SUMMER SIX

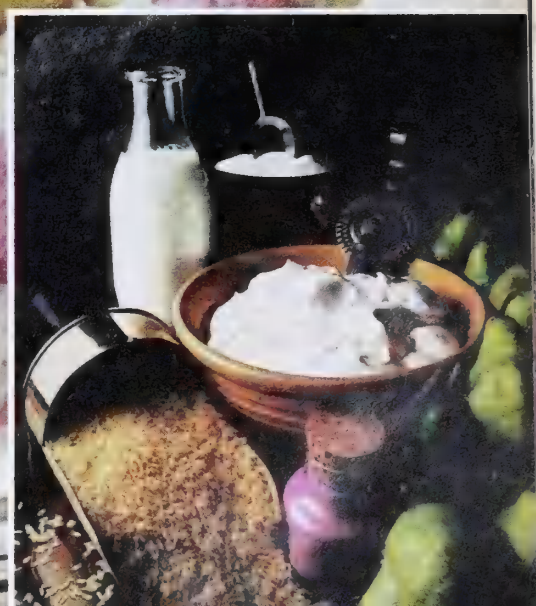
Summertime we like our recipes short and sweet. On those hot, steamy days the eyes of most cooks we know glaze over when hit by a list of 12 exotic ingredients and two pages of explanations. It's a season to get to the point quickly: the Summer Six are it. It takes exactly six ingredients each for our six main-course and six dessert recipes. And the verbiage is kept at a minimum. Check the recipes beginning on page 108. It's all really a breeze. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

Left, Frozen Truffle Mousse, a three-layered, rich creamy dessert combining dark and white chocolate, coffee and rum. Below, Cherry Empress Rice Mold, variation on a classic French molded pear dessert, garnished with rosettes of real whipped cream.



CHERRY EMPRESS RICE MOLD

1. **RICE**
2. **CHERRY GELATIN**
3. **PEARS**
4. **MILK**
5. **HEAVY CREAM**
6. **SUGAR**



Fruited Chicken Breasts and a French-Style Pizza only look like a big production. Check them and the rest of the Short Summer Six in our recipe section on page 110.



FRUITED CHICKEN BREASTS

1. CHICKEN BREASTS
2. STUFFING MIX
3. PEACHES
4. FROZEN ORANGE CONCENTRATE
5. BUTTER
6. CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

6

THE SHORT SUMMER SIX





FRENCH-STYLE PIZZA

1. FROZEN BREAD DOUGH
2. ONIONS
3. OLIVE OIL
4. TOMATOES
5. ANCHOVY FILETS
6. STUFFED GREEN OLIVES

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

READER RECIPE EXCHANGE



Shrimp Walnut Salad



Spicy Ham and Potato Salad Ring

From Gaile S. R. Dubow of Los Angeles, Calif., comes a recipe for a marvelous jumble of shrimp, avocado, cheese, olives, walnuts, etc. Champion salad-tosser Dubow (she reminds us of symphony conductors who can hear the music simply by looking at the score) says she can "invariably tell what the food will taste like, just from reading the recipe."

SHRIMP WALNUT SALAD

Lemon-Herb Dressing:
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
½ teaspoon oregano, crumbled
½ teaspoon marjoram, crumbled
¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
½ cup olive oil
Shrimp-Walnut Salad:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon rosemary, crumbled
1 cup large walnut halves or pieces
2 lb. jumbo shrimp, cooked and cleaned (2 cups)
2 tablespoons freeze-dried or frozen chives
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
6 radishes, whole or sliced
6 pitted ripe olives, whole or sliced
6 stuffed green olives, whole or sliced
3 firm-ripe medium tomatoes, cut into wedges
1 large avocado, sliced (optional)
¾ cup (3 oz.) crumbled feta or cubed Monterey Jack cheese
½ cup small pickled onions
Crisp salad greens

To prepare dressing: Combine all ingredients in a jar. Cover and shake until well blended.
To prepare salad: Melt butter or margarine with rosemary in a heavy skillet over low heat. Add walnuts; heat about 10 minutes until walnuts are lightly toasted, stirring often. Remove walnuts from skillet and set aside.

Pour dressing over shrimp. Add chives and parsley. Mix gently, cover and let marinate in refrigerator one hour or longer.

When ready to assemble salad, toss all remaining ingredients except greens with shrimp mixture. Arrange on a chilled serving plate lined with crisp salad greens. Serves 6–8.

Here's a handsome way to serve a hearty meal in August. Mrs. Walter G. Lohss of Indianapolis, Ind., sent us this really great-tasting salad molded in gelatin. Added bonus: it's as economical as it's impressive to look at.

SPICY HAM AND POTATO SALAD RING

Ham layer:
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
1½ cups diced or ground cooked ham
2 tablespoons minced onion
½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
½ cup chili sauce
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon horseradish
¼ teaspoon hot pepper sauce
Potato layer:
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
2 cups diced cooked potatoes
1 cup diced celery
⅓ cup minced onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 tablespoon vinegar
1¼ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

To prepare ham layer: Sprinkle gelatin onto water to soften. Combine all remaining ham-layer ingredients. Place gelatin over low heat and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and blend into ham mixture. Turn into a 6-cup oiled ring mold and chill until almost firm.
To prepare potato layer: Sprinkle gelatin onto water to soften. Combine all remaining potato-layer ingredients. Place gelatin over low heat and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and blend into potato mixture. Turn mixture onto ham layer in mold. Chill until firm.

Unmold on salad greens; garnish with fresh vegetable relishes, cherry tomatoes and olives. Serves 8.

Send us your favorite recipe using pasta. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes become property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by August 31. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

■ *Herbal Wisdom.* Line your kitchen with little glass bottles, stack it up with wire mesh trays, festoon it with aromatic garlands of leaves and you've created our August Herb Boutique. And you don't have to have an elaborate herb garden to put away a little ceramic crock filled with dried celery leaves, a few packets of minced frozen chives, or a bottle of basil and garlic vinegar.

We experimented with some simple methods of preserving a few of the commonest and most plentiful herbs: things you can grow in your garden or buy in bunches at the supermarket—mint, parsley, celery (leaves), chives and dill. First conclusion: Chives and dill are best frozen. And doing it is almost too simple. Chop up a bunch of clean, dry dill or chives, seal in small foil or plastic-bag packets—just big enough to flavor or garnish a single recipe. Label and freeze. You can also freeze fresh basil this way.

A more involved method for freezing herbs, the blanching-chilling method, works well on parsley, tarragon, mint, and sweet marjoram. Tie the herbs together in little bunches with white thread, leaving enough thread end to easily immerse bunch in boiling water. Hold the herb bundles under the surface of the boiling water a little less than a minute, then remove and plunge into ice water. Drain well and freeze. *(continued)*

Sampler text by Louisa Rose
Border design by Barry Zaid; photographs by Charles Gol



Here are 2 of the souper recipes in Campbell's FREE Tuna Handbook. Send for your copy!



You'll love all 12 quick and easy kitchen-tested recipes in Campbell's new colorfully illustrated Souper Tuna Handbook. To get a FREE copy, send name, address and zip code to SOUPER TUNA HANDBOOK, Box 515, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359.

SOUPER TUNA SALAD LAMAZE

- 1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup sweet pickle relish
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon grated onion
- ½ teaspoon prepared mustard
- 2 cups cubed cooked potatoes
- 1 package (9 ounces) frozen cut green beans, cooked and drained
- Sliced cucumber
- 1 can (about 7 ounces) tuna, drained and flaked

Combine soup, mayonnaise, pickle, lemon, onion, and mustard. Mix 1 cup soup mixture with potatoes and beans. Chill 1 hour or more. Arrange potato mixture on crisp salad greens; top with cucumber and tuna. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs and ripe olives if desired. Serve with remaining dressing. Makes 4 servings.

SOUPER TUNA NOODLE BAKE

- ½ cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup drained chopped canned tomatoes
- 2 cups cooked medium noodles
- 1 cup cooked peas
- 2 cans (about 7 ounces each) tuna, drained and flaked

In saucepan, cook onion in butter until tender; stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into 2-quart shallow baking dish (12"x8"x2"). Bake at 400° F. for 20 minutes or until hot; stir. Top with sliced cheese and croutons if desired. Bake until cheese melts. Makes about 5½ cups.

Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!

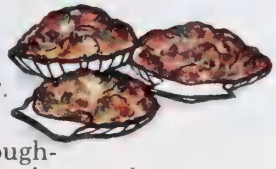




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Would you be embarrassed to serve tuna to dinner guests?

Maybe you think of tuna as just a staple. Some-
ng to have on the shelf when you forget to take
steak out of the freezer in time. Or when the
oops troop in after seizing the sandbox.
If so, you're not exactly wrong.
But you're not exactly right either.



A delicacy? A delicacy.

If tuna weren't so inexpensive, it
uld be considered a delicacy. Through-
t history, tuna, like lobster and crabmeat, has
en the fare of kings and noblemen.
Take Tuna St. Jacques. We suggest you try it
company next time—with a green salad and a
od Chablis or Mâcon Blanc.
We also suggest you use a good tuna. In fact,
Chicken of the Sea and go all the way. Our
efs certainly do.



Fussy is as fussy does.

Like all good cooks, they start with the best. But they don't stop there. Take filleting. It's all done by hand. To make sure only *prime* fillet goes into the can. And they're pretty fussy about grading, color and things like that.

Fussy may be an understatement. They're
rants.
Nice tyrants, but tyrants.
Such an attitude may be why good cooks buy
ore Chicken of the Sea than any other tuna.
ear after year.
As a staple *and* a delicacy.

Tuna St. Jacques

3 green onions, chopped fine (greens, too)
4 Tbsp. butter (total; see below)
4 oz. fresh mushrooms, chopped
1 can (10½ oz.) cream of chicken soup
½ cup dry vermouth
White pepper to taste
1 Tbsp. parsley, chopped fine
2 cans (7 oz. each) Chicken of the Sea White Meat Tuna, drained and chunked
2 Tbsp. Parmesan cheese, freshly shredded
1 slice bread, crusts removed

Preheat oven to 450°. Cook onions in 2 Tbsp. butter until tender. Remove from heat. Brown mushrooms quickly in 1 Tbsp. butter. Combine soup and vermouth. Heat to boiling. Season to taste. Mix half of sauce with onions and mushrooms. Spoon equally into 6 buttered sea shells. Add parsley and tuna. Top with remainder of sauce. Combine bread and cheese in blender. Sprinkle over sauce. Drizzle 1 Tbsp. melted butter over crumbs. Heat in oven 10 minutes or until browned. Serve hot. **6 servings.**





*They also send you Chicken of the Sea Frozen Shrimp . . . which hostesses have always been proud to serve to dinner guests

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

(continued)

• *Drying Herbs.* We successfully dried mint, parsley, and celery leaves using the paper bag method, but you can apply this method to almost any herb. If the leaves are dirty or sandy, rinse and allow surface moisture to evaporate completely. Tie herbs into bunches, leaving a good length of stalk on, and hang them upside down so that the fragrant essential oils in the stem will flow into the leaves. To prevent dust from accumulating, tie a paper bag (punched full of holes for air circulation) around the stems of each bunch. Fasten with a rubber band. Your herbs can be hung up and dried anywhere, garage, attic, kitchen, where it's warm, dry, and well ventilated—anywhere you don't mind having a hanging paper bag collection. This method takes anywhere from three days to two weeks—the quicker the better. If at the end of two weeks your herbs are still not dry, put them in a 100° oven, spread out on a piece of wire mesh. Keep the herbs in the oven until you can crumble the leaves to a fine dry powder in your palm. Pick off the stems and store the leaves whole (they keep their flavor better) in opaque jars *out of the light.* Even though you're tempted to display your housewifely industry, resist the impulse. You can show off in your aromatic, inexpressibly delicious, herb-scented cooking. Right?

NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

Flipping through our book of August events, we note that there seems to be a lot going on in Oklahoma, what with Indian Week (Aug. 5–11), Bluegrass Music Festival (Aug. 7–11), Green Country Art Festival (Aug. 23–25) and a few others. August in Oklahoma? Would it mean missing Funky Chicken Day (Aug. 12) and the Calvert County Jousting Tournament (Aug. 31) in Maryland? Most likely.

We finally settled on a scheme for celebrating a series of birthdays as occasions for trying out a number of new products we have at hand. For example, on Herbert Hoover's birthday on Aug. 10 (a centennial), we're going to try Swanson's latest Hungry Man Dinner—Veal Parmigiana. On Benjamin Harrison's birthday (Aug. 20) we will anoint a very big, thick, TOUGH steak with Heinz's new Barbecue Sauce with Meat Tenderizer. It comes in four flavors: Regular, Mushroom, Hickory Smoke and Hot. We'll try Hot. And in honor of Lyndon B. Johnson's birthday (Aug. 27), we'll try new Armour Star Chili Dogs, a combination of chili sauce, hot dog slices and beans. Another August birthday—Theodore Dreiser's (Aug. 27)—we've decided to spend it reading from his collected works and sipping coffee. What kind of coffee? We can either slip a new Max-Pax Electra-Perk Blend Ground Coffee Filter Ring into our electric percolator and forget about watching the pot . . . or pause to make ourselves a very special, perfectly brewed cup of filtered coffee in our new Melitta coffeemaker. Apparently, Melitta is moving out from the gourmet shops and into the supermarkets with this intriguingly simple way of brewing coffee. For about $5 you get a six-cup glass carafe, a plastic filter top and a box of ten filter papers.

SOMETHING FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

For openers, we proudly present something for children to write away for: *You and Peter Pan in the Kitchen.* The booklet has simple directions for preparing nutritious sandwiches, salads, cookies—even a breakfast treat called Peter Pancakes. And a helpful note of caution as well—"Ask adult helper to show you how to use equipment and set oven temperature." Mail your request to: The Kitchens of Peter Pan; P.O. Box 1050, Dept. LHJ; Arlington Heights, Ill. 60006.

Help for adult helpers comes in a little white booklet absolutely crammed full of useful facts. *How the Shrewdest Shoppers Buy and Use Meat, Dairy Products and Eggs* helps you find hidden bargains and do simple butchering, among other things. Curious? Send your request and 25¢ for handling to: Ralston Purina Foods Book; Box 9162 Dept. LHJ; St. Paul, Minn. 55191.

AVOCADO BONANZA

Good food news from Florida and California! This is the year of the avocado, in fact a bumper crop, and avocado prices are low—averaging 29¢ a fruit and, in some places, five for a dollar. Right now you're probably seeing dark-skinned pebbly-textured avocados, the Hass variety, from California, heaped up at the supermarket. (There're more than 47 million pounds of this particular variety available.) Later, beginning in October, the Florida avocados, with thin, bright-green skins, reach their peak. Flavor differences are subtle; the thin-skinned type tends to be slightly sweeter, slightly more watery than the richer-flavored Hass.

Choosing an avocado: First off, there's no such thing as a tree-ripened fruit. All avocados are ripened off the tree. Buy avocados two or three days before you want to use them and let them sit at room temperature—about 70° F.—until they yield slightly when you press them. While they're ripening they make an attractive addition to a decorative fruit bowl. You can wrap the avocado in a paper bag and cut a day off the ripening time.

Serving avocados. A ripe avocado half, sprinkled with lemon or lime juice and a pinch of salt, is fine all by itself. Cut the avocado into halves leaving the skin on; twist the halves slightly and lift the seed out. If you want avocado balls for a fruit salad you can scoop them out with a melon-ball cutter or a half-teaspoon-size measuring spoon. For avocado crescents, peel off the skin with a sharp knife; lay halves flat side down and cut rounded part crosswise into slices. Pretty for salads. Add cubed avocado to shrimp or crabmeat cocktail. Blends well, tastes good and it brings down the cost of these appetizers. Whatever you do with avocado, be sure to coat it with lemon or lime juice so that it will retain its color. END



Robust flavor. That's what the English like about their cheddar cheese. And that's the kind of cheddar flavor you get in Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner. The good kind you cook up fresh.



KRAFT
Division of **Kraftco Corporation**



It's light, refreshing and one of the nicest ways to set the stage for a pleasant meal. The aperitif, an old European tradition, is now making it big in America, too. Included are sherries, vermouths and a variety of other wine- and spirit-based drinks. Because most are relatively low in alcoholic content, they stimulate the appetite without overwhelming it. Enjoy them straight or experiment with our imaginative mixed drinks below.

APERITIFS: COOL & SUMMERY

1. *Italian Orangeade: Pour 4 oz. orange juice, 1½ oz. Campari over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with soda and garnish with orange slice.*

2. *Kir: pour 4 oz. Kir Gallique (vin blanc cassis) over ice, twist lemon peel over, then drop in glass.*

3. *Snow on the Evergreen: Whir in blender 2 oz. Pernod, 1 oz. dry vermouth, 1 egg white, 1½ tsp. superfine sugar, 2 ice cubes. If glass stem is hollow, fill with creme de menthe, a cherry.*

4. *Lemon Frost: Place ¼ cup lemon sherbet in glass, fill with Dubonnet Blonde (dry bittersweet aperitif).*

5. *Lillet Flambé: Pour 3 oz. Lillet white and ½ oz. orange liqueur over ice cubes. Squeeze oil from twist of orange peel, then ignite peel for flavor.*

6. *Strawberry Summer: Combine ½ cup sliced strawberries, 2 tsp. superfine sugar, ½ oz. light rum in tall glass. Stir, add ½ cup crushed ice, 4 oz. Chambraise (strawberry aperitif).*

7. *Spinning Sunshine: Stir 4 oz. Gancia Americano Oro with cracked ice; strain into 7-oz. glass and fill with soda. Squeeze juice from lime wedge into glass.*

8. *Sunset Aperitif: Stir 4 oz. Cin, ½ oz. apricot brandy, ice; strain over 2 apricot halves in glass.*





Get in the swing to KOOL

ore and more, people are swinging to ool because they're discovering there's no etter answer to hot taste. So get in the ving, light up a Kool.

Even better, enjoy your Kool in the good d-fashioned comfort of Kool's own Lawnlite awn Swing. Light in weight and built of odern sturdy and durable material, it's ade to give pleasure for years and it's ours for only $119.00 and one end flap om any carton of Kools.

KOOL LAWN SWING OFFER



Special price covers delivery of Lawnlite Lawn Swing pictured at right. Deep cushioned in polyfoam and trimmed with vinyl and nylon, it sports green and white Kool stripes. Construction is of sturdy aluminum and steel, with baked-on finish. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. This offer good until 12/31/74 (or while supply lasts) and is limited to U.S.A. Make certified check or money order payable to Kool Lawn Swing offer. Mail to Box 3000KG, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

Please send me _____ KOOL LAWN SWING(S). For each one I enclose one Kool carton and flap (any size) plus $119.00.

☐ Certified Check ☐ Money Order ☐ BankAmericard* ☐ Master Charge*

Card # _____ Expires _____

Phone _____

Name _____

I am at least 21 years of age

Address _____

No P.O. Boxes, please

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION



FRUITS: A FRAME UP



It's a cool collage of fresh fruits glaze with gelatin and framed for a super summer table centerpiece. The artwork is easy. Reproduce our desi or go off on your ow

- *Prepare gelatin:* Dissolve a 3-oz. pk lemon gelatin in 1 c boiling water. Add ½ cup white wine, ½ cup cold water a ¼ tsp. ground ging Chill until partially set, about 45 minut
- *Prepare fruits:* Slice thinly 2 peach 1 banana, and 1 ap Place in lemon juic to prevent darkenin From a small watermelon cut a ½-in.-wide slice lengthwise. Cut sli in half. Scoop melo balls from one half only. You may also prepare any or all of the following: 1 cup thinly sliced strawberries, ½ cu halved grapes, ¾ blueberries, 1 thinl sliced lime and spr of fresh mint.
- *Assemble collag* Use a jelly roll pa or a large deep pla as your "canvas." Place the remainin half-slice of melo as a "flower pot." Arrange peach, banana, apple, strawberry and lim slices in patterns as shown. Use remaining fruits as details.
- *Gelatin glaze:* Spoon thickened gelatin over fruits quickly to obtain th smoothest possible effect. Hold fruit slices down briefly with toothpick to keep them from floating Chill until firm. Surround with a r picture frame or a wreath of greens.
- After everyone has admired your handiwork, serve a salad or dessert.

Photograph by Victor Sco



What makes soft drinks taste better?

A little ReaLemon. It adds a lot of freshness to your favorite soft drink. Diet or regular. And one 32-oz. bottle of ReaLemon reconstituted lemon juice goes so far, you'll have plenty left over to perk up the rest of your menu.

Store Coupon

10¢ OFF ON REALEMON

Mr. Grocer: ReaLemon will redeem this coupon for 10¢, plus 3¢ handling, when submitted as part payment for any size bottle of ReaLemon reconstituted lemon juice. Any sales tax must be paid by the customer. Invoices showing purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons must be shown on request. Coupons must not be assigned or transferred by you. Coupon void in any state or locality where taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted. Good only in Continental U.S.A. Cash value 1/20 of one cent. For payment, mail to ReaLemon Foods, Borden, Inc., Box 1720, Clinton, Iowa 52734. Redemption on other than product specified constitutes fraud. Limit: One coupon per family or address. Coupon good only until March 31, 1975.

REALEMON reconstituted lemon juice natural strength

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ReaLemon. The Versatile Juice.

ReaLemon reconstituted lemon juice. We squeeze, you pour.

B0079—4

FROZEN CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE MOUSSE
(pictured on page 94)

A double dose of chocolate in this rich, rich dessert—the usual dark variety and the more unusual white variety.

15 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
6 eggs, separated
¾ cup butter, melted
3 tablespoons instant espresso coffee
10 oz. white chocolate
1 tablespoon dark rum

Place 9 squares semisweet chocolate in a bowl. Pour over enough boiling water to cover. Let stand until chocolate is melted. Test by inserting a knife into the chocolate. Carefully pour off water, holding chocolate back with a rubber spatula. Beat 4 egg yolks and ¼ cup butter into chocolate until mixture is smooth and shiny. Transfer one-half of mixture into another bowl.

Dissolve 2 tablespoons instant espresso coffee in 1 tablespoon hot water. Add to one bowl of the chocolate mixture.

Beat 6 egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold one-half of egg whites into each bowl of chocolate.

Line the bottom of a 1-quart charlotte mold with waxed paper. Pour the mocha portion of the mousse into the mold. Put mold in freezer to harden. Set aside chocolate portion of mousse.

Following the directions for melting semisweet chocolate, melt white chocolate. Add 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon instant espresso coffee dissolved in ½ tablespoon hot water and rum. (Save remaining egg yolk for another use.) Beat until smooth.

When mocha mixture has hardened in freezer, spread white chocolate mixture evenly on top. Freeze again. When hard, pour reserved chocolate mixture over white chocolate mixture. Freeze overnight. *(Can be prepared in advance to this point.)*

Melt remaining 6 ounces semisweet chocolate over boiling water. Pour out onto a marble table or glass-ceramic counter-saver. Smooth out with fingertips until chocolate is spread thin and feels cool to the touch. When chocolate has hardened, use a square-end spatula to scrape up and form it into curls. Refrigerate until needed.

Dip chocolate mold into a bowl of hot water before unmolding onto serving platter. Smooth sides with a spatula and return to freezer for 10 minutes. Garnish with chocolate curls and fresh mint sprigs, if desired. Serves 8–10.

CHERRY EMPRESS RICE MOLD
(pictured on page 95)

Substitute canned pears if you wish.

½ cup uncooked short grain or Italian rice
2 cups milk
1⅓ cups sugar
½ of 3-oz. package cherry gelatin
1½ cups heavy cream, whipped
2 fresh pears, peeled, halved and cored

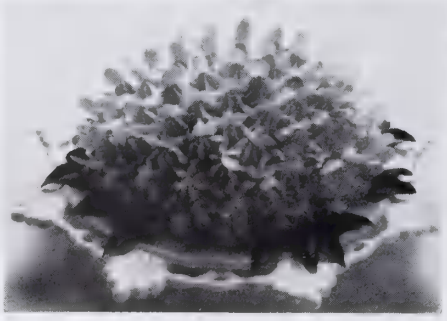
Bring 1 quart of water to a boil in a saucepan. Add rice and boil 10 minutes. Drain. Scald milk in another saucepan. Add rice. Simmer 15 minutes. Add ⅔ cup sugar and simmer 15 minutes more. Remove from heat. Stir in gelatin and cool.

Fold two-thirds of whipped cream into rice mixture. Turn rice into an 8-in. round wax-paper-lined cake pan. Chill in refrigerator until firm. *(Can be prepared in advance up to this point.)*

Poach pears for 15 minutes in a flat saucepan or skillet containing 1 quart water and remaining sugar. Remove from heat and let pears cool in syrup.

Loosen sides of rice mold with a knife and unmold onto a serving platter. Place pear halves on top of mold. Garnish with remaining whipped cream piped as pictured. Serves 6.

WHITE PORCUPINE BAVARIAN



One of the most striking-looking desserts we've made in a long time. And easy.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
3 cups heavy cream
3 egg yolks
⅓ cup sugar
1 cup blanched sliced almonds
1½ teaspoons almond extract

Sprinkle gelatin onto ½ cup cold water to soften. Scald 1 cup heavy cream. In a bowl combine egg yolks and sugar. Pour the scalded cream over egg yolk mixture, beating continuously with a wire whisk. Pour entire mixture back into saucepan and continue beating over medium heat until mixture coats the back of a spoon. Pour the custard mixture into a bowl and add softened gelatin, stirring until dissolved.

Finely grind ¾ cup sliced almonds; add to custard mixture along with almond extract. Cool mixture until it begins to thicken. Whip 1 cup heavy cream; fold into gelatin mixture and then pour into a 1-quart bowl. Refrigerate until firm. *(Can be prepared the day before up to this point.)*

Dip bowl into warm water to unmold onto serving platter. Whip remaining 1 cup heavy cream until stiff. Fill a pastry bag fitted with a No. 6 star tube with cream. Cover entire almond mousse with whipped cream and remaining sliced almonds, as pictured. Garnish with huckleberry leaves, if desired. Serves 8.

SABAYON PARFAIT



Keep this easy recipe on hand to use u those egg yolks that are always accumu lating.

5 egg yolks
⅔ cup dry white wine
½ cup sugar
1 tub (4½ oz.) frozen whipped topping, thawed
1 tablespoon orange liqueur
1 pint strawberries, sliced, or other berrie

Place egg yolks, white wine and sugar i the top of a double boiler. Set over, nc in, boiling water. Beat mixture with a electric hand mixer until custard is thicl Remove from heat and continue beatin 5 minutes more until slightly cooled.

Combine whipped topping and orang liqueur. Layer egg custard, whipped to ping and strawberries into eigl stemmed glasses.

Garnish with a whole strawberry, desired. Serves 8.

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Mr. Lea and Mr. Perrins: On the Delights of Worcestershired Chicken.



Mr. Perrins: A balmy day is as indispensable to an outdoor feast as our perfect Worcestershire, Mr. Lea.

Mr. Lea: Right you are! What would Savory Barbecued Chicken be without the distinctive flavor of Lea & Perrins cooked deliciously through every morsel?

Mr. Perrins: What indeed would all meats, fish, stews, gravies and soups be without the subtle enhancement of our Worcestershire?

Mr. Lea: How does our little chicken taste, Mr. Perrins?

Mr. Perrins: Like a bird of paradise, dear boy, a bird of paradise.

SAVORY BARBECUED CHICKEN

¼ c Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
¼ c salad oil
¼ c white vinegar
1½ tsp salt
2½ lb chicken pieces

Combine Lea & Perrins, oil, vinegar and salt. Brush over chicken. Place under hot broiler or over hot charcoal 30-40 minutes, turning and basting frequently. Serves 3-4.

COUNTRY SPARERIBS

Cut 3 lb spareribs into pieces. Brush with 4 Tbsp Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce; sprinkle with 1½ tsp salt. Bake on rack in pan in 350°oven 1 hour. Combine ¾ c jellied cranberry sauce, 1 Tbsp each Lea & Perrins, grated orange peel and lemon juice and ¼ tsp salt. Brush on ribs. Continue baking or place over hot charcoal 30 minutes or until glazed and tender, basting both sides of ribs several times. Serves 4.

PIQUANT BARBECUE SAUCE

Combine 8 oz can tomato sauce, 2 Tbsp each minced onion, Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce and vinegar, and ½ tsp garlic salt. Use to baste pork, ham, chicken or beef. Yields 1⅓ cups.



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For free recipe book, write Lea & Perrins, Dept. LO, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

SUMMER FRUIT COBBLER

ake up your own fruit combination: ueberries, strawberries, etc.

b. plums, halved and pitted *or* 3 cans (17 oz. each)
b. apricots, peeled, halved and pitted or 3 cans (17 oz. each)
cup sugar
cup lemon juice
packages (10 oz. each) pie crust mix
½ tablespoons cornstarch

Combine plums, apricots, sugar (use ly ½ cup when using canned fruits) d lemon juice. Marinate about 1 hour. Meanwhile, prepare pie crust mix acrding to package directions. Roll about e-half of pastry out to a 12x16-in. recngle and fit it into an 8x12-in. bakg dish. Roll out remaining pastry to a -in. square and cut ¾-in. strips.

Drain fruit, reserving liquid. Measure uid adding water if necessary to make up. Mix cornstarch with 2 tablespoons of the liquid and add to remaining liquid in a saucepan. Heat, stirring with a whisk, until thickened.

Preheat oven to 350°. Arrange fruit in pastry crust. Pour thickened liquid over fruits. Cover fruits with pastry strips in a lattice. Make pastry border around edge, using remaining strips. Bake 45–55 minutes in a 350° oven. Serves 8–10.



FRUIT SNOW BASKETS

Melon baskets are always popular; this recipe has a lemonade topping.

1 package (3 oz.) lime gelatin
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 can (6 oz.) frozen concentrate for lemonade
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
3 honeydew melons
½ cup blueberries

Prepare lime gelatin according to package directions. Pour into a jelly roll pan and chill in refrigerator until firm.

Sprinkle unflavored gelatin onto ½ cup cold water to soften. Heat lemonade concentrate; add softened gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Chill until it begins to thicken. Fold in whipped cream. Freeze. *(Can be prepared to this point the day before.)*

Cut tops off melons, remove seeds and scallop edges. Cut a small slice off the bottoms, so melons stand *(continued)*

SUMMER SIX: DESSERTS
continued



straight. With a melon baller, scoop out balls from melons.

Cut lime gelatin into ½-in. cubes with a sharp knife. When the lemonade mixture is very firm, scoop out into balls with a medium ice cream scoop.

Arrange gelatin cubes, lemonade scoops, honeydew balls and blueberries in melon shells. Group filled melon shells on platter or basket. Serves 6.

SUMMER SIX: MAIN DISHES
continued from page 96

FRUITED CHICKEN BREASTS
(pictured on page 96)

An easy party dish with a delicious fruit sauce. Serve on a bed of rice.

1 package (6 oz.) chicken-flavor stuffing mix
¼ cup butter or margarine
6 fresh peaches or nectarines
7 tablespoons frozen orange concentrate, thawed
6 boned whole chicken breasts
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of chicken soup

Prepare stuffing mix according to package directions; cool. Peel, pit and chop 2 peaches or nectarines and combine with 2 tablespoons orange juice concentrate before adding to stuffing mix.

Flatten chicken breasts, skin side down, with a mallet.

Divide stuffing equally among the chicken breasts. Fold over sides and truss edges together or use wooden picks. *(Make early in the day and refrigerate.)*

Bake chicken breasts in a 375° oven for 30 minutes, basting with a mixture of 2 tablespoons orange juice concentrate and ¼ cup water.

Meanwhile, place in a blender container remaining 3 tablespoons orange juice concentrate, 2 peeled, pitted and chopped peaches or nectarines and cream of chicken soup. Puree for 30 seconds. Pour sauce into saucepan and heat.

Arrange chicken breasts on serving platter and spoon over some of the sauce. Serve remaining sauce in a gravy boat. Garnish with remaining peeled, pitted, sliced peaches or nectarines. Serves 6.

We'd suggest, for a party, cold cucumber soup, green salad with purple onion rings, lemon snow, and a chilled Chablis.

FRENCH PIZZA
(pictured on page 97)

Frozen bread dough is a new product we've found to be wonderfully versatile.

2 loaves (1 lb. each) frozen ready-to-bake white bread, defrosted
6 medium onions, sliced
½ cup olive oil
12 ripe medium tomatoes, quartered and seeded
2 cans (2 oz. each) flat anchovy fillets, drained
6–7 large stuffed green olives, sliced

Roll out bread dough on a floured board to a 20x14-in. rectangle. Transfer dough to an oiled 15½x10½-in. jelly roll pan. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk.

Meanwhile, sauté onions in ¼ cup of the olive oil until soft and transparent.

Heat the remaining ¼ cup olive oil in another skillet until very hot. Sauté tomatoes until soft. (Season to taste with garlic salt and pepper.) Drain.

Preheat oven to 375°. Spread onions on top of dough. Cover with tomatoes. Arrange anchovies in a crisscross pattern over tomatoes.

Bake pizza for 30 minutes in a 375° oven. Cover with aluminum foil after 20 minutes, if crust begins to brown too much. Garnish with olive slices, as pictured. Serves 8–10.

A simple supper menu would also include an antipasto salad, Italian ice, Chianti wine.

VEAL BREAST TONNATO



Budget variation on an Italian classic. This can be served hot or cold; we prefer it cold, in the usual tonnato method.

1 package (8 oz.) herb seasoned stuffing mix
1 bottle (8 oz.) mild Italian salad dressing
1 veal breast (3 lb.), boned
1 package (1½ oz.) white sauce mix
1 can (3½ oz.) tuna fish, drained
1 tablespoon capers

Combine stuffing mix, 1 cup hot water and ½ cup Italian salad dressing.

Flatten veal breast on a wooden board with a meat mallet. Spread prepared stuffing mixture evenly on breast. Roll breast and tie with string every 1½ inches.

Preheat oven to 325°. Brush roasting pan with a little salad dressing. Place meat in pan and baste with remaining dressing. Roast for 1¼ hours in a 325° oven, basting occasionally with pan drippings.

Prepare white sauce mix according to package directions. Puree sauce and tuna fish in blender container. Season to taste. Reheat sauce in a saucepan and keep warm. When ready to serve, pour sauce in a gravy bowl and garnish with capers.

When meat is done, let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Remove string and cut ½-in. slices slightly on the diagonal. Arrange slices on serving platter. Serves 6 to 8, hot or cold.

Note: A 2½-lb. flank steak may be substituted for veal, if desired.

A company dish—serve with chilled melon balls in white wine as an appetizer, cold asparagus vinaigrette, hot crusty French bread, peach ice cream, chilled sparkling rosé.

SWEET & SOUR POLYNESIAN PORK



One of our all-time easiest main dish recipes.

1½ lb. boneless cubed pork
6 carrots, cleaned and cut in diagonal pieces
2 ribs celery, cut in diagonal pieces
1 can (1 lb.) sweet 'n' sour sauce
1 package (10 oz.) frozen tiny peas or 2 cups fresh peas
8 fresh apricots, peeled and halved, or 16 canned apricot halves

Melt a piece of the pork fat from the cubed pork in a Dutch oven. When pan is evenly greased, remove remaining piece of fat. Sauté cubed pork until browned on all sides, about 10 minutes. Add carrots, celery and one-half of the sweet 'n' sour sauce. If using fresh peas, add them now. Cover and simmer over low heat for 20 minutes. Add apricots during last 3 minutes of cooking time.

If using frozen peas, cook according to package directions and add to pork during last 3 minutes along with apricots. Serve with cooked rice. Serves 4–6.

Complete menu with a bean sprout salad and fresh pineapple.

HAM MOUSSE VINAIGRETTE

An attractive addition to a summer buffet, or centerpiece of a chic luncheon.

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 package (1½ oz.) white wine sauce mix
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed chicken broth
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 can (6 oz.) pitted ripe olives, drained
1 lb. cooked ham, diced

continued on page 11

WARD HUGHES

tinued from page 76

ne of his Cadillacs in a lovers' lane on top of a Santa Mon- mountain. This was for real. The marriage to Jean in rch, 1957, took place secretly in Nevada. Howard kept the ial document. In August, Jean was reported to be in the ntreal Neurological Institute for treatment of a back ail- nt. The institute denied it.

ean had been gregarious and talkative when she first came Hollywood, but after my interview with her appeared, ghes, apparently annoyed, cautioned her never to discuss again to the press or her friends, and from that day to , she never has. After her marriage to Howard, it was as ugh she had been swallowed by an earthquake. No one in lywood saw her, although she sometimes came to town for a while studied anthropology at UCLA. From being active, normal woman, she became almost as much of a use as her husband.

Separate houses; monthly visits

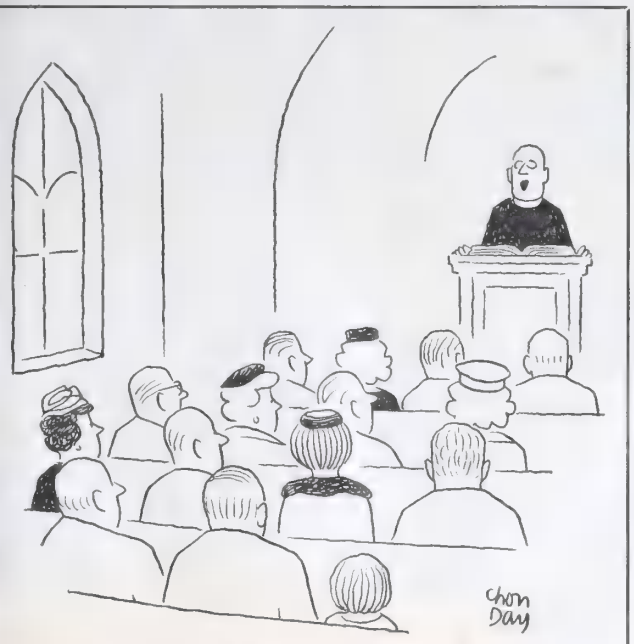
Not long after the marriage, they lived in separate houses, n Jean making a once-a-week or monthly visit to her hus- d in a secret hideaway near his hotel empire in Las Vegas. he would ever sit down with a tape recorder and tell the story of her marriage, she could make a million dollars. she never will, even though several publishers have made rs to Jean to write her story.

During the marriage, she occasionally saw her sister, nine rs younger, and Arlene Stewart, her best friend from ool—Arlene had sent Jean's photograph to the Ohio State uty contest—and also former Quiz Kid Vanessa Brown. ple sometimes thought they glimpsed Jean at a drive-in vie with Mr. Hughes. She also made a once-a-week visit to home of her friend at El Rancho Santa Fe.

On one occasion, Jean was spotted by a reporter at a per- nance of the Comédie-Française. He asked her why she gone into hiding. "I haven't been ducking the press," she ested, "it's just that they aren't interested in an old mar- woman anymore." She said there would be no more ies for her unless it was a "dream role." She wore a big, k mink coat. She disappeared into a black Cadillac.

ean had always been a fan of the Los Angeles Dodgers attended several baseball games without being

(continued on page 112)



"And speaking of an up-to-date church, I've ot good news for those of you with credit cards."

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Taken from an old Swiss recipe, Alpen cereal is a unique mixture of delicious natural ingredients. Fresh roasted almonds, chopped hazelnuts, nutritious whole wheat, crispy oat flakes and sun-dried raisins. Alpen is the taste that comes naturally.

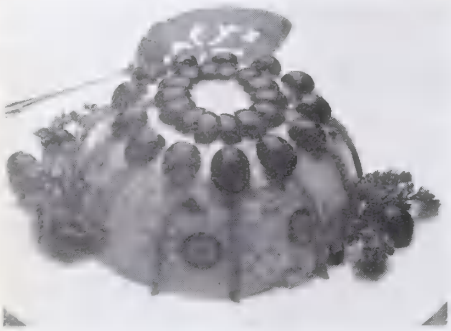
Alpen

Have a taste of Switzerland for breakfast.

© 1974 Colgate-Palmolive Company

MAIN DISHES

continued from page 110



Sprinkle gelatin onto one cup cold water to soften.

Prepare white wine sauce mix according to package directions. Stir in gelatin, chicken broth and vinegar. (Add lemon and pepper seasoning to taste.) Chill in refrigerator, stirring occasionally until thickened.

Slice olives, reserving ½ cup whole olives for garnish. Fold sliced olives and diced ham into gelatin mixture.

Pour into an oiled 1½-quart mold. Cover and refrigerate until firm, about 5 hours or overnight. Unmold and garnish with remaining olives, red pimiento strips and parsley if desired. Serves 6.

Note: Can be completely prepared one day in advance of serving.

BROCCOLI TARTLETTES

This is a vegetarian entrée or a go-with for an old-time favorite such as ham loaf.

1½ lb. fresh broccoli
1½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
12 individual 3½-in. tart shells
2 packages (1½ oz. each) white sauce mix
1½ cups (6 oz.) grated Swiss cheese
1 egg yolk, hard cooked

Boil broccoli for 15 to 20 minutes in salted water until easily pierced with a knife. Drain and chop.

Place mushrooms in a saucepan and add water to cover halfway. Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer for 2 minutes. Set aside and keep warm.

Place tart shells in a 200° oven for 3–5 minutes to warm.

Prepare white sauce mix according to package directions. Stir in grated cheese until melted. Add broccoli.

Fill tart shells with broccoli mixture. Garnish tops with mushroom slices, as pictured. Sprinkle on sieved egg yolk. Serves 6.

Note: May be kept warm in oven after assembling for 10–15 minutes.



HOWARD HUGHES

continued

recognized. She was proud of her disguises, but not as proud as Mr. Hughes. The top disguise man in London recently reported that he had made several different masks and hairpieces for Howard so that he could come and go as he pleased from his top-floor suite at the Inn on the Park, his home in London. Before, he had lived in a hotel in Nicaragua, and before that a hotel floor in Nassau, and earlier there was his long hotel sojourn in Las Vegas.

Why does he want to be a recluse? Is it the deafness that has grown worse in the past two decades? Is he afraid—as printed—of catching other people's germs? And yet the few people who have gained access to him report that he is perfectly normal and his brain is sharp—too sharp for some of the many lawyers working for his ex-employees and for the government.

In 1966 Howard's fortune was estimated at $43,075,779.25. The money came mainly from the Hughes Tool Company, by whom Jane Russell was paid $50,000 a year for 20 years, even when she was no longer in demand as a star—as Hughes predicted when she would not sign an overlapping contract.

Ambiguous divorce

The announcement of the Hughes-Peters divorce was almost as ambiguous as their marriage. It came from Howard's office in Las Vegas: "Jean Peters Hughes, wife of industrialist Howard Hughes, stated today that she and her husband have discussed a possible divorce [I love that "possible"] and that she will seek to obtain one. This is not a decision reached in haste and it is only done with the greatest of regret." And, from Jean: "Our marriage has lasted thirteen years, which is long by present standards. Any property settlement will be resolved privately between us." Jean now owns houses in Beverly Hills, Bel Air and Hollywood.

When Jean and Stanley Hough applied for a marriage license at the Santa Monica courthouse, she gave her occupation as "research interviewer," although whom she had researched—monkeys, perhaps, in her anthropology classes—or whom she had interviewed is not very clear.

Atrophied from boredom

The bride and groom had been married twice before. Mr. Hough revealed that Mr. Hughes had given them his blessing. I'm sure he did, as I am sure that if Jean and her new husband are ever in any kind of trouble, he will come to their assistance. His marriage to Jean had not ended with a bang, and not with a whimper. It had atrophied from boredom, on both sides.

Last year Jean decided to resume her career as an actress and gave her first interview—a press conference this time—since the marriage to Howard. It took place in a theater and was jammed with newsmen and photographers.

Jean was making her comeback at the age of 45 in a television version of Sherwood Anderson's play *Winesburg, Ohio*. She has never been a fool, and she knew why the reporters were hanging eagerly on her every word. "I'm not so naïve," she smiled, "as to think that your being here is your interest in my career. But my life with Howard Hughes was and shall remain a matter on which I will have no comment." They managed to squeeze from her the fact that not only had she been able to get around in Hollywood and New York without being recognized, but so had Howard.

As Mrs. Stanley Hough, her life is the normal one of a Beverly Hills matron with a husband in the film industry. They attend movie previews and social functions, and are seen often at the Bistro, Trader Vic's, Chasens and other restaurants. She is plumper than when she was married to Mr. Hughes, but seems happier in her less glamorous, more open life.

While the story of the serious girl from a small town in Ohio is not exactly the traditional rags-to-riches adventure—her first contract paid her $300 a week, and she might have become a highly paid star—it is still the tale of a modern Cinderella who served her time with one of the richest men in the world. END

LOVE IN AUGUST

By Marcia Cohen

An August sun bakes old loves new,
fresh, fragrantly expansive,
Like loaves of bread set on a
window sill
Or starched white curtains when the
air is still and hot, and when
Your face blooms round and honey
brown,
renewed.
As if the sun had flashed us back
and let
Our sensual beginnings when we
met
and touched, begin again.



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FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

continued from page 83

several smaller, unpainted outbuildings and lean-tos—all surrounded by a comfortable number of big trees. Out in the fields, 30 Hereford cows and seven of their calves graze peacefully.

Yet the house, in the center of all this, seems not to fit this bucolic picture. Large and new and assertively modern, painted pale green, featuring lots of glass and a huge central chimney, and facing a big, man-made pond, it is as though a bit of suburban Cleveland had been plunked arbitrarily in the middle of a pasture. Gaping tourists sometimes drive by, slowing down for a look at the home of the first moon walker and at the small Chevy and Opel station wagon that are usually parked in the drive. They are struck, again, by a sense of anomaly—it is an uncommon house in an utterly commonplace setting.

Why Lebanon? Well, Neil Armstrong was a small-town Ohio boy, born in Wapakoneta, outside Lima. And yet, for an astronaut who—for a while, at least—seemed destined to become the most celebrated man in history, one somehow wants or expects a larger-than-life situation.

For most of the other moon walkers, the experience in the vast reaches of outer space changed their lives dramatically and irreversibly. Most of them found that they simply could never go home again.

Most traumatic

Edwin (Buzz) Aldrin, who stepped down on the lunar surface just minutes after Armstrong, suffered perhaps the most traumatic reaction. He came dangerously close to a nervous breakdown and, although he had been happily married for 17 years, he almost divorced his wife. Finally, he resigned from the service, moved to a Los Angeles suburb and now works as an engineering consultant, trying, he says, to replace "one big objective" with "several smaller ones."

Edgar Mitchell, who followed Armstrong and Aldrin to the moon three missions later, on Apollo 14—during the trip he conducted an experiment in psychic transmission back to earth—divorced his wife a little over a year after his return. He began devoting himself full-time to parapsychology—and now makes speeches and personal appearances in which he argues that telepathy and psychic healing may be mankind's greatest hope for solving human problems. Similarly transformed was James Irwin. Before rocketing to the moon on Apollo 15, Irwin was only a so-so Southern Baptist. But he came back seeming literally to have found God on the moon. In 1972, he retired from the space program to set up the High Flight Foundation, a nonprofit organization whose purpose, he says, "is to share my faith in God and serve humanity."

And then there is Neil Armstrong. As the first man to walk on the moon, he found himself subjected to the greatest pressures.

When Armstrong, Aldrin and Michael Collins (who circled the moon in the command module while Armstrong and Aldrin made headlines on the lunar surface) splashed down in the Pacific Ocean on July 24, 1969, their return caused wild enthusiasm all over the United States. In early August, when the astronauts were released from their medical quarantine, the men and their wives embarked on an extraordinary one-day tour of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. There were bands, speeches and ticker-tape parades in all three cities. The climax of the exhausting day was a huge state dinner in Los Angeles, hosted by President and Mrs. Nixon. The dinner was attended by most of the Cabinet, many Congressmen, 46 governors, representatives of 86 nations—over 1,400 carefully screened and selected guests, making it the largest state dinner in the history of the U.S. and, probably, the world.

Nor was this the end of the hoopla. The astronauts and their wives next embarked upon a NASA-organized world tour that took them to 24 cities in 22 countries, plus Guam, Hawaii and the Canary Islands. Everywhere they went there were more parades, speeches, medals, awards, citations, marching bands and crowds of adulatory fans. A staff of secretaries was needed to answer the thousands of letters that poured in; among them were passionate love messages from women offering Neil Armstrong and his companions all manner of sexual delights. There was hate mail, too, some of it threatening.

Somewhere along the line—for Jan and Neil Armstrong, at least—the experience of being famous began to show its sour and seamy side.

A disturbing amount of commercialism had begun to surround an event that Armstrong had always regarded as a purely scientific experiment. There were the usual offers to endorse a wide variety of products. Lecture agents and motion-picture producers beseiged the astronauts with tempting contracts. *Life* magazine announced it "owned" the astronauts, and had paid each of them a considerable amount of money for the exclusive right to their stories.

In Wapakoneta, local merchants got in on the act with Neil Armstrong T-shirts, beanies and "space shoes." It was announced that a million-dollar Neil Armstrong Museum would be built in Wapakoneta, and the town geared up for a tourist boom. Wapakoneta real estate men saw a chance to cash in, and a street was renamed "Lunar Lane," while the Wapakoneta airport becam Neil Armstrong Airport. And the Ohi Dairymen's Association had Armstrong likeness sculpted in 900 pounds of but ter for an exhibit at the Ohio State Fai

All this was to Neil Armstrong's dis tinct disliking. Nor was he amused whe gossip columnists, in their tireles search for titillating copy, tried to lin him romantically with several glamo ous actresses. Although he is usuall amiable and even-tempered—"a ver loving husband," his wife says, "an very easy to live with"—Armstrong also known to be capable of "col rages." He experienced these col rages several times during the month following his moon adventure, an within a year he announced that h was "profoundly disappointed" that th whole *point* of the Apollo 11 missio seemed to have been lost—dissipate and buried in hucksterism, flackery an other attendant nonsense.

"I had hoped," he said on the fir anniversary of his exploit, "that it woul take our minds away from some of th more mundane and temporal problem that have faced us, and let us look little further into the future with th aim of solving problems before they b come problems. I haven't seen as muc evidence of that as I'd hoped. We st appear to be tied up with today's prol lems, the problems already occurrin We attack them from the backsid rather than meet them head-on. If a of us could look into the future w could look at problems from the fro side, when it's a great deal easier find viable solutions."

In other words, the significance the "big picture" of the earth, which h saw from the moon's surface, has ap parently been missed.

"Soft as toothpaste"

More recently, he said, "I have deep appreciation of the finite signi cance of our fragility. We are a fragi planet, physically so interdependent. you could touch this planet with yo thumb, it would feel as soft as toot paste. We must continue to find wa to protect our planet." He continues talk of the "fragility" of our earthly e vironment—"Spaceship Earth," as h christened it—as intricately constructe as the most sophisticated scientific i strument, and as infinitely perishabl

In our publicity-oriented age an country, where one's name in the pape provided it is spelled correctly, so ofte seems to be the sole acknowledgme that one exists at all, it is hard for ma people to understand why Neil Arm strong, having enjoyed the heady tas of fame, should have become fed u with it, turning away from the spotlig in disgust. Don't we all long to h movie stars and see our faces on th covers of magazines? Well, Neil Arm

strong is one man who didn't, and doesn't. That is one reason for Lebanon, Ohio, the farm and the cows.

The other reason is that Armstrong has always thought of himself not as a celebrity but as an aviator and a scientist. In this regard, it is impossible not to compare him with another flying pioneer, Charles A. Lindbergh. Like Lindbergh, Neil Armstrong has been interested in flying since he was a little boy. Armstrong took his first plane ride in 1936, at the age of six, and from that moment on aviation was his overriding passion. While his contemporaries played football and baseball, Armstrong built model airplanes and read aviation books and magazines. At the age of 14, he began taking flying lessons, paying for them with money earned clerking in local drug and hardware stores, and on his 16th birthday—August 5, 1946—he got his pilot's license. He has been flying ever since.



Charles who?

Like Neil Armstrong, Charles Lindbergh did what seemed necessary following his historic transatlantic flight in 1927—waving from the open cars in the ticker-tape parades and accepting medals. Then he quietly retired with his wife and family to a house in the country, refusing to be photographed or do interviews. Today, when Charles Lindbergh stands on the railroad station platform in Darien, Conn., waiting for his commuter train to take him to New York, no one recognizes the man who was once the greatest hero in the world. And when Lindbergh arrived for a dinner reservation not long ago at a New York club, and said quietly, "I'm Charles Lindbergh" (the identical words he used when the *Spirit of St. Louis* landed in Paris in 1927), the captain inquired, "How do you spell it?"

Neil Armstrong has not been quite as reclusive as Lindbergh. He has made a few recent appearances. Because he himself was an enthusiastic Boy Scout, he addressed a group of Eagle Scouts not long ago, saying that he would dearly love to take a troop of them to the moon with him. Perhaps, he said, with the Scouts' interest in the earth's environment, they would be able to appreciate his feelings about the experience. Because a job in a Wapakoneta hardware store had helped him pay for his flying lessons, Armstrong spoke before the Ohio Hardware Association in February, 1972. Because the G.I. Bill helped him pay for his college education—he is a Korean War veteran—he spoke at a gathering of the G.I. Bill advocates that same year. Otherwise, he is extremely selective about where, and how, he appears. He does employ a lecture agent, who charges a very high fee—$3,500—for an Armstrong appearance. This, Armstrong insists, is done not out of avarice, but merely as a way of discouraging lecture requests.

Not long ago, eyebrows were raised when he appeared in a series of advertisements for quartz crystal watches made by the General Time Corporation. He did it, Armstrong says, not for money but because the watches represented "a technological breakthrough." He pooh-poohs the rumor that he was paid $100,000 for the ads. "That figure is so far out of the ball park that it is not even worthy of comment," he says. (He has also done a TV commercial for the Bankers Association of America.)

Fed up

In 1971, he quit his administrative job with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, confiding to friends that he was fed up with NASA's "bureaucracy" and government red tape. At the suggestion of Professor Paul Herget, a University of Cincinnati astronomer and director of the Cincinnati Observatory, he accepted the post of Professor of Aerospace Engineering at the University, where he started teaching in January, 1972. He had been earning $35,000 with NASA. His salary at the University is less than $25,000.

Both Neil and Jan Armstrong have been described as "shy" and "aloof" and sometimes as "cold." And it is true that, other than Armstrong's undergraduate students, few people at the University—to which he commutes by car (for a while, he flew his own plane)—have met, or even laid eyes on, the man. An aura of mystery has risen around him, but the mystery, in this reserved and generally conservative community, has lately developed into an attitude of relaxed indifference. Armstrong did agree to be chairman of Cincinnati's 1973 Easter *(continued)*

Seal Drive. Later, the University's president, Dr. Warren Bennis, who then had a local television program, asked Armstrong to appear on it. Armstrong agreed– after all, Dr. Bennis was his new boss–but the college president today says, "I still feel that in some way he thinks I was trying to exploit him. Neil Armstrong is in many ways a very sensitive person."

Distant and detached

In Lebanon, the Armstrongs remain distant, detached. Among their neighbors are Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Crosley, who have a son about the same age as the Armstrongs' younger boy, Mark. Although the two boys often play together, when Jan Armstrong arrives to drop off or pick up Mark, she has never accepted Mrs. Crosley's invitation to come in and chat. Because the Armstrongs and the Crosleys share mutual friends, the Crosleys have several times tried to include the Armstrongs as guests at parties. The Armstrongs have never accepted their invitations. Eric Armstrong is on the Lebanon High School football team, but his father has attended only one game. Neil Armstrong did agree to serve on the committee for a recent Boys' Club function, but only on the specific condition that his name not be used in any of the attendant publicity. Jan Armstrong has done some volunteer work for the local schools–helping to catalogue books in the high school library–but that has been the extent of her local civic activities. She took out a card in the Lebanon Public Library a while back, but has seldom used it.

Jan admits that she misses Houston "terribly," especially their friends there –friends who were not necessarily the other astronauts and their wives but just neighbors and women in the school car pool. She has had a little difficulty adjusting to life as a farmer's wife. "I'm still trying to learn the names of the cows," she says.

"We're having a lot of fun with the farm," her husband says cheerfully.

"And, hopefully, a little profit, too!" Jan adds, a little sharply.

There is an astral, unearthly quality about Neil Armstrong these days, though he insists that he is nothing more than a simple private citizen, scientist and educator. One senses it in the pale-blue eyes that seem to be focused, a little sadly, on some middle distance, and his small, sad-shy boyish smile. Is it disappointment that his journey, which seemed to mean so much at the time, seems, five years later, to have meant something less than much?

"Well," he says, "I am unhappy that the spiritual message of Apollo 11 faded so quickly from the minds of men."

But he also has a sense of humor. Speaking to the Eagle Scouts, for instance, and touching on the problem of disposal of the earth's wastes, he said, "After all, the purpose of all those space walks was to take out the garbage. What do you do with all those Tang wrappers?"

He can be poetic, as when he speaks of the earth as "an oasis–the only island known to man."

He can also be bluntly literal, such as when he says, "On the moon, since the sky is black, the impression is of being on a sandy athletic field at night where it is well-illuminated by floodlights."

And when the city of Cincinnati was involved in a recent debate over whether the bus lines should be moved out of private and into public hands, Armstrong's comment was, "Any public transportation system must be designed to be converted to some other kind of fuel within thirty years. This is because fossil fuel sources are going to run out on us before we know it." This, by the way, was months before the words "energy crisis" were heard in the land.

"People are third-rank"

Today, Neil Armstrong says, "I try to fulfill my obligations, but I simply don't comment on subjects where I'm not competent. People are a third-rank category of things to talk about. Someone once said, 'Great men talk about ideas; good men talk about things; and everyone else talks about other people.'"

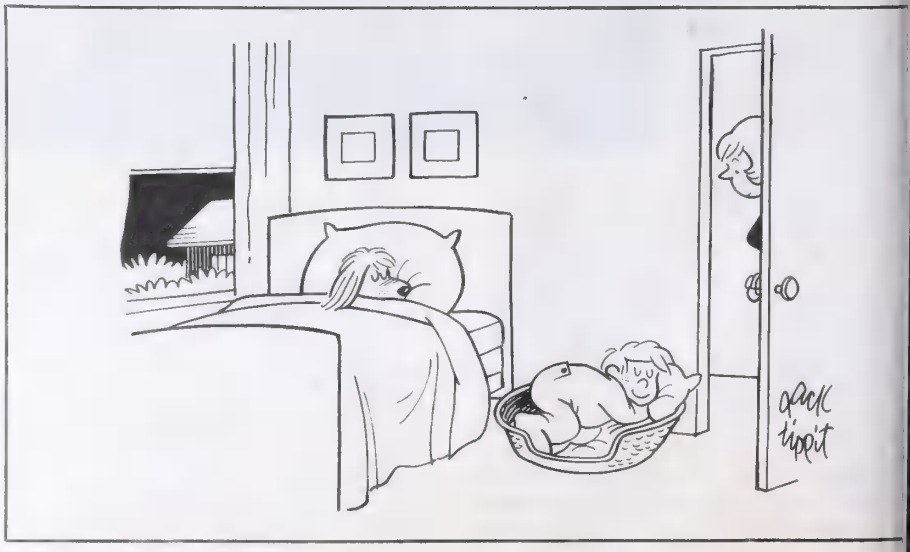
One of the things that he will talk about is a non-university project on which he and a well-known surgeon, Dr. Henry Heimlich, are currently working: to develop an artificial, miniaturized lung for humans. Cincinnati's Ralph Corbett Foundation has provided a grant of $30,000 for this project, and Armstrong says, "Just think, thirty thousand dollars!"–as though this were a sum nearly equal in importance to the billions spent on the space program.

It is a pity, he feels, that this sort of funding should have to come from a private foundation, and not from an appropriation by Congress. He says wryly, "Even in the early 1800's, Thomas Jefferson had to finance Lewis and Clark as a military venture, because he couldn't get Congress to underwrite it as a scientific exploration," implying that the space program was considered a military, or at least a political, undertaking. Perhaps *that* was what went wrong.

Seeking to explain her husband, Jan Armstrong says, "To Neil, space was a challenge. He wanted to go to the moon, of course, but that was not his primary motivation. It was because it was a new frontier–a way to help pave the way for explorers of the future." Of the heroism, or even bravery, involved in her husband's journey, she says crisply, "The freeways are more dangerous than space!"

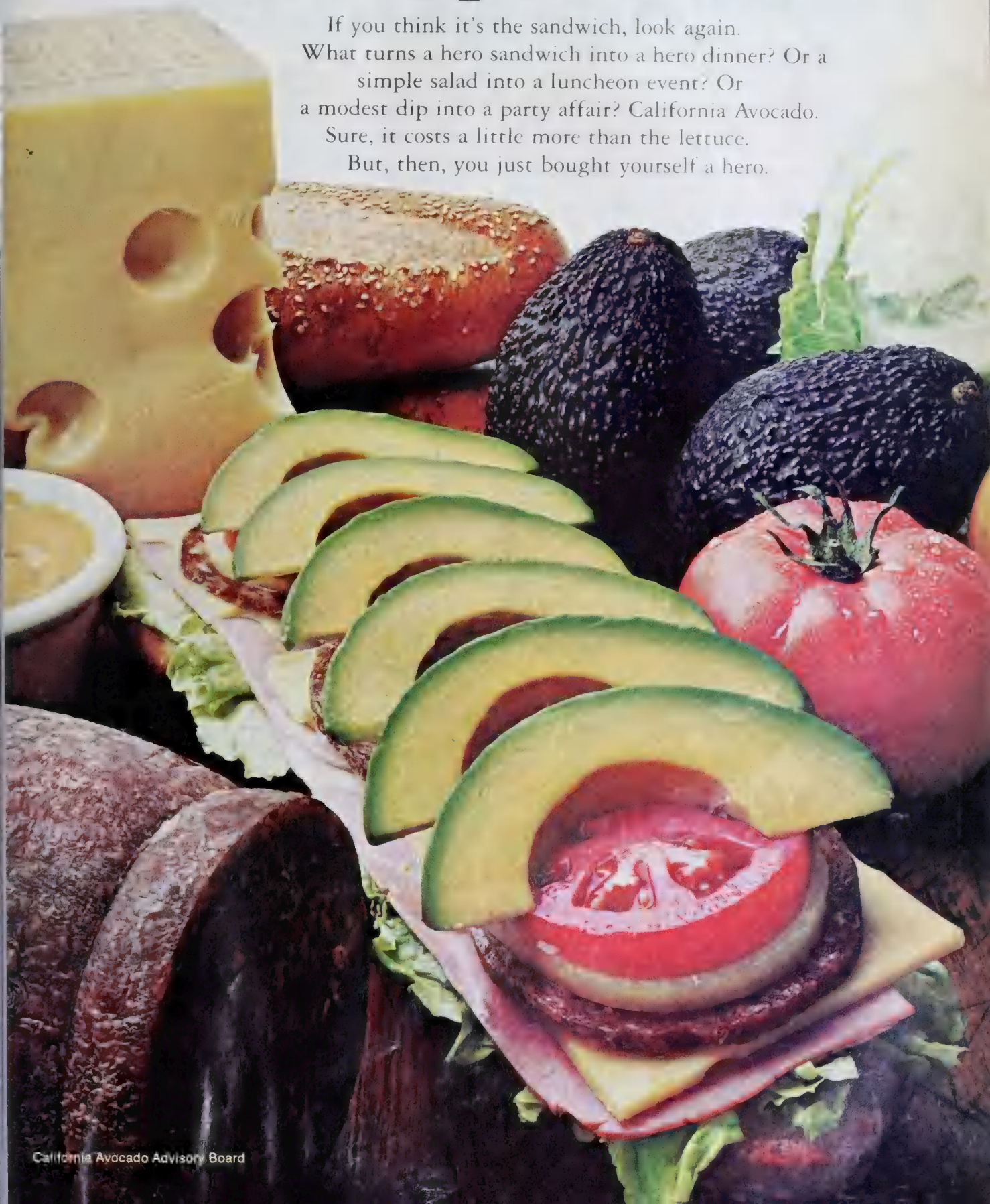
Neil says, "The single thing that makes any man happiest is the realization that he has worked up to the limits of his ability, his capacity. It's all the better, of course, if this work has made a contribution to knowledge, or toward moving the human race a little further forward." Other than work, his favorite pastimes are reading (he said he had read my book, *Our Crowd*), listening to classical music, playing the piano (he also plays the trombone, baritone horn and bass), soaring in a glider on weekends, fishing with his sons and eating hamburgers at Jerry's Drive-In in Franklin, Ohio.

"As for walking on the moon," Armstrong says with his small smile, "sometimes I wonder if it ever really happened." **END**



Find the hero in this picture.©

If you think it's the sandwich, look again.
What turns a hero sandwich into a hero dinner? Or a simple salad into a luncheon event? Or a modest dip into a party affair? California Avocado.
Sure, it costs a little more than the lettuce.
But, then, you just bought yourself a hero.



California Avocado Advisory Board

75 Years Ago in the Journal

Women have been complaining about their treatment by men for longer than men care to remember, as witnessed by this 1899 JOURNAL *excerpt.*

It hardly seems possible that a woman possesses financial intelligence in inverse proportion to her income, which would mean the more money the less sense. No, it is merely a question of necessity and men's attitude toward the women about them. The wife of a day laborer is compelled by necessity to be a partner in matrimonial concern; but let the husband of one of these women rise gradually or suddenly into large means and wide business interests and you will see her little by little accustom herself to coddling, in the form of servants and luxuries. She must no longer find ways and means, and her husband takes pride in turning her into a fine lady, destroying the healthy partnership of former days without offering her compensation for the earlier confidence between them. This is one way in which men keep women down, as the phrase goes, by permitting and encouraging their ignorance of all questions of finance and government.

In these 1899 tips for mothers it is interesting to see the origins of some of our customs—as well as our prices!

A tiny refrigerator to stand in the middle of the nursery may be obtained for two dollars. It is ten inches deep and twenty-one high. It is modeled after the large ice-chests, and the food placed in it is kept cool by means of cold dry air. No doubt liquid air will soon be used as the refrigerating agent.

Rubber bathing-caps come in red and blue and cost fifty cents each. They have a deep ruffle and a bow on top. Plainer ones cost only twenty cents. Those of oil silk made in the French style are thirty-five cents each. Oil silk is thirty inches wide and costs from seventy-five cents to a dollar a yard.

Washcloths of turkish toweling or old, soft linen should be used for children instead of sponges. It is very difficult to keep the latter in good order and in a hygienic condition. They are a lurking-place for germs. Putting soap on them spoils them, making them shiny, and unless they are frequently exposed to the sun and air they acquire a disagreeable odor.

Tennis—this season's most popular sport—was considered good exercise even 75 years ago, but we must admit, it is easier to imagine the daintily frocked ladies engaged in an elegant game of croquet!

My own preference is for the bicycle as a pleasant and health-giving pastime for outdoor exercise in the summer, when taken in moderation; but it is by no means the only one. I would especially mention lawn tennis and croquet, and as to benefits would place them in the order named.

Croquet is the least exhilarating, as it does not necessitate fast moving nor much exertion—in fact, not enough for the deeper, fuller breathing so beneficial and so necessary for the lungs.

Lawn tennis requires quick action mentally and physically, is exceedingly beneficial for the lungs (much more so if the mouth is kept closed during deep breathing), and requires an overhead movement with the arm, thus developing the muscles of the upper arms, shoulders and chest.

Golf is worthy of strong commendation, yet I hesitate somewhat in placing it ahead of lawn tennis, and do so only because it demands more vigorous action. It is a heavier form of work, is a greater developer of the triceps muscles and requires stronger leg action, produces deep breathing, and full expirations as well as inspirations. Boat rowing and swimming add to all-around bodily development. In all forms of summer exercise care must be taken to avoid overheating the blood.—DEBORAH PINES



TIPS FOR CAT LOVERS

by J. Lynn Baker Famous cat breeder



Never pick up a new kitten by the scruff of his neck.

Contrary to popular opinion, picking a baby kitten up by the scruff of his neck can put undue strain on fragile bones in his neck. When the kitten is old enough to carry, always support him with a hand under his stomach.

The best way to control cat box odors.



I've found that no other litter controls cat box odors better than Litter Green. Although it costs more to buy, it sure costs less to use than most clay litter . . . because you don't have to use as much. Litter Green absorbs more, so you only need one inch instead of three inches of clay litter.



Litter Green.® Controls odors better. Costs less to use.

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It starts with confidence. We're so sure of the quality built into AMC cars, we can afford to back them with a Buyer Protection Plan™ that really works. See for yourself which car you'd feel most secure with.

THE FOLLOWING PARTS AND SERVICES ARE GUARANTEED AGAINST FACTORY DEFECTS AND REPLACEMENT DUE TO WEAR FOR 12 MONTHS OR 12,000 MILES

PARTS FIXED OR REPLACED FREE

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Engine/Drive train	YES	YES	YES	YES
Spark plugs	YES	NO	NO	NO
Points & Condenser	YES	NO	NO	NO
Shock Absorbers	YES	NO	NO	NO
Brake linings	YES	NO	NO	NO
Clutch linings	YES	NO	NO	NO
Wiper blades	YES	NO	NO	NO
Light bulbs	YES	NO	NO	NO
Hoses & Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO
SERVICES PROVIDED FREE				
Wheel alignment	YES	NO	NO	NO
Wheel balancing	YES	NO	NO	NO
Align headlights	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust carburetor	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust distributor	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust brakes	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust transmission bands	YES	NO	NO	NO
Adjust & tighten belts	YES	NO	NO	NO
Tighten nuts & bolts	YES	NO	NO	YES
Free loaner car	YES	NO	NO	NO
Trip Interruption Protection	YES	NO	NO	NO

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Part of the plan is lending you a free car if these repairs take overnight. And paying your extra room and board, up to $150, if these repairs have to be done more than 100 miles from home.

You've always believed a car should give you more fun, more freedom...not more problems. And American Motors introduced the car-care plan that finally does it.

Read the whole story of how easy your car-life can be. Send for your free booklet, "I have a Problem-Free Relationship," PO Box 295, Detroit, Mich. 48231.

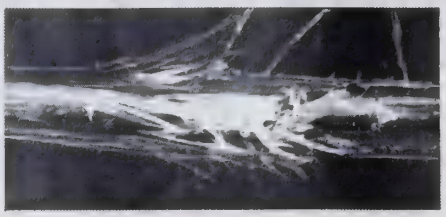
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Parched hair, before shampooing with Alive Again. Magnified 300 times.



Parched hair. Why you probably have it.



It seems almost everything you do to make your hair beautiful may eventually damage it. Tinting strips hair. Teasing breaks it. Brushing breaks it. Bleaching dries it. Hot-air drying scorches it. And they all parch it.

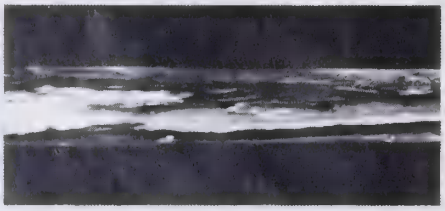
"What can I do about it?"

Start using this new shampoo. Alive Again. Its rich, thick, conditioning lather is gently sympathetic to parched hair. Alive Again helps repair it. After the first shampooing with Alive Again, your hair is recovering. Shampoo regularly with new Alive Again.





Same parched hair shown above, recovering after one shampooing with Alive Again. Magnified 300 times.



New ALIVE AGAIN™ shampoo repairs parched hair.

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Clifton, N.J. 07012

UPERMOM

ontinued from page 56

ill not feel so bereft, anxious, or epressed when that nest becomes mpty through the natural passage f time. A woman with other interests ill not dwell morbidly on her "lonely nd discarded" state. She may feel nely for a time, but she won't feel iscarded. As for her hormones, their ps and downs may produce fatigue nd irritability—which are treatable—ut they won't cause all the problems at seem to beset some "menopausal omen."

More supermoms

There is another kind of supermom ho believes she is a dedicated cook. o matter what the circumstances, hat the inconveniences, she prepares ll-course meals for her family at any our. If she does so without resentment, her own free choice, and her health oesn't suffer, no one can question her otives. However, there are some wom- who spend all day on careful market- g, fine housekeeping, cooking, baking, wing, who are home when children turn, who help with everyone's home- ork, and who are miserable. They n't take time for themselves.

Secret, internalized images of perfec- n evolve from both real and fancied titudes, traditions and experiences. ut perfection is only an ideal that can moved toward, not achieved. Some ople *insist* upon reaching it. Their sistence precludes their ever feeling tisfied, and causes continuous frustra- n and an incredible sense of failure. achievement is enough; no success ffices. This is why supermom works hard to achieve. But she doesn't ever t there. She sometimes manages to ny her deplorable shortcomings (in r mind only), and temporarily to be- ve she has "made it," but most of the ne she subjects herself to an unmiti- ted rage for her "failures."

Anger

Women who insist upon achieving ermom status are secretly dissatisfied d disgruntled with themselves, their nilies, their lives. This can make them ter and disgusted—both of which are ms of anger.

There are two kinds of anger—cold d warm. Warm anger is part of every- e's life. It can have a cleansing, re- rative quality. Upon occasion, we become angry, suddenly or slowly, a greater or lesser degree. We vent r anger and then we feel relieved. ld anger may be set off by something ite. But after a normal warm-angry ponse, the anger remains. Anger intained in such a fashion, over nething past, is cold anger.

But cold anger may not require any acute precipitating factor. Because it is a smoldering, omnipresent anger, it can take only modest sparks to set it off. Such continuous cold anger is easily punctuated by large outbursts of hot anger. There is a marked distinction between the sudden flareup of warm anger and cold anger. Warm anger has elements of humor, forbearance, and intense aliveness. Cold anger never does; it is humorless, grim, deadly and ugly.

What is the connection between anger and supermom? Let me say it again. Supermom's inner directives are culturally, familially and individually induced—and unattainable. Her anger comes from her failure to achieve the impossible. It is usually a persistent, cold anger, and it comes forth in sharp outbursts that often seem entirely unprovoked, exaggerated and inappropriate. Her anger may also come out in quiet but continuous dribbles of complaining, whining, and criticizing. How anger is expressed depends upon the personality of an individual, and his or her background and development.

Home

If supermom is so industrious, competent, driving, intelligent, energetic and idealistic, why does she keep herself in an angry bind? Because she's afraid to let go. Her dedicated, all-consuming drive toward supermomism has cost her a great price. That price is her naturally developing individuality and spontaneity. Though she pays unknowingly, nevertheless, she pays. With her loss of individuality she is living in a semi-alive state.

Sophisticated workers with people in crises know that one way to keep indecisive, timid, terrified people mobilized is to keep them angry. Anger is potent busywork and can overcome other immobilizing feelings.

Thus supermom, who is always hovering on the edge of success as well as failure, remains angry because perfect success is unattainable. Without her anger, feelings of emptiness, hollowness and depression—which may be overshadowed by anger—emerge. She is a beautifully decorated but empty cardboard box. Which is worse? The anger or the emptiness? Feelings of emptiness are anxiety-provoking; and anxiety is one of the most intolerable of all feelings.

She has organized her life around others and she cannot enter into a new form of living. Her safety and security rest with what she knows. Anything new would be anxiety-provoking. Unconsciously, she guards herself from such anxiety by staying with all her old, comfortable, familiar complaints, frustrations and agonizings. It's hell. But at least it's home. **END**



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PET JOURNAL: THE TOP SEVEN DOGS

Every year the American Kennel Club ranks the dogs people like best. Here's the latest list. By Gini Kopecky

Ask a dog owner to guess the most popular breed of dog in the United States, and he will probably name the breed he happens to be holding on a leash. The American Kennel Club tries to be a bit more objective. At the close of each calendar year, the AKC issues a listing of all recognized breeds, ranking their popularity according to the numbers of dogs registered that year. Here, then, are the top seven dogs of 1973.

1. Poodle. The name comes from the German word *pudel*, which means "to splash in the water"—for the poodle was originally a water retriever. In fact, the breed became so popular in this line of work that owners began clipping the dog's dense coat to enable it to swim faster. Hence the popular custom of clipping poodles. For years, the poodle has been known as the national dog of France. Its keen intelligence, along with its variations in size (standard, miniature and toy) and color, has made it America's most popular breed since 1960.

2. German shepherd. This dog is best distinguished for its history of service to man. From its original function as a herding and farm dog, through its various uses today—as a police dog, guide dog or faithful companion—the German shepherd is noted for its intelligence and fearlessness. The dog's ability to assimilate complicated training makes it perfect for police duty. The shepherd is not by nature a scrapper, but can be a powerful fighter when necessary. Although it does not give affection lightly, its friendship, once earned, will last a lifetime.

3. Irish setter. This active, frolicsome breed, with its elegant build and rich red coat, seems to have caught the imagination of the American public; in 1973, the Irish setter rose from fifth to third place on the AKC list. Originally from Ireland, the setter is a good hunting companion who can withstand long hours in the brush. His beauty, gaiety and personality, along with a gentle and lovable temperament, make him an eye-catching and appealing pet.

4. Beagle. Although his large, soulful eyes and gentle, pleading expression make him a lovable family co panion, the beagle is still primarily hunting dog used most often for trac ing down hare. The beagle belongs the group of hounds that trail by sce as opposed to hounds that trail by sig At present, there are more than 9 beagle clubs across the country, and it not unusual for a single sportsman own 10 to 15 dogs.

5. Dachshund. The name (pr nounced "docks-hoond") comes fr the German *Dachs*—badgers; *Hun* dog. As the name implies, an earli larger breed may have been used hunt badgers. The dachshund is no lon er used for hunting purposes. Still, t dog retains the sleek, strong body a admirable courage that made it such valuable hunting companion years ag There are three types of dachshund smooth, longhaired and wirehaired. T smooth—the most popular in the Unit States—makes a perfect pet for city li ing. It is small enough for an apartme and its sleek coat requires no groomin

6. Miniature schnauzer. This dog easily identified by its stocky buil wiry coat and abundant whiskers. coloration varies from salt-and-pepp to an occasional solid black or blac and-tan. The miniature schnauzer w originally a stable dog used for destro ing rats and vermin. Today he is adap able to either town or country livin He is hardy and intelligent, and h fondness for children makes him the pe fect family companion.

7. St. Bernard. Remember the r mantic stories of the St. Bernard resc ing half-frozen victims on snowy mou tains? Well, it's true. As early as t 1600's, Swiss monks were using S Bernards to accompany them on ou ings. The dog's keen sense of smell e abled him to locate storm victims eve when they were buried by snow. Eve tually, the dogs conducted rescue mi sions completely unescorted in packs three or four. When they located a vi tim, two dogs would lie down on eith side to warm the person's body while third rushed back to the monastery alert the monks. EN

Correction: *Credit for April's "Pet Journa should have gone to Mordecai Siegal a Matthew Margolis. Mr. Margolis' name w accidentally omitted. We regret the erro*

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7¢ LJ 8.74 83 LJ 83 7¢

STORE COUPON

continued from page 81

"I want to go to Radcliffe," Paris said.

"Good," the principal said. "Very good. I'm sure you can get in. There is one thing you might consider, though. You're only going to be sixteen next year. Maybe you would want to stay out for a year, take some sort of courses here at home, and become more mature, older. Then you could start college nearer to the age of the other girls."

"I agree with that," her mother said.

"What courses?" Paris said. "If I can get into college now, why do I need courses?"

"But you would be so far away from home, all alone," her mother said. "We just want you to stay home for a year so you can grow more mature."

"Do people get more mature automatically? I thought you got more mature from living."

"You'd be living," her mother said.

Paris thought of the tall shelves of books in the living room, the classics she hadn't read yet, her mother's college textbooks. She could stay home and read all of them and get an education no one else had. She knew when it came down to it they would never let her take courses. Her mother would keep her home in the apartment to be a friend and companion. They would have lunch at Schrafft's with Aunt Melissa and Aunt Cassie. All her friends from high school would be in college, living in other cities, and there would be no one left to be her friend. No one left her age. Her friends *were* her age, even though they were older chronologically. Her mother and aunts weren't her age. They wanted to make an oddity of her, half old woman like them, half permanent child kept at home to rot. It was tempting to think of reading all those books, tempting to put off a strange new experience until she was older and stronger, but she also sensed that if she stayed home she would never go to college. Oh, they thought she would get to college all right. But her mother clutched her with bonds stronger than claws. If she stayed at home with her mother and no friends for an entire year she would become so shy, so beaten down, so dependent, so strange, so unable to function, that she would be a better candidate for a mental institution than for Radcliffe.

"I want to go to college now," Paris said firmly.

"Why don't you just think about it for a while," her mother said.

"I know I want to go to college now. I am old enough."

"They'll be eighteen," her mother said. "And you've never even been out with a boy."

"There are plenty of boys to meet at college and none here," Paris said.

"I'm sure she can handle the work," the principal said. "The only question is whether she feels she can handle the rest of it. Perhaps you'd like to consider a New York school."

"Where is Radcliffe?" Paris asked.

"Cambridge, Massachusetts," her father said.

"I want to go to Radcliffe," Paris said firmly.

If I don't go to Radcliffe, she thought, I'll never be a writer, and if I can't be a writer I'll kill myself.

They let her go up to Radcliffe for an interview. The dean of admissions said she certainly looked a lot older than fifteen. Paris' parents were impressed with the school. They hoped she would be accepted. Even though they wanted her to stay out for a year they wanted her to be the one who was able to say no or yes, not the school. It would not do to be rejected anywhere in life, if possible.

During the next few months Paris' mother several times brought up the subject of staying out and Paris rejected it. Eventually Paris realized she had won; her mother was waiting as eagerly as she was for the letter of acceptance to arrive in the mail. She was the only girl in her class to have applied to only one school. Everyone else had applied to at least four. It was a gamble, her friends told her, and she was crazy, and good luck. Paris really wasn't afraid that she wouldn't get in. After all, if a school knew they were the only school you had applied to, wouldn't they be flattered?

The letter of acceptance finally came. Everyone was pleased and relieved, but not as relieved as Paris was. For the first time she realized the terrible gamble she had taken. If she hadn't been accepted then she would have had to stay home after all.

When her parents told her grandfather the good news he was so pleased that he sent Paris a check for the entire first year's tuition. He didn't like to be bothered remembering birthdays, and he didn't believe in Christmas, so this was the first present he'd given her since she was a baby. Paris knew he was proud of her. *He* wouldn't have wanted her to stay home and rot! He was a progressive old man and he respected her. You didn't have to have long conversations with someone to know how he felt about you.

It was a new era in fashion: the New Look. Paris owned only one dress, two skirts, and three blouses, because she wore school uniforms every day except weekends. Wasn't she lucky that all the styles changed just this year when she had to buy everything new for college? She would buy long circle skirts with waist cinchers and lots of cashmere sweaters and a plaid wool suit with a straight skirt and a matching hat with a feather in it to wear to football games. Her mother said they could shop up in Connecticut while they were at Windflower, the family summer country home. She had already bought Paris three new silk blouses and carefully put in dress shields. Paris hated dress shields. She could hardly wait to get up to college and rip them out. Her mother was going to put dress shields in all her new cashmere sweaters, too. Paris bought a pair of nail scissors.

Cambridge would be cold, so she and her mother had bought flannel pajamas with tight cuffs, and woolen bed socks. Paris already had a fur coat, mouton. She'd had it since her sophomore year in high school. She knew she would love college even though everything about college was still a mystery. In the movies, college kids belonged to fraternities and sororities and acted like jerks, but at Radcliffe they didn't have that. They were more sophisticated. Embarked on another step toward her master plan for life, Paris was beginning to feel sophisticated herself. She had just turned sixteen. No one dared give her a sweet-sixteen party. She was a college girl (almost).

In the fall of 1947 Paris went off to Radcliffe, decided to major in English Literature as there was no creative writing major, and fell in love with four boys at once. For the first time in four years instead of being the new kid at school she was only one of many new kids, and therefore not an outsider at all. All the freshmen were as anxious to please and to make new friends as she was. But she discovered something very strange: a lot of the girls were not there to get an education, they were there to meet and marry Harvard men.

There were two girls down the hall in her dorm who roomed together and were both Jewish, Dottie and Selma. "You aren't going to go out with him, are you?" Dottie asked, horrified.

"Sure. Why not?"

"He's not Jewish."

"So what?" Paris said.

"So it won't last. You'll be wasting your time. I'd never go out with a boy who isn't Jewish."

"Well, I'm only sixteen, I'm not worried," Paris said.

"You're wasting your youth," Dottie said.

There were two other girls who roomed together and were Catholics, Agnes and Bernadette, and having already dated most of the football team they were planning to transfer to Holy Cross for their sophomore year. "There

aren't enough Catholic boys at Harvard," Agnes said. "I don't want to end up an old maid."

One of the boys Paris was in love with lived in New York, and he asked her if she would go out with him during Christmas vacation. He would be her first real date in New York, imagine! He said he would take her to a nightclub. The only time she had been to a nightclub was in Miami Beach with her whole family, and that didn't count. His name was Spencer Kimberly and her friends made fun of him and called him Kimberly Spencer because he had two last names instead of a first and a last name. He looked a little like a mouse, and he hadn't yet kissed her, but Paris loved him anyway. She had met him on a blind date. On their first date they both said they were never going to get married to anyone and decided that when they graduated they would live together in Europe.

"I'm listed in *The Social Register*," said Spencer Kimberly Spencer. "That's nice," Paris said. She didn't have the faintest idea what *The Social Register* was but she thought she'd better not ask.

"What church do you go to in New York?" he asked her.

"I don't go to church."

"Oh. Well, I don't go so often myself," he said.

"You didn't tell him you go to synagogue?" Dottie said later, aghast. "You'll be sorry."

"But I don't go to synagogue either."

"You should have told him you're Jewish. You'll be sorry."

"I would if he'd asked," Paris said. But she was glad he hadn't.

When Paris went home for Christmas vacation the phone was always ringing, boys were crawling out of the woodwork, and then her mother began the attack.

"You shouldn't waste your time on those boys," she said. "They won't be your lasting friends."

Even her mother was planning her future . . . already! It was frightening.

"Why don't you go to the Hillel Society when you go back to school? You'll meet some nice Jewish boys for a change. It's about time. Why don't you go to the Blind Dance next week? The boys from the nicest families go there, and you'll meet some boys who will take you out in the city."

"I go out every night."

"But with what?"

Six months ago she hadn't even liked boys, there hadn't been one boy she could stand. Now she liked them all and the world was closing in on her, picking and choosing for her, trying to snatch her up for life. Paris didn't want anyone to pick a husband for her. She wanted to fall in love in her own time, meet a hundred boys, marry when she was ready. But she knew that Spencer and she would never live together in Europe. Spencer would go his way and she would go hers, and by the time they graduated they probably wouldn't even be seeing each other at all. He was as much a dreamer as she was. His family would probably marry him off to some little mouse-faced debutante who looked just like him. He was too short for a horsey one. She would be blonde, of course. Everything had been preordained. Paris couldn't stand the blind dates her mother and Aunt Melissa got for her, the sons of their friends. Those boys were as gauche and strange to her as if they came from the moon. She wanted to date the boys she met in school, then at least they had something to talk about. She couldn't imagine kissing a boy whose mother was a friend of her mother's. Would he go home and tell his mother? Ugh.

She was lying on the chaise longue in her mother's room one day during Christmas vacation, talking to her mother through the open door of the bathroom where her mother was taking a bath in her customary three inches of water so she wouldn't drown, and suddenly Paris realized that she would never marry anyone. She was doomed to be an old maid. The realization was like a physical blow, it was as if someone had hit her in the pit of her stomach. No one she liked *(continued)*



would ever like her. Her parents and the girls at school had made it abundantly clear. You couldn't choose the boy you wanted, he was to be chosen for you, and she would never marry anyone who was chosen for her. So no one would ever marry her, and she would never marry anyone, and she would be alone all of her life. Thank God for college. There were so many boys there that she couldn't be lonely. She would make the most of it. Afterward, when she had graduated, she would be doomed.

She was lucky she was going to be a writer. She had something to do with her life. All the girls at college had mapped out their lives already: go steady in your senior year, get engaged at graduation, get married afterward, have a lot of children. If they couldn't find someone to marry at college then they would go to work after they graduated, but only to have something to do until they found a husband. If you had an interesting job you could attract a better class of man. Only Paris absolutely knew she didn't want to get married for a long, long time, even if anyone ever wanted her, which she doubted. Oh, drips and jerks would want her, there were always those. Every girl she knew had a drip after her whom she rejected constantly with no success.

Her mother liked to tell her how brave she had been to marry her father, he who was so different from herself, so religious, so poor, with such a demanding, possessive family that they had never forgiven Lavinia to this day for stealing their Jonah away from them. But what was so brave about marrying a man like Jonah Mendes? A girl would have to be an idiot not to see his good qualities right away. No, the whole family had done their little dance, done what was expected of them. But she, poor Paris, wasn't given any credit for having any sense or taste at all. They wanted to plan her life as if this was still the Middle Ages. Any unconventional thought she had was a threat to everyone, she could see that already. Why couldn't she keep her mouth shut and keep her thoughts to herself? Then she wouldn't always be fighting with her mother. It was just that she wanted her mother to agree with her for once, to approve of her. Her mother was stubborn and she was stubborn, and neither of them would ever give in. Paris supposed it would get worse as time went on. She was the trophy in a war.

Her mother kept saying, "I let you go to college," as if going away to college were something really brave and adventurous and grown-up. Actually, life in the dorm was very regimented. Freshmen could stay out until one o'clock in the morning only two nights a week. You usually saved those for weekends. Other nights you had to be back in the dorm at ten P.M. On Sunday night you got to stay out until eleven. You had to sign out and in in a book that was placed near the door. You also had to say where you were going. There was to be no cheating. If you were one minute late you were called up to a kangeroo court and made to tell your excuse, which, short of death or an automobile accident, resulting in a rush to the hospital, was not accepted, and you were put on Social Pro, which meant that you were banished upstairs every night after dinner for a specified time (a week or two or three) with no phone calls allowed.

There was one telephone on each floor, with several push buttons. Each girl had a buzzer in her room and a light above the door. When the buzzer rang and the light flashed you rushed to a house phone on the wall in the hall where the switchboard girl told you what line your phone call was on. Then you ran to the phone on your floor, which was usually occupied, and then you ran from one floor to another until you found a phone that was not occupied, hoping meanwhile that the mysterious caller would not hang up. When you arrived finally at an available phone, out of breath and frantic, it was a great disappointment to find it was only your parents. The phones, except for one on the first floor in a phone booth, were situated in the floor laundry rooms, so while you were trying to have a private conversation with the boy you had a crush on at the moment, several girls were standing there ironing and listening.

The phone system was called "Bells." One girl had to stay on the switchboard (which was located in the front hall of the dorm near the door) for two hours, and girls took turns. If you were a freshman you had to work in the kitchen and wait on table. Only upperclassmen had the privilege of being on Bells. Besides answering the phones and announcing the calls, the girl on Bells also announced Gentlemen Callers. Any pimply eighteen-year-old roaming around looking for a blind date qualified as a Gentleman Caller. No men were allowed above the first floor. You had to receive your Gentleman Caller in the living room. Of course, you could also go outside with him, provided you came back before your curfew. If someone telephoned or came by to see you, the girl on Bells left a note in your mailbox (a wall of cubbyholes on the first floor) that said "Mr. X called." Unless, of course, Mr. X was kind enough to leave his name. Many girls cried and had hysterical fits when they returned from the coffee shop on the corner to discover that the boy they had been waiting weeks to hear from had finally phoned when they were out. Because, of course, you could not call him back; that was unthinkably aggressive. You had to wait patiently for him to call again when he felt like it. Many girls stayed glued to their rooms because of this social rule, afraid to miss the phone *(continued)*

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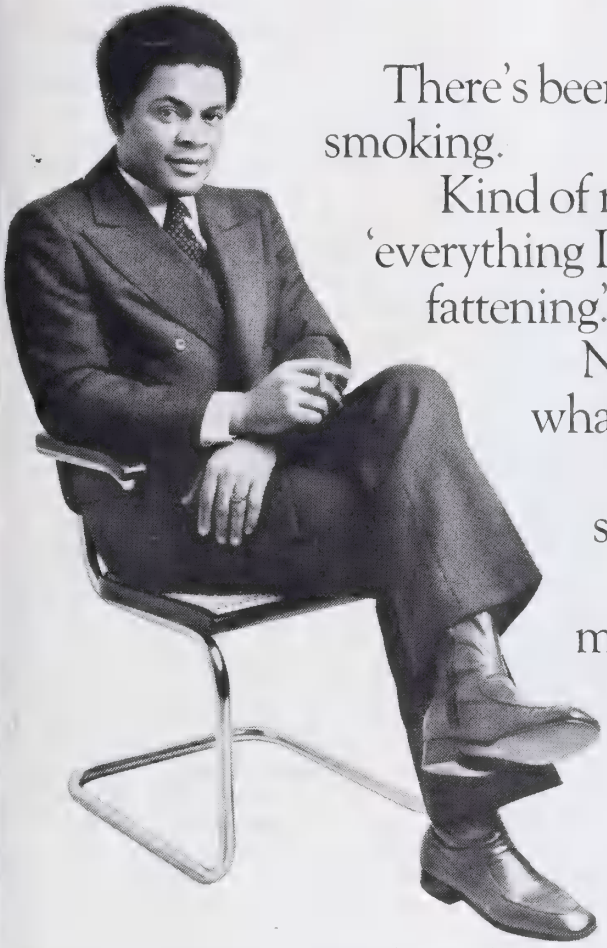
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Maybe you'll smoke them for the same reason I do.



There's been a lot of words in the papers about smoking.

Kind of reminds me of that old line—'everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.'

Now I won't say that I wasn't hassled by what I read.

But, I just didn't want to give up smoking. I guess I enjoy it too much.

But it sure was enough to get me thinking.

So I tried one of those low 'tar' menthols. It was like sucking a straw of hot air.

Then I noticed that a lot of guys I knew smoked Vantage Menthol.

Its special filter didn't make Vantage the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Just the lowest they enjoyed.

So I tried it, and liked it. And discovered something else I liked, too. The tobacco taste comes through the menthol.

Now I can feel I'm still smoking a cigarette. Not a piece of menthol candy.

If you like Vantage Menthol as much as I do, you could wind up writing their next ad.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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call from the love of their lives. But no matter how much you loved him, you could not call him back. A girl didn't do that.

If a boy wanted to take you out on Saturday night it was proper to phone on the Monday before. You could usually tell what type he was right away. A jerk called on the Monday before so he could trap you before you made another date, and also because he was a stickler for convention. The boys you liked the best, the ungallant, charming, unpredictable ones, usually called near the end of the week (unless they had tickets to a football game) or even called on Friday for Saturday, which was humiliating. Sometimes they just showed up to see if you were there. You went right out with them if you liked them, insulted or not. It was difficult to keep your social life the way you wanted it because the drips and jerks always asked you to the big football games two or three weeks in advance, and you would accept out of fear of having no date at all, and then the boy you liked would call later, when you had to turn him down because a nice girl didn't break dates, even with a boy she hated. Paris had been forced to turn Spencer down for four big football games because she was already stuck with boys her mother would have approved of but whom she found boring and unsexy.

There was no honesty and no communication between the girls and the boys. Everything was a game. The girls pretended to be interested in what the boys liked, talked about what the boys liked, and never dared ask them why they hadn't called for such a long time, when they would call again, or if there was any hope for the relationship. You simply kept your fingers crossed. What you were wanting was a love affair with a stranger, so naturally the entire experience was shrouded in mystery. If the boys had been friends or even real people, it would have been easy to understand, predict, and make work. The girls were no more real to them than they were to the girls. A girl was fun or not fun, easy to make out with or not easy or impossible, but never a human being.

The girls' dorms were chaperoned by a House Mother, with whom no one ever had a conversation. Her whole function was to see that the couples necking on the porch at curfew stopped and separated. Perhaps the college had intended that she have another function—guidance, kindness, friendship; but none of the girls were aware of it and she never displayed any indication that she was capable of it. One night in winter Paris, who had a bad cold, began to have an asthma attack. She often had asthma attacks with colds, and knew she needed a vaporizer of some kind, so she went downstairs to the kitchen to find a pot to boil water in to make steam, but the kitchen was always locked after meals so none of the girls would steal food. She then found the House Mother, who was dressed in her customary army surplus camouflage robe and annoyed expression. By this time Paris was wheezing very badly and her lips and fingernails were turning blue.

"May I please have a pot? I need to make steam for my asthma."

"A pot?" the House Mother said. "If you knew you had asthma you should have brought a pot from home." And she went away, never to return.

So Paris waited for morning, when they would let her into the Health Center, fighting for breath, and finally passed out from lack of air.

She never did bring a pot to college for her asthma, because the House Mother wouldn't have let her use the kitchen stove in any case. The function of the House Mother was to keep the school rules and protect the girls virginity, not keep them alive.

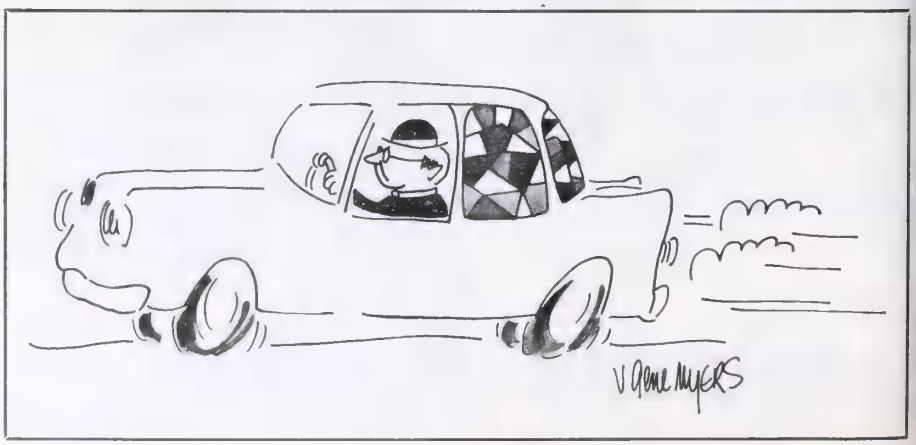
"It's nice you have a House Mother," Paris' mother said, "You have someone to go to if you have a problem."

"Sure," Paris said. She didn't tell her mother about the incident; she didn't want her parents yanking her out of school.

It was cold that winter, freezing cold, and snow was piled up waist high in the streets. No one cleaned the streets in Cambridge; they just cleared a little footpath and left the rest of the snow until spring when it would melt naturally. It was so cold that even the peeping toms and men who exposed themselves in the Common disappeared. Paris had never seen a man expose himself, even one of her dates. The boys she went out with were all shy. She was afraid of the pushy ones. She knew for a fact that some of the older girls, and even a few in her class, weren't virgins anymore, because they talked about it openly among themselves, but most of the girls pretended they were. Paris' best friend, Rima Gold, adamantly insisted that every girl in the dorm was a virgin, and there was nothing Paris could say to convince her otherwise.

Rima and Paris had everything in common and also were complete opposites, which was why they got along so well. Both of them were only sixteen. Both of them were Jewish. Rima came from the Bronx, and although Paris had been living in New York for four years she considered that she really came from Brooklyn. Both of them had gone to progressive private schools. Neither of them had had a date before coming to Radcliffe, but both of them were now boy crazy. They both liked the same boys, but luckily not at the same time. At the start of their friendship they made a pact that neither of them would ever steal the other's boyfriend, and neither of them would go out with a boy the other was dating (no matter how he pestered her) until the one who had him first had declared she was through with him.

For some reason both Rima and Paris were sought out by the prep school-Social Register boys, the ones with the profiles like Greek gods and lockjaw accents, who wore old raccoon coats and drove around in funny cars, the boys none of the other Jewish girls would even talk to because they were so strange, so foreign, definitely not husband material; not that they had a chance. Rima spent a lot of time knitting six-foot-long scarves for her latest crushes. Perhaps the boys sought them out for the same reason Paris and Rima sought them out; they were exotic and different, safe, not serious, adventurous and immature, laughed easily, liked silly things, and didn't want to get married right away. Most of the boys, having gone to all-boys' schools deep in the country, had hardly been out with any girls before coming to Harvard, so they were virgins and naïve too. They liked to kiss. So did Paris and Rima. Rima had already got a rather bad reputa-



tion for being wild because she let boys kiss her on the first date. She was very romantic, and fancied herself Madame Bovary or Lady Hamilton, ready to die for love. But despite the fact that Paris and Rima went out almost every night, both of them got straight A's.

Rima studied hard. She was an English major too, a good, shy, gentle girl, very high-strung, too frail, with dark hair and pale skin and a closet full of expensive clothes. She loved to read poetry, and also wrote poetry, but hid it. She wanted to work in publishing when she graduated.

"Do you know what the Dean told me?" she said to Paris. "She asked me what I wanted to major in and I told her English because I wanted to be an editor someday, and she said: 'We don't train girls for *jobs* here. This isn't a *trade school.* Radcliffe girls are expected to marry Harvard men and be better wives and mothers.' "

"I'm lucky I told her I wanted to be a writer. Everybody thinks you can be a writer while you're taking care of your twelve kids."

"I'll never forget what she said," Rima said angrily. "Never."

"What do you care? You'll never even see her again."

Paris also wrote poetry, but she sent it to the literary magazine, where it was promptly rejected. She also drew caricatures of all the girls in the dorm and their boyfriends. She had decided not to send any stories to national magazines because they would probably be rejected and that would depress her. Part of her life plan was to enjoy college as much as possible and worry about her profession when she was prepared for it. One day, in desperation at having her stories as well as her poems rejected by the college magazine, she wrote the worst story she could, purposely obscure because it had no meaning, and it was promptly accepted. When it ran in the college literary magazine many girls came up to her to congratulate her and tell her how meaningful the symbolism had been to them.

"I have now learned that the last thing I ever want is to be judged by a jury of my peers," Paris told Rima. "They're all idiots."

Although things affected her deeply, Paris passed them off as a joke. The last thing she wanted was for anyone to know she was hurt. Rima, on the other hand, shook with emotions, wept hysterically over a missed phone call from a current love, and was secretly strong as steel. Both of them knew they were intelligent, but only Rima dared admit, even insist, that they were superior.

"It's not that those boys are dumb," she would say to Paris, *(continued)*

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"it's just that they're not as smart as we are, so they seem dumb to us."

"Don't ever say that to anybody," Paris said. She knew girls were supposed to act dumb if they weren't. It was death to be intelligent or intellectual. No one attractive would ever like her if she showed her mind. She would be stuck with a greasy grind, spending their Saturday nights studying together instead of in Cronin's seeing everyone and being seen.

Rima never went out with a boy she didn't like, after one disastrous date when the boy tried to run her over with his car after she refused to kiss him. Paris, on the other hand, went out with every boy who asked her, although not more than once if he was terrible. Her mother had told her over and over to "give them a chance," so she did, although it made her feel used, like a thing instead of a person. A boy never seemed to care if you didn't like him, if you found him physically repulsive; all he cared about was whether or not he found you attractive to him. But she "gave them a chance." She even accepted a blind date from Dottie, who took her to the famous necking palace in the Boston suburbs. It was a huge room, like a coliseum, with a tiny dance floor in the center and rows and rows of love seats set on tiers rising up toward the ceiling. The lights were very dim and blue, to further romance and anonymity. The couples sat there, about five hundred people in all, and necked and petted in the dim light, all together, pretending to be alone, knowing they were safe because no one would go all the way in public. Drinks were served, and a few people even danced, or rather swayed, clutched in a romantic death grip. Paris did not like her date, and as soon as she had clocked enough time to be polite, while pushing him away and chattering, she made him take her home. It was so hard to get away from that "giving them a chance" indoctrination that she almost had to give herself psychosomatic cramps in order to lie and say she felt too sick to stay any longer.

Dottie couldn't figure out why she hadn't liked him, after all, he had a car, and had taken her to an expensive place. But she had a few more in reserve, if Paris was interested. Rejects. . . .

Perhaps, Paris sometimes thought, she was too young to go to college, too inexperienced, too unsophisticated, but there had been no alternative. She'd had to get away from home. It wasn't her fault she'd started school young and then had been skipped. She wouldn't have become more sophisticated at home, that was for sure. There were other sixteen-year-olds in the freshman class, and they seemed mor grown-up than she was. Their lives ha been different. And there were gir who were older who were babies com pared to her. Their lives had been di ferent, too. There shouldn't be rules fo what you should want in life at a pa ticular moment. But everyone seeme scared to death not to conform to a pa ticular ideal. College was supposed t open up the world and make it more ac cessible, not present you with a forn you had to squeeze yourself into. I wasn't the school's fault, it was the girl fault. They could have taken thei destiny in their own hands, but o course it never occurred to any of them to do so.

Senior year was the best year a Radcliffe because if your marks wer good you could stay out every nigh until two A.M. without writing when in the book in the front hall. Othe girls had blithely lied about thei whereabouts in many cases, but Pari had been so conditioned to tell th truth by her mother (she could neve fool her mother; Lavinia could loo into her face and she would crumble that she told the truth to everyone. S it was good to have this freedom now Paris had made Dean's List every term She was getting good marks on he stories, and sending stories and poem regularly to the literary magazine, o which she was Art Editor, and the were always accepted. She had so muc control on the magazine now that sh had even put herself on the cover; a photo of a Radcliffe girl looking long ingly at the new Lamont Library a Harvard, which was for men only, n girls allowed. She was active in th fight the girls were putting up to b allowed to use the same good library facilities as the men. "The boys," Pari still called them. Why should they b men, not boys, when she and he friends were all called "girls," no women? All right, she wasn't twenty one yet, and a "woman" had to b twenty-one, but some of the girls were and some of the boys were younge than twenty-one and were still calle men. How could you call those silly children, who got drunk *(continued)*

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PAGE 90-91: Aurora pattern velvet (P 919 701), stretched on wall and used to cover a large pillow, is a 48" wide cotton from Jack Larsen, Inc.,* 232 East 59th St., N.Y.C. Covering two other pillows, plaid velvet (#68031), 75% rayon/25% cotton, and chevron patterned velvet (#70230), 60% linen/40% cotton, both 50" wide Belgian imports from Erbun Fabrics,* 225 East 57th St., N.Y.C. Cantoni velveteen, used in Camel for the table cover, Mustard Seed and Red Fox to cover boxes, and Lemon Whip to cover a portfolio, is 36" wide, water repellent and spot resistant, by Amity Fabrics, Inc. Velvet ribbons—ombre pattern covering oval box, striped beige covering picture frames, solid brown banding mats of maps, black with gold banding portfolio, and red with gold outlining picture and banding a portfolio—are all by Grayblock. Italian armchairs in orange velvet, tufted Italian loveseat, lamp table, and Meshkin Oriental rug (most are one-of-a-kind pieces), all from W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Ave. at 38th St., N.Y.C.

*through decorators only.

d threw up in the bushes, whose only bition in life was to get their hands girls and eventually go to work in a nk, how could you call them men? toplasms or schmoos or teddy bears ybe, but not men. How could anyly want to work in a bank? It was possible for Paris to imagine any of boys she knew as dignified bankers; saw them more as tellers, all dressed in their gray flannel suits and striped and button-down shirts, counting someone else's money.

For her own career, she didn't mind t she would be living with her parts, because she was lucky they aldy lived in New York. She had read Help Wanted ads in the newspapers and knew that a girl started out at forty dollars a week, fifty if she was lucky, and everyone wanted the few jobs in publishing. She could never have afforded to live in New York alone. If you lived with your parents, fifty dollars a week was an enormous amount of money. She would save as much of it as she could so that some day, when she was older and braver, she could have her own apartment.

She had mellowed a little at college, no longer the frightened sixteen-year-old who had fled home and parents in order to save her identity. But there was still so far to go. Paris wondered how old you had to be to feel inside that you were truly an adult. **END**

RETURN TO RADCLIFFE

Editor's Note: Rona Jaffe (Radcliffe 51) and Phyllis Levy (our Fiction Editor, Radcliffe '52) returned to their old school to get two Radcliffe girls (Ellen Szabo and Lisa Ruddick) to pose for our illustration. Novelist Jaffe tells how it felt to go back.

The night before I went back to Radcliffe, my alma mater, after an absence of over twenty years, I dreamed I was having open-heart surgery in Kansas City. Obviously symbolic: deepest emotional feelings bared, but in Kansas City when Radcliffe is in Cambridge? The past is a foreign place where you return as a stranger.

We had to rent the clothes of 1947 from a costume company for the two real Radcliffe students who would be wearing them in our photo. Our old clothes, now costumes, *artifacts?* We needed a bright red lipstick; one of the girls had one left over from her Halloween costume. Ellen couldn't put it on straight and we had to do it for her. I changed Lisa's 1974 center part to a 1947 side part, the girls put on their costumes, and suddenly, magically, time disappeared and they were us!

Our old dorm, Briggs Hall, hadn't changed outside at all, although the quadrangle was now surrounded by glamorous new dormitories. The grass was worn away from countless co-ed baseball games; our grass was pristine. Boys and girls were studying together in groups, not evenly paired off as in Noah's Ark; they were friends. They wandered over to see what we were doing and talked to us in a friendly, unselfconscious way that we had never been able to muster in our day when addressing the frightening enemy—An Adult.

"My mother was in your class! Did you know her?" The way their faces lit up you could see they *liked* their mothers. A few years ago teen-agers didn't trust anyone over thirty, but that day is past too. As these charming, open kids asked me questions about "the old days" they didn't know that inside I was still a Radcliffe freshman—but that's something they won't find out until it happens to them. Our old rules seemed so funny to them: our kangaroo court for girls who came in a minute after their ten o'clock curfew, no men allowed upstairs; today the dorms are co-ed and there is a boy living in my old room, every room has a lock and its own phone, and there is no curfew. Boys and girls share a bathroom and swim together in the Harvard pool without bathing suits. They seem to spend much more time thinking of intellectual matters than we did. We worried about a date for Saturday night; they never heard of such a thing. They worry about Chinese history. We think they seem daring; they think we seemed frivolous. Looking back, we all seemed so much younger than they are. With them I felt old outside and still a kid inside, but that's what happens when you go back, and it was nice to come home and get it all together again.

—Rona Jaffe



Rona Jaffe (right) and Phyllis Levy (left) at Radcliffe, May, 1974.

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TEDDY

continued from page 79

If reactions varied, the curiosity was solid. Everyone had an opinion: there was no "undecided" group anywhere. Five years after Chappaquiddick, his recognition factor is total.

While most of his Senate colleagues suffer from anonymity, Teddy is public property; rightly or wrongly, he belongs to the American people almost as much as do our parks, monuments, and campsites. And he is often as abused. Every move, gesture and statement are recorded, his transgressions publicized and dissected. The public imagination embroiders and supplements what does not actually appear about him on television and in the newspapers.

To his detractors, Teddy is the last child of Joseph P. Kennedy, an old robber baron who, when he was Ambassador to Great Britain, tried vainly to encourage Franklin D. Roosevelt to support Adolf Hitler. Joe Kennedy was an unbending and unlikable man, his talents limited to making money and siring children, his ambitions for a political dynasty still reaching from the grave to touch his only surviving son. There are stories of Teddy's unpopularity in prep school, his cheating in college, his rise into the U. S. Senate through Jack Kennedy's Presidential influence. To enemies, Teddy remains the weak infant in a large family: to them, his character was pallid before he was born.

The radicals have spurned him because he has never strongly identified with causes more militant than starvation in Biafra; they find him liberal only at suspiciously convenient times—and moving to the center rapidly. To the reactionaries, he has personified the evil in being young, liberal and rich. Most of all, he is the Kennedy who has justified their distrust and fear of his dead brothers; he is the womanizer, the rowdy drinker who, they say, left a girl to die and then went on national television to lie about it.

A vulnerable target

To this surprisingly large segment of the American people, Ted Kennedy is synonymous with the threats inherent in a free society that permits change and encourages equality. Where he has not actually damaged his own image, these detractors have fabricated new failings for him. As the last Kennedy male, he is a vulnerable target of gossip, speculation and bizarre fantasy. At a book-and-author luncheon in Cleveland, a woman asked me if there could possibly be any truth to the story that Ted Kennedy was the illegitimate child of the Pope. Amused, I explained to her that most of the Popes I recall were so short that it would be unnatural for them to father a fellow as tall as Teddy.

Equally as ridiculous are those people at the other extreme who see Teddy as the epitome of perfection, as a savior, the rightful heir to everything his brothers accomplished. They believe that Teddy deserves the Democratic nomination for President simply because he is his brothers' brother. When challenged, more than a few of them admit to niggling doubts about the moral leadership Teddy could provide as President. They argue perfunctorily that the Democratic Party has no one else to run in 1976. The most adamant members of this group seem far more anxious to acquaint you with their record of working for Jack or Bobby. They are, they will tell you repeatedly, "Kennedy folks, right down to the wire." It is as though they are competing in some marathon contest of endurance.

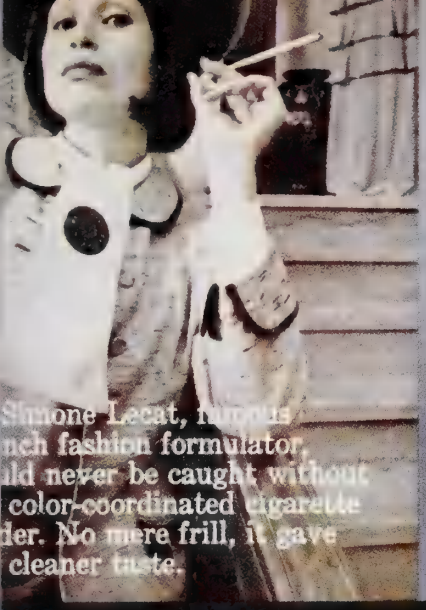
Defending Teddy

These people are as ponderous as the anti-Kennedy faction, and just as vocal. They are almost as numerous as those who counter-argue Watergate with hissed reminders of Chappaquiddick. On a TV talk show in Pittsburgh where the viewers telephone their opinions, I remarked that Senator Kennedy would be one of the less obvious tragedies of Watergate because our apparent moral bankruptcy of leadership would bring about a public demand for politicians above reproach on both tickets in 1976. Calls of protest flooded in from Kennedy loyalists; they were indignant because I had suggested anything at all improper in the Chappaquiddick accident. Teddy was, after all, a Kennedy—and his brothers had died for us all. They charged that it was people like me, and the hostile press, who were out to destroy him.

In Atlanta, a black man told me he kept Ted Kennedy's photograph on the mantel alongside Martin Luther King's. I asked why. He said it was because Kennedy had done so much for black people. I asked what. He failed to offer any specifics, but stared at me in shock: "Black people owe everything they've got to the Kennedys; those men are saints in heaven." He was no more rational than the cab driver in Highpoint, North Carolina, who gave me a stack of bumper stickers that read: NOBODY DROWNED AT WATERGATE!

Considerably more complicated and disparate, of course, are the reactions in Washington, the city that has the most to lose or gain from promoting or denying his candidacy. The subject never fails to stir passions. In the view of many old-line politicians, Kennedy has broken a cardinal rule: he got caught. To most, he compounded his crime by not confessing his mistakes and weaknesses. To the more calculating political practitioners, Kennedy rep-

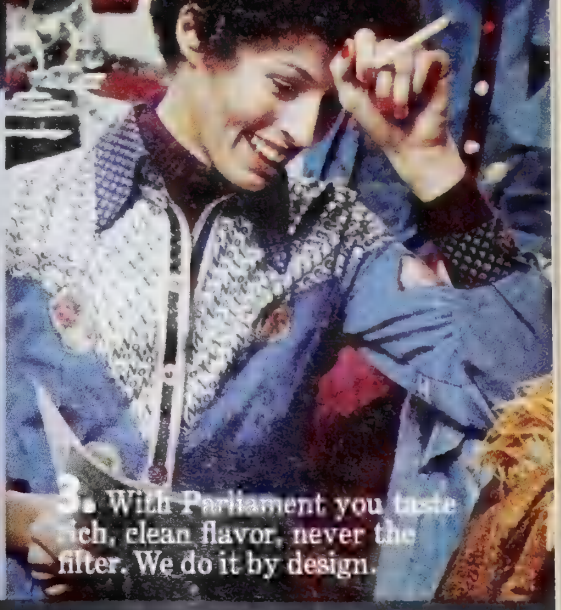
(continued on page 132)



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The Friendship Test

A New Way to Rate Your Friends

This fascinating test, developed with the help of three experts, lets you see just how each of your friends measures up and if the friendship is worth keeping. **By Suzanne Levine.**

Have you and your husband ever come home from an evening with your "dearest" friends, fed up to here with her name-dropping, his practical jokes or their boring stories? Has your best friend ever turned a luncheon date into a cross-examination by probing into your private matters? Has a good friend ever let you do all the arranging for a get-together and then failed to show up? With friends like these, who needs enemies, right?

Unfortunately, some friendships aren't what you hope they'll be. When this happens, whose fault—yours or theirs?

Chances are it isn't anyone's fault, because friendship isn't a one-sided affair; friendship doesn't happen to people, it happens *between* people.

Charles Perroncel, pastoral counselor at the Institutes of Religion and Health in New York City, says that friendship is a matter of negotiation. "One of the main problems of friendship," says Perroncel, "is to know how close a relationship is possible or desirable with a certain person. People thrive on an assortment of relationships—casual relations, intimate relationships, love relationships, etc.—and we must be able to negotiate the right relationship with the right person. But before we can decide where others fit in relation to ourselves, we must know what we are all about. We also have to know what we want. I say 'want' instead of 'need' because adults don't strictly need anything from each other; we can take care of ourselves. We want associations with other people, understandings, companionships. A person who feels that he or she *needs* something from another adult cannot negotiate a relationship as an equal. The need puts the person in a weaker position so that he or she can only wheedle into a relationship instead of stepping right up to it."

William Brockman, Perroncel's colleague at the Institutes, points out that your choice of friends tells an awful lot about you. "Everyone tends to act out myths about himself in dealings with other people," Brockman says. "A man or woman who feels unworthy and unreliable will often seek out friends with the same qualities.

"A great friendship," says Brockman, "is one that is based on the assumption: 'I'm okay and you're okay.' Friendship is as simple and as complex as that."

How do *your* friends measure up? The quiz below is designed to help you find out. It will help you evaluate what you are getting out of your relationships with people you count as close friends. The questions were developed with the help of Perroncel, Brockman and Carl Goldman, a professional group therapist, who finds it helpful in getting to know a new patient to ask, "Tell us about your friends."

Answer all the questions quickly and truthfully, keeping one friend in mind as you take the test. You can take the test over again for *each* friend you want to rate. When you have answered the questions, score and evaluate your friendships as instructed at the end.

SECTION I

1. If your friend (hereafter called F) were planning a surprise party for you, F would
- A. be able to make up a guest list of all the people you really like.
- B. probably invite at least one person you secretly dislike.
- C. have no idea whom to invite.

2. If F were going to use your home while you were away, which preparation would be most important to you?
- A. locking your desk.
- B. getting the house cleaned.
- C. replacing a torn shower curtain.

3. You and F have disagreements
- A. occasionally.
- B. often.
- C. never.

4. F has an idea of your income that is
- A. just about on the nose.
- B. way high.
- C. way low.

5. If F asked you to sell charity tickets and you didn't want to, you would
- A. say no.
- B. take a few, secretly buy half yourself and return the rest.
- C. take them, but return them later, saying you couldn't find buyers.

6. If you felt in retrospect that you might have hurt F's feelings, you would
- A. call up to straighten it out.
- B. assume F would bring it up if you had.
- C. feel awful and try to make it up next time.

7. If you call F to ask a favor, you
- A. ask the favor first; then chat.
- B. chat first; then ask.
- C. never get around to asking.

8. You and F visit best
- A. over a meal.
- B. doing things together.
- C. by phone.

9. If you had a tentative date with F and felt like staying home to finish a good book, you would
- A. call it off, telling F the truth.
- B. call it off with a made-up excuse.
- C. go anyway.

10. If F heard a piece of gossip about you, F would probably
- A. alert you to what was being said.
- B. try to discourage the gossiper from repeating it.
- C. pass it on.

SECTION II

11. If F bought you a million-dollar lottery ticket and you won, you would expect F to
- A. secretly want a share.
- B. ask for a share.
- C. be genuinely happy for you.

12. If you were giving an important party, you would
- A. want to invite F.
- B. feel you had to invite F.
- C. not invite F and hope the word didn't get out.

13. *In your friendship, F is your*
- A. confidante.
- B. cheerer-upper.
- C. doer-with-er

14. If F saw your child shoplifting, F would
- A. tell you about it.
- B. confront your child.
- C. say nothing.

15. If you didn't like a friend of F's, you would
- A. say so and suggest that F not invite you together.
- B. try to turn F off this person.
- C. think less of F.

16. If F recommends a movie, your evaluation of it is usually
- A. as enthusiastic.
- B. cooler.
- C. negative.

17. If F were an expert bridge player and you wanted to learn, you would
- A. ask F to teach you.
- B. read a book about it before you asked.
- C. sign up for a course.



18. When you and F are making plans, your ideas prevail
A. about half the time.
B. rarely.
C. most of the time.

19. Make a mental list of F's main interests and yours:
A. certain strong interests overlap.
B. just about all overlap.
C. you have very few interests in common.

20. If someone were meeting you and F for the first time, which of you would make the greater impression?
A. it would depend on the circumstances.
B. most likely F.
C. most likely you.

SECTION III

21. If something illegal in your past were uncovered, F would
A. be concerned but loyal.
B. probably cool the relationship.
C. drop you fast.

22. If F were giving an important party, F would
A. want to invite you.
B. feel obliged to invite you.
C. not invite you and hope you wouldn't find out.

23. If F said something that hurt you, you would
A. blow up on the spot.
B. stew about it and bring it up a few days later.
C. keep quiet but nurse a grudge.

24. If you worked hard to win a jingle contest and won, you would tell F
A. that you worked very hard for it.
B. that it just came to you.
C. that the judging must have been a matter of chance.

25. If you and F had a lunch date and F called to suggest including someone you didn't know, you would feel
A. optimistic about the new acquaintance.
B. insulted.
C. relieved.

26. If someone told you that despite appearances, F was disloyal to you, you would
A. deal first with the friend who told you.
B. deal first with F.
C. assume it was true and say nothing.

27. If you gave F a stock tip and the stock went down, F would
A. figure it was all in the game.
B. want to make sure you had some of the stock.
C. hold it against you.

28. How ill do you have to be to feel justified in calling off an appointment with F?
A. under the weather
B. catching a cold
C. running a fever

29. If F gave you a gift that turned out to be defective, you would
A. tell F and work out who would take it back.
B. take it back yourself.
C. keep it.

30. If you overheard F describing you to someone who had never met you, the description would sound
A. pretty much the way you would describe yourself.
B. like a total stranger.
C. unflattering.



Score each section of the quiz (I, II, III) separately. Allow 1 point for each A answer, 2 points for each B answer and 3 points for each C answer. Total up the points for each section and check the figures against the scoring below.

Section I is geared to reveal how close you really feel to a friend, how open and trusting the relationship is.

Under 15 points: You've got a nice give-and-take going. You feel confident enough of the relationship to relax in it.

Between 15 and 27: This isn't really an intimate friendship. You might feel better if you accepted it as just a satisfying acquaintanceship and didn't press for anything deeper.

Over 27: You're barely scratching the surface. You hardly know this friend, and it undoubtedly works both ways. Best to renegotiate this one and keep in touch in groups rather than one-to-one.

Section II will explain and clarify the above conclusions. It tests how well you respect and trust a friend and how realistic your appraisal is.

Under 15: A healthy sense of mutual respect makes this friendship important and valuable to you.

Between 15 and 27: You don't pay much attention to the relationship. When you do, you are probably more annoyed or disconcerted than enlightened by this friend's company.

Over 27: You're hanging around with a "creep," or at least that's the way it strikes you. Needless to say, you could do better in choosing a close friend.

Section III is the clincher. It gives an insight into how good you feel about yourself in this relationship.

Under 15: You're probably thriving on an "I'm okay; you're okay" outlook about this friend.

Between 15 and 27: You probably feel that you didn't really choose this friendship. It just sort of happened—and you are playing a role that may be comfortable, but it's a role nonetheless. And as such, it makes you feel like a bit of a phony. That's no way to run a friendship.

Over 27: This relationship is doing you more harm than good. Any attempt to force intimacy is a waste of your time and an indignity to yourself. **END**

CONDOMINIUM PITFALLS

continued from page 26

buy. The most important and most easily achieved goal is to give tenants a voice in the decision to convert. Such a law could require developers to have the approval of a sizeable proportion of a building's tenants (New York law stipulates 35 percent) before converting to a condominium; it could also forbid punitive rent increases or other coercive measures if the tenants decide against conversion.

For more information and ideas for action, write to the National Tenants Information Service, 425 13th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

A vacation note from Ralph Nader: During the summer months, thousands of tourists come to Washington, D.C. The Public Citizen Visitors Center was recently opened in Washington to provide tourists with a diversity of interesting ways to learn about and contribute to their government and citizen awareness. The center will direct inquiring visitors to federal regulatory agency activities and Congressional committee hearings (which in one typical week included such subjects as youth camp safety, the drug industry, air pollution standards, energy waste, health insurance and aircraft noise). A weekly calendar will provide the time and place of events not on the usual tourist map and also suggest visits to agencies that will provide free briefings and instructive tours—such as the Goddard Space Flight Center and the Department of Agriculture's Experimental Research Station. Plan to visit the tourist center on your next trip to Washington. The offices are at 1200 15th Street, N.W., and the phone number is (202) 659-9053.



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TEDDY

continued from page 128

resents a threat to their good names back home; it is exceedingly difficult to convince the voters that life in Washington is hard work when Ted continually appears in print suggesting otherwise. Sexual morality in this country is even more important for reelection than integrity, and American politicians have learned to leave titillating sex scandals to their British counterparts. In the United States, hypocrisy in high politics is essential to the system. In this case the age-old Washington adage has a ghoulish relevance: the man fool enough to get caught in bed with a live boy—or a dead girl—is politically finished.

"He's not Jack or Bob"

When I asked one highly knowledgeable Washington power-broker to assess Teddy's chances for the 1976 Presidential nomination, he responded with a candor unusual among men who deal in politics. "The greatest example of Jack Kennedy's impact on this country today," he said, "is that Ted is even considered a serious Presidential contender. If he were Senator Smathers' kid brother, he'd be on some bank board in Miami and damned grateful for it. Teddy's a nice enough kid, but he just doesn't have what it takes—even before Chappaquiddick he didn't. When it comes right down to it, he's not Jack or Bob and he knows it. But he thinks he has to try. I feel sorry for him. That's one hell of a load he's carrying.

It appears to be a solitary load. Ted Kennedy has neither the talent nor the urge to surround himself with the great aggregate of friends, advisers, flunkies and hangers-on that his brothers seemed to need and enjoy. Unlike his brothers, Teddy does not develop infatuations with the giants of sports, stage, screen, the arts or the media; I never once saw a mountain climber in his house. His few close friends date back to college days; generally, he is seen with his Senate crony, John V. Tunney of California, a divorcé. Together they spend time with Teddy's nieces and nephews, along with their own children, sailing and camping on Nantucket or the Cape.

While some complain that he is often icy and aloof at formal functions, Teddy is gregarious; he likes social gatherings of people his own age, and has never been publicly noted for leaving a party unaccompanied. Few politicians, especially the young and famous, have problems attracting women. The Kennedy magnetism is legend, and public association with any one of them has always guaranteed a woman a quick and certain celebrity. With Teddy, there is the additional convenience that he is vulnerable in his loneliness, and he is seldom in the company of his wife.

A number of the older men who surrounded John F. Kennedy in the halcyon days have expressed a cautious private disdain for Kennedy's candidacy, considering him ungrateful and undeserving of JFK's legacy. There is as much as two decades' difference in age between them and Ted; often they are incapable or unwilling to evade the old pervasive bias that Ted is "the kid," and that he should be treated as such. Now all these men among Camelot's best and brightest have achieved public success on their own merits; some have never quite survived their bitterness at being deprived of their brush with greatness when Jack Kennedy was shot from under them in Dallas.

Nor are those who were entrenched with Robert Kennedy especially courted by Ted. Even the younger men in Bobby's campaign express resentment over Teddy and the promise they think he destroyed for them at Chappaquiddick. They all, however, manage to continue looking toward Kennedy for their future political fortunes, seeing him now as the last horse in the barn as their final hope for renewed power.

Not long ago, I spent an evening with several strong Kennedy supporters, one a former member of the Senator's staff, the others notably close to Bobby and Jack. Implicit in their speculations was that all of them were close to Teddy and mysteriously authorized to speak for him. Chappaquiddick, they agreed, *was* still an issue, but after all, it had happened a long time ago; it was an accident and people tend to forget.

Sick, silly game

I asked how long it had been since any of them had been outside the environs of Washington politics, how long since they had actually sampled the feelings of the American public. They could only cite the dubious results of commissioned surveys and polls insisting that Watergate overshadowed Chappaquiddick. I argued from my own experience that most Americans have not wholly lost their sense of moral outrage, and that while many of the people I have encountered around the country are somewhat resigned to corruption in government, this laissez-faire attitude somehow does not extend to dead girls.

When the conversation among these Kennedyites descended to a debate over whether the amputation of Teddy, Jr.'s, cancerous leg would "cancel out" Chappaquiddick in the public's mind, I—who have a notoriously high tolerance for the sick, silly game of power—excused myself and went home.

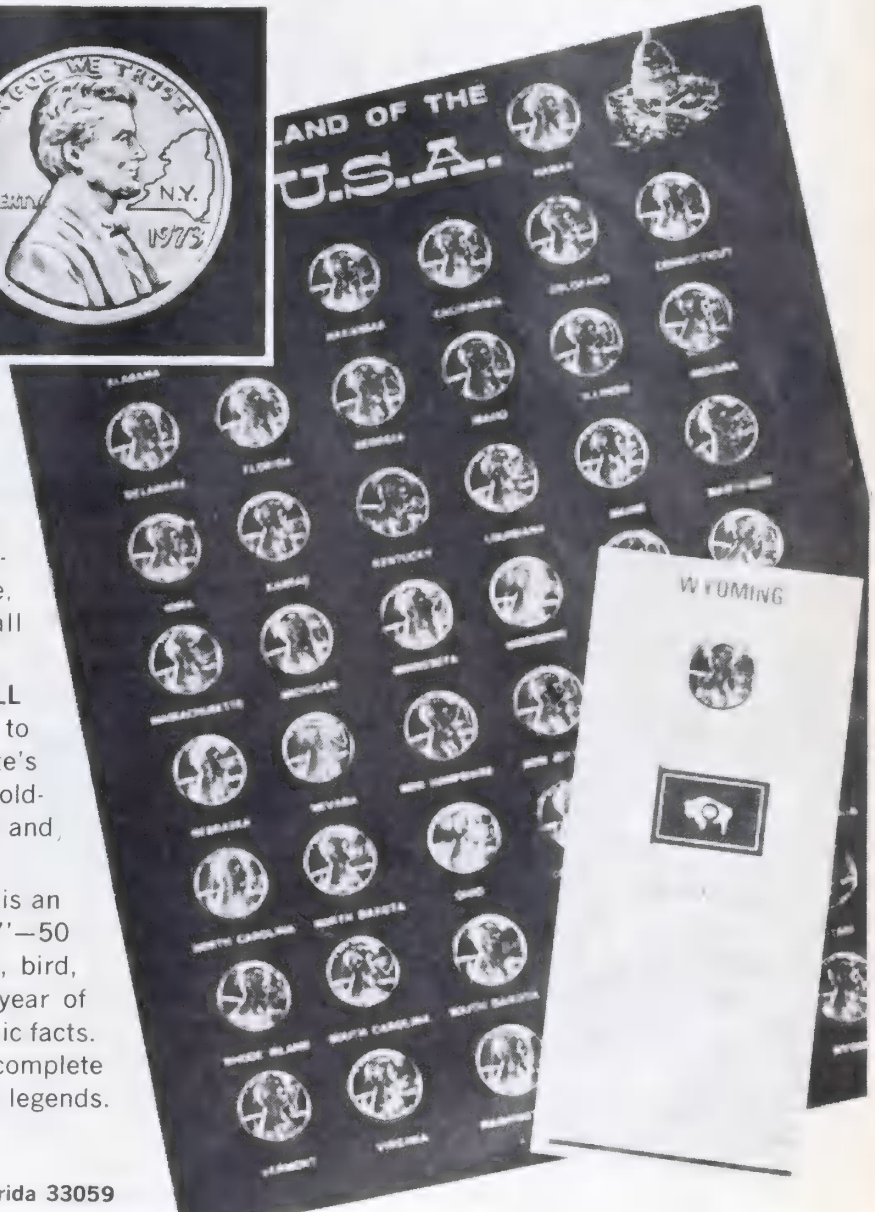
It was then that I began to think seriously of Ted Kennedy in the human context by which I have never heard him measured. I began to see a man with every reason not to trust *(continued)*

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TEDDY
continued

others, a man with few friends or ideas or values that were not thrust on him by a well-intentioned but imperious family. He emerged a different person from the one tossed at me by fate, and I gradually found myself feeling kindly toward that part of him that I had never pondered before. It occurred to me then that not once in all the hundreds of conversations about Teddy, in Washington and elsewhere, had I once heard him discussed other than as a vehicle for power. Never are his qualifications for the Presidency mentioned—only his availability, his Kennedy charm and access to the Kennedy coffers. He is inundated by people whose faith lies not in him, but in the immensely powerful Kennedy organization that can be revitalized to win elections.

Ted Kennedy, upon reflection, seems to me to be the Marilyn Monroe of American politics. Few care what he may feel or need; what ultimately happens to him as a human being appears trivial compared to his immense potential as a money-making, box-office draw for his party; he is the sex symbol of our political system. There is little compassion for what must be on his mind incessantly: his fear that he, more than any other contemporary political figure, is caught in the awesome web of ambition and obligation. As the last of the four brothers, Ted Kennedy belongs to the nation—not because he has really asked for or deserved his position, but because it has fallen to him by simple default.

In contrast with the handful of close friends who maintain that he truly does not want to be President, there are legions who believe he would go to any lengths to reactivate the Kennedy dream. Many see Ted Kennedy as a greedy acquisitor lurking about the scandal-clouded perimeters of politics; not even those who are close to him accord him the sympathy he deserves as a person.

Rather than visualizing Ted Kennedy as waiting in the wings to take his rightful turn as did his brothers before him, try to see him as he may truly be: the pudgy baby brother no one dreamed would ever be summoned to collect the pieces after Joe's death in World War II, Jack's in Dallas, and Bobby's in Los Angeles. Possibly no one even thought to groom him for such a contingency; who would have dreamed it necessary? Before and during all the years of the Kennedy ascendancy, did anyone take Teddy seriously?

If JFK were alive today, he would be almost 60 years old—old enough to be Teddy's father. Who could have foreseen that Teddy's time would come so soon? In all those years spent at the dinner table, with old Joe firing questions at the big boys, prepping them for their major political roles, shaping them to fulfill his aspirations, did anyone treat Teddy differently from his sisters—a family pet to be helped along, spoiled and protected? In most large families, the last child is swept along, his character left to be assimilated by osmosis. Even considering the inexhaustible and religiously inturned Rose Kennedy, there could not, for the last child in a family of ten, have been time or energy for a great deal more. Money does not provide the qualities necessary to the development of children. Confidence is derived from parental interest; even in small families, there is seldom enough to go around.

Tennis and touch football

While Jack and Bobby were moving ahead, Teddy had only to follow along, in some ill-defined way, to be helpful where he might—and especially to stay out of trouble. When his brothers were making their early political moves as young men, they lived obscurely with their wives; they played tennis and touch football, unnoticed and often unappreciated.

But Teddy came to the scene in time for full national attention; one brother was President of the United States, the other was Attorney General. Teddy seems never to have had a private time to find out who he was: he was a Kennedy and the world was watching.

Picture Washington 15 years ago. Camelot had more or less been decreed; Ted Kennedy was a pampered, sheltered young man in his twenties. For the opportunity of being in the big arena, he was deprived of any chance to grow on his own.

While most of us were learning through experience to know our strengths and weaknesses, Ted Kennedy was thrown into a major and horrendous Washington drama, one in which he played only a minor role. He brought his wife, Joan, and their children from Boston and rented a Georgetown house on 31st Street. They tried to fit themselves into the city's political life—a hard adjustment for those who earn their way by solitary devices, harder still for those whose place comes by accident of birth.

Teddy had no established slot or function. Everything about him was swiftly calculated and filed away; he was neither very important nor very illustrious compared to the larger realities at hand. His wife was scrutinized and, though lovely and sweet, was found less energetic and strong-minded than Ethel, less glamorous and artistic than Jackie. Ted Kennedy's house was never thought of as a valuable place at which to be noticed. The youngest Kennedys sim- *(continued on page 140)*

An interview with Becky Evans
at Monterey, California.



"Then I gained 2½ inches on my bustline in just one week...and that was only the beginning."

"...too flat-chested to wear a swimsuit."



"I had gone to Hawaii with my family and my sister came back with a beautiful tan, but not me. I was too embarrassed to go on the beach in a swimsuit. I felt that every girl there had a better figure than I did. Then I learned about the Mark Eden Bust Developer. It was absolutely unbelievable—I gained 2½ inches the very first week and then just kept right on gaining until my bust had grown from my starting measurement of 34 inches to my present measurement of a full 40 inches."

Q. "Besides making you look great in a swimsuit, Becky, how else did the Mark Eden program affect your life?"

A. *"It gave my pride and self-confidence a tremendous boost. Before, I dressed mainly in bulky sweaters—anything to hide my figure—and I literally hated to go shopping. I didn't like the way I looked in anything. But now, with my new figure, shopping is really exciting and so is my new wardrobe because for the first time in my life, I really like the way I look in clothes."*

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Q. "Becky, did you ever try any other method for increasing your bustline?"

A. *"Oh, yes. I tried everything including lots of exercise. I did push-ups by the hundreds, but never gained a fraction of an inch on my bust."*

Q. "Why do you think Mark Eden worked for you?"

A. *"Perhaps it's the only really direct super-concentrated exercise for the bust area, not just some fad—like creams, suction cups and the other things that don't work. I know of other girls like me who have tried all the gadgets and failed and then developed beautiful bustlines so easily and quickly with Mark Eden."*

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Q. "Becky, what causes the bustline to grow?"

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Q. "Becky, what about the Mark Eden Money Back Guarantee?"

A. *"Well, I had really resigned myself to being flat-chested the rest of my life so Mark Eden was kind of my last desperate hope—and it was reassuring to know that if it didn't work, it wouldn't cost me anything. However, I'm delighted with what Mark Eden did for me and I would unhesitatingly recommend it to any girl who sincerely wants to improve her bustline."*

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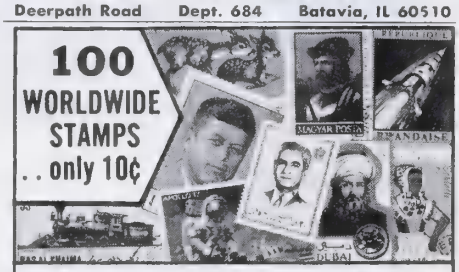
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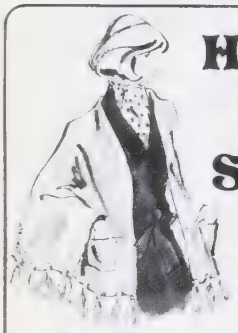
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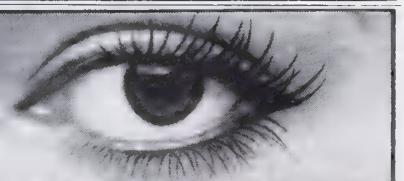
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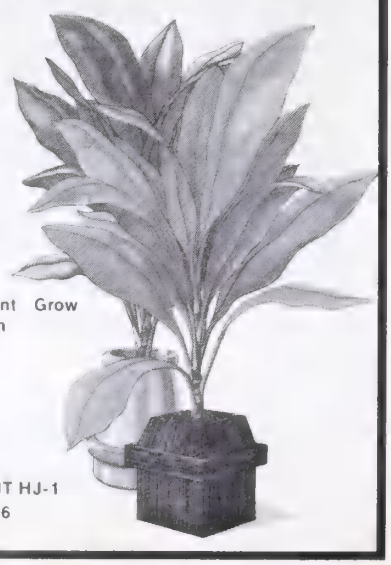
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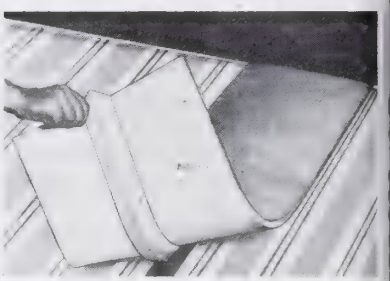
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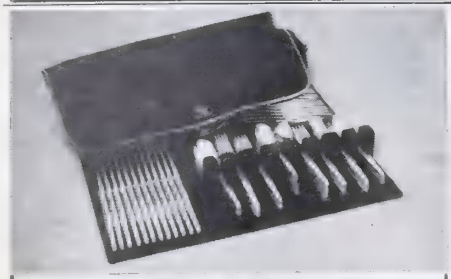
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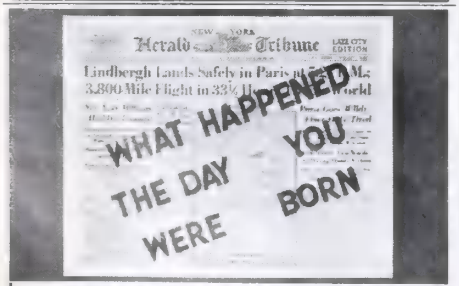
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ply were not a particularly lionized couple in the sixties, but, being Kennedys, they were given neither the time nor the solitude to prepare themselves for what would inevitably overtake them in the seventies.

Where his brothers' interest in women remained quiet Washington gossip, Teddy's became intensely, sadly public. Rumors of marital discord and the extracurricular activities of both Ted and Joan are reported by even the most respected and conservative publications. Any shred of protection the couple had maintained after the assassinations was lost in the furor of Chappaquiddick. After Teddy Kennedy went on TV to explain Mary Jo Kopechne's death, he became a public ward, a parolee whose life was not only a national curiosity but a public responsibility; he became answerable to us all.

Guilt, shame, dashed hopes

While other men are allowed to grow and mature in relationships with women, Ted Kennedy's lack of privacy has also deprived him of this outlet for feeling, compassion and involvement. Nothing is really his anymore, nothing but the guilt, shame, dashed hopes and responsibility for his brothers' families. He is left alone with the insecurities of continuing a legend that was passed on to him by assassins.

For all the sorrowful moments the Kennedy family has known over the years, they always have had each other. Ted's role now is lonely and exposed. No privacy was permitted for young Teddy's operation for cancer. Even in a family accustomed to suffering, there is something especially personal about a sick child, some primal quality all of us understand. Maxine Cheshire of the *Washington Post* knew of the necessity for amputating the boy's leg days before the news was made public. She held back the story so Ted could prepare his son for the operation before the word was printed in the newspapers. Other columns openly discussed the latest Kennedy sadness in terms of Ted's troubled marriage. Magazines speculated whether Joan, the political wife who suffers the role more than most, would manage to hold together. Her recent admission to a private clinic that caters to alcoholics and the emotionally distressed made front-page reading. The most-asked cocktail party questions were: Would these difficult times unite the Kennedys, or would they lead to a final rupture? Would a deeply unhappy and troubled wife end any Kennedy hope for the Presidency?

All of this is Teddy's solitary burden. Bobby, whose sorrow at Jack Kennedy's death was staggering, had Ted (and Ethel) to sustain him. Teddy, the baby few thought of, is the one who has had to go the distance alone.

And there is more. Senator Kennedy reportedly receives close to 600 threatening letters a month. If you have buried two murdered brothers, can there be any way of ignoring a constant, throbbing fear that some lunatic will also gun you down in the streets? What person among us can be aware of such profound, mindless hostility and remain wholly sane?

And how does anyone balance fear against guilt, against the dread of inadequacy, that omniscient hint of reproach from those who think that it is Ted Kennedy's irrevocable duty to pick up where fate forced his brothers to leave off?

Knowing the vagaries and ambitions of politicians, one questions just how many eyes Ted Kennedy can look into and truly find acceptance. Can he trust anybody? How many see him only as an expendable route to power? Does he ever find sympathy, some touch of understanding that he is the most captive creature of his century—damned if he does, damned if he doesn't? How many ghosts does Ted Kennedy think he is disappointing? There has always been something unique and impressive about the Kennedy ability to look over the edge of despair and carry on, but never has one of them been asked to look so far into the dark so often, and still be expected to continue with honor while trying to satisfy the conflicting needs and demands of so many. It seems that it is Teddy's painful duty to acquire these personal values and strengths as he moves along.

One senses in Ted Kennedy these days a rush of mellowness and a rather desperate need for peace. But not even a legendary Kennedy could still the inner furies and quiet the exterior ones at the same time. One wishes for him a past filled with reflection and old experiences that might bolster him now. He has had neither.

Recently, Ted Kennedy was heard to remark that he was learning so much these days, but he was saddened by the fear that it was all coming too late. If he comes to terms with his fears and his party—and he does run for President—would he survive the campaign? And if he did, would he have any chance of winning? What if he were the Kennedy to finish the legend in defeat? Is he not entitled to personal hesitations about his ability to lead if elected? What can the Presidency promise in terms of human qualities that might help him through the next 30 years? Could the need for power be that great after seeing the havoc it brings?

Five years after Chappaquiddick, the dilemma of Ted Kennedy at this critical juncture in his career is that he embodies most of what is contradictory and confused in our society—and in all of us. Like his brothers in their own times, he peculiarly reflects us in both our moments of cowardice and courage. He has very nearly paid his dues. He deserves to be dealt with as something more than legend or institution. **END**



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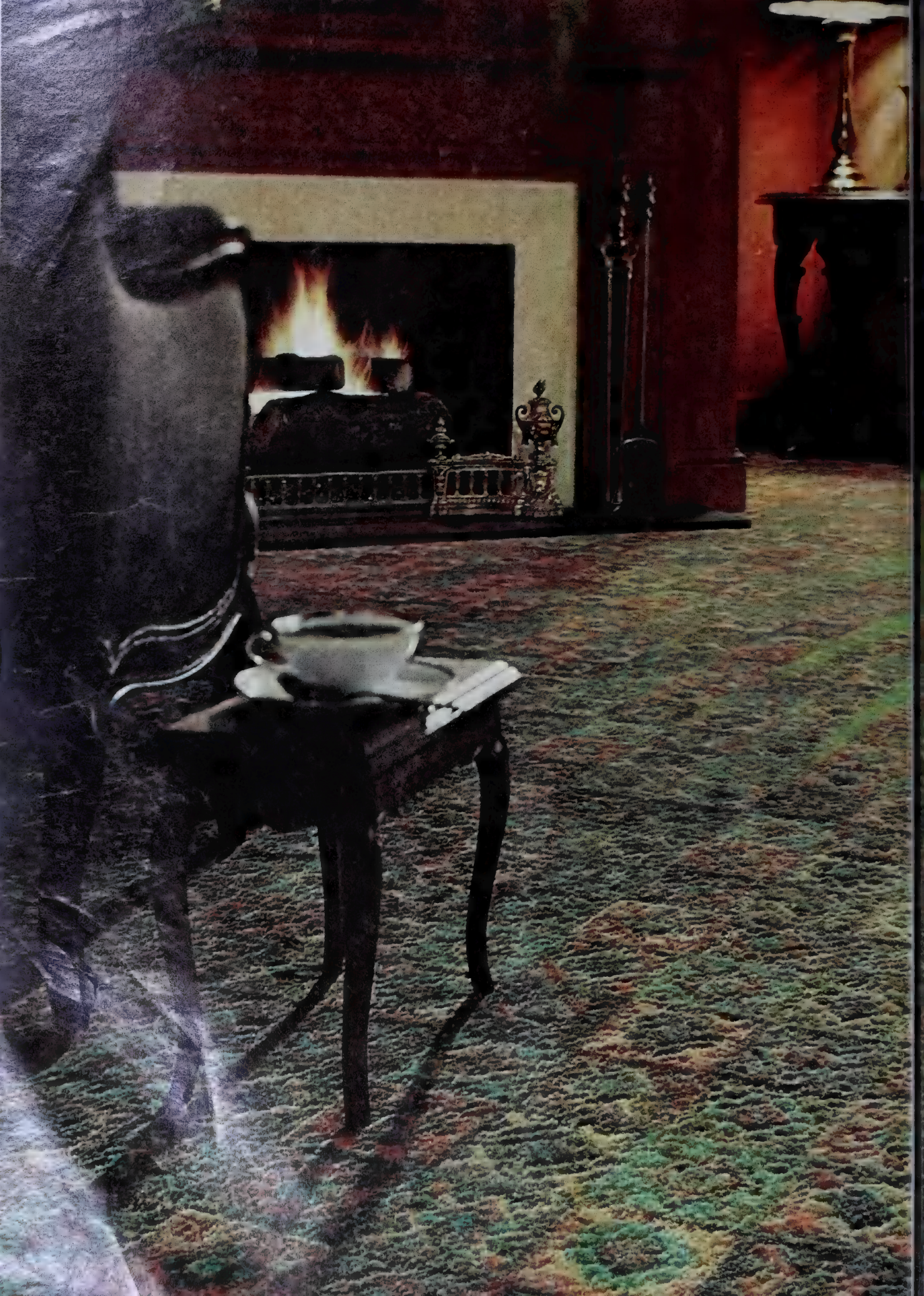
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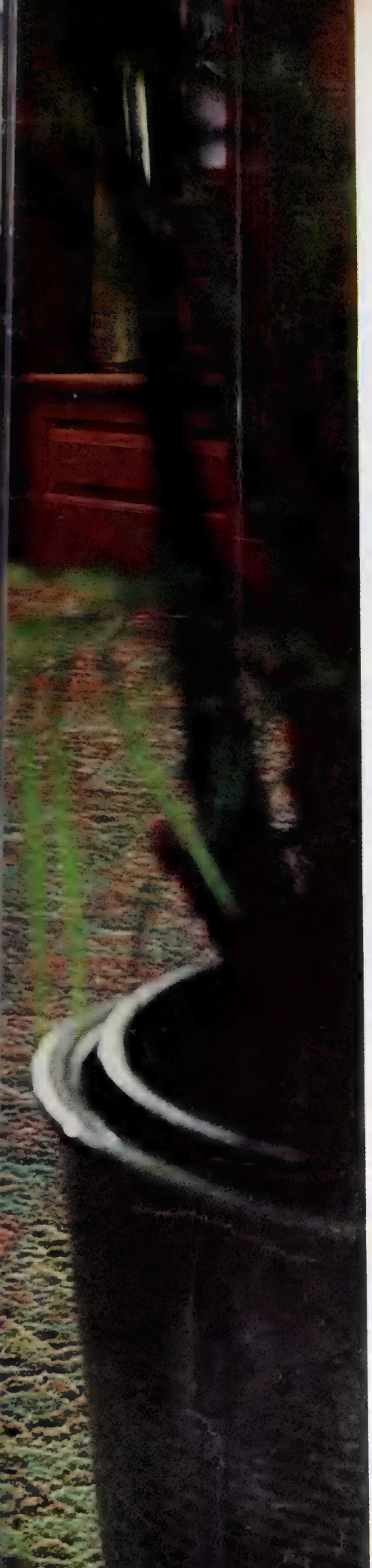
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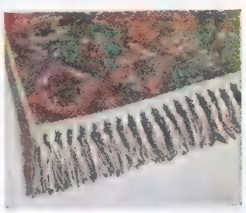
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY LENORE HERSHEY

Centennial

On page 100, the JOURNAL is proud to present an excerpt from another in its parade of best-selling books. This time, it's James A. Michener's *Centennial*, certain to join the author's earlier novels, *Hawaii* and *The Source*, as the most-bought, most-read and most-talked-about book of the year. This time, James Michener turns to the history of his own country. The novel is timed to celebrate both the centennial of Colorado statehood and the bicentennial anniversary of the United States, and Mr. Michener says that he believes it "emphasizes the permanent values of this country." The time period of *Centennial* spans 140 million years (there's an opening about the formation of land-masses), but mostly, it's about people: homesteaders, adenturers, ranchers, cowboys, husbands and wives and children who went in search of a better life in the West, settling in Colorado.

Our JOURNAL section of the book starts in Lancaster, Pa., a favorite section of ours, which we visit whenever we go down to see friends there. Lancaster is presently planning a major bicentennial celebration, and perhaps they'll take special pleasure in the fact that Mr. Michener's founding family started west in a Conestoga wagon, out of Lancaster.

Centennial, incidentally, will be published by Random House for $10 (there's a special limited edition at $25). It is the Book of the Month Club's major selection for September. We hope you'll be tempted to read the entire sweeping novel after you finish this excerpt in the JOURNAL.

Atlanta memories

Swinging south, we come to Atlanta, scene of our latest Community Cookbook (see page 128). To prepare for it, Managing Editor John Stevens and Food Editor Arlene Wanderman paid a visit to the Dogwood City to visit the Junior Associates of the Atlanta Music Club, whose cookbook *Atlanta Cooks for Company* had been selected for our regional cooking series.

Say Arlene and John: "We'll never forget the high-voltage hospitality. Right at the airport, the electric sign proclaimed it Ladies' Home Journal Day in Atlanta, which indeed it was . . . proclaimed by Mayor Maynard Jackson." The news media turned out en masse, Arlene made TV appearances, and there were receptions and parties everywhere. All magazines make field trips, but the JOURNAL makes more than most, looking for ideas and inspiration at the grassroots. Our Community Cookbook series is just one way we keep in touch, so if your community, group or club has a published cookbook, let us know.

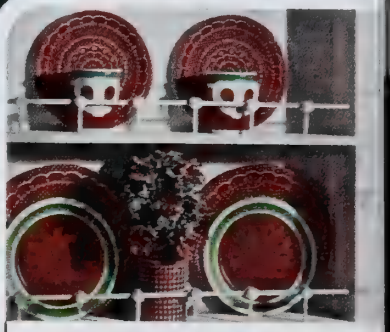


"LHJ" Day says the plaque held by Eds. John Stevens and Arlene Wanderman (left). Editor Reg Murphy of the Atlanta Constitution, Mrs. Robert Highsmith and Mrs. Alfred Mullins are the welcomers.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

What's happening at the movies

THE JOURNAL CHEERS *Chinatown*, Jack Nicholson's new movie that has almost nothing to do with Chinatown except symbolically: those occidentally imagined mysteries and mazes in the inscrutable part of town. The year is 1937, the place is Los Angeles, a time and town warm with amber and innocence: Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture on office walls . . . white Packards gliding shady streets. Nicholson is a private eye whose specialty is divorce. When he sticks his nose into other peoples' affairs they don't think it's funny, but they leave him in stitches. Since infidelity is his game he's not surprised that a woman drops into the opening of the movie and pays him to spy on her husband. He considers it normal. But it's considerably *ab*normal, as he realizes when he gets involved with Faye Dunaway, whose big-shot husband runs the waterworks. Soon he's down the drain. Accidental death? Nicholson can't fathom it, nor figure out how Faye figures in. She plays up to him with silky fingers and crimson, moistened mouth. Suddenly surfacing is John Houston, Faye's millionaire daddy whose nefarious past plays on her emotions even as she plays on Jack's. Robert Townes' script calls for a lead who's "naïve, cynical, brash," and Nicholson suits the eye to a T. Roman Polanski (who directed *Rosemary's Baby*) has given the film a thirties texture that is yours to revel in. And you thought they don't make 'em like that anymore? Well, almost; but almost is good enough to make *Chinatown* stylish, smooth and oh so satisfying.

Tingling thriller

Am I right in sensing that more and more Americans have the uneasy feeling that our political assassinations are not deeds of random gun-nuts, but are stalkingly planned conspiracies? I sense this especially among younger citizens, who seem to have spent the past few weeks long-lining up to see Warren Beatty's new movie, *The Parallax View*. A trend? Not long ago we had *Executive Action* with Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan propelling the same notion, although that was shown from the conspirator's view and was clearly based on the assassination of President Kennedy. *The Parallax View* shows us a newspaper reporter (Beatty) who is persuaded by evidence that the death of a Senator was not a one-man, one-gun deal, and he deals with it by changing his identity and infiltrating a national organization of professional assassins, posing as a paranoid killer for hire. The plot is flawed, but the action is headlong, the tension taut. Even if you belittle the premise, I think you'll find *The Parallax View* a tingling thriller, blazed by Beatty's flashy performance.

Believable at last

At last, a movie most women can believe in. *A Free Woman* is its ironic title, a title that mocks the heroine of the film. Her name is Elisabeth. She's German, in her late twenties, married for six years, and now . . . she . . . is . . . fed . . . *up*. The film begins with an end: an end to her suffocating marriage. Divorce granted. Out of the courtroom she bounces, gaily, gaily into the world. A screech of brakes as she rams into reality: "Mother Earth" is a ms.nomer—it's a man's world, as she finds out when she tries landing a job. What qualifications, Fraulein? None. Still, she must work to demonstrate independence and stability if she's to win custody of her little boy, given by the court to her husband. She takes any job she can get and what she can get is guidette at the Olympics (she finishes fast), at a fur salon (it rubs her the wrong way), at an art gallery (the fat owner has designs on her). Meanwhile her ex-husband has turned into a hex-husband, tormenting her, refusing to allow her even minimum visiting rights to her son, and altogether behaving like a chauvinist *schweinhund*. Her gallery job occasionally takes her out of town, so he tells the court she's an unfit mother because she travels. (But men who travel are not called unfit fathers --except perhaps by their children.) She shares an apartment with a woman, and she is accused of living in a dissolute commune. (Were she to share with a man she'd be called a whore.) In the end she capitulates *(continued)*



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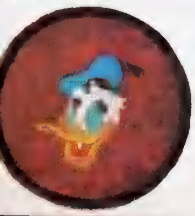
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WHAT'S HAPPENING
continued

—unsatisfying but, I reluctantly concede, realistic. The heroine is portrayed by Margarethe von Trotta sensitively, feelingly, convincingly. And it *looks* marvelous because of the camerawork by Sven Nykvist, who filmed *Cries and Whispers* for Ingmar Bergman. *A Free Woman* is a compelling drama that I recommend to you *and* to the men in your life.

Herbie saves the day

So successful was Walt Disney's movie *The Love Bug* (the little story of a little Volkswagen with a mind of its own) that the Hollywood inevitable has happened: the car—named Herbie—has hit the road in *Herbie Rides Again*. The plot is simple and stocked with stock characters—some shifty, like Keenan Wynn, who steers a crooked course as a real estate rascal. He demolishes lots of nice houses, hoping to replace them with ugly shopping centers (if "ugly shopping centers" isn't redundant). He has bulldozed an entire block except for one sweet old house occupied by one sweet old lady—Helen Hayes. She won't sell out, and the struggle begins. Helping Helen are a pretty young thing, Stefanie Powers, and a pretty dumb thing, Ken Berry. But *you* know who saves the day: little Herbie, who comes through in the clutch. *Herbie Rides Again* is pleasant for young children and it's the sort of vehicle that even some parents may find amusing.

Dog food?

The Gravy Train starts as a comedy, turns violent and winds up in soupy sentiment. Two brothers—Stacey Keach and Frederick Forrest—work in a West Virginia coal mine. They don't dig it, so they scuttle to Washington, D.C., having half a mind (between them) to steal. A hood named Tony gets them to hijack an armored truck in Washington. They grab $600,000 but Tony tricks it away from them. (One day in the nation's capital and already double-crossed!) The brothers want vengeance, or would if they knew the word. The chase is on. We're supposed to like these boys, but when the picture comes to a pseudo-sad ending, there's not a wet eye in the house. I invited some teen-agers to go to the movie and their immediate question was, "What's the name of it?" When I said *The Gravy Train*, their instant response was: "Who wants to see a movie about dog food?" There's your generation gap. I didn't know "Gravy Train" was dog food and they didn't know "getting on the gravy train" means getting rich. After seeing the movie, we all decided it was closer to dog food.

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LADIES' HOME Journal

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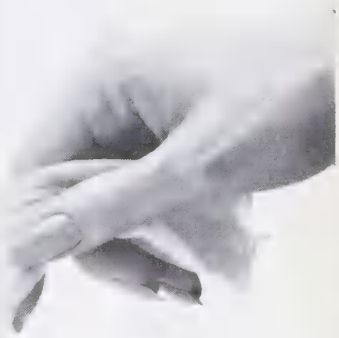
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Sally was obese—she had let herself balloon to 230 pounds—and Jeff was tense and unresponsive. Could their troubled relationship be put back together? By Betty Hannah Hoffman

There are too many broken homes in North America—in some urban areas, the number of divorces each year just about equals the number of marriages. And in a large proportion of these divorces, the woman was pregnant before marriage. In many other cases, the breakup occurs because neither partner knows what a successful marriage entails. Why not? Partially because they have never been taught, but also because husband and wife came from homes in which they had rarely seen anything but unhappiness. One of this nation's greatest needs today is to prepare its children to make successful marriages. This training should be an important part of the teaching in every school, church and family. The case of Sally and Jeff, presented here, gives an excellent illustration of how a couple's family backgrounds have influenced their marital relationship, and how, through counseling, they were able to discover each other as separate individuals no longer dominated by views of life left over from childhood.—The counselor in this case was Allen Brown, Jr.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
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of Family Relations

Sally talks first

"My husband's just a shadow around the house," complained Sally, a 230-pound woman in her early thirties, with a glowing complexion and a full mouth that turned down at the corners. A housewife with two young children under seven, she had married her first love while they were both still in college, 12 years ago. Her geologist husband, Jeff, worked in a research laboratory for an oil company.

"As soon as Jeff's home from work, he shuts himself in his workshop or weeds the garden," Sally said. "Three nights a week, as soon as supper's over, he's off to some evening class or Boy Scout meeting. When he finally returns he wants to read awhile—he's a tense person and has trouble unwinding. Then he falls right to sleep. We haven't made love in three months."

Sally grimaced and continued in a martyred tone, "We live out in the country and have only one car. That means I'm stuck in the house with two small children—Tommy's five and Linda's three. I love to read romantic novels, weave on my loom and design and sew my own clothes, but instead I'm settling quarrels and disciplining and trying to straighten up a house that's much too small. I hate housekeeping, and this bothers Jeff, who keeps his workshop neat as a pin. But I get breathless and faint if I do much hard physical labor.

"I'd give anything to get away with Jeff for a week without the children, but he won't leave them. Instead, he spends his three weeks' vacation doing chores around the house. He takes no interest in our social life and we practically never go out. I've had a few dinner parties but we never seem to get invited back. My husband says it's because I force myself on people.

"Jeff also says I'm too hard on the children. He's much closer to them than I am. I love tiny infants, cuddling and breast-feeding them, but when they get a little older and won't listen to reason, they drive me up the wall. At times, I could give them both away.

"Our little girl, Linda, is skinny and petite, a dead ringer for me at her age. By the third grade I began to put on weight. When I was in junior high, my mother promised me a week in Bermuda if I would slim down enough to get out of chubby sizes. But at that time she went to work full time in the family variety store, leaving me to look after four younger brothers and sisters after school. I was supposed to feed them, discipline them and pick up after them. Whenever I could, I got lost with a book and a box of chocolates. I never did get that trip to Bermuda.

"In high school I was so fat I never dated. I worked for days decorating the school gym for the junior prom and senior ball, but no one invited me. My main goal in life those days was to have a home and family of my own. I decided to get a college degree in nutrition, figuring it would be useful whether I worked or stayed home.

"By this time, both my parents were drinking too much and having yelling, screaming arguments. My mother was bossy and domineering—sometimes I sound just like her, I'm sorry to say. My father was a salesman and spent very little time at home. Usually he would just leave the house when she started bellowing orders, but once he blew his stack and threw a pot of hot coffee at her.

"So I was thrilled to find myself in a big university far from home. I went to mixers and fraternity parties, and accepted every blind date. I found my classes stimulating, and there was so much to do, I didn't have time to nibble. In three months, I lost twenty-five pounds and was down to a size sixteen.

"I met Jeff on a blind date. He was a year ahead of me in college and rather quiet and shy. We began going together, and after a few weeks, he took me home to meet his family. I loved the quietness of his home. His father was a geologist for an oil company and, although he had little to say, I felt he approved of me. Jeff's mother was noncommittal, but I was glad to find she was a strict teetotaler.

"We were engaged for about a year and married during Jeff's senior year in college. I was a virgin on our wedding day and so was Jeff—we both felt strongly about that. I was sure of my feelings about Jeff because we shared so many values and goals.

"I enjoyed lovemaking right from the start, and having all those wonderfully warm, womanly feelings. I can come to climax more than once but Jeff tends to fall asleep." Sally sank her chin on her fist and scowled.

"After our marriage, I worked for a year as a dietitian in a hospital to put Jeff through graduate school; then he won a fellowship so I quit. We had a tiny efficiency apartment in a rather bad part of town. I didn't dare walk around that area alone so I stayed indoors all day watching television and eating. In no time at all, I was up to 180 pounds.

"After Jeff got his advanced degree, he got a good job with an oil company and we moved to Texas. Then he began to develop an ulcer. The doctor ordered him to bed for two weeks, put him under strong sedation, and told me *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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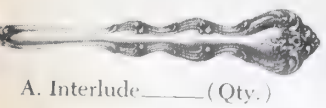


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THIS MARRIAGE
continued

to take care of him. This was a great frustration because we had just rented a two-bedroom house and everything was dumped in my lap—the housework, mowing the lawn, paying all the bills and nursing Jeff. I began eating four or five big dishes of ice cream a day, and for the first time my weight reached two hundred pounds.

"Then I found that I was pregnant. I was ecstatic, but I lost the baby within three months. This threw me into a deep depression for a year. The doctor had me on four tranquilizer pills a day and I'd sleep all day and right through the night, too. During this time, Jeff and I had an argument that ended with his slapping my face and walking out. This was so unlike him that I was terrified. I ran out of the house after him, but I couldn't find him; it was hours before he came back. Still, I couldn't believe our marriage was in trouble.

"Jeff began seeing a psychiatrist, and before long I knew he was considering divorce. I still weighed more than two hundred pounds when I became pregnant again. I suffered from constant nausea and great inner turmoil. Both my pregnancies seemed endless because I was so ill.

"We moved to California two years ago. It's hard to imagine Jeff supervising other scientists, teaching seminars, addressing groups and leading a Boy Scout troop because he's so quiet and unassertive at home. But he does all those things—and well.

"Soon after Linda was born, I enrolled in Weight Watchers. Over a period of seven months, I went from 230 to 156 pounds. Then my mother wrote that she planned to visit us for a month. My father had left her for a younger woman and she was full of anger and bitterness. I knew she would spend the month criticizing my housekeeping and ordering my children around; just thinking about her visit wore me out. I developed a spastic colon and couldn't eat the fresh fruit and carrots and celery sticks on my Weight Watchers' diet. I also began eating ice cream by the gallon. Within a few months, I gained back all the weight I had lost.

"Before we were married Jeff told me, 'I don't want a fat wife.' I hate my shape. Sometimes I hate my children because they leave me no time for the creative things I want to do. And I'm furious at Jeff because he's shut me so completely out of his life. I hate *myself* because I'm such a shrew. Please, please help me!"

Jeff's turn to talk

"I feel so lonely, so completely cut off from all human warmth and understanding, that I ache all over," said Jeff, a tall redhead with a sprinkling *(continued)*

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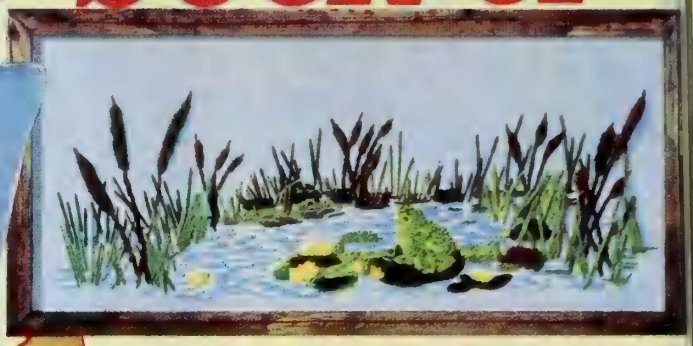
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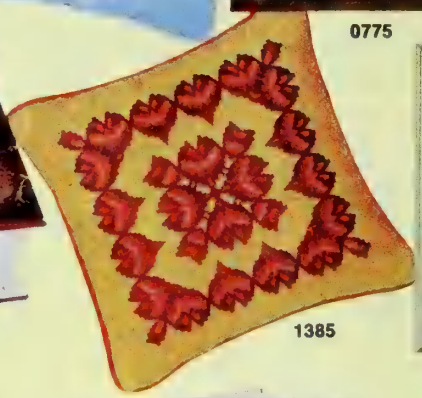
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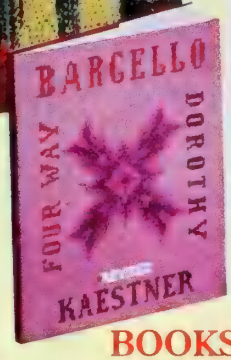


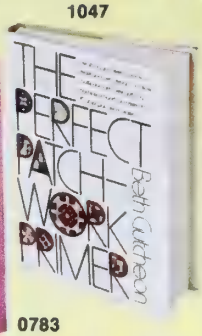


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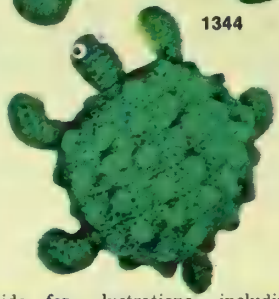


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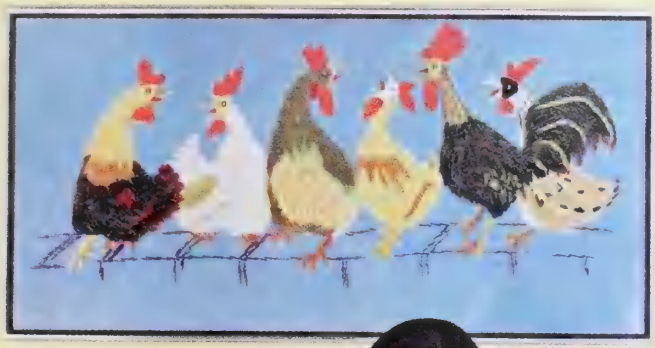
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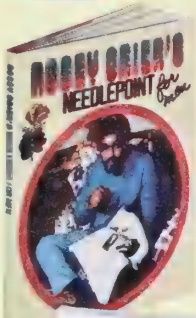
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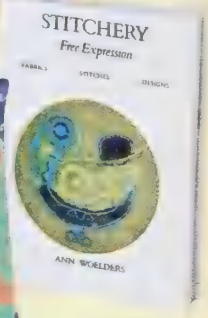
1005



0098



0767



1567



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0882



1559



0080



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of freckles across his fine features. He sat quietly with clasped hands, his thin shoulders sagging.

"I don't want a divorce because of the children," he continued, "but I can't live with Sally, either. She's a tigress—the epitome of the castrating woman—forever at me about chores and my neglect of her and spending too much time away from home. She even resents my spending time with the children. With three years of psychotherapy, I managed to pull out of a depression and a sense of paralysis to find my satisfactions in my career and outside activities, but I can't cope with Sally. I try to avoid her."

He sighed deeply and his lips parted in a sad, quirky little smile. "I felt this same kind of awful loneliness my first year away at college. It's strange that I felt that way, because my family wasn't demonstrative or affectionate. My father never praised me to my face; I always heard it secondhand. My mother has a narrow outlook and keeps her feelings tightly under control. As a boy, I can remember sobbing myself to sleep, wishing someone would pay attention to me.

"I did some dating in high school and college, but Sally was my first girl. She accepted me and I felt comfortable with her. After we'd known each other about six months, we hopped on a plane and went to visit her family in Detroit. They were a wild bunch, dynamic and diverse. I was unaware of all the strains at first—Sally feels her brothers and sisters are very close and that she's the outsider. Her mother ran the family with an iron hand. She's a strong character, opinionated, hard-driving and intense.

"We weren't aware of any particular problems in our marriage until I developed an ulcer. It was diagnosed as stress-induced, and I assumed it was caused by all the long hours I was working. Since then I've come to the conclusion that the roots lay in the two thirds of my life when I *wasn't* working.

"What makes my ulcer act up is Sally's bossiness. She barks commands like a top sergeant and demands instant obedience; otherwise all hell breaks loose. Once she lost her temper and slapped me across the face. Without thinking, I slapped her right back. Then I went for a long walk to cool off. When I came back, Sally was in the kitchen baking my favorite pie. This is a familiar pattern—when she feels bad, she turns to food.

"I don't like having a fat wife. My mother has always been overweight and I can remember feeling ashamed of her when I had to introduce her to my friends. I think Sally's layers of fat protect her in a sensual way. After she lost those seventy-four pounds, and looked most attractive, a friend of ours jokingly made a pass at her, saying *(continued)*

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MERLE NORMAN COSMETICS

L-94

THIS MARRIAGE
continued

'Hey, how about getting rid of Jeff some weekend and going off with me to Mexico?' Sally was dumbfounded and badly frightened, I could tell. She just didn't know how to handle it. It wasn't long before she was telling me the Weight Watchers' meetings were 'boring' and the diet 'too expensive' and she began baking and eating ice cream again.

"I was seriously considering a divorce when Sally became pregnant for the second time. When she was safely past the first three months of the second pregnancy, I realized that I wanted a child very much. It was what I'd been missing.

"It bothers me that Sally is so inconsistent with the children. She says she won't tolerate bad behavior and lashes out at any disobedience. Then when the children need her help, she sometimes doesn't even seem to hear them. She gets all wrapped up in her own thoughts or a book, and they're left to their own devices. The older boy, Tommy, has been getting rebellious. Recently he took a big stick and whacked off all the blooms on our prize rose bushes. I've developed a pinched disk in my lower back, which the doctor says is caused by tension.

"Once Sally and I were deeply in love, and I felt I could tell her my innermost thoughts. But now, if I open my mouth, she attacks me. All my sexual interest in her has completely evaporated because, to tell the truth, I consider her my number-one enemy. So here we are—not talking, not touching, total strangers in an atmosphere of tension, which the children must feel. We've got to *do something.*"

The counselor's turn

"Both Sally and Jeff have tremendous needs for love and attention that they found almost impossible to give—because neither of them received enough as children. Sally grabs and Jeff retreats. She's emotional and explosive; he's withdrawn. She comes clawing at him for attention and that drives him into further silence and retreat. They reinforce the hostile behavior in each other.

"For a long time, Jeff couldn't believe his behavior *was* hostile; he thought Sally was cruel and he was saintly and controlled. I pointed out to him that men marry women they feel comfortable with, and this woman often resembles a mother or a sister in temperament or physical appearance. Women also marry men like their fathers or brothers. Unfortunately, this sometimes means marrying someone you can punish for what a parent did to you as a child.

"But a marriage between two neurotic people isn't necessarily the end of the world. Such a marriage can be improved and personality problems can be worked out—through counseling.

"Sally's body language—her fidgeting, pouts and exaggerated grimaces—are those of a young child, and indeed she says she often feels about twelve years old. This was the age at which she was left in charge of her younger brothers and sisters while her mother worked, and Sally resented this deeply. Her authoritarian mother wouldn't tolerate any complaining, so Sally learned at an early age to switch off all her feelings, good and bad.

"When Sally became a mother herself, and her children expressed their needs—in tears, squabbling or misbehavior—she reacted with the same displeasure she had felt toward her younger brothers and sisters—adding to it all the indignation she felt toward her parents for putting her in charge of her siblings. As a result of this pressure, they turned to their father, which added to the raging fire of Sally's unsatisfied needs.

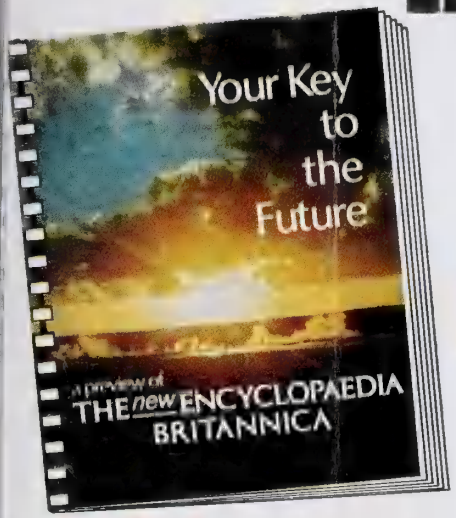
"Sally had to learn how to meet some of her own needs because the world will never do it. We began to make progress when, after one of her mother's

(continued on page 157)

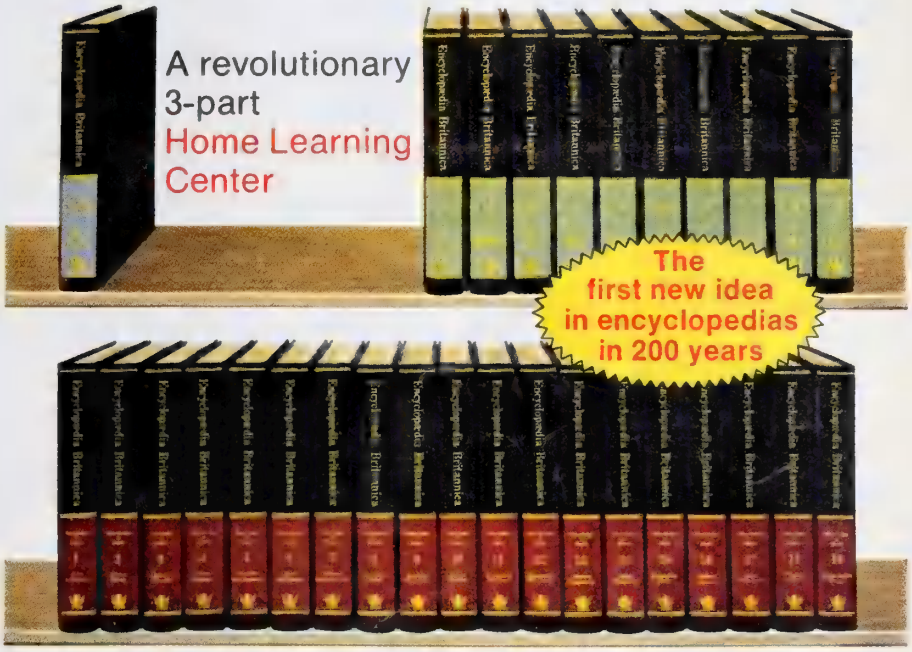


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AMY VANDERBILT

cial flowers

e never liked plastic flowers, but I that beautiful, handmade silk rs are lovely. At a recent bridge , the subject came up and all the en present lumped the two to- r—plastic and silk flowers—as be- bad taste. What is your opinion?

tiful silk flowers have always been dered to be in good taste. I also some lovely handmade ones made thers that I use in a large arrange- in my living room throughout the They are greatly admired. I have Mexican paper flowers used very tively in quite elegant houses. Plas- lants and flowers, on the other hand, strictly utilitarian in public build- And I am told they are useful in itals in cases where real flowers are lesired or can't be cared for.

pourers

ought that it was an honor to be d to preside over a punch bowl at a. Recently I attended a tea at a try club where the club's employees ed. What is your opinion on this?

ve no objection to having the em- ees do these honors, particularly at b. As one who has been frequently ored," I can say I often found it tir- except in one case, where every 20 utes the pourer was mercifully re- d by other honorees.

ical dress

gold-sequined sheath gown with a -sleeved mandarin collar inappropri- o wear in the tropics?

nk it would be quite in order, espe- y as resort dining rooms are usually air-conditioned.

nk-you notes

husband and I are expecting our child and wonder about writing k-you notes for gifts. Our friends informal notes with the children's es, write the thank-you notes as gh their babies were talking, then the babies' names. I would be un- fortable writing such a note.

This seems a little cutesy-pie to me. I prefer to see the mother write an adult note on her own informal note paper.

Unwed mother

Our daughter, who is unmarried, is expecting a baby. She wants to keep it and raise it. She has our blessing. Would it be proper for my husband and me to join our daughter in announcing this joyful event? We felt that it might be easier if the family and close friends knew that we are happy about this new life.

I think that if you will just tell your friends and neighbors that your grandchild has arrived and that, of course, you are happy about it, most will understand and admire your daughter's courage in keeping her child (as many young women are doing today in these circumstances). I think the news should be spread by little notes, telephone calls and brief personal announcements rather than by any formal or informal baby announcements which are usually, as you know, sent by the parents.

Mother's introduction

Since my marriage, I have introduced my mother to friends as "my mother, Mrs. Rawlings." Should I include her first name?

The introduction you have been using is correct. If your mother wants your friends to call her by her first name, she will tell them so.

Name confusion

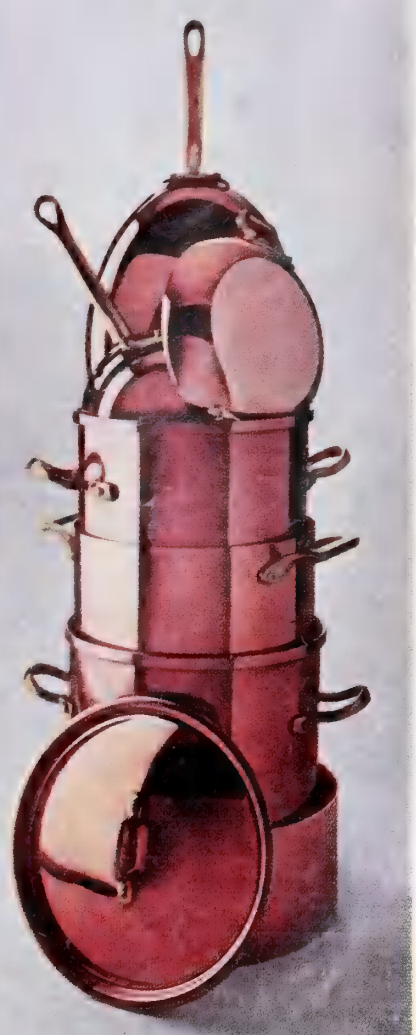
You have said that you support the use of "Ms." when it is not imposed on women, and that you encourage married women to keep their maiden names professionally. I agree and am glad to see etiquette changing to reflect social changes, but there is one situation that confuses me. If husband and wife use different names, how do I address an invitation to them when I know only one of their names? For example, do I invite "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith" if I don't know the wife's name? If I wanted to invite you and your husband, I couldn't address the envelope to "Mr. and Mrs. Amy Vanderbilt"—but there must be some alternative *(continued)*

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AMY VANDERBILT
continued

to "Miss Amy Vanderbilt and Husba

In both of these cases, the polite th to do is to make the necessary inquir I am sure in the first case that a wor being invited to a party with her h band would not be offended at an in tation in which she was addressed Mrs. John Smith, even though she u her own name professionally. Howe some women are not taking their h bands' names at all, as you know—a in the future, with the women's mo ment, this will be made easier than i now. If you know the husband, it is e enough to ask if his wife uses his na socially, if there is doubt in your mi

Prominent women are often listed *Who's Who*. In my case, it is easy determine that socially I am Mrs. Cu B. Kellar. The alternative is to send invitation to me alone, indicating ins that I may bring an escort, in this c my husband.

Helpful diner

While dining in an informal restaura a woman at another table overheard discussing the menu and recommend one of the choices. One member of t party felt that she was wrong to intru upon our privacy. I saw nothing wro with it. What is your opinion?

I see nothing wrong in this friendly r ommendation under the circumstanc You were not forced to accept it.

Teapot

Is it permissible to serve coffee from teapot? I have a lovely Haviland chi teapot that I never get to use becau we don't serve tea.

I don't believe in being rigid about the things. If you want to use your teapot serve coffee, by all means do so, just you might use a demitasse for bouill or a dessert such as zabaglione.

Serving punch

Is it permissible to serve punch from nice crystal pitcher instead of from punch bowl?

I see no objection at all to serving it fr a pitcher. EM

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questio from readers and answers them in t column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: M Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large P ties" (open houses, anniversaries, hou warmings, showers). Also "Letter Wr ing," "Engagement and Wedding E quette," and "Table Manners." Send for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbi Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

"...I'm going to miss you, Kathy..."



Remember when you and your sister were growing up and you had to share a room? She drew an imaginary line through the center of the floor and dared you to cross it. Yet, once, when it wasn't even your birthday she bought you blue ribbons for your hair. Remember the times she made you giggle? Sometimes she made you cry. But the day she was leaving for college you were afraid you would never see her again. Then she gave you her charm bracelet to hold for safe-keeping. Her most precious possession—and you knew she would be back.

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BRING BACK THE GENERATION GAP

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

one of his most outspoken columns, e noted psychiatrist tells why par- ts should be parents and children ould be children—with a valuable orld of difference in between.

For a number of years now, there has en a lot of propaganda extolling the tues of family togetherness. In the t five years, especially, there has been great social pressure to erase all dif- rences between parents and children. meness is equated with love, warmth d healthy family relations. Any dif- rences between parent and child are beled a "generation gap," and our so- ety has come to view families with a eneration gap" as a social disgrace.

I strongly disagree. I feel that what arted out years ago as a seemingly nstructive social movement has dete- orated into a psychologically unsound even destructive—enterprise.

I am not against healthy relating be- veen parents and children. But under ie guise of improving family relations, lf-styled "closeness" experts have man- ged to confuse everyone. This confu- on has led to much self-guilt, depres- on and communication breakdowns mong all family members. So I think is time to set the record straight.

To begin with, there is simply no vir- ue in excessive sameness or stifling oseness. We do not have to be like each ther to respect each other. Trying to be ke someone else instead of like yourself nly makes for self-hate and mutual con- empt. Trying to share *all* thoughts and eelings can be psychologically trau- atic for children—because they are ften not ready to share adult emotional nformation.

While it is good for children to feel ee to share their thoughts, feelings and roblems with their parents, it is de- tructive if children feel they must share very thought. Keeping part of our- elves to ourselves is what makes us dif- erent. This difference is crucial to men- al health. Accepting our individuality s important to our self-acceptance and elf-adequacy. Pathological sameness nd closeness destroys individuality and nakes us feel guilty and depressed for aring to feel different—different from ur parents, different from our brothers or sisters, different from anyone else.

I, too, believe that people need people. But I believe that people need themselves even more. In fact, each of us must develop and sustain respect for our own individual selves before we can relate effectively to others. This means that we each need our own ideas, feelings, tastes, desires and values. By values I mean the personal determination and inner feelings as to what is important to each of us. Our values contribute in large measure to the kind of person we turn out to be and the decisions we ultimately make.

Self-respect is as contagious in a family as self-contempt. Children who perceive their parents as self-accepting and self-respecting have an all-important advantage in establishing their own self-esteem. Children whose parents demonstrate self-derision and contempt must invariably suffer the consequences of such poor examples. Individuality and the feelings of adequate individual self have their roots in the family, but the nourishment that makes for particular tastes comes from the particular generation into which we are born and raised.

Each of us is invariably influenced by the particular time and place in which we live. Our own individuality contains much that is common to people of our particular culture and generation. Another way of saying this is that every generation has its own "language." Growing up with this language has an enormous influence on the way we feel and think—and the way we see ourselves and the rest of the world. This language cannot be learned by outsiders—that is, people of other generations. They can know about it. They can imitate it. They can demean it. They can also demean themselves by giving up their own language in a futile attempt to take on another.

What is this "generation language?" Generation language includes mores and conventions; verbal expressions; music, art and literature; fads and fancies, etc. It includes feelings and ideas about God, religion, sex, clothes, economics, child-rearing, fun, love, yo-yos, streaking, peace, war, beauty, politics, marriage, education, justice, sports, humor, parents, authority, assets, liabilities, mental health and everything and anything we may conceivably include in the term "style of life."

How each generation's population feels about these human social items identifies him or her as a member of that generation. Subtle though it may be, this generation identification is as important in determining what we are as nationality, religion, family or any other social category. To change our generation identification is no small matter.

Each generation can learn from another, and hopefully, each succeeding generation can make progress as it builds from the foundation of its predecessors. Members of an older generation can learn and enjoy the stimulation provided by new ideas of younger people, but to attempt to deny one's own language for another can be destructive to all concerned. When parents give up their own generation language for their children's —to be stylish or to endear themselves to their children—the result is disastrous. Parents not only lose self-respect, but their children's respect as well. Children view these changes as parental contempt for them.

The truth is that our children *want* to be different, and consequently see a parent's entrance into their generation as inappropriate, aggressive and disrespectful of the child's rights to establish his own language and his own self. Parents' generation change-over also makes them ineffectual in contributing their experience, ability and expertise to the succeeding generation. Still worse, it makes parents seem to be wishy-washy nonentities, causing their children to feel insecure and unsure of themselves.

Many adults will go to any lengths to be one of the kids. I have heard parents brag about the wisdom of kids today, completely forgetting that parents have their own wisdom and expertise born of huge living experiences. These same parents then can't understand why their children have contempt for older people (including teachers), for schools and school work.

I've often heard parents brag about how much like their children they are, and how there is no generation gap at home. I see mature people dress like teen-agers. I've seen them engage in disastrous physical *(continued)*

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal, marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of Dr. Rubin, Please Make Me Happy *(Arbor House). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*

When your daughter asks about using a tampon...

By Mary Morgan

How you can answer her questions and dispel the normal anxiety every teen-age girl has about menstruation and the first-time use of a tampon.

Q How old does a girl have to be to use a tampon for the very first time?

A There is no specific age for using a tampon. Some girls start with their very first period. Others wait until they have adjusted psychologically to the whole business of menstruation.

It is erroneous to think that because a girl is a virgin she cannot insert a tampon without breaking the hymen. Fact is, the hymen, which is a thin membrane that stretches across the opening of the vagina, normally has a natural round opening through which the menstrual flow passes. This opening is large enough to admit a small, highly-absorbent tampon such as Pursettes®.

Q Are Pursettes better than other tampons for girls who want to use a tampon for the first time?

A Thousands of young girls choose Pursettes when they decide to use a tampon for the first time. And for good reason. It has no bulky applicator. Instead, a Pursettes tampon has an exclusive pre-lubricated tip that makes insertion easy and gentle. What's more, it's compressed a unique way to blossom out slowly, absorb more fully. It's even more absorbent than the leading tampon. Another comfort. As Pursettes expands, it conforms to the individual shape of the body. It actually fits without being felt.

Trial Offer: Let your daughter see for herself how Pursettes tampons are easy to use. For a free, gold-embossed, black compact filled with four regular Pursettes or three super-absorbent Pursettes Plus® tampons (indicate choice), send 25c to cover postage and handling to Campana, Dept. J-094, Batavia, Illinois 60510.

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THE GENERATION GAP

continued

activities. I've heard them use verbal expressions that are completely inappropriate to the main body of their speech and to the meaning they are trying to convey. Meaning has ceased to be important because their main concern is conformity with, and acceptance by, the younger generation. Unfortunately, nothing these adults do will sustain their youth or close the generation gap. What their actions *will* do is cause irritation, mockery, derision—and it *will* undermine the security that comes of wholesome family authority and appropriate leadership.

It is always tragic to see parents attempt to cease being themselves. If they are not themselves, if they are not "one of the kids"—then who are they? Very often they are truly lost souls, drowned in the very generation gap they so desperately want to eradicate.

Parents who try to join the younger generation have no idea of the extent to which they cheat themselves and their children. In their zeal to "close the gap," these parents have virtually given up all authority over their children. In an inappropriate, grotesque attempt to be democratic and to make everyone the same, they have abandoned the role of parent. How can a child love and respect a parent who is not a parent—but another kid? The obvious answer, of course, is that they cannot.

Family equality simply cannot work. The inevitable result is chaos. In such a household, no one knows who anyone is, and there is neither a board of directors nor a chairman of the board. An attempt at gap-eradication democracy is converted into family anarchy, insecurity and eventually guilt for the destructive results that must follow.

The simple truth is that children require parents who are parents, not pals. This means parents who are active in taking responsibility for authority and setting limits, albeit compassionate and reasonable ones. Children need parents whom they can respect. These are parents who are adults, who are not afraid to be themselves and who cherish themselves and representatives of their own generation.

Children need parents who want closeness but not oneness, parents who recognize the importance of separateness and individuality. They need parents who respect children and therefore do not deprive children of their own language nor try to impose another language on them. Children need parents who will not fluctuate between overpermissiveness and overprotection.

If you are this kind of parent, you and your children will live well and naturally together on appropriate and respective sides of the generation gap. **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 10

A new menace

We can all stop worrying about the atom bomb. It turns out that the last people on earth will have something else to worry about: bats. Yes, friends, when the lights go out all over the world, vampire bats will swoop down and everyone will get it in the neck. It happens in a movie called *Chosen Survivors*, set 1,700 feet under the earth. The story begins with a dozen chosen men and women sheltering in a subterranean glossy Miami-beachy layout until the atomic dust settles. Then they can start the human race again. (All they'll need is an apple tree and a snake.) That's the plan, but the bats intervene, which is just as well, because if these clods regenerated the world, it would rain for *50* days and nights. Computer-picked survivors include a drunken industrialist (Jackie Cooper), a belligerent novelist, a plastic congresswoman, a bewildered Army major, a black Olympic champion, a Puerto Rican . . . the usual convention of clichés: something for everyone in the audience except those who came to see an entertaining movie.

Good news!

Remember when I pleaded with readers to write letters to your local television station in support of *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company*? (June, 1974 JOURNAL.) I told you there was a danger of the programs going off the air because of money problems. The good news is that both programs have been given a reprieve and will be on for at least another year.

I have some adjustments to make. Ahem. First, I gave credit to the wrong company for donating $100,000 to help the programs. Oops. It was Mobil that made the contribution. It was also Mobil that ran the super ad of Big Bird with the headline: *Endangered Species*. As a result of that ad, General Telephone and Electronics made a $50,000 donation.

Now I must set another record straight: I quoted Joan Ganz Cooney, President of Children's Television Workshop, as saying that the local stations did not need money; all they needed was your moral support. Many of you promptly wrote them morally supporting letters, and many of you then wrote to me enclosing letters that irate stations had sent to you saying they did too need money. So this is to tell you that your local public educational TV station does too need money. Each station buys *Sesame Street* and *Electric Company*, and that takes money. Many stations offer viewer memberships. You're invited to send a check to your local station. **END**

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Who knows. Maybe the cat's got talent.





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Care labels for fabrics

My daughters are sewing all their own back-to-school clothes this fall to help us meet rising clothes costs. Are there ways we can get the special-care labels with fabrics we buy by the yard?

Yes! Manufacturers of yard goods are supplying retailers with care labels to give to customers buying each type of fabric. However, there have been many instances in which untrained store personnel failed to make sure that each customer received these labels along with their purchase. Your fabric store or stores apparently are among the "guilty" ones. It's your *right* to have this label, so if you don't get it, ask for it. And if you want to know more about clothes-care labels and how to use them, write for the FTC Buyers' Guide #10, "Care Labels Can Save You Money and Trouble," Federal Trade Commission, 6th and Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20580.

"Leftover" car

We are going to buy a "leftover" 1974 car. We really need a standard-sized car for our family, but don't know how much more it would cost in terms of gas, oil, etc., than a compact or subcompact. Does anyone make these comparisons?

Below is a rundown on the various costs of each size car over a 10-year life of the car by the Federal Highway Administration. The comparisons are for the 1974 models. Of course, there are many other factors that enter into the purchase of your car, not the least of which is the number of people in your family.

Expense	Standard	Compact	Subcompact
Depreciation	$ 4,201.00	$ 2,860.00	$ 2,360.00
Repairs, maintenance	2,939.94	2,365.53	2,119.61
Replacement tires	385.99	330.77	302.72
Accessories added after purchase	57.40	57.40	57.40
Gasoline	3,025.96	2,448.45	1,824.41
Oil	195.00	167.00	138.00
Insurance	1,618.00	1,532.00	1,466.00
Garaging, parking, tolls, etc.	1,960.00	1,960.00	1,960.00
Federal and state taxes and fees	1,509.07	1,158.38	924.96
10-year total	$15,892.36	$12,879.53	$11,153.10

Watching the food budget

How can you tell which vegetables are the most economical—in terms of cost per serving? Our family has been eating more and more vegetables to get away from the high cost of meat.

Here is a list of the number of ½-cup servings you can get from a dozen cooked vegetables. To get the cost per serving, simply divide the number of servings into the retail cost per pound in your area.

Vegetable	No. of servings
Asparagus	4
Beans (snap)	6
Beets	4
Broccoli	4
Cabbage, green	4
Carrots	4
Cauliflower	7
Parsnips	4
Potatoes	3
Sweet potatoes	3
Turnips	4
Winter squash	3½

Creditworthy women

Discrimination against women in granting credit—particularly mortgage loans to buy a house—is rampant as far as I'm concerned. I've been a target and I know! Don't our federal "equal opportunity" laws prohibit this kind of thing?

Unfortunately, not yet—although bills that would ban credit discrimination are in the Congressional pipeline. However, the National Commission on Consumer Finance, which was set up under the 1968 Consumer Credit Protection Act (the "Truth in Lending" law), and which studied this type of discrimination in detail, recommended a full two years ago that "States undertake an immediate and thorough review of the degree to which their laws inhibit the granting of credit to creditworthy women and amend them where necessary, to assure that credit is not restricted because of a person's sex."

Since then, a number of states and local governments have passed anti-discrimination laws and many others are debating such laws. As a "target," if you live where there are state and local laws, get behind them to be sure they're enforced. If your state has no such protective laws, push for them—now.

Insurance discount

What do you have to do to qualify for an automobile insurance discount if you have joined a car pool and therefore have greatly reduced your usage of your own car?

Inform your insurance agent that you now commute (to school or to work) regularly in a car pool, and the likelihood is that you'll qualify for a premium cut of up to 18 percent if your own car is used in commuting to work only one or two days a week.

Also, you may be eligible for similar insurance discounts if you switch to use of mass transit versus your own car in getting to work.

Money: his and hers

When my husband and I were married this past summer, we agreed that his paycheck should take care of me and I should keep my paycheck separate in an account of my own. Now he wants me to pay some of our bills and that will make my working not too beneficial from my point of view. We're fighting about it. What's your opinion?

Money management takes on aspects all its own in the two-paycheck American home, and ours is indeed a land of working couples. My opinion is that your attitude is wrong, and here's why.

To make your marriage as a working couple a success, make your marriage a financial partnership. Discuss your income and plan your spending as a team. If your mutual decision is that your paycheck should be saved, excellent—but this decision must be made as a couple, and this is fundamental.

It is my belief that you should pool part of your individual paychecks in a family fund to be used to cover essential household expenses. How much of the wife's paychecks will go into the pool may vary from home to home, depending on the wife's income and the family's circumstances, but the key point is there should be a pool.

If you want to preserve your marriage, it is imperative for both of you to avoid squabbling about money, particularly when you're both angry. Choose a quiet, relaxed evening and rearrange your setup. And remember: a basic word in this discussion must be "our" money—not "yours," not "mine."

Divorcée's taxes

I am being divorced this coming month, and since I earn more than my soon-to-be divorced husband, I wonder if there is any special action I should take to minimize the income taxes I'll have to pay on my own from now until I marry again. *(continued)*

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Yes. Your special tax strategy is to try in the remaining months of 1974 to bunch as much of your 1975 income as you can into this year's income, so you can pay at 1974's more advantageous tax rates to you. After this year (and until you remarry), you'll no longer have the benefit of the married persons' more favorable rates.

This strategy could be easy for you if you can send out bills in advance so you may be paid in 1974 instead of 1975. Or if you can speed up jobs into this year which you otherwise might delay until 1975. Or if you can take profits in 1974 that you might otherwise put off until 1975.

A question of principal

My husband's job forces us to move quite frequently. We have been buying one house after another every three or four years, then selling each, usually at a reasonable profit. However, I wonder if this practice is economical since our early mortgage payments are loaded with interest and only a small part of each payment goes toward the principal. Can you tell us how much of the monthly mortgage payment on a $40,000 house is principal and how much is interest?

You haven't given me the crucial details on the terms of the mortgage, but let's say it's a 25-year mortgage at 8½ percent interest, and that you have paid 25 percent, or $10,000, down, leaving a total of $30,000 to be financed via a mortgage. This is how the amount of your yearly payments divides into principal and interest and how dramatically the division changes over the 25-year span.

Year	Payment	Principal	Interest
1	$2,931.00	$ 381.00	$2,550.00
2	$2,931.00	413.00	2,518.00
3	$2,931.00	448.00	2,483.00
4	$2,931.00	487.00	2,444.00
5	$2,931.00	528.00	2,403.00
10	$2,931.00	794.00	2,137.00
15	$2,931.00	1,194.00	1,737.00
20	$2,931.00	1,795.00	1,136.00
21	$2,931.00	1,948.00	983.00
22	$2,931.00	2,113.00	818.00
23	$2,931.00	2,294.00	637.00
24	$2,931.00	2,488.00	442.00
25	$2,931.00	2,716.00	230.00

Community gardens

This summer quite a few neighboring suburbs developed huge "community gardens" for the many households that didn't have enough backyard space to put in gardens themselves. Those who participated have been reaping harvests worth a couple of hundred dollars or so out of their small plots. Our church would like to start planning now for such a garden next summer. Can you give us a good source of information on how to start a garden of this type? Our town owns a lot of land that would be suitable for this.

The best source I know for how-to-do-it information on community gardens is the nonprofit organization "Gardens for All," located at Dept. 42099, Charlotte, Vt. 05445.

Disability worries

How can you tell whether your life insurance policy will pay benefits if you become completely disabled—for example, through a bad accident on the job? Do you have to pay premiums to keep your life insurance in force while you are disabled?

Probably the most direct way to find out is to ask your insurance agent about this coverage. However, you ought to be able to tell by looking at your policy if there is a provision for a "disability income benefit," which would pay you a certain amount each month so long as you are classified as totally and permanently disabled. Also, study your policy to see if it contains a "waiver of premium" provision. If it does, and if you do become disabled, the company will pay your premiums for as long as this condition exists. END

Is your budget on the critical list?



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THE WORKING WOMAN:

RE-ENTRY CRISIS

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

"But I haven't had a job in 20 years!" How often have you heard women say this? How often have you said it? Here's the way several women handled their return to the working world. Perhaps you can learn from them.

They are widows beginning a new life at an age when many women feel life is over. They are mothers testing their wings before their children leave them with an empty nest. They are separated or divorced women with no choice but to give up the "dependent wife" status and forge a new independence outside the home.

These are the re-entry women coming into the work force after five, ten or 20 years of full-time family life. Talking with them about résumés or job interviews is only skimming the surface. What's fascinating is their hindsight on the years they spent at home. Or why they suddenly went back to work. Or what feelings accompanied this drastic change in their lives.

Mary Yelverton, one of 16 children, had to quit college after one year to earn money for family expenses. In 1953 she married and took a clerk-typist job, but when her husband got out of the service he announced that she would have to stop working and stay home. "I never questioned; I quit my job," Mary remembers. "I was deeply in love and I just wanted to please him." She was 22.

For the next 18 years she devoted herself to her home, her two children and her husband. She followed wherever his job opportunities led, finally settling in California. In 1973 the couple celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary and Mary thought they were exceptionally happy.

Then in August of last year, the bombshell fell. Mary's husband announced he was leaving her. "I thought: 'He's 40; he's going through changes; he needs to be alone.' But we were so close, I was sure he couldn't mean it."

However, in October he moved out of the house. Mary fell into a profound depression. One of the children took the break-up very hard and required psychological help. There was no money.

"At first it seemed nobody's interested in you if you're 40 and you haven't worked in more than ten years. Then I took the clerk-typist test at Lockheed and got a job for $4.30 an hour. I was just beginning to feel I might make a go of it when I got laid off. I just don't know how the kids and I got through Thanksgiving and Christmas, but by January I was desperate. I simply couldn't find work. Finally, I had to apply for welfare."

With the assistance of the Urban League, Mary eventually got into a training program at Tenneco Company, where she is now employed as an accounting clerk—with excellent ratings. She plans to return to college to earn a bachelor's degree in sociology.

"For 20 years I thought only about pleasing my husband, and in return he handled everything for me. Now I have to do everything for myself *and* the children. I find I can make decisions. Next I must create a Mary; I had a husband and kids but I never had a Mary in all those years."

Barbara Sprung was a working child. From age 8 to 18, she was a professional child model and actress. But show business was her mother's passion; Barbara wanted to become a teacher . . . and a wife. She married in 1953, graduated from college in '55 and proceeded to have two children in three years. From 1956 to 1965, her full-time job was homemaking. "It's amazing that someone with my strong work orientation could accept the social pressure to stay home," she comments. "I expect to live a long life. I don't mind having given nine years of it to child-rearing, but there was never quite enough to do. I was isolated in an arid suburb—reading, cleaning and counting the hours. If my husband was one train late I went buggy."

In 1965 a friend accused Barbara of being "an underachiever." This spurred her to look in the newspaper and blindly take the first teaching job that advertised morning work hours. For the next eight years she held various part-time teaching positions while working toward a master's degree in education. Her one requirement for any job was that she could be home when her children came home for lunch.

"Even though I had free time, I was so conditioned to be a super-mother and super-housekeeper that I never realized I could have worked on a master's *and* a doctorate without hurting anyone."

When the children were 17 and 14, Barbara accepted her first full-time assignment. Since July, 1973, she has been an educational consultant and director of a curriculum project.

Pat Simon, 59, remembers the Depression well. In 1933 she married a machinist whom she describes as "an incredibly demanding man who insisted that no wife of his would go to work." Despite the family's tight finances, Pat could only persuade her husband to "let" her work (as a babysitter, cashier and Avon representative) for a few scattered periods during the first 15 years of their 35-year marriage. But from 1948 until 1968, her husband insisted that she stay home caring for their two children, getting his meals on time and tending to the collection of 250 parakeets he kept in their basement.

"I gave in because I thought of myself as uneducated, inferior and worthless," Pat explains. "I resented feeding and cleaning cages for his damned birds and I regret all those crazy lost years, but I never had the guts to leave him. Instead, I took up tennis and volleyball. Sports were my outlet."

After her husband's death in 1968, Pat took a sales job, sold the parakeets, cleaned the basement and converted it into a picture frame shop. Discovering that she had a real talent for framing, she followed a friend's recommendation and got an interview at one of New York's most prestigious framing companies. She was hired in 1970.

"Except for my children, the years of my marriage are a complete blur," Pat admits. "I feel and look better now than I did in 1945. I've got confidence, new friends, new men, a great job that pays me $10,000 and an apartment overlooking the river. I just got back from a vacation trip down the Colorado rapids and I'm leaving now on a cross-country business trip. I'm living at last."

Mary Lou Weisman, 36, got married in 1961, a year after her college graduation. At first she kept her full-time job in a publishing company. When her children were born she quit and took only free-lance editorial assignments calling for about two hours' work each week. "It was my way to stay awake without having to really prove myself," she says. Like many housewives, she found volunteer work challenging, particularly when she published a newspaper to publicize local school problems—and learned everything about printing, advertising and layouts.

(continued)

A simple headache can change the way a woman looks.



hich is why you may want something more effective than common aspirin.

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2. Baked chicken.

3. Shaker bag chicken.

4. Sautéed chicken breasts.

But do it with lemons.

1. Broiled or barbecued chicken with lemon/pepper. Any way you fix it, chicken is better with lemon. Try this when you broil or BBQ. Combine 1/4 cup salad oil, 1 Tb. coarse black pepper, 2 t. finely snipped parsley, 2 t. grated lemon peel and 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Paint onto chicken while grilling.

2. Baked chicken with lemon inside and out. Before baking, stuff any bird with a handful of lemon chunks. Keeps it moist. Adds a delicate flavor. And here's a fine basting sauce for the last 30 minutes of roasting: Combine 1/2 cup honey, 2 t. grated lemon peel and 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice.

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4. Sautéed chicken breasts with lemon & sherry. An all-time great flavor combination. Sauté 4 split chicken breasts, boned and skinned, in 4 Tb. butter or margarine until done. Remove. Sauté 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms (or a drained 4 oz. can sliced mushrooms) and 1 Tb. chopped green onion. Add half a lemon cut into slices. Juice other lemon half and add 2 Tb. sherry. Simmer 1 to 2 minutes. Pour over chicken breasts. Superb.

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RE-ENTRY CRISIS
continued

The rest of the story can only be told in Mary Lou's own words: "One day I discovered that my son was slowly deteriorating from muscular dystrophy. For four years I was the ultimate mother-martyr. I had a recurrent dream that I staggered and fell down like my son. I was getting lost in my child. I was fading too, to show how much I loved him. From that dream I realized that I was in peril. My husband and I saw how precious and important life is, not only for our son, but for all of us."

Mary Lou joined the staff of a Connecticut regional newspaper and for the past two years she has earned both money and praise for her writing. Now she is also beginning to contribute articles to national magazines. She has no complaint that most of her earnings go to pay $125 a week to a young man who helps cook, clean and care for the child in a wheel chair. Mary Lou and her husband believe their family is healthier now that each of them is focused not on disease but on living productively.

Susan Girard was married in 1959 and divorced in April, 1974. She has two daughters, ages 11 and 7. During 10 years of her married life, though she didn't hold a paying job, Susan was very involved in community work, serving as editor of a local magazine, *Puget Soundings*, board member of the League of Women Voters and chairperson of t Seattle Head Start Volunteers.

In 1968 she returned to college wi the intention of becoming a librari because "it's a flexible career for a wi and mother." When her marriage bro up, Susan realized that she had chos a profession for others, not for herse Her real love was shipping.

By a fluke, she was at a party whe she heard of *the* perfect job openin Now Susan Girard is Director of Co munity Affairs for the Port of Seattle and she couldn't be happier. "I've no iced two big changes in my life since went from volunteer work into this pa job. People respect my opinions as the never did before; and I worry less abo money now, even though I have less it than when my husband doled it ou I'm a responsible, worthwhile adult f the first time."

Jean Cohen, a high school graduat worked as a secretary, married in 195 and a year later quit her job to have h first child. For 11 years she thoroughl enjoyed homemaking and caring for h three sons.

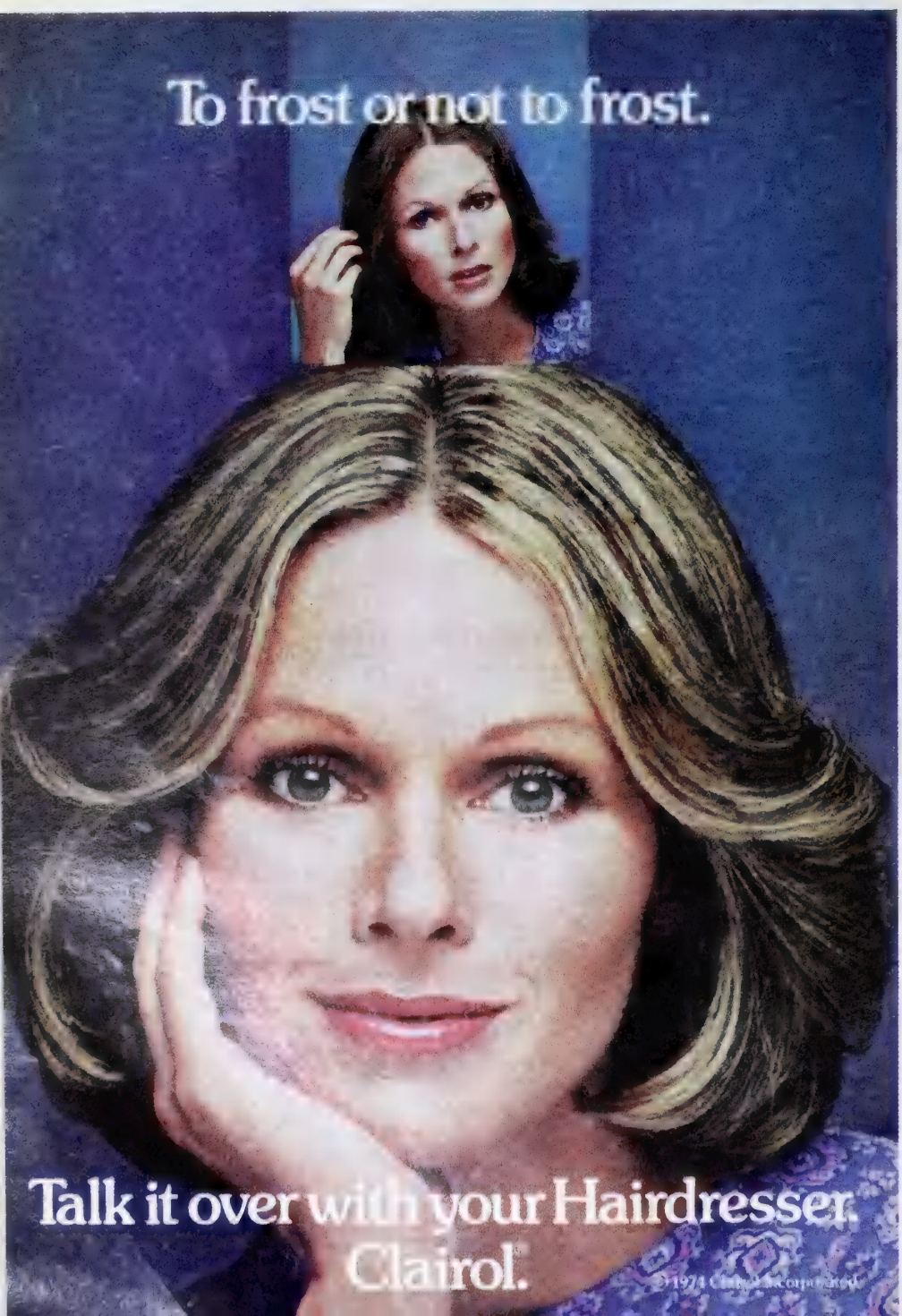
In 1967, when her mother-in-la came for a long visit, it occurred to Jea to get a sales job at a department sto just to earn some Christmas money. Wit Grandma as a babysitter, Jean could re lax and concentrate on three days sales training. But after 11 years as "jus a housewife," she was extremely nervou about her first day on the selling floo "I thought I'd never get the hang o that huge cash register, yet in a fe days it became automatic to me."

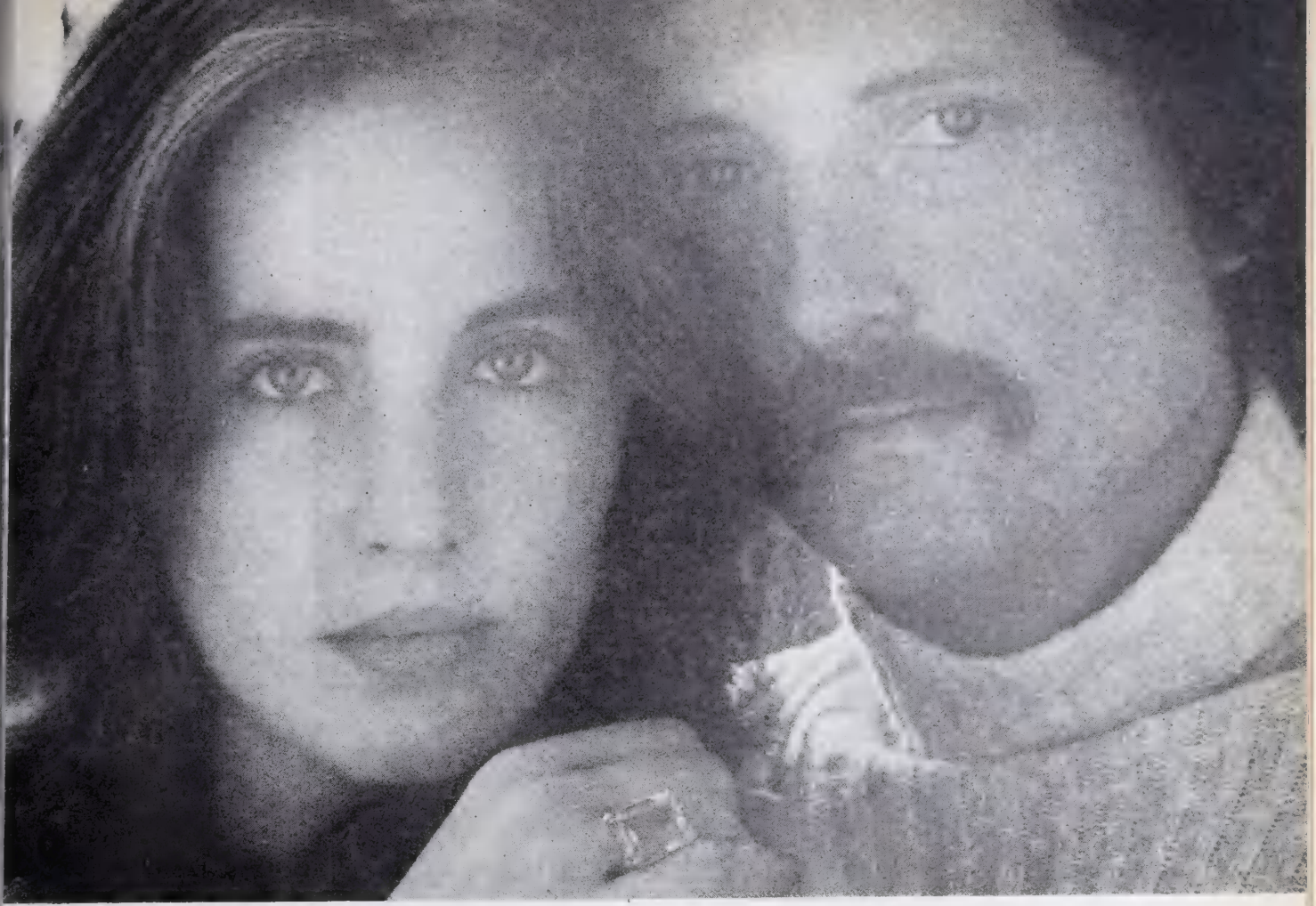
After the holidays Jean gave her quit ting notice. But management was so im pressed with her work that she wa asked to remain on the job on her ow terms. She arranged a part-time sched ule that worked for six years, until a new store manager came in and ob jected to it.

Jean left the department store an was promptly hired by a small dres shop that was happy to have her on part time terms. She now has a devote clientele who especially seek her sale help and fashion advice. A Christma job has thus become a profession. "I started working for the money," Jean says. "But I'd have to admit that if we won a lottery, I'd still work. I feel like I'm a Mommy, a wife and a person, too."

Amy Swerdlow, 52, believed that her children were to be her only product. She had four of them in neat girl-boy sequence after her marriage in 1949. She remembers: "If my kids ever looked unhappy I was ready to hit them because it meant I had failed."

Amy's interest in enriching her children's lives led her to become active in a local arts center. "From 1953 to '61 I was on a seesaw: *(continued on page 154)*





If there's anybody who really knows me, it's Michael.

He says he loves the smell of my skin, and he likes my perfume because he says it brings out what I am to him.

More of a woman. More honest. More open. Less helpless.

I used to think being more of a woman meant acting hard to get.

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A new book about the clairvoyant whose visions "saved" hundreds and stunned millions, by the author of the best seller, "The Sleeping Prophet."

"SAVE YOUR WIFE'S LIFE!" HOW PSYCHIC EDGAR CAYCE MET HIS GREATEST CHALLENGE

By Jess Stearn



In this, the year of *The Exorcist*, renewed attention is being paid to the life of the greatest mystic of all—Edgar Cayce. Cayce, who died in 1945, grew up in Hopkinsville, Ky., where for many years he was known as "the Freak" because of his "visions." It was not until his early middle age that some people began to believe that Cayce (pronounced "Casey") was indeed able to diagnose and suggest cures (some of them exotic) for any disease with which he was confronted while in a trance state. Cayce's later years were covered in author Jess Stearn's 1967 best seller, *The Sleeping Prophet*. Now, in a new book, *A Prophet in His Own Country*, Stearn recreates Cayce's life as a young man around the turn of the century, his conflicts with the medical profession, and his personal dilemma in trying to understand his "gift" and how it was meant to be used. Dr. Wesley Ketchum was a young Northerner who had migrated to Hopkinsville. After overcoming his initial disbelief, Dr. Ketchum soon began to use Cayce whenever the physician could not diagnose and treat a case himself. When we meet Edgar Cayce here, he is working as a photographer and Sunday-school teacher. He has been married only a few years to Gertrude Evans. His standing in Hopkinsville is still tentative, although he has recently correctly diagnosed and cured the wife and son of one of the town's leading physicians. Now, however, his psychic skill is to be put to an even more personal test. At stake: the life of his own beloved wife.

Gertrude Cayce was convinced that her husband's future lay in helping the sick. "That is why God has given you this gift," she told him.

But Cayce was not as sure. "If God wanted me to heal the sick, why didn't he make me a doctor?"

She smiled. "You would have been a doctor like everyone else, bound by the same orthodoxy by which they are bound."

The prophet still lacked confidence in his gift, and without it he was not ready to be an instrument of life and death. But God worked in wondrous ways, as Edgar Cayce was to discover. He remembered what his mother had once said: "We ask for strength, and God gives us difficulties that make us strong. We plead for courage, and God gives us danger to overcome. We plead for favors, and God gives us opportunities. We pray for happiness, and God gives us challenges to test our faith."

Edgar Cayce's faith soon received a supreme test. At three weeks, his and Gertrude's son Milton, ailing from birth, developed whooping cough and then colitis. Daily, the child grew weaker, and the doctors could do nothing. Although he had read successfully for other children, Cayce didn't feel confident enough to read for his own child. His father spoke to him, and so did others. Only Gertrude did nothing to influence him.

"Edgar has to make this decision himself," she said. "If he doesn't feel it wise to read for his own flesh and blood, then it won't work."

The Squire, as Cayce's father was called, was admittedly baffled. "Edgar has helped so many others, why does he feel that he can't help his own?"

"He's too emotionally involved," Gertrude replied patiently. "He says it is like a doctor operating on his own wife or child—or treating himself, for that matter."

The Squire nodded. "Doctors are always saying that a man who treats himself has a fool for a doctor and an idiot for a patient."

Listening to his baby's hacking cough, Cayce prayed for guidance. But no message came to him. One night, as their baby appeared to be failing, Edgar turned to his wife. "Gertrude," he implored, "tell me what to do."

She shook her head, thinking of what it might do to her husband if the baby died anyway.

"When you ask me, Edgar, it means that you have already decided in your own mind."

"You're right, Gertrude," he sobbed, "I don't have the confidence. Perhaps I am the fake they say I am."

"You're no fake, Edgar," she said gently. "You're just not sure now what you can do and what you can't. But you will be."

That night, the infant died.

Edgar was inconsolable. "What could have been lost if I had read for that poor thing?" he said bitterly. "I've helped so many others, and I did nothing for our darling son."

For once, Gertrude had no word of comfort. She was shattered by the child's death. Her face was drawn and her eyes hollow from the sleepless vigil at the child's side. She sat silently, holding the baby's tiny hand in hers, caressing the tiny face that was finally at peace.

"At least, he isn't suffering any more," Edgar said. "God has seen to that."

"Yes, God must have needed him more than we did," Gertrude said.

From that day, Gertrude's health declined. She had never been robust, and now she developed a cold, with a hacking cough. She took to her bed, rising only to prepare Edgar's breakfast, or to greet him in the evening.

When she showed no sign of getting well, her physician, Dr. Janson, began to show concern. Janson suspected that Gertrude's will to live had received a traumatic blow with her *(continued)*

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baby's death. He talked to her until he was blue but he could not lift her depression.

Watching his wife fade before his eyes, Edgar Cayce was in the greatest quandary of his life. He had no confidence in the doctors, yet where could he turn?

Pure conjecture

All the doctors could say was that she was suffering from an infection. But what it was, and what brought it on, were pure conjecture. Fear clutched at Cayce's heart. Suppose that he should lose her, as he had the baby? He couldn't bear the thought of it. He got down on his knees, and then remembered he had prayed in the same way for his child. Prayer wasn't enough. God needed some manifestation of man's desire to help himself. Yet he was still afraid to rest Gertrude's life on the fragile thread of a psychic reading. Perhaps he could do a test reading, one that would not commit her to any treatment, but that might at the same time give the doctors a clue.

Finally young Cayce turned to his father. "All right, Pa," he said, "it's time for us to see if I can come up with anything."

Once he was in a trance state, the slumbering Cayce reacted as he would have to anybody else's case. The words that poured out were totally impersonal.

"We have the body. It is not in good condition, and has been affected by a depressed mental attitude brought on by excessive grief. There has been a serious loss of appetite. And even when food is consumed, because of an emotional imbalance, there has been a corresponding imbalance of the glands, preventing the body from assimilating properly that food which it has taken. Thus, with the present illness, the body has become impoverished by lack of nutriment in the blood to supply the rebuilding forces in the body. The seat of the present difficulty is in the left side, at the lower extremity of the lung, what some might call pleurisy."

When Cayce awoke, his father told him exactly what he had said and Cayce gave the Squire a bleak look. "What more can I do? I can't read for Gertrude unless she asks me to. I need to know she has confidence in me. Otherwise, I don't know what will happen."

"Gertrude has always had confidence in you," the elder Cayce said.

"It's one thing to be told, another to be shown. I have to be shown."

Dr. Janson was notified of the pleurisy diagnosis, and it checked with other symptoms that had been noted. Complete rest was the best treatment, along with quinine to quiet the fever. But Gertrude's condition only worsened.

Dr. Janson asked Cayce to drop by his office. The physician wasted no words. "Edgar, I have to be frank with you. Gertrude is a very sick girl. She seems to have lost her zest for life since the baby died, and she has become increasingly vulnerable to an ailment that runs in the family. Edgar, I believe she has tuberculosis."

Dr. Janson crossed to the window and looked out sadly on the shaded elms and the bright green expanse of lawn. "I sometimes wonder, Edgar, whether there is any sense to anything we do. We are all so helpless when God has decided what he wants for us."

Edgar Cayce stood up suddenly. "And what has God decided, Doctor?"

Janson shook his head. "Bitterness doesn't help, Edgar. Gertrude wouldn't want that."

"I won't let her."

The young husband reached forward and shook the doctor by the lapels of his suit coat. "Gertrude is not going to die. I won't let her die."

Janson sighed and said in a tired voice, "Unless there is a miracle, Edgar, she has one, maybe two weeks to live. The disease has gradually sapped her strength and eroded her will to live."

At that instant, as with a drowning man, the whole kaleidoscope of his life passed in review before his eyes.

"I tell you she won't die."

"It's in God's hands, Edgar."

"I have given readings for others," said Cayce, "and they have been helped. Now is the time to find out whether I really have any power."

The doctor nodded. "You are going to give her a reading?"

"Tonight, but she must ask for it. Only in that way can I do it. I must know that she trusts me. Then I cannot fail." *(continued on page 154)*



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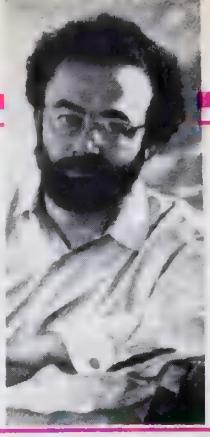
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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Did you know that a sore throat can cripple your child's heart? A special report on a new way to keep a mild illness from becoming a killer.

Say 'Ah'!" Spoken often enough, to enough children, this instruction could save as many as 500 youngsters' lives every year. About 20,000 other boys and girls could be spared crippling heart disease that will blight their lives, killing many before age 40.

The diseases that do this are rheumatic fever (RF), which is usually mild, and its common sequel, rheumatic heart disease (RHD), which often is not. These maladies still are killers, even though many parents and doctors have become complacent about them.

Ironically, specialists say that a method that will prevent most RF cases has been available for 20 years. Yet fewer than 1 percent of U.S. communities provide this protection for their children. To help and encourage others, the Great Plains Heart Association recently convened a meeting in Minneapolis, Minn., bringing together RF prevention specialists and other health workers.

The way to prevent RF, say the experts, is to find—and then treat with penicillin—all children suffering from upper-respiratory infections caused by certain dangerous kinds of streptococcal bacteria—called "strep"—that often, though not always, make their presence felt as a sore throat (strep throat). Scarlet fever is another dangerous strep infection.

Up to 3 percent of children infected by dangerous strains of strep get rheumatic fever, and half of them suffer heart damage. The heart valves are especially vulnerable to attack, and when this happens the heartbeat is adversely affected.

The discovery that strep detection and treatment would stop RF was made in the mid-1950's by Brendon Phibbs, M.D., a tough, determined heart specialist who then lived in Casper, Wyo., in the heart of the Rocky Mountain "strep belt."

Dr. Phibbs mobilized school and health officials, doctors and parents for a "stop strep" campaign that now includes all of Wyoming.

Each day, children are asked by thei teachers if they have colds or sor throats. Those youngsters who do mus say "Ah," so that a volunteer mothe can swab the back of the throat with a cotton-tipped probe to pick up any strep germs lodged there. The swab is rubbed over a small culture dish of sheep's blood gelatin. Dangerous strep germs will grow in it in tell-tale patterns. In addition, every Wyoming schoolchild's throat is examined weekly, and is cul tured if it looks suspicious.

The result, Dr. Phibbs says, has been a great reduction in strep infections in Wyoming—and the virtual elimination of new RF cases. In 1970, the RF rate was four new cases per 100,000 population in those Wyoming counties using the strep-control program. In two counties that did not use the program it was 127 new cases per 100,000. (Outside Wyoming, the annual RF attack rate is roughly 20 cases per 100,000 population.)

The trouble with the Wyoming method is that it can be cumbersome and costly to administer, especially without the leadership of an enthusiast such as Dr. Phibbs. He says it is cheaper to prevent rheumatic fever in the many than to treat rheumatic heart disease in the few. But colleagues are still not convinced that enough cases are prevented to justify the cost and effort. As a result, many pediatricians are reluctant to do throat cultures, even for their paying, private patients.

Strep-control advocates have been frustrated by the fact that RF strikes most often among the poor. Middle-class parents, who can insist that their schools start strep-control programs, are complacent in their belief that "It can't happen here"—though it can and does. The result is that a poor child who gets health care from the government may have better access to strep detection than a middle-class child who gets private medical care.

Says Dr. Phibbs: "It's easier for a Papago Indian in the desert to get a throat culture than it is for the person who lives in the middle of New York City—where it is hell to get one!"

An easier alternative, a strep vaccine, is being worked on. But experts say it is still years away—which *(continued)*



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You can take this round steak and make a good dinner for two.



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3 cups hot cooked rice
1 pound lean beef round steak, cut ½ inch thick
1 tablespoon paprika
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1½ cups beef broth
1 cup sliced green onions, including tops
2 green peppers, cut in strips
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup each water and soy sauce
2 large fresh tomatoes, cut in eighths

While rice is cooking, pound steak to ¼ inch thickness. Cut into ¼ inch wide strips. Sprinkle meat with paprika and allow to stand while preparing other ingredients. Using a large skillet, brown meat in butter. Add garlic and broth. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Stir in onions and green peppers. Cover and cook 5 minutes more. Blend cornstarch, water, and soy sauce. Stir into meat mixture. Cook, stirring, until clear and thickened—about 2 minutes. Add tomatoes and stir gently. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to:
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MEDICINE TODAY
continued

is no help for today's generation schoolchildren.

Throat culture costs vary enormou ly, from 20 cents per culture to $32.5 that Manhattan strep expert Dr. Ange Taranta reports, disapprovingly, as th fee charged by a big-city universi medical center. The consensus: a we designed program should do cultur for one to two dollars apiece.

How many would be needed? Pedi trician Dr. John Kangos, who recent started a strep program in the Ne Brunswick, N.J., schools, foresees fe er than one culture per student per yea But Colorado's Dr. Ham Jackson for sees eight cultures per student per ye —again, an enormous difference.

Will strep control be brought to th 99 percent of schools that lack it—or, least, to schools in poor, high-risk area It may be included in new, preventio oriented health plans that may be enac ed this year, one federal health-ca planner says. But an epidemiologist fro another U.S. agency, the Center for Di ease Control (CDC) in Atlanta—whic recently scuttled its own highly produ tive strep research lab—said strep ha low priority at CDC. He said he was no convinced that school strep program stop RF.

Meanwhile, what can—and should parents do to protect their children They can work, through local heart as sociations, schools or the PTA, to start strep program. Says public-health spe cialist Dr. Aileen MacKenzie of Colum bus, Ohio: "It takes only *one* intereste individual in a community to do it!"

In the meanwhile, parents well migh keep in mind a slogan used by Dr Kangos' New Jersey program: "A sor throat can cripple your child's heart."

Any sore throat should be promptl shown to your pediatrician. If he wil not do a throat culture, then, Dr. Phibb suggests, find a pediatrician who *wil* do it, promptly and cheaply. **END**

SUSANNAH

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

I am jealous of Susannah,
I have always been
Yet how can anyone resent
A woman never seen?

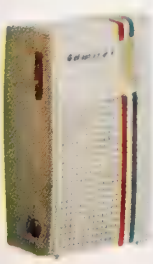
I feel her presence in the house
I know her every whim
And in the garden that she made
I think she walks with him.

He loves me, but he loves her more—
Why can't he love me most?
I am jealous of Susannah,
That lovely, lingering ghost.



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Joan Kennedy: Woman Under Pressure



Stalked by problems and tragedy, this woman who merely wanted to be a happy wife and mother now has her husband's political future involved in her destiny.
By Kandy Stroud

As a child, sweet, sensitive Joan Bennett never had to cope. Raised in a sheltered Catholic home in Bronxville, N.Y., the daughter of a wealthy advertising executive, Joan had few worldly problems. With her younger sister, Candy, her closest confidante, Joan's shy early years were carefree. She modeled, played the piano, attended Mass, bowed at the New York Debutante Cotillion and Gotham Ball, majored in music at Manhattanville College and married an Irish millionaire, Edward Moore Kennedy, on November 29, 1958. Then there were tranquil summers at Hyannisport, Mass., winters skiing at Stowe, Vt., and 15 months to adjust to marriage before the birth of her first child, Kara Ann, on February 27, 1960. And Joan Kennedy's demands from life were basic: "All I want is to be a happy wife and mother," she said.

Then the avalanche began—Ted Kennedy plunged headlong into politics. The rest is legend—assassinations, plane crashes, miscarriages, Chappaquiddick, death threats, rumors of Ted's other women and the prospect of a presidential campaign. Joan was catapulted into reality. Some say she turned to drink. Others say she found escape through tranquilizers. She clearly cried out for help and attention by wearing bizarre outfits to formal White House functions, but no one heard her pleas.

After almost 13 years as a political wife and a helpless bystander to an endless series of Kennedy tragedies, Joan took matters into her own hands. Despite reported protests from Ted, she sought the help of a psychiatrist. Later, she even talked about it to the press. "I'm much more independent and self-assured," she said in the summer of '72. "I feel better about everything." And she went campaigning.

When the pressure of Washington and public life began to build again a year later, Joan did not hesitate to check herself into George Washington University Hospital for a solid week of intense bed rest. A sign on her door read "Absolutely No Visitors," and not even some of the regular hospital staff were granted entry. She emerged stronger and ready to cope again.

Spending her time constructively, by putting her musical talent back to use, was another step in Joan Kennedy's campaign to get it all together. She *(continued)*

Until we went blonde together, I called my mother-in-law Mrs. Parker.



My heart sank when I thought of being marooned with Bill's mother for two whole days while Bill was off on a business trip. Ever since we'd met at the wedding (Bill and I were married in my home town) I'd thought of her as the Gray Duchess.

What on earth were we going to do with one another when we ran out of looking at Bill's old baby pictures?

Well, you know what we did? We went blonde. Maybe those pictures gave her the idea. She was so pretty when Bill was age 2. And going blonde is such a soft way of hiding gray. Anyway, she asked me to help her. And I said I would, if she'd do it for me—because on our honeymoon, Bill had loved my hair streaked gold by the sun.

Of course, Mrs. P, being a perfectionist, said we should do it with Lady Clairol®. That's the professional way. Because Lady Clairol hair lightener lifts the darkness out of your hair. Then you can apply any Clairol toner and get the most subtle, delicate shade.

Helping each other, it was a cinch. And midway, I found that Bill's mother isn't cold. Just shy like me.

Now I call her Betty. And when we go out together, you should see Bill. He loves walking into a restaurant with a blonde on either arm!



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JOAN KENNEDY

continued

performed piano concertos on television (with Andy Williams) and for charity. "It's nice to know that you're wanted," she said. But when the invitations to play mounted, she begged off, saying, "I don't want the pressure."

She handled a difficult marital situation by deciding to lead a life of her own. There were whispers of a divorce, but Joan told a friend, "I'm going to stick it out no matter what." She took herself over to Europe three times in the summer of '73. Once for a motor trip through France with her daughter Kara, Joan's Manhattanville College classmate Mary Ellen Penavera, and Mary's daughter Melanie. On her second trip, Joan danced till dawn at the elegant Spoleto Festival in Italy, where her name was linked with a handsome Italian, Giorgio Pavone. Meanwhile, what was the Senator doing? "Oh, he's home babysitting," she said flippantly to the European press.

In October, 1973, after dinner at the home of her friends the Tom Bradens, Joan admitted to this writer, "Those trips were the best thing I ever did. I had never really been alone before. I always traveled with Teddy and the children. But since I took off on my own, Teddy's really been sitting up and listening to what I have to say for the first time. In fact, I'm kind of telling him what to do, for a change. He didn't know who Giorgio Pavone was, and yo should have heard Teddy on the phon when it hit the newspapers that I ha been dancing with Pavone. He yelle 'Who the hell's Giorgio Pavone?' Whe I finally told him he was a public rela tions man, we giggled with each other.

Her many friends noticed a differ ence in Joan. "She's on top of things She's really got it together. She's inter ested in everything. She's in top shape.

The euphoria lasted less than on month. Joan was recalled from yet an other trip to Europe in November b the tragic news that her 12-year-old so Teddy had bone cancer and it was im perative to remove his right leg just above the knee. That was November 19

Extremely brave

"She was extremely brave about the operation," says pal Val Cook. "She dealt with the problem in an extraordinary fashion. But the minute it was over and she realized this was it for life, a sinking feeling came over her."

"It was rough from the beginning," says a Kennedy staffer. "She's never been able to get over it. First of all, Teddy's her kid. He looks like her, acts like her, has her coloring, her face and her sensitivity. It was like it had happened to her. She had a hard time accepting it."

Every other weekend after the operation, Joan had to fly to Boston with Teddy, Jr., for chemotherapy treatments at Boston Children's Hospital. The therapy involves 72 hours of treatment. The entire process, which must continue for two full years, has been extremely painful for all involved.

Joan gave blood. "I have the same antibodies as little Teddy," she explained. "Isn't it strange? They feel if Teddy gets my blood that my antibodies will help to fight his cancer, if the cancer is really a virus."

Through it all, Joan kept smiling. "I'd never ask her about Teddy's illness, and she rarely talked about it," said one friend. "She hates to burden you with her problems."

At the hospital, Joan would order special movies sent in for Teddy, Jr., and invite the other children on the floor to watch the films with him. She tried to make the best of hospitalization, but there was the steady, inevitable stream of on-lookers. "Every day, people she'd never seen would come up to her to wish her well, to ask questions, and she'd have to greet them and be pleasant, no matter how she felt inside," explains a friend. "She told me she felt like she was constantly on display. She could never just be a mother alone with her sick child. There was always the push to be dressed up, instead of just putting on old clothes, no makeup, maybe not even fixing her hair. She had to get all 'fixed

(continued on page 150)



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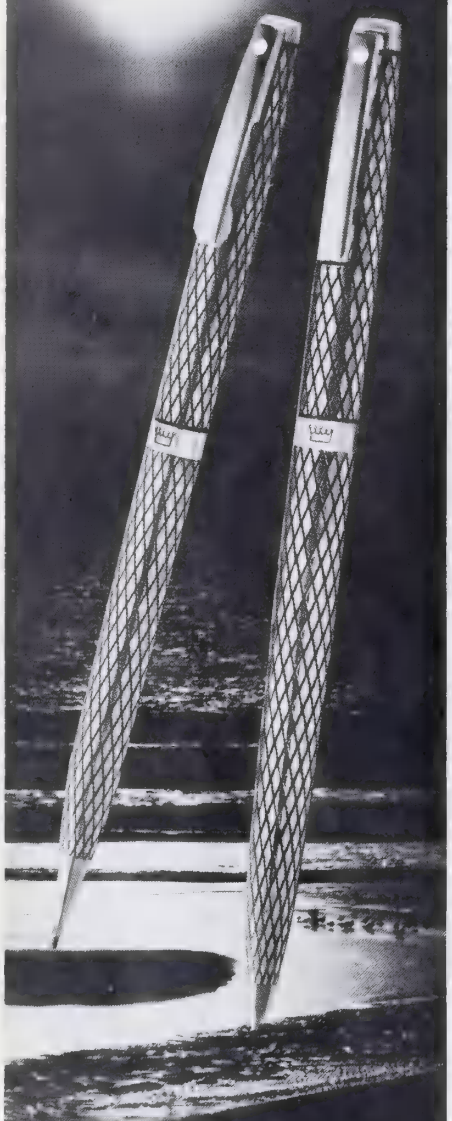
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When pet dealers care more about profits than the health of their puppies, the result is shoddy breeding and sales practices. Here is a report on the problem by Elinor Guggenheimer, Commissioner of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs.

There are seven young puppies in the shop window: a tiny dachshund, three German shepherds, a poodle, perhaps a Scottish terrier, and a cocker spaniel. Some are asleep, but at least two of them claw at the window as though trying to reach you. Perhaps your child is with you, and the excitement in her voice and on her face are irresistible. So you go in and say to the man behind the counter, "How much is that doggie in the window?"

Whatever price he quotes may be only a fraction of what you will really pay—not only in dollars, but in heartache as well. It is possible that the animal you are about to carry home is sick, or has been traumatized by indifferent handling, and so may be incapable of developing into a loving pet or intelligent guardian. Or you may have purchased a dog believing that it is pedigreed when it is not.

There are many humane and ethical people who breed and sell dogs. It would be unfair to blame them all for the brutality of those who run the so-called "puppy mills," or those who engage in other unethical breeding and selling practices. The problem is that a customer about to buy a dog often cannot tell anything about the puppy's background prior to purchase. You may be assured that the dog is in good condition, only to take the new pet home, then watch the agonizing symptoms of distemper begin. The following case histories were collected by the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs:

• A man purchased two German shepherds from a kennel, with the assurance that both had received "permanent" injections against canine distemper. At home later that day, one of the dogs began coughing. The man called the kennel and was told that this was a simple case of kennel cough and nothing to be concerned about. During the night, the dog began to have difficulty breathing. The man took the dog back to the kennel and was told to pick it up t next day. Soon after the dog return home, it began foaming at the mout The other shepherd began to show sim lar symptoms. A veterinarian diagnose the illness as distemper. Both dogs die and the kennel refused to accept respo sibility.

• A woman purchased a cocker spani and was assured that the dog was "pap trained." But after more than five montl of constant effort, the dog is still n housebroken. There seems to be som indication that the animal was so sever ly damaged in shipment that it will h difficult to teach it anything.

• A couple bought a schnauzer, wit assurances from the store salesman tha both the dog's parents were champion When the pedigree papers finally ar rived, the owners discovered that neithe of the puppy's parents was, in fact, champion. They called the breeder i Ohio, who estimated that a fair price fo the dog would have been about on third of what they had actually paid.

The breeding and selling of dogs ha become big business. Unfortunately, th advantages of mass-producing automo biles or appliances do not apply whe dealing with living creatures.

Not all breeding kennels can be classi fied as puppy mills, but literally hun dreds of such operations have sprung up across the United States in the last 1 years. In an article published in the *New York Times*, B. Drummond Ayres, Jr., reported on visits he made to some o these mills. He told of cases of crowding and filth, dogs "balancing day after day on wire flooring," careless or purposeful mishandling of registration papers, and —in one case—the abandonment of ani mals without food and water. There have been reports of dogs penned up in cages and bred twice a year until they die from overbreeding. We hear constantly of dogs who have received health certifi cates without ever being examined.

The trip from these vast breeding es tablishments to the pet shops can be a traumatic experience. The Humane So ciety warns that a clean, sparkling pet shop may not guarantee a happy, respon sive pet, since the care the puppy re ceived at the breeders, at the wholesaler and, finally, in transit may have already done permanent harm. *(continued)*

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PET JOURNAL

continued

Dogs are shipped as freight with little regard for the fact that they are living creatures. They are frequently moved from one airplane to another and are often left outside on the field during cold weather. They may have been injured by the crate in which they are transported. They may be exposed to disease from other animals being shipped. They are frequently shipped in unheated airplane compartments, or held over in overheated or unheated warehouses. Cargo handlers often treat crates containing puppies in the same gentle way they handle your luggage. Most airline manuals contain good instructions for handling animals, but these instructions are frequently disregarded.

Dogs are often ill when they arrive at pet shops. In testimony taken at hearings conducted by the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, one pet shop owner testified that dogs usually arrive shaken up. If a pet shop owner does not know what to do for that puppy, the chances are the animal will continue downhill—vomiting, suffering from diarrhea, not eating. The same shop owner testified that "kennel cough is a common disease in kennels and pet shops." The fact that it is common for dogs held in pet shops to get tonsilitis or bronchitis seems to indicate that some pet shops are not providing good enough care.

Puppies are frequently kept in cages without water, or in cages that are too small. In many cases, the wire mesh may be painful to a puppy's feet. The glass shop window that looks enchanting from the street may actually become unbearably hot in the summer if the shop is not air-conditioned. And if one of the dogs develops distemper or some other disease, and there are no provisions for examination or isolation, it is possible that the other puppies will be infected.

Buyer beware

All of this suggests not that people should do without pets, but that strict industry regulations are necessary. It also suggests that the buyer should beware. Part of the responsibility for correcting these conditions must be assumed by our legislators, various federal agencies, local health departments and consumer protection agencies. Public pressure also must continue in order to eliminate various problems that now surround the breeding and sale of pets.

Despite all the problems, it is sometimes hard to resist that pup in the window. Before you buy one, then, here are some questions to consider (with thanks to the Better Business Bureau's booklet, "How to Buy a Pet").

1. Is dog lively and alert? Does he have bright eyes and a moist nose? Does he appear to be too thin? Is he coughing? Are his ears clean and free of parasites? Does he have diarrhea, or has he been vomiting? Is his skin free of fleas, ticks and lice? Does he appear fearful or hostile? Can you arrange with your own veterinarian to examine the dog before buying it?

2. The condition of the pet shop (or kennel) may have a substantial effect on the condition of your dog. Is the store clean? Are the cages and feeding trays clean? Are the cages large enough for the dog to stand up, sit down and turn around? Is the area in which the dog is kept reasonably light and kept at a comfortable temperature? Is there a strong odor in the store? Is there a decent isolation area for sick animals? Do the animals generally appear clean and active?

3. Does the store issue a health guarantee that allows you to return the pet if your veterinarian finds it unhealthy? How long does such a guarantee last? Remember, the incubation period for distemper may be as long as nine days from the time of contact. Request a two-week guarantee against distemper, and a longer one to cover congenital diseases. If the dog develops a major illness within the guarantee period, will the store pay your veterinary bill or will it arrange for treatment? Do you have a choice of refund or exchange if he turns out to be sick? *(continued on page 150)*

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HORMONE THERAPY

Can estrogen replacement give a woman extra years of vitality? Can it delay the onset of menopause? Cure acne? Stop wrinkles and middle-age spread? A complete report on what doctors have to say. By Melva Weber

For a woman, middle age is too often a physical and emotional disaster. While men assimilate age more or less steadily, a woman may hit a sudden bump of menopause, and symptoms of old age can descend upon her with astonishing speed. The small, almost insignificant reason is that at menopause, a woman's ovaries stop functioning and her childbearing years are over. With the end of ovulation, her body's supply of estrogen is reduced to a bare trickle. Unfortunately, estrogen is needed for other purposes in the female body. Muscle tone, blood, skin, hair, eyes, energy, beauty and serenity—all aspects of a woman's physical and emotional well-being—depend on the availability of traces of estrogen hormones.

Why, when estrogen is so necessary in the normal life process, does nature cut off our main source of this hormone at menopause? Quite possibly because nature has no interest in maintaining the woman's body after its reproductive period. In America in 1900, menopausal problems were rare because a woman's life expectancy was approximately 45 years; and there are still parts of the world where women seldom live beyond their childbearing years. Today, thanks to improved health care, average life expectancy is about 70 years for men and almost 75 years for women. Gerontologists say a 50-year increase is possible by 1990—and by the middle of the 21st century, it may be quite ordinary to live to be 200.

Small wonder that science's best brains and the combined forces of chemistry, physiology, molecular biology, computer science and electronic instruments are trying to unlock the key to hormones. In 1974, hormones are an important field of medical research, and only recently have there been significant breakthroughs to determine just what can be done for women.

The word "hormone"—meaning "that which urges or arouses"—was first used in the fourth century by Hippocrates, father of medicine. But it was not until the beginning of the 20th century that the word was used to denote newly discovered inner body secretions. Earliest in the medical story of hormones was thyroid. Scientists found it could be extracted from animal sources for human metabolic illness. Then came insulin, the hormone from the pancreas that regulates the metabolism of sugar. With it, medicine could treat and control diabetes.

The steroid hormones—in all there are more than 100 of them—include the so-called sex hormones: progestin, androgens and estrogens. These are all made by the body from the basic stuff of cholesterol—which is, after all, not just a health hazard but a major source material of the body. The steroids are made mostly in the gonads, as the reproductive organs are called, and in the adrenal glands—tiny, cone-shaped caps that perch on top of the kidneys.

Knowledge of the role estrogens and progestational hormones *(continued on page 70)*

Photograph by David Hamilton

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Julius Caruso



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HORMONE THERAPY
continued

play in human ovulation has helped give a woman control over her reproductive destiny.

The medical management of menopause and the use of hormones to conquer aging is of universal interest.

Many doctors say the "change of life" is a natural physiologic event, and should not be tampered with. Some believe that the woman's often frightening symptoms—hot flashes, drenching sweats, palpitations and pains—are mainly emotional in origin. After examinations to rule out organic disease, these doctors may prescribe tranquilizers or anti-depressive medication.

Robert Greenblatt, M.D., professor emeritus of endocrinology at the Medical College of Georgia, is an international authority on the reproductive system. He has taught and practiced medicine for more than 35 years, dealing with problems rooted in endocrine functions (both male and female). Dr. Greenblatt understands the concern among doctors about whether women at menopause should receive replacement hormones.

"There are four schools of thought about this," he explained. "There are doctors who refuse to interfere with nature's plan. There are others who will very cautiously use hormones to relieve severe menopausal symptoms—but only for the shortest possible time and in the smallest dosages. Then, in contrast, there are physicians who believe hormonal therapy should be started in premenopausal years and continued throughout life. Finally, there are many doctors—and I am one of them—who take the stand that most menopausal women, *but not all,* need and deserve hormonal replacement. The exceptions are those women—perhaps 20 to 25 percent—who just don't seem to have any estrogen deficiency, as shown by their lack of symptoms and by laboratory tests."

The lucky women who do not have menopausal symptoms may someday share their biochemical secret with science. But at least 75 percent of middle-aged women do have symptoms of varying intensity that are directly related to menopause. Dr. Greenblatt has classified the disturbances brought on by estrogen deprivation into three symptom groups.

First, imbalances in the autonomic (involuntary) nervous system may bring on hot flashes, sweats, palpitations and acute feelings of a lump in the throat, or of insects crawling on the skin. These are not just imaginary; they are acts of the hypothalamus, responding, as Dr. Greenblatt says, "with heated displeasure when its hormonal support is withdrawn."

Another group of symptoms are those

(continued on page 142)

ENTENNIAL by JAMES A. MICHENER

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

tches men and soil—that chancey nble that often places thrifty men fields of granite and wastes fine ms on incompetents—a proper match- was made. Into Lancaster County, the early years of the eighteenth ntury, came a body of well-trained asant farmers fleeing oppression and rvation in Germany. They brought h them a rigorous Lutheranism, ich in its extremes manifested itself the Amish or the Mennonite faith.

It was the Amish who determined the sic characteristics of Lancaster. They re an austere group who eschewed y display such as buttons or brightly ored clothes, and rejected any move- nt that might soften the harsh Old stament pattern of their life.

n most other parts of the world, the Mennonites would have seemed im- possibly rigid, but when compared the Amish they were downright friv- ous, for they indulged in minor rldly pleasures and were expert in nducting business.

One of the most interesting spots in ncaster County was the rural village Lampeter, a layover spot for wagon- freighting farm produce to Phila- lphia. Since the wagoners were a igh lot, the main thoroughfare of the lage became known as Hell Street. "Meet you in Hell Street with bells !" wagoners shouted as they de- rted Philadelphia on their way home, d when the long canvas-covered nestogas roared into Hell Street, lled by six dappled horses, each with canopy of bells, the street echoed th jollity.

On a Thursday afternoon, January urth, a disgruntled wagoner ap- oached Hell Street in silence. His rses lacked the twenty-four brass lls that a proper team of Conesto- s should have, and loungers at the n came into the street to mark this ange arrival.

"How 'ja lose yer bells, Amos?" a llow teamster shouted.

"That damned left rear wheel," nos replied. "Started to work loose st of Coatesville. Had to be pulled it."

The Conestoga wagoning fraternity d strict rules: if a teamster got him- lf into such a predicament that he quired help from another, he was bligated to give his rescuer his set of enty-four bells. This was the ulti- ate humiliation.

"You gettin' another set of bells?" innkeeper asked as Amos moved vay from his horses.

"That I ain't," Amos growled. He was a tall, angular man with a mean scowl.

"You quittin'?"

"That I am," he replied, and with this he rushed back to the offending Conestoga and began kicking the left rear wheel, at the same time shouting such curses as even Lampeter had not heard for some time. Then, surveying the crowd, "Anybody can have this wagon. I never want to see it again." With that he stomped into the White Swan Inn.

At the edge of the crowd, watching this remarkable performance, stood a young Mennonite man in black suit and flat-brimmed hat. Levi Zendt was twenty-four years old, stockily built, with a reddish beard that started at his ears and met in a neat line just at the edge of his chin. Since his face was already square, the fringe of beard made it look as if it had been framed. Moving slowly, he walked around the Conestoga, judging its condition, then started for home. He was headed east of town toward one of the finest farms in Lancaster County.

From a long distance the stately stone barn was visible, and the young man could see the proud name worked into the masonry:

JACOB ZENDT
1713
Butcher

As with any self-respecting Lancaster farm, the barn was six times the size of the house, for Amish and Mennonite farmers understood priorities. Next to the huge barn was the house, a small clapboard affair with a light in the kitchen window. Pushing open the door, he saw that his mother was preparing supper while his oldest brother Mahlon read the Bible.

"Amos Boemer lost his bells," he announced as he hung up his hat. "He cursed somethin' awful."

"God will attend to him," Mahlon said in a deep voice without looking up from his Bible.

"Got into a snowdrift east of Coatesville," the young man said.

"Amos Boemer is a blasphemous man," Mahlon observed. "Little wonder God struck him down."

"It was the left rear wheel."

"It was the will of God," Mahlon explained.

Now his mother lifted a heavy bell, ringing it for half a minute until the whole farm filled with sound. From the big barn came Christian, whose job it was to purchase hogs and cattle from surrounding farmers. From the pigsties came Jacob; it was his responsibility to see that there was a steady supply of pork. From the butchering building came Casper. Levi, the youngest brother, worked in the smokehouse. His job was to make sausage and scrapple, and at this he was so proficient that Zendt pork products brought the highest prices in Lancaster.

The four younger brothers took their places at the two sides of the long table. Their mother sat at the end nearest the stove so that she could attend to such cooking as continued during the meal, and at the other sat the oldest brother, Mahlon, a dark and gloomy man in his thirties, heavy with beard and the responsibility for this family, now that the father was dead.

When the six were seated, they bowed their heads for grace while Mahlon reviewed the evil state of the world and asked for forgiveness for such sins as his four younger brothers had committed that day.

It was curious that this supper table contained only one woman. Each of "the five Zendts," as they were called in Lancaster, was of marriageable age and each could be considered a catch.

But the Zendt family had always married late, when the stormy passions of youth had been suppressed and when the family as a whole had time to study contiguous farms to ascertain which had desirable fields that might accompany the girl of the family when she married. The Zendt farm had started with sixty acres in 1701 and now contained somewhat over three hundred, and you didn't augment a farm that way by marrying the first girl who came along when you were twenty.

Mahlon, at thirty-three, had begun slowly to focus upon a certain girl who was likely to receive a substantial amount of land when her father died. He hadn't divulged his discovery to anyone yet, least of all to the girl, because a man didn't want to rush into these things, but he kept his eye on her.

This being Thursday night, the night before market day, the five Zendts went to bed soon after supper was over.

Friday for Levi was a day of joy. It was the end of the week and people coming to the market were apt to be in a happy mood, and the Stoltzfus bakery. . . . In bed he hugged himself. He could visualize the double stall of the Stoltzfus bakery.

At three in the morning the heavy bell rang and the five boys came down to the hearty breakfast their mother had started preparing at two. Then, harnessing his two gray-speckled horses, Levi brought his sleigh to the smokehouse and pulled down the long links of smoked sausage. These he placed in the sleigh, then shouted, "Christian! Casper! We're off."

As day was beginning to break, the five Zendts drove their two sleighs to the rear of the market in the center of the city, where the younger brothers began unloading while Mahlon and Christian hurried inside to arrange their stall in the clean, attractive way the Zendts had done for generations.

As Levi lugged in the slabs of meat, his eyes kept hopping over to the double stand opposite the Zendt location. There Peter Stoltzfus was opening his family bakery. He waved a greeting to Levi.

"Good morning, Mr. Stoltzfus," Levi replied. Then the drapes at the rear parted and she appeared.

It was Rebecca Stoltzfus, eighteen years old and a dark, lovely girl with jet hair, which she wore in two braids over her shoulders. She wore a dark brown blouse above a sweeping black skirt and black buttoned shoes. Like most Mennonite women, she wore a white apron and a cap with two strings hanging down over her shoulders; on hers the strings were white, signifying that she was not married. She had a distinct cupid's-bow mouth, which made her especially attractive, for it gave her the kind of pout that made men look twice.

Levi felt his mouth go dry. During the past week he had been thinking of little else but the Stoltzfus girl. He tried to nod, but she was preparing the counter for the rush that now descended upon it. The citizens of the town of Lancaster were swarming into the market.

Levi Zendt helped his brothers haul in replacements as Mahlon and Christian handed out wrapped packages. As he worked, he kept his eye on the Stoltzfus bakery stall. He could scarcely wait till the noon bell rang.

For the last three weeks he had been planning a bold move—to ask her to eat her dinner with him; now, as twelve approached, clutching his dinner from home, he moved to the Stoltzfus stall.

With a gentle flowing movement that melted Levi's heart, Rebecca left her end of the counter and came down to wait on him.

He gulped, "Rebecca, how about dinner with me today?"

She looked up brightly as if she had been expecting just such an invitation. "Yes!" she said. "Wait'll I fetch my coat."

She disappeared for a moment, then came from behind the stall and stepped beside him. He was mightily embarrassed and would have preferred slipping out the back entrance, but without his being aware of what she was doing, she maneuvered it so that he had to take her directly past the Zendt stall. There, behind the counter, stood Mahlon staring darkly at his younger brother as the two passed by.

They went out into the snowy town and found a bench by the courthouse.

Rebecca was obviously bored during the dinner and after a little desultory conversation said, "I must get back to help Poppa." Patting him on the arm in a way that sent shivers through his whole body, she pirouetted away. When she reentered the market, she brought herself to Mahlon's attention again, smiling at him more directly than a mere greeting would have required.

When Levi got back to the stall, Mahlon was dark with rage. Levi, unable to guess what had gone wrong, went back to work.

At the end of the day, in accordance with a custom long observed by the Zendts, Mahlon and Christian set aside those bits of meat they would not be taking home, and these they chucked into baskets for the orphans' asylum outside town. When the market closed at five, these baskets were placed in Levi's sleigh and it was his job to deliver them, while the other four brothers rode home together.

towering rage, Mahlon called Levi into the kitchen and forced him into a chair. The other three Zendts came in, standing around Levi like a congregation of Old Testament judges, their beards giving them great dignity as they waited for Mahlon to speak.

"You pig!" he roared, thrusting his face into Levi's. "You child of the devil."

Levi did not consider himself either a pig or a son of Satan. He was a young man caught in feistiness, and even though he was confused, he understood that Rebecca Stoltzfus would not have climbed into his wagon if she had not wanted to.

"I did nothin' evil," he protested.

"Didn't you know," Mahlon asked his youngest brother, "that I was planning to speak to the Stoltzfus girl myself?"

Levi looked up to see his tall brother's face contorted with shame and anger and hatred, and dimly the younger man began to realize what had happened. Mahlon had finally settled on a girl of good family and with substantial land holdings, but being a

"I hear they're shunning you," Elly said. He was too anguished to reply, and she said a most peculiar thing: "They've been shunning me all my life."

But this night, as the sleighs left, Rebecca Stoltzfus impetuously broke away from her father and jumped in with Levi. "I'll help you deliver the gifts," she cried.

They rode out to the edge of town, to the orphanage, and there he found the mistress waiting for him, attended by the girl-of-all-duties, Elly Zahm, who was directed to take the baskets into the kitchen.

As the sleigh was leaving the orphanage something happened that Levi Zendt would never comprehend as long as he lived. The nearness of this friendly and beautiful girl got possession of him, and he started to wrestle with her, trying to steal a kiss. He was rough and awkward, and when she coyly pushed him away, he tore her dress. It was an appalling performance and she began to scream and leaped from the sleigh. Girls from the orphanage, hearing her cries, ran out to see what had happened. She fell sobbing into the arms of Elly Zahm. Then she managed to faint.

By Saturday morning the news had spread throughout Lancaster and had made its way to Lampeter and along Hell Street to the Zendt farm. In a

cautious man he had not wanted to commit himself precipitately. He had therefore merely indicated his intentions to the girl, then drawn back . . . to study, to reconsider all angles. And the girl had grown impatient and had used Levi to stir the pot. How well she had succeeded.

"Mahlon was intending to ask the Stoltzfus girl," Christian explained, in case the fact escaped the culprit, and in the next half hour each of the brothers repeated that a great wrong had been done Mahlon, the head of the family.

Finally Mahlon handed down the verdict: "You can never work at the market again, that's clear. You stay here and tend your duties and at the end of the day you come into the market and clean up. And on Tuesday, you'll apologize to Peter Stoltzfus . . . and the Stoltzfus girl. It's the only way this family can redeem itself."

That first Sunday was hell. His brothers insisted that he attend church, to let the community view his disgrace, and he had to sit in the family pew and feel the hot stares of the Mennonites.

"Rape," a father whispered to his

daughters in the row behind. "The work of the devil here in Lampeter."

At the close of service Mahlon paused to explain in loud voice that the whole family was ashamed of what had happened and that Levi was going to apologize to the Stoltzfus girl and her father on Tuesday.

The ugly part came at dinner, when Reverend Fenstermacher and his wife appeared at the Zendt kitchen for their customary free meal. When the eight were seated, Reverend Fenstermacher bowed his head in prayer. He reviewed Levi Zendt's pious upbringing, the sterling character of his mother, and of his father, who would be suffering tortures in heaven as he contemplated the disgrace brought upon his family by his son.

In the midst of his discourse, Reverend Fenstermacher used a provocative phrase. He said, "A man like this should go and live amongst the savages." The prayer ended on a hopeful note, Reverend Fenstermacher thought, for he did hold out reassurance of salvation if Levi spent the next forty years in repentance.

All Levi remembered of the prayer was the part about going and living amongst savages, and while the others ate voraciously, he kept his square, stubborn face looking down, refusing food, and thinking of a name he had recently learned: Oregon. At the market one day he had heard men from Massachusetts talking. They had said, "We're heading for Oregon. It's the new world. Great quantities of free land occupied only by savages."

On Tuesday at eleven, when the market was jammed, both with normal customers and with sensation-seekers who had heard that Levi Zendt was going to apologize in public, stern Mahlon led his youngest brother through the mob and up to the counter of Peter Stoltzfus.

Peter Stoltzfus leaned over the edge of his stall, glowering. "Becky, come here!" he called, and from between the curtains Rebecca Stoltzfus appeared, so fresh and beautiful in her carefully pressed clothes that the onlookers gasped to think that a human beast had tried to defile her.

There was an awkward silence, whereupon Mahlon jabbed Levi in the back and the latter began to speak, in a whisper so low that no one could hear.

"I am sorry, Baker Stoltzfus. . . ." Levi simply could not go beyond that and Mahlon grew tense with rage at this new humiliation.

The impasse was ended by Peter Stoltzfus, who leaned down from his stall and punched Levi so solidly in the nose that the young butcher staggered backward, and fell flat on his bottom. The crowd cheered.

That was the end of the apology. Mahlon, filled with disgust, abandoned his brother, and the other Zendts returned to their own stall, nodding approvingly across the aisle to Peter Stoltzfus and his daughter. After a protracted moment on the floor, where he was too humiliated even to rise, Levi Zendt pulled himself together, rubbed his nose where Stoltzfus had thwacked him, and left.

That night, at five, he loaded the sleigh with the leftovers and drove out to the orphans' asylum, where the mistress called him a human beast, directing him to unload the stuff and begone. But as he was working alone, Elly Zahm came to help him. She was a scrawny child, sixteen years old, an orphan whom it had been impossible to place in any private home. She knew how to work and was industrious; normally she should have been picked up as a maid-of-all-duties, but she was so unappealing in appearance, with straggly hair and thin face, that no one wanted her.

"I heard what they said about you and the Stoltzfus girl," she said. "I don't believe it."

Even here! Was it to be like this the rest of his life: "What about you and the Stoltzfus girl?" Leaving the baskets behind, he leaped into the sleigh and whipped the horses through the asylum gate.

The Mennonites were by no means prudish, and their language could be most robust. It was not through prudishness that they turned their backs on Levi Zendt; it was because tradition required that sexuality be expressed in words rather than actions. For one boy to break out of the restraints was intolerable and a menace to the whole community.

Therefore, without a formal vote, the Mennonites decided to shun him. From that moment he became an outcast. He could not attend church. He could not buy or sell, or give or take. He could converse with no man, and the idea of striking up a friendship with any woman was beyond imagination.

The next Friday he again drove out to the edge of town.

"I hear they're shunning you," Elly Zahm said. He was too anguished to reply, and she said a most peculiar thing: "They've been shunning me all my life."

The words made him look up. For the first time he saw this skinny, unlovely child whose hands were red from overwork and whose eyes seemed so very old. He could say nothing and left as abruptly as he had the previous time.

But as he drove through the gathering dusk and approached Lampeter, he pulled up at Hell Street and went boldly into the White Swan. "Is Amos Boemer here?"

The bartender nodded toward a corner, where the tall wagoner set in a stupor. Levi went over to him, shook him and asked, "Amos, you want to sell that Conestoga?"

Now the wagoner's head cleared. "That wagon was made by Samuel Mummert. In eighteen-eighteen. It cost two-hundred dollars. It's a great wagon."

"How much?" Levi asked.

"Twenty dollars and you can kick that thing all the way to Philadelphia."

"Here's the twenty dollars," Levi replied.

"It ain't got no bells."

"I don't need bells." Where Levi was thinking of going bells were not desirable.

To haul the wagon he would need six horses, and he had but two, a pair of sturdy grays. During the following week he bought two additional grays from a farmer in Hollinger, but told him to keep them until called for.

It would be impossible, of course, to go west without one more essential item. He would need a gun. So on the first of February, Levi quietly slipped out to the edge of town where he hoped he would not be recognized, and went into a gunsmith's shop and bought a handsome Lancaster rifle.

Levi smuggled his rifle home and hid it behind his sausage machine. He now had a good Conestoga, two excellent gray horses of his own and two likely ones at the farmer's. And he had a vague plan of hooking up with the next caravan of people moving west. He would tolerate Lancaster and Lampeter no more.

On the fourth week after shunning started he asked Elly Zahm, "Why did they shun you?"

"I have no parents. They called me a bastard. Said I was found on the church step."

"That's not your fault."

"They let on as if it was."

The next Friday at three in the morning he helped load the Zendt wagons with the last batch of scrapple and sausage he would make. He watched his four brothers drive off to town, and as soon as they were gone he went inside and kissed his mother good-bye. Then he went out to the barn to get his two horses. With them he took two grays belonging to Mahlon, plus whatever harness was needed.

He drove the four horses down to the White Swan and hitched them to the Conestoga. He left Hell Street in darkness, driving over to Hollinger to pick up the two horses boarding there. As Levi harnessed them to the Conestoga, completing his team, the farmer asked, "You're the Zendt boy. Ain't they shunnin' you?"

"No more," Levi said.

By back roads he drove into Lancaster and out to the orphanage. Pulling up outside the gate he bellowed at the top of his voice, "Elly! Elly Zahm!"

It was barely dawn but the workgirl was up, doing chores. As soon as she looked at Levi she knew that some powerful thing was afoot and she was in no way perturbed when he said, "Get your things. We're goin' west."

It took her three seconds—one, two, three—to know that her destiny required her to join this man. She had no conception of what was being asked of her, but she knew that there could be no viable alternative.

A girl shouted, "He's taking Elly Zahm . . . with a gun."

The mistress, not yet out of bed although the workgirls were, hurried to the front door in her gown and with one glance apprehended what was happening.

"Shall I fetch the police?" one of the girls shouted.

"No!" the mistress snapped. "Let her go. She's nothing but a whore. Just like her mother before her."

"We cannot share the wagon till we've been married," she said. "I'll sleep under that tree." Taking a blanket she prepared to do so.

This Levi would not permit, for he realized that as a gentleman he must allow her to have the wagon, but she had a practical mind and said, "We must guard the wagon. Our things are there." And she slept beside the Susquehanna.

In the morning Levi asked, "Would you like it if we found a preacher on the other side?"

"Very much," she said. "I want no bastards."

Levi hitched up the horses and got the Conestoga into line for the crossing, and at half past seven in the morning they roused out Reverend Aspinwall, a Baptist minister, who said, "I couldn't possibly marry you without knowing who you are. You'd have to show me a proper clearance from your church and then get a legal license."

Elly began to cry, and when Aspinwall asked why, she told him, "Always they called me a bastard. But my children won't have that name."

"Because I love him," she said. "Because I've always loved him. Because he's the only man in this world who has ever been nice to me."

And that would have been the benediction with which Elly Zahm left her orphanage had not a tall, lively girl, blonde and quite pretty, broken from the crowd of watchers, running to Elly and thrusting into her hand a small bag of carefully saved coins.

"You're escaping for all of us," she whispered, and when Elly tried to return the precious money, Laura Lou kissed her, whispering, "Remember what we said. A wife must have a little money of her own."

Clutching the few dollars, Elly Zahm, sixteen years old, walked resolutely through the gates of the orphanage and climbed into the Conestoga, which Levi Zendt, his rifle in his left hand, headed out of Lancaster for the last time.

It was only twelve miles to Columbia, where the famous bridge waited to lift them across the mighty Susquehanna, but because the six grays were new to the wagon and to each other, the going was slow. They did not reach the river till nightfall, and when they did the tollgate was closed. This required that they sleep on the eastern bank, and as the stars appeared, Elly faced the first crisis of her long trip west.

Aspinwall blew his nose and considered the matter. "Tell you what," he said. "There is such a thing as marriage-in-common. You announce to the world that you're going to live as man and wife, and if you have two witnesses. . . ."

"Where would we get witnesses?" Elly asked.

Reverend Aspinwall called in his wife. Taking a position in front of his desk and with no Bible, Reverend Aspinwall said, "In the eyes of man and in the presence of God these two young people. . . ." He stopped, looked at Levi and said, "I don't believe I have your name."

"Levi Zendt."

Reverend Aspinwall gasped. "Aren't you the young man who tried to. . . ."

"It did not happen that way," Elly interrupted.

"How could you know whether it happened or not?" Reverend Aspinwall asked sternly.

"I know it didn't happen because I followed the sleigh," Elly cried.

"Why would you follow a sleigh? At night?"

"Because I love him," she said. "Because I've always loved him. Because he's the only man in this world who has ever been nice to me." She broke into tears.

Mrs. Aspinwall tried to take the sobbing girl to her bosom, but Elly tore herself away and confronted the minister. "I saw the whole thing. She flirted with him something awful. She teased him about never going with girls. She was to blame."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence, during which the minister blew his nose and his wife comforted the girl, then Reverend Aspinwall began again.

When the service, such as it was, had ended, Elly asked, "Don't we get a paper?"

"Not from me," Reverend Aspinwall said. "This isn't a formal marriage. And he's outcast from his own church. I cannot lend it the appearance. . . ."

"I can," Mrs. Aspinwall said.

She went to her husband's desk and took a sheet of paper on which she wrote out a statement of their intentions, signing her name as witness. She handed the paper to her husband, indicating where he was to sign, and with visible reluctance he did so.

Elly folded the paper neatly, tucked it in her dress, and the trip west was begun.

The journey to York was spent mainly in nervousness and in getting to know the horses. Levi was on edge because of his apprehension. He was now married, and come nightfall somewhere west of York he and Elly would bed down in the Conestoga and their life as husband and wife would begin. Certainly he knew a good deal about horses, but he knew little about women. The five Zendt brothers had never discussed such matters, and their mother would have perished rather than speak of husbands and wives. Levi knew little except that this was his wedding day and that when night fell, wild and confusing things were due to happen.

For her part, Elly knew a surprising mixture of facts about marriage, not because she had been properly instructed by the strict orphanage staff but because she had the good luck to be friends with that remarkable girl, Laura Lou Booker. They were a formidable team, each fortifying the other. Laura Lou excelled in numbers and had a scientific curiosity, while Elly was more inclined toward literature, often seeing life as a fragment of some poem. Between them, they asked questions, made prudent guesses.

It was quite clear to Laura Lou that her body had been fashioned for special purposes, and she proposed to ascertain what they were. She approached the matter as if it were a problem in mathematics, and what she was unable to deduce from her meager information, she was intuitive enough to guess. With the hit-or-miss instructions Laura Lou had worked out, Elly felt confident.

As dusk approached they passed through York, and in time they came to a meadowland, and here Levi unhitched the horses. He took a ridiculous length of time to curry them down and find them water, and Elly knew that she was bothering him.

Therefore she went about her own work, paying no attention to him. She got out the pan to cook the last of the scrapple Levi had brought along, but after a while she noticed that he was not chopping wood for the fire. "Where's the wood, Levi?" she called. "I'm not hungry," he called back, so without comment she repacked the cooking gear. In the fading light she made believe she was sewing.

"You'll ruin your eyes," Levi said when he returned to the wagon, and there was such solicitude in his voice that she almost burst into tears.

"Oh, Levi!" she said in a low voice, "I do wish I was pretty," and he took her in his arms and for the first time kissed her. "You're pretty enough for me," he said gently, and with a maximum of awkwardness and confusion and misapplied strength, Levi Zendt took Elly Zahm as his wife.

So many of the guesses she and Laura Lou had made were nearly right that the nuptials had about them a pastoral grandeur, and when morning came Levi shouted, "Elly, I'm starvin'. Fry up the scrapple!" And he ate the whole pound and a half.

It was prudent to be traveling west in winter, before the spring thaw set in and the road began to wash in its weaker sections. As a freighter told them on the outskirts of Gettysburg, "The trick is to reach Pittsburgh while the roads are still frozen. Then you're on hand when the ice breaks up in the Ohio River . . . current runs fast . . . lots of water . . . and it sweeps you along like you're on a magic carpet."

The Zendts liked Gettysburg. It was a quiet town in which nothing much happened. The land surrounding it looked as if it would be fine for farming.

"If a man didn't have his farm around Lancaster," Levi said, "this would be a likely spot." And that night, on the western edge of Gettysburg they slept in a grove of shagbark hickory trees.

"There'll be no wood like this out west," he mused. "If these hickories were in Lancaster," he called to her, "they'd be worth a fortune for smokin' hams." She realized how much more painful this emigration was for him than for her, because he was leaving behind a way of life that had proved fruitful—while she was leaving absolutely nothing she cared for but the affection of Laura Lou Booker. The love that she already felt for her stolid Dutchman intensified, and she determined to make his new life as easy as possible.

"Time for bed, Levi," she called, and he came to it gladly, for each night she made it more enjoyable.

After Bedford they had to make a choice. They could keep to the north and follow the old Forbes Road over the Allegheny Mountains into Pittsburgh or they could hold to the south and use the newer Glade Road through Somerset. "Forbes Road is twenty miles shorter," a blacksmith said as he shod the two bought horses, whose shoes were beginning to wear. "Glade Road's longer and costs more for tolls, but it's an easier way over the top."

"Are the mountains bad?" Levi asked.

"Mountains are always bad," the blacksmith said, "and no matter which road you take, you'll get a bellyful, but if I was doin' it. . . ."

"What would you do?" Levi asked.

"I'd whip up my horses and go for the Glade Road and thank God that I'd escaped the Forbes. You're lucky, son, to have the choice. Not so long ago there was only the Forbes, and in winter them mountains killed you."

"We'll follow the Glade," Levi said, "because the more mountains we miss the better," but even so, before they got to Somerset they found themselves on mountain roads so steep they doubted the horses could pull the wagon up. This was no idle fear, for in two days' journey they passed four wrecked wagons and three dead horses.

At the crest of one mountain, as Levi looked westward and saw others that loomed ahead, he lost heart and told Elly, "My God! These are only the Alleghenies. Three thousand feet high. Do you realize how high the Rockies are?"

"Fourteen thousand," she said, and they stared at each other.

Should they go on? They did not discuss the problem openly. But each knew that this was the moment of decision. This was their last sensible chance of rejecting the brutal trip to Oregon. If the Zendts lacked knowledge, they had something better. They had youth and they had courage, and now Elly, sixteen years old, put her hand in her husband's and said, "We'd better get into the valley before night."

On the fourteenth of March, as winter was ending, they came to a plateau from which they could look down upon the mysterious spot where the dark and turbulent Monongahela River joins with the quieter Allegheny at the triangle where Pittsburgh stood, to form the mighty Ohio.

They caught their breath when they saw the magnitude of the city below them, its dark furnaces standing along rivers, its powerful smokestacks throwing coal fumes into the air as scores of products were being forged. It was a city of enormous energy, of boats passing back and forth and trains coughing into tunnels.

As Levi guided the large Conestoga on his way to the waterfront, men stopped to show their sons the antique wagon with its high rear wheels, and Levi felt a sense of pride at being the owner of such a rig. But when he reached the rivers at the triangle and saw the magnificent and lacy boats on their way to St. Louis and New Orleans, he understood when the captain of the one he approached laughed at him, saying, "We couldn't take a wagon like that aboard here, young man. This is for gentlemen and their cargo. You'll have to buy yourself a flatboat—but beware of the rascals who run them."

That afternoon they found a boat builder named Finnerty who asked only one question: "Could you get hold of forty dollars?" and when Levi nodded he said, "It works this way. I build you the best flatboat on the river. We drift her down to Cairo and sell her for thirty dollars. Net cost to you, ten dollars."

"How long to build it?"

"Two weeks. Can't take more, because we have to catch the spring floods."

"And you think the boat'll be big enough to carry my Conestoga and the six horses?"

"Big enough for three other wagons. And we'll take 'em if they come along. That way we can earn some money . . . you and I . . . fifty-fifty."

So it was agreed, and as soon as Finnerty got his hands on the money he went to work at a speed that surprised Levi. He had three helpers, and there was much hammering and fitting together of boards, and well ahead of schedule a boat forty-four feet long took shape.

"We're ready," Finnerty announced, but when Levi drove his Conestoga down to the pier he found the roof already taken by two smaller wagons whose drivers had bought passage to Cairo.

"I want to put mine there," Levi argued, but Finnerty explained in a low voice. "Levi, they're payin' for the passage. Naturally they get first choice."

But Elly saw that the other passengers had preempted the good sleeping area, and now she grew angry. Whereas Levi had been willing not to shift the wagons, she had no compunction about shifting the beds, Finnerty or no Finnerty.

Thrusting her girlish face into the grizzled countenances of men and women three times her age she announced, "Mr. Zendt and I will put our bed here, and you can fit yours in as you may." And down went her bed, smack in the middle.

Finnerty was as capable a boat handler as he was a builder, and early on the morning of April first he shoved into the center of the Ohio River, catching the lively current, and starting the

eleven-hundred-mile journey to the Mississippi.

Now began the finest portion of the trip to Oregon, the silent, leisurely drift down the Ohio, with its vivid, contrasting scenery. To the left lay Virginia, to the right Ohio, and whereas the first was a wilderness with trees coming to the shoreline, the Ohio shoreline was a vista of green lawns and meadows, with fine houses showing in the distance.

"I read in school that Virginia was a rich state," Elly said, and Finnerty explained, "It is, but only in the east. Out here one Ohio's worth ten Virginnys."

Levi wondered that his wife knew about the comparative riches of states she had never seen, but when they came to Blennerhassett Island she really astonished him, for she asked, "Isn't this where Aaron Burr committed treason?" and Finnerty replied, "The same," and she said, "It was cruel to place all the blame on Burr when most of it was General Wilkinson's, and the army let him off scot-free."

"How did you know about Aaron Burr?" Levi asked as the flatboat drifted silently past the scene of infamy, and Elly replied, "I studied." Each day he discovered new and pleasing things about his wife.

It was customary for flatboats drifting down the river to lay over a couple of days at Cincinnati, and it was here, on a bulletin board, that Levi Zendt caught his first understanding of the schedule that faced him, for a printed poster stated:

ONLY Steamer to St. Joseph and
Great Falls
Robert Q. Fell
Captain Frake
Sailing twelve noon, May 1, 1844
Travelers to Oregon accommodated
Port Seven, St. Louis, Mo.

Levi called Finnerty, showed him the sign and asked, "Can we get to St. Louis by the first of May?"

"Well, let's see. This is April ten. We ought to reach Cairo about April twenty-third. Let's see what shows." He studied the shipping notices and found that on April 26 the steamer *Ozark Maid* was heading for St. Louis with arrival planned for the early morning of May 1. "Just what you need," Finnerty said.

Cairo was a miserable site, a small mud flat perched on a large mud flat, which reached out to include a really stupendous mud flat. It was difficult to find the *Ozark Maid,* and at the height of the confusion Elly ran up to inform Levi that the two families who had shared the flatboat from Pittsburgh had run off without paying . . . or at least that's what Finnerty claimed.

"Well," Levi said philosophically, "at least we can sell the boat and get something back," but when the time came to do so, the timber men of Cairo pointed to a score of rafts tied up along the muddy waterfront.

"We got more'n we can use in a year," they grumbled, and they offered Levi only ten dollars for his. When the deal was consummated the men confided, "Finnerty does this all the time. He knows the most we ever pay is ten dollars." When Levi shook his head in consternation one of the men added, "Wager you the ten that Finnerty told you the other passengers skipped without payin'. He always does that, too."

Levi looked about the waterfront for Finnerty, but he was gone, shipped aboard a steamer back to Pittsburgh. "I've got to admit he built a good boat," Levi admitted grudgingly as they led the horses to the *Ozark Maid.*

At eight o'clock in the morning on May 1, 1844, the Negro in the prow of the *Ozark Maid* curled a rope to the shore at St. Louis. Leaving the job of unloading the horses to Elly, Levi dashed along the levee asking everyone, "Where's the *Robert Q. Fell*?"

Toward the northern end of the mile-long line of steamboats waited a filthy, low-slung, two-deck, stern-paddle steamer that two decades of travel on the swift and muddy Missouri River had banged about.

Captain Mercy protested, "That's enough ammunition to fight your way inch by inch," whereupon Purchas said, "Soldier boy, that's just what we may have to do."

Few men would willingly embark upon such a leaky craft, except that no other was available for the long trip north. Levi was met at the stern by a small, dour man, Captain Frake, who held a megaphone to his lips: "If you want passage up the Missouri get your gear aboard by twelve noon, because sure as hell, that's when we sail."

Zendt had three hours to get his wagon ashore and deliver it to the *Robert Q. Fell.* Breathless, he dashed back to the *Ozark Maid,* finding to his dismay that whereas the steamboat itself was neatly tied up, the trailing flatboats were not close to any spot from which they could be unloaded.

Back and forth Zendt ran, a short-legged Dutchman in a Pennsylvania-type beard and flat-brimmed hat, trying to urge river men to work faster. Ten o'clock came and nothing happened. Eleven o'clock. He became desperate and ran the long distance back to the *Robert Q. Fell,* where Captain Frake shouted through his megaphone, "It's not my concern. This here boat sails at twelve sharp." Levi ran back to the flatboats and saw with joy that the one containing his team was being shifted. "I offered them two dollars," Elly called ashore.

"Great idea!" Levi shouted back.

They were soon aboard the *Fell,* and the planks were hoisted.

"You can go now!" Levi called up to the captain, but nothing happened. Two o'clock came, and three and four, and nothing happened. At five a two-wheeled carriage pulled onto the levee and out of it stepped an army officer in blue uniform with rows of brightly polished buttons. He was about thirty, handsome, with a clipped mustache and an easy manner.

"Halloo, Captain Frake?" he called. One of the deckhands routed out the captain, who appeared on the upper deck with his megaphone.

"Captain Mercy, how are you?"

"There's a dance tonight, Captain Frake. You won't be leaving, will you?"

"We're leavin' at twelve sharp tomorrow," Frake replied.

"Good!" the captain called back, and with that he climbed into his carriage, wheeled the horses about and disappeared.

The news that they were not sailing till next day distressed Levi. "Why did he make us hurry so?" he asked petulantly, and Elly explained that no doubt Captain Frake had intended sailing as planned, but that something unforeseen had come up. "No," Levi said slowly, "I think he just wanted our money. He wanted to get us aboard so we couldn't change our minds." They were so tired they fell asleep without solving the problem.

At half past eleven next morning Levi said, "I'm going to stay on deck. I want to see them shove off." A fellow passenger who heard this laughed and said, "We're not sailing today."

"We aren't?"

"Probably not for days."

Levi found this hard to believe, but at this moment the two-wheeled carriage he had seen the previous night came onto the levee, bearing the same handsome young officer. "Captain Frake? There's a big dinner tonight after church. All right?"

"We're leaving tomorrow, twelve sharp," Frake responded, and the carriage disappeared.

If Captain Frake had sailed on Friday noon, it is probable that Levi and Elly Zendt would have gone to Oregon without ever knowing that a place like Rattlesnake Buttes in Colorado existed, but the boat did not sail, so on Friday afternoon Levi and Elly strolled along the streets of downtown St. Louis, buying cloth and extra shoes, and as they turned a corner they came upon a building unlike any they had seen before. It seemed to be a store but it was more like a theater. Its front had a sign announcing: "Last Time to See the Gigantic Elephant Discovered in These Regions by Dr. Albert C. Koch, now of London."

Since neither Levi nor Elly had ever seen an elephant, except in books, they diffidently went in. They passed behind a curtain expecting to see a live elephant. Instead they saw something they would never forget: a truly massive skeleton of a gigantic mastodon that had lived along the riverbank thousands of years ago. They were so astonished that they barely heard the monologue: ". . . ate a ton of hay each day . . . each mighty tusk twenty-two feet long . . . I want this young lady to lie down beside the foot . . . it could crush her entire body with one savage blow. . . ."

The Zendts remained staring at the giant skeleton long after the other spectators had left, Levi in particular being captivated by it.

When they reached the streets they found themselves drenched, for this was to be a rainy year. As they hurried along, they heard themselves being hailed. "You there! Want a ride back?" It was the army officer, Captain Mercy, heading back for the *Fell*.

When they were inside his carriage he told them, "I'm being sent west by the Army. To select a site for a new fort. Sergeant Lykes, eight mules and me."

When the Zendts got back to the *Fell*, they lingered on deck, staring at the lights of the city and Elly saw principally the dark river, which was beginning to rise, but Levi saw only the elephant, massive and plodding and filling the sky with its premonitory form.

On Saturday, May 4, to everyone's amazement, Captain Frake finally ordered his crew to fire up the boilers and bring in the gangplanks. At twelve sharp, as he had predicted, the *Robert Q. Fell* set out for the middle of the Mississippi and turned its bow upstream till it reached the mouth of the Missouri.

They stopped at Independence, Missouri, the rowdiest town in the west, and they had been ashore only a few minutes when an ornery Pawnee Indian, liquored up by fur traders, tried to take a pistol from a riverman, who shot him dead. The body was kicked to one side and no law officer made any pretense of arresting the murderer, or even investigating "the accident." Three hours later the corpse was still beside the river.

When Captain Frake decided to lay over several days it gave Levi Zendt a chance to exercise his horses. When he led the six grays down the gangplank, he was approached by a slim, handsome young fellow in his mid-twenties who spoke with an unusual accent and said, "I've just come in from Santa Fe, and, believe me, you'd be a fool to take those valuable beasts onto the prairie. They simply will not last."

"Who are you?"

"Oliver Seccombe, Santa Fe, Boston, London, Oxford."

"What you doin' here?" Levi asked suspiciously.

"Exploring. Seeing the world before I settle down. Are you by chance headed up the Missouri?"

"Oregon."

"Well met! I'm for Oregon, too. Are you by chance a passenger on that disgraceful old tub?" And he pointed with his wrist toward the *Robert Q. Fell*.

"I am."

"Fellow passenger!" he cried, embracing Levi. "And is this your good wife?"

"It's Elly."

"We shall celebrate!" And he led the Zendts to a mangy saloon that sold everything from Taos Lightning to lemon soda.

As they drank he told them of his trip to Santa Fe, the dust, the Comanche, the good times along the road, the great money to be made in western trade. "But I'm for Oregon," he said brightly. "Catch a ship home and write my book, *Travels in the Great West*, with slaughter on every page."

He was an exhausting young man, two years older than Levi but a whole world brighter. When he inspected the gear Levi had assembled for the trip west he was shocked. "You've overlooked the one thing you need most," he said.

"Another gun?"

"Fie on guns. Everyone carries too many. But the broad-brimmed hat. The hat! You walk on those prairies for five months, with the sun beating down every day, and your lips burn right off. Madame, you simply must get yourself two sunbonnets, because if you lose one and allow the sun to strike those beautiful lips. . . ."

His obvious insincerity irritated Levi, because he well knew Elly's lips were not beautiful. In fact, there was little about his wife that anyone in his right mind could call beautiful, and he was perplexed by a system of language that required her to be called so.

From his previous stay in Independence, Oliver Seccombe knew everyone and helped the Zendts purchase their last-minute needs: baking powder, extra lead for bullets, dried beef. And when all was in readiness, he took them aside and said, "I've studied you two. You're fine people. Why don't we make it a team to Oregon?"

"We'll need more," Levi said, so they approached Captain Mercy.

"We'd like to join up with you and your Sergeant Lykes, if we may," Seccombe said.

"I'd be honored," Mercy said. "You know I'm not going all the way to Oregon."

"You could help get us started right," Seccombe said, "and at Blacksnake Hills we'll see who else is preparing to go. We'll form a tight party."

When they reached Blacksnake Hills, Oliver Seccombe appeared with a grizzled old man who changed everything.

"This is Sam Purchas," the Englishman said, pushing forward a wizened, crafty man of forty-nine who looked seventy-nine. He dressed like an Indian, except for a huge slouch hat whose brim nearly covered his face, which was notable for a tobacco-stained beard, broken teeth and a nose whose tip had been sliced off by either a rusty knife or the jagged end of a broken bottle. "He calls himself King of the Mountain Men, and I've hired him to lead us to Oregon."

"Has he ever been there?" Captain Mercy asked.

"Been there?" the guide snorted. "Sonny, I been acrost these prairies with all the great ones. Sublette, Kit Carson, Fitzpatrick, the Bents, I've knowed 'em all."

"But have you ever been to Oregon?" Mercy repeated.

"And they taught me just one thing. Don't never try to reach Oregon with horses draggin' your wagon." He turned to Seccombe and asked, "Which one is Zendt?" When Oliver pointed him out, the old guide came up to Levi and growled, "Sonny, no horses travel with this mountain man. Sell 'em and get oxen."

This was an order, delivered by Sam Purchas. He reviewed his plans for getting the party to Oregon: "The whole trick is timin'. We leave St. Joe as soon as these rains stop, allowin' the rivers to fall. But not before there's plenty of grass for the oxen. Too soon, your oxen starve in Kansas. Too late, you freeze to death in Oregon snow. I want every man to have two rifles, two pistols, an ax, two knives, a penknife, a hatchet and twenty pounds of lead."

Captain Mercy protested, "That's enough ammunition to fight your way inch by inch," whereupon Purchas looked at him condescendingly and said, "Soldier boy, that's just what we may have to do."

Early next morning he brought in a farmer from a settlement downriver,

and when Elly awoke she heard Purchas selling their horses. "Levi!" she called, shaking him, "Get up! They're taking your horses."

Levi ran out to find Purchas trotting the big grays back and forth before a man who obviously was eager to get them. "Deal's set," Purchas said brusquely. "He'll take your horses for $500 each. And he'll sell you eight of his best oxen at $15 each. My commission is $50 so it's done."

The farmer had the cash, more than Levi had seen at one time before, and he had brought with him the eight oxen, big lumbering beasts without a shred of beauty, six for pulling the Conestoga, two for replacements.

On Saturday morning, May 25, 1844, Sam Purchas chewed his cud, spat in the road and handed down his judgment: "Time to move out."

The procession wound slowly along the river bank till it came to a pitiful ferry, which took them aboard for a perilous journey across the Missouri. By noon the party had assembled in Kansas and that afternoon covered the first six miles of the trip west.

At the end of the first week, it began to rain, not the way it did back east, but in sullen sheets of water falling with such intensity that it bounced back up from the earth.

One morning Elly took time to write the first of many letters she would send back to her friend Laura Lou Booker. Laura Lou preserved the letters and many years later they were printed and widely read; into dry history they breathed the living reality of adventures as witnessed by a sixteen-year-old, scrawny Pennsylvania Dutch girl who realized during every moment of that arduous trip that she was heading for a new life:

> June 2, Sunday. . . . I am writing this at night, huddled inside the Conestoga beside a flickering candle. It is raining, but not like any you have seen in Lancaster. It falls in great tubfuls, drowning everything. Sometimes the wagon shakes so that I cannot control my pen, and the wind whistles so piercingly that I cannot think. Levi has put an India rubber sheet over our wagon, but still the rain drips through. . . .

The rains continued until they reached the first great obstacle of their course, the Big Blue River, coming south out of Nebraska to join the Kansas River. Sam Purchas had warned them in advance of this dangerous crossing: "You can't get west till you cross it, and it's a killer. Ain't much in October, but in May and June, it sweeps you away."

When they approached the steep banks through which it normally ran, they could not see the sides, for the rains had thrown it into flood, and full-sized trees were roaring down the crest.

"What do we do?" Levi Zendt asked.

"We wait," Purchas said.

So they waited. For sixteen interminable days. Each morning the men would go down to inspect the Big Blue, and each afternoon they would study the skies, hoping for some break in the weather.

Then, on the evening of June 21, the river began to recede dramatically, and by morning Purchas called out the good news. "We cross!"

Captain Mercy and Sergeant Lykes were first over, swimming their mules, followed by Sam Purchas. Then Oliver Seccombe and Levi Zendt edged the Conestoga down to the water.

Levi entered the river, leading the oxen, which did not want to follow. Something went wrong. Either the oxen grew afraid or Levi gave them bad guidance, but there was confusion and the Conestoga rocked and almost turned over, pitching Elly in her long and encumbering skirts into the crest of the flood.

That night Elly wrote:

> June 22, Saturday. I would not have believed that two men of such exalted station as Captain Mercy and Oliver Seccombe would have leapt into a raging torrent to rescue a girl for whom they have no responsibility. When the wagon tipped and I fell into the river I thought for sure that I was dead, because Levi was ahead and could not see me go. I was lashing my arms and screaming and swallowing muddy water and I was near dead when these two men, disregarding their own safety, leaped in to save me. I feel very important, as if God intended me for some significant duty and did not wish to see me lost so young for Him to have risked the lives of two such men on my behalf. The rains have stopped and the sky is clear and this may be the most beautiful night in my life.

Purchas now led his group westward a few miles till they encountered the Little Blue, up whose left bank they would travel in a northwesterly direction for nearly two weeks in a long reach for the Platte River, where the real trail west would begin.

On July 7, as they came over the crest of a small sand hill, they halted to look down on the Platte, the river they would follow for hundreds of miles. At last they were on the real road, that remarkable, flat, solid, unbroken highway along which the wagons could move with greater speed and security than along the streets of St. Louis or Philadelphia. Some days they made eighteen miles.

Now Levi Zendt had his triumph, for with the hard-packed roadways, horses found the pace too much. They began to pull up lame and even to die, while parties who had relied on oxen overtook them and left them far behind. Levi found little to savor in his victory, for whenever he saw an injured horse he wanted to halt and try his hand at treating it, but Purchas was adamant: "They guessed wrong and now they'll pay for it."

On July 12 the three wagons were heading westward in desultory fashion when two Pawnee braves rode up along the north bank of the Platte, and as soon as they came in range Sam Purchas grabbed his rifle, took aim, and put a bullet through the head of one of the young men. His horse reared; his hands fell limp; blood spurted from his forehead and he fell to the ground, whereupon Purchas grabbed for a second gun and would have shot down the other brave except that Captain Mercy knocked the barrel away, allowing the Pawnee to gallop off.

"You let him get away!" Purchas bellowed. He appealed to Levi. "Indians ain't human. They ain't real people, like you and me."

"You killed a man who'd done you no harm," Seccombe protested.

"He was an Indian," Purchas said, and rolling back his left sleeve he showed scars. "I been fightin' Indians all my life . . . and they're no damned good. That one the Captain let get away will go back and make trouble for us." He spat tobacco and stalked away.

By some miracle the enraged Pawnee did not attack. But the next day they killed a defenseless husband and wife, traveling alone some miles farther west, so that when the Purchas column reached that spot, they found a boy of six and a girl of four sitting dull-eyed by a burned-out wagon with their scalped parents bloating in the dust.

"We can't take no kids with us," Purchas warned.

"What the hell do you think we'll do with them?" Sergeant Lykes stormed.

"I'll take the children," Elly said quietly, forcing her way between the two men.

"There will be no children picked up," Purchas shouted. He took out his revolver. "I am runnin' this wagon train, and we can't be held back by brats."

Before he could speak further a rough hand reached from behind, grabbed his revolver arm and threw him to the ground. As Purchas reached for his knife, Levi Zendt leaped upon him, tore it away and smashed him across the face with a heavy right fist. "I'm takin' the kids," he said.

That night Elly wrote:

> July 13, Saturday. . . . We have brought the children into our wagon, and they shall be our children from this time on. When they grow up in Oregon and become who knows what, perhaps a doctor and the wife of a minister, what a story they will be able to tell of how they got there, abandoned on the desert and near death only to be saved by God's infinite pity. This is no ordinary trip, for we move within a great dimension. . . .

Each of the travelers west carried with them misconceptions of the gravest order, errors that would persist and do great damage.

Sam Purchas and Oliver Seccombe divided between them most of the existing theories about Indians, and very contradictory they were. Sam was sure the Indians had come originally from Egypt, where they had served the Pharaoh who had persecuted Moses. "They was sent here as punishment," he explained, "and it's our duty to punish 'em . . . every chance we get. God intends it that way. This land won't be fit for white people till they're all dead."

Seccombe, like many intellectuals of his day, believed that the Indians were really the cream of Welsh society which at an early period in history had emigrated to America in search of a more natural existence, and he was convinced that somewhere just beyond the visible horizon he would come upon the noble Welshman-Indian he sought.

Levi Zendt had begun to acquire his misconception, the strangest of all, that rainy afternoon in St. Louis when he first saw the monstrous elephant of the west; it had haunted him for several nights. Tonight, after he finished helping Elly put the two orphaned children to bed, he volunteered for the early watch, and as he studied the prairie he began to see in the heavens a vast form taking shape among the clouds, and the old sense of terror and mystery took possession of him. "Sergeant Lykes!" he called. "What's that?" Lykes looked at them casually and said, "Just the elephant flicking its tail."

When Levi asked what that meant, Lykes told him of the beast that haunted the prairies, striking terror into the hearts of emigrants: "It's not like them elephants you see in the circus, no sir. It's immense. It has a trunk that switches like a hurricane and a tail that can flick a wagon off'n the trail. Its disposition is mean—my, is it mean—and when he comes at you, you best run."

He continued his lore: "There's about forty of the real big ones between here and the mountains. There was one hidin' at the Big Blue, threatenin' us as we tried to cross."

The digging up of mastodon bones, like the ones Dr. Koch had exhibited in St. Louis, had given rise to the mythology of an enormous elephant that roamed the plains. And Levi could recall Elly being swept away at the Big Blue, and he helpless with the oxen, and at that moment he had known how desperately he loved her. Other men, braver than he, had leaped into the flood to rescue her, and in the darkened sky he had seen the brooding elephant that sapped men's courage.

He crept to the Conestoga and looked inside. There Elly slept with her arms about the orphaned children, and she seemed the summation of all that men love on earth, and in the darkness he bent down to kiss her, but she was so exhausted from the day's decisions that she did not waken.

On July 15 they met strangers who had seen the elephant. No Oregon for them. They were turnarounds, emigrants who had persevered as far west as their courage would allow, but the elephant had flicked its tail, and they were scurrying back to St. Joseph and civilization. Levi, the member of Captain Mercy's group who could best appreciate their terror, took one look at the stricken women and said, "I'll give you two spare oxen."

"You'll hell!" Purchas cried, and he enlisted Captain Mercy's support to forestall such stupidity. "We'll need our oxen," he warned. "Mebbe for food."

"They'll perish," Levi argued, as the defeated ones listened to the debate that might mean their lives. "I'm giving them two oxen," he said, and there was such firmness in his voice that Purchas withdrew, but in a moment he was back with a sensible proposal: "If they're headed back, let 'em take the two kids."

"It's not like the elephants in the circus, no sir. It's immense, it has a trunk that switches like a hurricane and a tail that can flick a wagon off'n the trail."

Everyone but Elly agreed that this should be done, and preparations were made to transfer the children. But she began to cry and protest, and would not listen to their arguments. In the end the decision was made by Captain Mercy.

"They should go back," he said, consoling Elly while Levi carried the two youngsters to the turnarounds. He delivered them to the apparent leader, then dug into his pants and came up with fifty dollars. Thrusting the money into the hands of the gaunt and weary man he said, "This money is for the kids. When they get to St. Joe. And if you abuse them in any way, may God strike your pitiful soul."

"It'll be for the children," the man said, and they drove eastward without thanking Levi for the oxen.

When he returned to the Conestoga, Purchas said, "Did you give them thieves money, too?" Levi nodded and Sam said, "You know they'll kill the kids and make off with it."

"Don't you trust anybody?" Levi asked.

"Nobody," Purchas said, "especially not no turnarounds. No character."

On July 29 they reached Fort John, a trading post with three towers. It contained a sutler's store and a blacksmith shop inside, a score of Indian tepees outside, and everywhere a last reminder of home.

For the Zendts the arrival was timely. They needed to purchase meat and flour badly. They went to the store, where they found a tall, thin man in his late sixties supervising sales, aided by an attractive Indian woman.

"Levi Zendt, from Lancaster. I'm gonna need a lot of your stuff."

"Alexander McKeag, Scotland. It's waitin'."

"This is my wife, Elly. Let her have whatever she needs."

"This is my wife, Clay Basket. She'll get it."

They conducted an interesting conversation, two men not given to useless chatter. Zendt spoke of the bad crossing at the Big Blue and McKeag said, "It's always bad." Zendt told of how Purchas had killed the Pawnee and how the Pawnee had slain the emigrant couple, leaving behind two children. "Usually they take the young 'uns," McKeag said.

Then for some reason he could not have explained, for he was not a nosey man, Zendt asked a question that was not routine: "How did you come to settle here?" and McKeag said, "I wouldn't have if there was stores farther south," and he told them of the good farming land he had known at the Rattlesnake Buttes and the Chalk Cliff.

"Why don't you have your post down there?" Zendt asked.

"Nobody comes along down there, that's the beauty of it."

The store door opened and in came a seventeen-year-old girl in elk-skin dress. She was tall, with very black hair and features that bespoke an Indian heritage, even though her skin was quite fair. She introduced herself as Lucinda McKeag and said that fiddlers were playing and a dance was in progress.

For the next few nights Captain Mercy gave farewell parties for the emigrants who would be continuing westward while he stayed on to await final orders. Then it was time for the emigrants continuing on to Oregon to move on, and with regret they bade good-bye to Captain Mercy and Sergeant Lykes.

It was now that the elephant began to swish his tail. To the dismay of everyone, the mended rear wheel of Amos Boemer's Conestoga finally showed signs of weakening and on the fourth day west of Fort John it collapsed completely. Sam Purchas studied the wreck and told Levi, "No hope. Only thing you can do is find a tree trunk and work it as a travois."

But where to find a tree? They had now left the Platte and were lost in the middle of an endless plain with never a tree in sight. So Levi and Elly, with two axes, started walking south to where the river ran, and they walked for eleven miles before they found a cottonwood. Levi chopped it down and rested while Elly hacked off the branches. Then they bound the heavy end with rope, and proceeded to drag the tree back to the wagon. This expedition required two days and as they labored their way back Elly asked, "What if they have gone on without us?" and Levi snapped, "How can you think such a thing?" and Elly said, "Sam Purchas would do anything."

On August 8, as they were approaching the Continental Divide and the easier downhill portion of the trip, one of the oxen died. This patient animal had exhausted himself for them at the crossing of the Blue. Elly Zendt wept as they lifted the harness from him. To her he was more than friend and loyal servant; he was the stubborn, solemn creature she had grown to love.

On the next day came a moment of triumph, for the small caravan passed over the Continental Divide and Purchas shouted, "From here on, downhill all the way!" Elly reflected the reaction of many emigrants when she wrote:

> August 9, Friday. . . . I cannot believe it. All my senses rebel at the idea, but it seems true without challenge. The path has seemed absolutely level, yet now we find ourselves across the Rockies and at the top of a rise more than eight thousand feet high. I wonder if life is not much like that. We go along unmindful and all the while we are climbing a very steep mountain of insight and understanding. Remember how we used to guess about men and marriage. It was so much simpler than we thought. . . .

And then, as if Elly Zendt had been guilty of the sin of hubris, on the night of August 10, when the road lay clear and easy to Oregon, her husband Levi went into the darkness to check his five remaining oxen, and out of the shadows rose the elephant. It was gigantic, thirty or forty feet tall. It seemed to Levi to represent all the terror they had experienced and all that might lie ahead on the way to Oregon. It was overwhelming—the menace of that towering creature, and Levi knew that he was destined to turn back. He returned to the camp and told Elly.

She made no attempt to dissuade him and before dawn he wakened the other two and told them, "We're turnin' back."

"Why?" Seccombe asked.

"I saw the elephant." That was enough. On this trail, when a man saw the elephant, clear and overwhelming, he must heed its warning.

"So you're a turnaround?" Purchas asked contemptuously.

"I saw the elephant," Levi said.

For some minutes he lost sight of Purchas as he said farewell to Seccombe. "We'll meet somewhere," the Englishman said nonchalantly. And as if he had no care in the world, this young man started to whistle as he and Sam Purchas headed west for Oregon. Levi thought they were moving with unusual speed, but it was not until he and Elly were well started on their long retreat that he discovered what Purchas had been up to.

"The pig stole my rifle," he said, and Elly searched the wagon and saw it was gone. So was her knitted cash bag and her good scissors. They were about to rain curses on the old trapper, but instead they broke into laughter at his pitiful bravado . . . at his tobacco-stained beard . . . at his bit-off nose . . . at the futility of the man—and as they drove east they laughed, but that night Elly wrote the long letter that one scholar has called "The Litany of the Loser":

> August 11, Sunday. . . . We have devised many names for what we are doing in turning back but the real name is one we have not used. The word is *defeat*. We have nothing, and now we have lost hope. . . .

On August 19 they arrived at Fort John again, this time from the west, and they were relieved to see it, for they had begun to run short of supplies. They headed directly for the store, where McKeag said, "I never figured you for a turnaround," and Levi said, "I saw the elephant." They talked for a long time, and finally Levi asked, "That place to the south. Rattlesnake Buttes you called it. You ever think of goin' back down there?"

"Every day of my life," McKeag said without emotion. "But I never found a partner."

"Then why don't we try it?"

"Why not, indeed?" McKeag said, and he called his wife. When Clay Basket appeared he said, "This one wants to open a trading store for Indians down at Beaver Creek," and she said, "This fort is no place to keep our daughter," so they called Lucinda and the five of them spent no more than fifteen minutes discussing the dangers involved, and all agreed that they would head south as soon as McKeag could turn his accounts over to another.

Summer was nearly over, and McKeag explained that since it was too late to get loaded wagons back from St. Louis this year, they would occupy the time building a really substantial home at Beaver Creek. From then on they spent each evening planning how the house should be built and of what.

Clay Basket had noticed that a significant change was taking place in Elly and she suspected that she had not yet told Levi, so she took her aside and said, "We must insist on another room, because your child will need it as she grows up."

"How did you know?"

"Indian women watch."

"I haven't told Levi yet . . . the disappointments he's had."

"A child is no disappointment. Maybe that's what he needs most of all."

When Elly decided to tell her husband, she discovered that he had known almost from the first. "I kept watchin' you," he said, "and noticed little things. But it came clear that day when you were swept away at the Big Blue. I looked back and saw you protectin' your stomach as you fell."

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked. as if disappointed that he had ferreted out her secret.

"Because you are growin' so beautiful. Clay Basket didn't find out because you're fatter. She saw it in your face." This was true. With her growing pregnancy Elly had attained a serenity she had not known before, and her thin face was becoming actually beautiful, as if the prairie had called forth a miracle.

"It wasn't really the elephant that made me turn back," Levi confessed. "It was wantin' to protect you and the baby."

That evening Elly wrote a letter that stands as an epistle of hope, epitomizing the contributions made by the brave women who crossed the plains in pioneer days:

> August 27, Tuesday. . . . To be pregnant takes away the sting of defeat, for just as we shall be starting a new community where the rivers meet, so Levi and I shall be starting a new family. Also, the land we are traveling through is the kind that makes you proud, for it is beautiful in a manner that those of us who lived always in Lancaster could never have dreamed of or appreciated. This afternoon we came over a hill and saw before us the two red buttes which have been our target since we left Fort John. They stood like signal towers, or the ramparts of a castle, and they created such a strong sense of home that all of us halted on the hill to appreciate the noble place to which God had brought us. I feel assured that any family which grows up in such novel surroundings will be strong and different and I thank God that I am pregnant so that I can watch the growing.

Next morning Elly was up early to prepare breakfast, and as she stopped to lift a large buffalo chip, a giant rattlesnake, bigger around than her arm, struck with terrifying speed and sank its fangs deep into her throat. Within three minutes she was dead.

"It's God's mercy," McKeag said as Levi Zendt came rushing up, too late for even one last kiss. He gripped Zendt by the shoulders. The stocky Dutchman could not be consoled. He had grown to love Elly as few men love their wives, for she had been finer in every way than he could have expected. Life with her had been a constant unfolding with continuous promise that the better years lay ahead, and to lose her at the moment when a new life was beginning was intolerable.

All that morning he wandered about the buttes, coming back repeatedly to her limp body to touch it, but in the afternoon McKeag said, "Levi, we got to bury her." So they took their shovels and dug a narrow grave in the lee of the western butte. Elly Zahm had come voluntarily on this great adventure and had won the love of all she met, and now she rested within the shadow of the butte. With her Levi buried her paper, proving that she had been married.

So Levi Zendt reached the west bank of Beaver Creek, where the trading post was to be, bereft of all he had started with. His sorrow was so heavy that he could not talk, but he did find comfort in the task of helping McKeag build two sturdy houses.

Clay Basket did what she could to comfort Levi, but when she heard him ask McKeag, "Where's the Chalk Cliff you told me about?" she encouraged Levi to seek it out and stay alone for a while.

So he loaded a fair amount of gear on his back and walked for two days in the direction till he came in sight of the cliffs, where he built himself a log-and-sod hut.

He became a hermit, talking to ducks that settled on the little stream and watching antelopes as if they were people. He castigated himself for having brought Elly to this desolate land, for having turned back. He convinced himself that if they had pursued their course to Oregon she would now be alive, and he became half-mad, with the real risk that when the snows covered him, he might cower beneath them and perish.

The snows did come, much earlier than usual, and he spent most of December underground. February was a vicious month and he became a real animal, never venturing out. If March were to bring blizzards, as it often did, he would soon be dead.

Clay Basket, meanwhile, was watching the weather. She could imagine what the imprisoned Dutchman was doing. When a thaw came in late February she told Lucinda, "You must take two horses and go to Chalk Cliff."

"Why should she be the one to go?" McKeag asked.

"He will be ready to come back," Clay Basket said.

"Then I'll fetch him," McKeag volunteered.

"He doesn't need you," Clay Basket said. "Only Lucinda can save him." Her words had the force of accumulated wisdom, for although Indian tradition required that a maiden remain a virgin until the day she took a husband, Clay Basket realized that a human life had to be rescued, and she was willing to send her daughter to a man who had seen no one for many months. Indeed, she suspected that two lives might be involved, for at Fort John she had watched with dismay as Lucinda shifted her attention from one useless trapper to the next. It had then seemed only a matter of time before the child must go off with some old lecher like Sam Purchas, and this she could not permit.

"We love you, Zendt," Lucinda said, "and do not wish you to die." And then the despair of recent months overwhelmed him, and he hid his face and wept.

"Go to him," she said, and Lucinda saddled up two pintos and rode westward.

When she came to the cliff it took her some time to find where Zendt had holed up. She discovered the hut at the north end of the cliff and she stood at the entrance, calling, "Zendt! Zendt!"

It was some time before she got a response, then a bearded, bleary-eyed man appeared, blinking at the sun. "You are filthy," she said, and she moved inside to witness the appalling conditions under which he lived.

"Zendt! How could you live like this!" She started to make the place habitable, and as she worked she saw that he was far too weak either to help or to mount a horse for the return trip.

He asked in a faltering voice, "Why are you doing this?" and she replied, "We love you, Zendt, and do not wish you to die." And then the despair of recent months overwhelmed him and he hid his face and wept.

She stayed and nursed him back to strength and one day in mid-March forced him to ride for a short distance. It was obvious that he was nearly ready for the trip back to the store. It was a beautiful day, and they rode some distance into the plains; that night when he went to bed, she lay down with him, and for a moment he was perplexed and confused over his memory of Elly Zahm, but he was then only twenty-four and soon the passion of her body overcame him.

But if Levi Zendt was a lusty twenty-four, he was also a strictly reared Mennonite—that a pagan Indian girl should share his bed confounded his moral senses. He pondered the problem as they saddled the horses and started the long journey home.

"You're back," McKeag said, proceeding immediately to show Zendt the improvements he had made during the winter.

"You're thin," Clay Basket said, and no further comments were made, but Levi Zendt, still wrestling with his dilemma, asked the McKeag family to sit with him in the sun outside the palisade, and when they were gathered he said, "Alexander, I want to marry your daughter."

"High time," McKeag said.

"But I cannot do so unless she's a Christian. She must be confirmed . . . and able to read the Bible."

"I can't teach her. Neither can Clay Basket. Looks like it's your job, Levi."

"I am not a teacher, Alexander." This led them to an impasse, which Zendt broke with a remarkable proposal, "So I have been thinking that when you go to St. Louis to buy your goods, you ought to take her along and put her in school."

As soon as this was said everyone listening recognized its merit. Clay Basket wanted her daughter to read. Lucinda had always wanted to see St. Louis. It was McKeag who proposed an improvement on the plan. "I have a room in St. Louis . . . with my old partner Pasquinel's wife. Clay Basket and I will take the girl there, and they can live in my room until she learns to read the Bible."

Within two days they were packed and ready for the long trip to the Missouri. "And while I'm there, we'll file our claims to the land," McKeag said.

Before they left, Levi whispered to Lucinda, "Be sure to come back from St. Louis. I need you."

The account of Clay Basket leading her daughter Lucinda McKeag off the riverboat became part of the chronicles

of St. Louis. They presented themselves at seven in the morning at the brass-knobbed door of Lise Pasquinel's red-brick mansion. "I've come for my room," McKeag announced when Lise recovered from her surprise. "Not for myself. For Clay Basket and my daughter, Lucinda."

There could have been few people in the world that morning less welcome at the mansion, for Lise Pasquinel was in the midst of the spring social season and was involved with numerous parties. But when she saw how beautiful Lucinda was and how stately Clay Basket looked in morning sunlight, her heart went out to them and she cried, "What a splendid family you have, McKeag."

That afternoon she introduced the two women as "Mrs. Alexander McKeag, wife of my late husband's partner, and her lovely daughter Lucinda," and she continued this procedure throughout the spring and summer, until St. Louis society had to accept the two Indian women.

Lise Pasquinel was so eager that Lucinda have a good time that she kept introducing her to unmarried fellow officers, each of whom fell in love with her, for under Lise's care she grew doubly attractive. There were dances and picnics and, best of all, excursions on river steamers.

Lucinda was not bedazzled or swept off her feet by the young officers. She appreciated their attentions and found that it was great fun to dance with them while the band played on the riverboats, but she also remembered her weeks with that square-faced Dutchman at the foot of the Chalk Cliff and the more intense kind of lovemaking that he represented. But then Lieutenant John McIntosh of New Hampshire reported to army headquarters on his way to Mexico and her attitudes changed.

In the meantime, Levi's trading post prospered and for a curious reason. Throughout the region it came to be known as Zendt's Farm. During the first summer, when buffalo were plentiful and work scarce, Levi returned to his old habits and started making large links of pemmican, which he considered as nothing but buffalo sausage. He would stuff chopped buffalo meat mixed with salt, pepper, chokecherries, sage, berries and an herb that tasted something like onion. The result was so tasty that word passed among trappers and guides, "Stop by Zendt's Farm and pick up some of that good pemmican."

During that winter of 1846, two messages from St. Louis reached Zendt's Farm, creating much confusion. First came a letter from Lucinda, a devotee of phonetic spelling:

Dier Levi,

This is first lettir I rite. I no who God is and Virgin Marie. I luv you.

Lusinda

The temporary exhilaration caused by this epistle was destroyed by a clipping from the *St. Louis Republican*, which some well-meaning clerk had included in a package for McKeag:

> Talk along the river is that our fair city may not be losing the lovely heiress, Miss Lucinda McKeag, after all. It appears that a dashing lieutenant who boasts of New Hampshire as his home has been spending a good deal of time away from headquarters, and we are told on good authority that an announcement may be forthcoming at any moment. Viva, New Hampshire!

This news distressed Levi, but it did not surprise him. It was what had to be expected when a beautiful girl like Lucinda burst fresh upon a city that always contained more men than women. He was deeply pained, but he could not blame Lucinda.

"What will I do if she doesn't come back?" he asked McKeag.

"Marry someone else."

These days were not easy for Lucinda. Lieutenant John McIntosh was a delightful young man from Yale University, with a dry sense of humor, an intuitive distrust of Indians and a great love for this one. They conducted a stately courtship and each grew more fond of the other, more respectful of personal preferences. Lucinda knew that she could be happy with him, but there remained the memory of Levi Zendt and the prairies and rides on prancing pintos, and she grew more and more perplexed.

The time came when Lieutenant McIntosh became increasingly eager to formalize their engagement and he pressed her for a definite answer. It was at this time that she sought counsel with Lise Pasquinel and Clay Basket.

Clay Basket said, "It's strange that a girl half-Indian should have so many chances. Both your men I have liked."

Mrs. Pasquinel said, "There are no goods or bads. There are only choices that lead to satisfaction and those that don't."

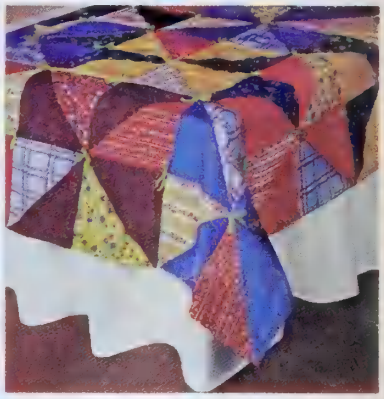
In July, when the caravan from St. Louis approached Zendt's Farm, a slow, snakelike procession, Levi felt a gripping fear about his heart. "Can you tell who they are?" he called to McKeag in the tower where the older man watched. Finally, he could wait no longer. Jumping on a horse, he spurred it eastward, and when he saw the lead wagon with only two trappers visible, he grew sick with apprehension, but as he dashed on to the second, he saw Lucinda McKeag standing and waving and shouting, "Levi! I'm home!" And he reined in his horse and sat staring at her, unable to believe that so beautiful a woman could have come back to him. **END**



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Photographs by Ben Swedowsky



RALPH NADER REPORTS:

HOME-REPAIR FRAUDS

Don't be "taken" when you hire someone to fix your home. Heed these rules set down by the consumer advocate. They can save you money and grief.

Nobody knows exactly how many homeowners fall victim to home-improvement frauds each year, or how much money is ultimately involved. But at consumer protection bureaus, home-improvement complaints are among the two or three most common grievances. The courts are witness to many efforts by homeowners to get some restitution for shoddy work or outrageous costs in home-improvement schemes, some of which involve large numbers of people and staggering amounts of money. According to Ed Dosek of the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), "The cost to the average consumer can be anywhere from the cost of a new patio to three or four thousand dollars for storm windows or siding"—money that is wasted if the work is unsatisfactory or overpriced.

Under the FTC Act, unfair or deceptive practices can be halted, but rarely does the victim get his or her money back. Most laws regulating the home-improvement industry are at the state and local level. These laws vary almost as much as the diverse industry itself—and few protect the homeowner. You can take certain steps to protect yourself, however, and being forewarned is one good way to frustrate the unscrupulous or irresponsible home-improvement operator.

Higher and higher

The most blatant home-improvement fraud is perpetrated by salesmen who offer to do a job for a small amount—which is later escalated to a higher price. Consider a typical case. An elderly Maryland couple agreed to have their driveway fixed for $50, a sum that became $500 by the time the work was done. The old couple were so intimidated by the salesman that they paid this inflated price. By the time their son found out what had happened and took the case to the local consumer affairs bureau, the salesman had left the state.

Many home-improvement operators work behind the facade of a legitimate business. Jean Carper, in her book *Not with a Gun*, describes one such operation, a construction company that bilked Washington, D.C., homeowners out of an estimated $4.5 million in two years. The firm's salesmen approached poor homeowners in rundown neighborhoods and offered to transform their houses with new "town-house fronts." A typical promise was to consolidate all of a homeowner's debts into one monthly payment that was less than the homeowner was then paying. The construction company was able to induce customers to sign contracts that left them with huge debts and often new mortgages on their homes. The new town-house fronts proved, at best, to be disappointing and vastly overpriced; sometimes the work progressed no further than a half-painted wall.

No way out

When this firm was finally put out of business, some customers who had been forced to default on debts they had no idea they were incurring had already lost their homes. Others are still paying their notes that the construction company sold to lending institutions.

Cases like this are not uncommon. The installment contract has long been a means by which home-improvement companies have enriched themselves. Until recently, a homeowner had no way out of a contract signed under the glowing inducement of a salesman, even if she later realized the cost was more than she had believed it was, or could afford. The federal Truth-in-Lending Act, in effect for five years, now provides that the consumer may rescind a contract within three business days if that contract gives the seller a security interest in her home, as most home-improvement contracts do.

Even people who are wary of fast-talking salesmen may fall victim to other practices in the home-improvement industry. The most common is when the work done on your house is deficient—the roof still leaks, new windows don't fit properly, a drainage problem is not corrected—but the contractor ignores your requests for correction. The problem is compounded when the person who did the work is not the person who sold you the improvement. Many home-improvement companies are simply sales organizations; the actual work is subcontracted to another company. You may not even know who the subcontractor is—and even if you do, he is under no obligation to respond to your demands. But if you refuse to pay, the subcontractor can attach a mechanic's lien to your house, a fact many homeowners don't realize.

An even more troublesome problem arises when the homeowner pays for an improvement on credit and the note is sold to a bank or other lending institution (a frequent practice in the home-improvement industry). Under the doctrine of "holder in due course," the lender can then require you to pay no matter how bad the work may be. This doctrine deprives the consumer of virtually the only enforcement power she possesses—namely, to refuse to pay until the work is done satisfactorily. A number of states have adopted statutes which provide that notwithstanding the sale of a note to a banker, a homeowner's defenses are fully preserved. Other states, in greater number, provide that the homeowner loses her defenses when such a sale is made unless a claim is put forward within a limited time specified in the statute after the homeowner receives notice of a sale. Since a recent court decision in a North Carolina case, a consumer must be notified—*before* signing a note—that the note may be sold and that she may have to pay, even if there is a warranty dispute. Many legal experts believe that until the "holder in due course" doctrine is abolished or very substantially modified to provide some defenses for the buyer, homeowners will continue to find themselves in the untenable position of being required to pay for shoddy work or even work that was never done at all.

Home-repair checklist

There are some practical steps to take before entering into any agreement for a home improvement:

1. Check to see whether the contractor is licensed if your state requires it, and ask for his record. A licensed contractor is not necessarily a good one, but the likelihood is that an unlicensed salesman or company that you know nothing about may be less scrupulous.

2. If your state has no licensing law, ask the Better Business Bureau about the contractor. If the Bureau has complaints about his work, drop him from your list of contractors.

3. Even if there are no complaints registered at the Better Business Bureau, or if a contractor is licensed, you should check further. Ask the contractor for the names of five or six people in the area for whom he has done work; call them and ask about the quality of his work and whether, if there were problems, the contractor responded promptly to requests for corrections.

4. Get a few *(continued on page 147)*

Question

How Do I Sponsor A Child?

Answer

Here's What You Do:

Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country, or:
Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help."
Enclose your first monthly check.

And here are answers to some other questions you may have:

What does it cost to sponsor a child?
Only $15 per month, tax deductible.

Will I receive a photograph of the child?
Yes, along with information about the child, and a description the Home or Project where the child receives assistance.

How long before I learn about the child?
About two weeks.

May I write to the child?
Yes. You will receive the child's original letter and an English translation, direct from the Home or Project. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)

Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan?
To provide children with long-term, person-to-person relationships.

What does the child receive because of my sponsorship?
This depends on the Project. You will receive detailed information. In general, CCF aid supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, food—and love.

May I send an extra gift?
Yes, if you wish to send $5 or $10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank you" letter from the child

How often will the child write me?
This depends on how often *you* write. Children are not natural born letter writers! So it is up to the sponsor to initiate. Instructions how to correspond with the child will be sent to you.

May groups sponsor a child?
Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups sponsor children.

Is a financial statement available?
Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.

What types of Projects does CCF assist?
Children's Homes and Family Helper Projects, plus homes for the blind, homes for abandoned babies, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Who supervises the work overseas?
Regional offices are staffed with nationals and Americans, and all personnel must meet professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Is CCF independent?
Yes, working closely with missionaries, welfare agencies, and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.

Is CCF registered with any government or child welfare agency?
Yes, with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, (No. 080), and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva.

Won't you sponsor a child? Thanks so much! Sponsors are needed right now for children in Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.



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☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

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Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

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THE INFLATION FIGHTERS

Cost-Cutting Secrets From American Families

By Ann C. Scott. Just as one picture can be worth a thousand words, a close look at an individual life can sometimes say more than pages of statistics. Virtually everyone in America knows, for example, that the nation is in the grip of the worst inflation in 20 years. But how many know what that really means to the ordinary family that is struggling to make ends meet? Recently the JOURNAL decided to visit with middle-income families around the country to try to find some answers to this question—to discover how people are coping and to pass along some techniques that might help others.

As usual in such a survey, the results have been fascinating—and varied. While the drumbeat of rising prices has been heard in every home, people still march to their own special tunes. Some are eating steak, but have eliminated savings; others live on salads and are banking chunks of their income. Some are doing better than ever before, because their salaries have been rising; others have been pinched in ways they never expected.

Yet out of all the diversity, some patterns emerge. The biggest squeeze is in the food budget, reflecting the fact that the cost of feeding a family of four has risen faster than almost any other expense—by about 15 percent in the last year. Our families may have something to teach the rest of us, though, for with the exception of the Les Olsons of Chicago, who have four boys, all spend less on food than the national average for families in their income brackets ($12,000–19,000). And all eat well.

A more serious problem, for the couples who rent, is the inability to find homes they can afford. The price of houses throughout the country has been rising from six to 15 percent a year, while the cost of a mortgage has shot up 15 to 33 percent, with higher down payments required. This means people are scaling down the size of their dream house or being forced out of the housing market altogether. The crunch is particularly bad since many families have had to cut back on their savings in order to maintain their lifestyle, and so have less resources for either major investments or big splurges.

The major lesson of our survey may be that the traditional American conviction that things are getting better all the time, that there will be a bigger house or a bigger car around the corner, is evaporating. Among the people with whom we spoke, it is being replaced by a more careful, cautious outlook. Whether it is a home, a new baby or a two-week trip to Hawaii, our families aren't so sure they'll be able to manage it. At least they recognize that some hard choices may be necessary. The men are thinking twice about shifting jobs, even though, like John Carruthers of San Francisco, they would rather be teaching art than splicing telephone lines. Others, like Tom Chaney of Gainesville, Fla., are thinking about leaving satisfying jobs because they need more money.

Their wives are doing more comparative shopping, and the days of impulse buying seem to be over. In fact, a surprising majority of our families don't believe in buying on credit; they are paying cash for all their purchases or not buying at all. "Why pay the banks 18 percent interest?" reasons one wife. If this is a trend, it would be a major shift in American spending habits.

In general, then, while the people we spoke with are living comfortably, few feel that this is a time to indulge in any luxuries or fulfill any fantasies. As one husband put it: "We just don't have any 'play money.' "

HOW THE CHANEYS LIVE ON $1,000 A MONTH



By all logic, Pam and Tom Chaney of Gainesville, Fla., should be up against the wall financially. Their income dropped from $19,000 to $12,000 when Pam stopped teaching last year to have her second baby, and they had a new mouth to feed just when food prices were soaring out of sight. But Pam, a mature 25, says she's never had to budget. "I just pay the bills until there's nothing left over," she says cheerfully.

One reason the Chaneys do so well is location—in Florida the living is still easy. The state has no income or sales tax, even on liquor (a six-pack of beer costs less than a dollar). The mild climate means that heavy coats, woolens, cleaning bills and heating are practically nonexistent. And with Disney World and other resort areas and beaches nearby, "We don't ever have to take a family vacation," says Pam. "You might say we live on a vacation."

Nevertheless, the Chaneys do watch carefully where their money goes. They admit that they were lucky three years ago when they decided to move to Gainesville from Columbia, Mo., and found a house for $25,500 with a second mortgage of seven percent. *(continued)*

Photographs by Ann C. Scott



During the 1904 Willow Valley Fox Hunt, Mrs. Florine Knauff snuck away from the pack to sneak a cigarette. The fox escaped. Florine didn't.

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THE INFLATION FIGHTERS
continued

The same house, with three bedrooms, two baths and a den, would probably sell for $40,000 today—with payments at least double the $140 a month the Chaneys pay now. Tom, 29, has done all the improvements on the house himself. Last year, when they had an estimate of $1,800 for a new roof, he bought materials for under $500 and did the job himself.

Tom also took note of rising gasoline prices and traded in his "gas-gobbling" station wagon for a camper that gets 15 miles to the gallon. Although the Chaneys have another car, a 1968 convertible, Tom saves more gas by going to work in a car pool with three other teachers at the Gainesville High School, where he teaches math and coaches basketball, football and golf.

For her part, Pam keeps an eye out for sales. "I used to just pick up something if I wanted it, but now I will go to several places to find the best buys. I'll plan meals around the specials and I won't buy anything unless it's on sale, from vegetables to clothes for Shannon [age four] and Allison [nine months]." She gives the baby a low-cholesterol mix of powdered milk and whole milk, which costs about 80 cents a gallon, versus $1.66 a gallon for regular milk.

Today's high prices have had at least one significant impact on the Chaneys —far more important than simple decisions about food. Pam would like to have another child, but "with this income," she confesses, "we just can't do it."

Income: Tom's paycheck from the high school is $850 a month, and this is supplemented by another $150 of income from a farm he owns with his grandmother in Missouri. Total: $1,000.

Income taxes, Social Security	$175
Mortgage payments on house	140
Utilities (gas, water, electricity)	50
Payments on camper-bus	100
Life and health insurance	45
Church	40
Gasoline and car repairs	75
Clothes	50
Telephone	20
Food (includes drugs, toiletries, cleaning supplies)	160
Medical bills (checkups, shots, dentist for Allison and Shannon)	20
Property tax, car and house insurance	50
Savings accounts for the children	25
Recreation and baby-sitters	25
Savings account	25
Total	$1,000

How John and Janice Abernathy manage on $1,221 a month

She makes the family's clothes and he repairs everything in the house, from hair dryers to air conditioners. She's growing vegetables and is learning how to can them. He earns extra money by doing maintenance work for a nearby trailer park. For John and Janice Abernathy of Duncanville, Tex., frugality is a way of life, and neither would really know how to live otherwise.

"We're homebodies," declares Janice, a petite, 32-year-old brunette. "We don't go out much, except to an occasional Texas Rangers' baseball game or to go visiting. I don't consider most movies decent enough for the kids, or me, to see. And we don't drink, so we don't party."

For recreation, the Abernathys like to go camping or take their power boat up to Lake Texoma when John, a Dallas fireman (he drives the chief's car), can arrange his shifts to have four or five days off. But most of the time the family, including 11-year-old Judi and 8-year-old Janet, stay fairly close to home —a neat three-bedroom house in Duncanville, a few miles south of Dallas.

Janice and John bought their house just before they were married 13 years ago, with the help of an FHA loan. John, 33, finished all of the electrical work and plumbing himself. Two years ago, when they decided they needed more space, John built an extra room onto the house, complete with heating and air-conditioning, for only $2,500. ("He can do anything like that," says Janice proudly.)

The new room is where Janice does her sewing, a hobby that probably saves the family several hundred dollars a year. "I look at the price of things and it makes me so mad when I know I can make them for one-third the price," she says. Recently she made three four-piece suits for herself, with pants and skirt, for about $12 each, and both the girls' Easter outfits were designed and produced by their mother.

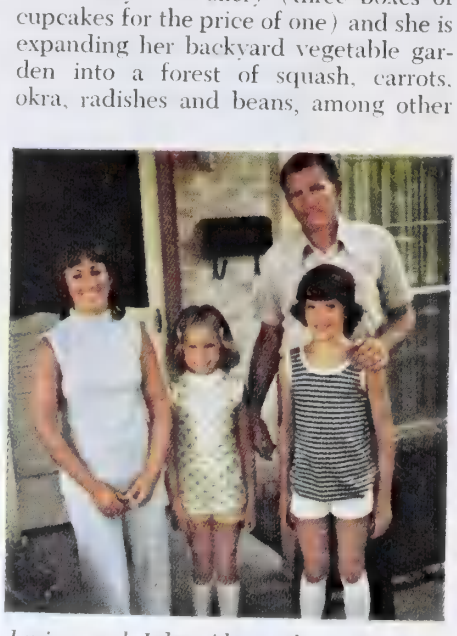
Janice cuts more corners by buying at the day-old bakery (three boxes of cupcakes for the price of one) and she is expanding her backyard vegetable garden into a forest of squash, carrots, okra, radishes and beans, among other things. Last summer, she notes, "w didn't have to buy any tomatoes and had enough left over to can six pint I'm hoping this year we won't have t buy vegetables at all."

The Abernathys have a household rule limiting their monthly time payments to $100. This rule came about after one Christmas several years ag when they splurged and found themselves paying Christmas bills for a yea Maybe it's because of these long-standing habits of conscientious budgetin that Janice can claim she hasn't reall noticed inflation much at all: "I know we have more now than my parents ha when they were married thirty years!

Income: John Abernathy makes $99 in salary from his regular job and averages $150 a month additional incom from his part-time work. Janice brings home $75 more from her part-time jo in the local high-school cafeteria. Tota monthly income: $1,221.

Food	$12
House payments (including insurance and property and school taxes)	10
Utilities (telephone, gas, electricity, and water)	5
Auto insurance	1
Gasoline for car	6
Life insurance	2
Health insurance	2
Pension fund (held through the fireman's union)	8
Clothing (Janice makes most all of her own clothes)	5
Church	6
Orthodontist (braces for Judi)	4
Children's lessons (dancing for Janet, piano for Judi)	2
Dry cleaning	1
Payments on house improvements (new family room and dining room floor)	4
Payments on color television set	2
Eating out (about once a week)	5
Recreation (baseball games, camping trips)	4
Savings fund	7
Income taxes	14
Miscellaneous (birthdays and gifts, a short vacation by car each year, John's three packs of cigarettes a day	16
Total	$1,22

(continued)



Janice and John Abernathy with their two daughters, Janet, 8, and Judi, 11.



Al and Diane Morin with their son, Jason, who was a year old last month.

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How Al and Diane Morin manage on $1,000 a month

A green and spacious backyard, shaded by impressive old oak and pecan trees, is in many ways the focal point of Al and Diane Morin's efforts to live comfortably in the face of rising prices. In one corner, Diane, 31, has a thriving vegetable garden, which she estimates saves the family up to $7 a week during Houston's long, hot summers. Most of the Morin's entertaining these days takes place on backyard swings or at picnic tables because they have found that an 89-cents-a-pound roast, marinated and barbecued, is even better than steak at $1.89 a pound. (An effort to raise chickens for still cheaper meat and eggs wasn't too successful, because the neighborhood dogs killed the first 11 chickens Diane bought and the one female remaining has a bad habit of eating her own eggs.)

Though their daily life is not really harder because of inflation, the Morins do worry more about the future. Their savings were virtually wiped out by the arrival of their first son, Jason, last August—the birth cost them $1,200—and by the purchase of a new car, even though they economized by buying a wrecked 1969 model for $200. Then Al spent $500 more and weeks of labor getting the car into working order (it now gets 19 miles a gallon). He wa warded recently when he saw a sir car on the market for $1,100.

The Morins had to invest ano $500 in clothes for Al, 33, who, in two years as a construction wor had worn a coat and tie only th times. However, last December shifted into a new job as director training program to upgrade ser workers in local hospitals. The new sition brings in $4,000 a year m than he was previously earning, helps compensate for the salary Di was earning before the baby was b But Al and Diane are concerned t they may not be able to rebuild th cash reserve. "I don't know if we'll e be able to put together enough mo to buy a home of our own. We can't think about it right now," says who has also put his other dreams full-time study toward becoming a p chologist and some foreign travel— of his mind.

Income: Al earns $1,000 a month s ary from his job with the Americ Federation of State, County, and M nicipal Employees.

Food	$
Rent (for a roomy, two-bedroom duplex)	
Clothing	
Utilities (electricity and gas)	
Gasoline for car	
Telephone	
Insurance (car and medical)	
Medical expenses (doctor's visits for the baby)	
Dry cleaning, small repairs	
Recreation (mostly eating out, entertaining friends)	1
Contributions to charity	
Savings	
Income tax	1
Social Security	
Tuition and books (both Al and Diane take college courses)	
Vacation budget	
Miscellaneous (weekend camping trips to the beach, spare parts for a car Al is rebuilding)	1
Total	$1,0

How Christy and John Carruthers manage on $1,262 a month

Peanut butter and Tu Fu Pork sounds like a mixed marriage but i the way Christy and John Carruthe of San Francisco have learned to de with the spiraling cost of food. A hon economics major in college who is cu rently finishing her teaching requir ments at San Francisco State Unive sity, Christy, 24, knows how to transla her food dollars into tasty, nutritio meals. "We eat a lot of chicken, whi is very high in protein, and I've foun that the best buy in meat is a cross-r roast. It's about $1.40 a pound an there's virtually no waste. But my ma trick is to fix Oriental food, with lo and lots of fresh vegetables and fri rice. It's cheaper and better for you

A Coty Woman. Her day doesn't end at 5 P.M. Neither should her makeup.

That's why there's Coty's Great Coverage.

Cream makeup with hydrolyzed protein, for a moisture-rich, velvet finish that stays lovely all day.

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Coty's Color Concentrate blusher and Great Coverage makeup. Because beauty shouldn't take time off.





Coty presents Great Coverage.

All-day makeup with protein conditioners.

Christy also buys high-protein peanut butter in nine-pound jars—enough for 100 sandwiches at six cents apiece. John takes one to "lunch" every night for the 2 a.m. break in his 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. job as a splicer for the Pacific Telephone Company. ("I like cheese a lot better," says John wistfully, "but it's too expensive.") A 27-year-old Vietnam veteran, he is also completing work on his degree at San Francisco State. His tight schedule allows him only four hours of sleep in the mornings, but the Carruthers' staggered hours mean that one of her parents is always home with lively five-year-old Wendy—a fact that saves them about $100 a month in nursery school bills.

Another big savings is in rent. The Carruthers' three-and-a-half-room apartment is in a World War II barracks located right on campus, and at $60 a month it is three times cheaper than anything else they could possibly find. The gray paint outside is chipping, but John, an art major, has painted huge, colorful graphic designs to cheer up the stairway, and the apartment is full of his bright paintings.

Although they are making more money now than they have since their marriage seven years ago, the Carruthers still live on a super-tight budget. They bought all of their furniture secondhand, and John gets many of his clothes from Goodwill shops, where he has found shoes for as little as 50 cents. He also goes to garage sales in wealthy neighborhoods, especially around spring-cleaning time. "It's a great way to find bargains," he enthuses. "I've found good shirts, almost new and barely worn, for two or three dollars." The Carruthers' entertainment bills are minimal. The last time they saw a movie was several months ago when they took the neighborhood kids to see *Lady Kung Fu*. "Our color TV is our movie theater, our entertainment, everything," says John.

The Carruthers are trying to build the $4,000 they have saved into enough for a down payment on a house, and in spite of the price squeeze, they just might do it, thanks in part to Christy's creative bookkeeping. "Everytime I record a check in my checkbook I just round it off a bit," she explains. "If it's for $16 I may put down $20, for example. A few months ago I wrote a big check and it looked like I was $800 overdrawn. I called the bank and they told me I still had $1,000 in the account."

Income: John brings in $1,100 a month from Pacific Telephone and an additional $50 from one weekend a month with the military reserves. He also counts on $112 a month from the GI bill. Total: $1,262.

(continued)

At $80 an hour, model Sunny Griffin can't afford not to shave with Lady Trac II.

The two blades of the Lady Trac II razor give a combination of closeness and safety no single blade razor can match.



The 1st blade shaves the hair and lifts it away so the 2nd blade can shave it again, closer.

Sunny's legs have to look good for the camera's eye.

Whose eyes are on your legs?



The Lady Trac II razor from Gillette.
You can't afford to shave with anything else.

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THE INFLATION FIGHTERS
continued

Food	$150.00
Rent, including utilities (small apartment in university-subsidized housing project)	60.00
Telephone (with discount because of John's job)	5.00
Clothes	25.00
Household items (includes white goods, misc. replacements)	25.00
Gasoline and oil for two cars	50.00
Federal and state income tax	176.50
Social Security	60.00
Medical, disability insurance	17.50
Union dues	6.00
Car insurance and registration	48.00
Auto upkeep (repairs, parking tickets)	125.00
Renter's insurance	7.00
School expenses (tuition, books, supplies for both John and Christy)	57.80
Life insurance (on both John and Christy)	18.75
Eating out (about six times a month)	30.00
Laundromat and cleaners	10.00
Dog (food, equipment, medical bills)	15.00
Hobbies (tropical fish, gardening, sewing)	30.00
Camping and traveling	30.00
Dancing lessons, toys for Wendy	30.00
Newspapers, postage	10.00
Savings	100.00
Miscellaneous (birthdays and Christmas, odd furniture purchases, vacations)	175.45
Total	$1,262.00

How Joan and Les Olson manage on $1,600 a month

"Everyone around here works," says Joan Olson, stating the ground rules that enable her family of four boys to make ends meet in their expensive Chicago (Roselle) neighborhood. Though necessities are easily covered by Les Olson's paychecks, son Gary, 20, handles all his own expenses and pays his parents $30 a week room and board out of his earnings as a roofer. Sons Chris, 16, and Jeff, 14, buy all their own clothes and pay for their own amusements. Chris even bought an old car and Jeff purchased a bike with their savings from caddying at the nearby Medinah Country Club. On a good weekend they can make $50 each, and last year they earned a total of $600. Moreover, all the boys, and even nine-year-old Leslie, pitch in with housekeeping chores, such as painting, gardening, and cleaning up the kitchen.

Their model has obviously been their father, who does all the electrical work and repairs around the house—a major talent when TV repairmen charge $15 to $20 just for house calls. And Les, 42, has a noticeable flair for arranging the family finances so that the Olsons enjoy a standard of living seemingly well above the $19,200 he earns as a pipefitter. He trades his cars in every two years, calculating that this costs him only $750 a year with no auto repair or replacement bills. In 1952, three years after he and Joan were married, he built their first house, which he sold four years ago to buy their present four-bedroom home for $41,000. He figures that the new house is worth $68,000 in today's market. "Being in construction, I knew that real estate values were going to go up," Les explains, "so I felt I had better act."

The Olsons spend a lot of money on food. Joan buys bread fresh from a neighborhood bakery and prime meat from a little Italian butcher shop. She economizes a little by buying in gross. Recently, she ordered 45 pounds of washing machine detergent. Joan prefers fresh fruits and vegetables. "I believe in feeding the family well," she says. "I don't skimp on food, and we don't have many medical bills either."

So far the only impact inflation has had on the Olsons is on their savings account. They have stopped adding to the $11,000 they have accumulated in the bank—a nest egg for the antique business they'd eventually like to start. They realize they will need more capital, but they aren't greatly concerned.

"I believe life's a big game," says Les. "We've always played the angles and we've come out fine so far."

Income: Les' work as a pipefitter brings in $1,600 a month; Joan says that he occasional selling of antiques doesn' provide any extra income "yet."

Income tax, Social Security	$40(
Food (Joan admits this is her "big splurge" item)	40(
Property tax	12!
Clothes	5(
School fees, books, gym clothes	2!
Life insurance (this is a policy on Joan; Les has veteran's insurance)	2!
Car insurance and maintenance (two cars)	10(
Medical expenses	2(
Church contributions	4(
Utilities	4!
Telephone	2!
Newspapers and magazines	1!
Union dues	1(
Vacations (ten days in Miami every year for Les and Joan; one-week family trip by car)	15(
Entertainment	7!
Miscellaneous (birthdays, Christmas)	92
Total	$1,60(

How Rosalind and Al Levine manage on $1,335 a month

Four years ago, Al and Rosalind Levine packed up and left New York City for Los Angeles—and found much of what they were looking for: a better climate, an easier, more relaxed lifestyle, and a safer environment for their children (daughters Jennifer, 7, and Tracy, 4). But if the mental pressures were less, the financial pressures were greater, as the cost of living caught up with their growing family. As a result, their daily life has become an ever more ingenious exercise in finding new ways to avoid unnecessary expenses.

Like many Americans, the Levines have cut back on food costs. They eat meat only three times a week now, versus five times a week a year ago, and dinner is now likely to be a huge salad with tuna or fresh vegetables from the garden. "That's no hardship," Al stresses. "We actually feel better eating less meat." With even delicatessan sandwiches priced over $2, Al, 37, is taking

(continued on page 164)



Christy and John Carruthers with their lively, five-year-old daughter, Wendy.



Joan and Les Olson with sons, Gary, 20, Chris, 16, Jeff, 14, and Leslie, 9.



Rosalind and Al Levine with their two daughters, Jennifer, 7, and Tracy, 4.

Hotpoint's special Dish & Pot Washer Cycle cleans the crusty pots, pans, casseroles you used to have to do separately. Even pots and dishes with baked-on and dried-on food come clean in the same load.

Built-in Soft Food Disposer and Rinse-Away Drain eliminate hand pre-rinsing. Just tip off large and hard scraps.

Thick Whisper-Clean® sound insulation on sides, top, door, back and access panel helps reduce operating noise and means a quieter kitchen.

Handsome white porcelain-enamel-finish interior resists chipping, peeling or wearing off in normal service. Resists acids and stains, too.

Our adjustable upper rack lets you do large platters, tall glasses, and regular size dishes—all at the same time. And both racks extend all the way out for easy, random loading.



Optional black glass front panels, available at additional cost, add an extra touch of distinction. Reversible color panels are standard to suit your decorative needs.



Hotpoint gives you eleven cycle options, including Sani-Cycle for better washing and rinsing results. And you can save power with the Short Wash or Wash-Natural Dry Cycles.

Model HDA900

Don't replace your dishwasher with a dishwasher. Introducing the Hotpoint dish-potwasher.



Every Hotpoint appliance is backed by a nationwide service organization. We call it Customer Care . . . Everywhere™. It means fast, dependable service coast to coast. And that's a promise.



Hotpoint

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If you're looking for a smooth, easy ride, nothing in the world beats a balloon.

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The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated charcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

Lark. It has smoothness you can taste –

Pack after pack.



King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74.)

Ladies' Home Journal/September 1974



Ol' Blue Eyes meets Li'l Blue Eyes
LOVE SONG TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER BY FRANK SINATRA

On May 22, his daughter Nancy made Frank Sinatra a grandfather for the first time. In this exclusive article, he writes with love and humor about baby Angela Jennifer, and his hopes and prayers for her.

Well, I guess you gotta know I am pretty excited. I have to confess that something happens when a man becomes a grandfather. The first time I saw little Angela Jennifer, I looked into that adorable face and saw myself starting out all over again two generations later. And I said a silent prayer that the world would be as good to this little angel as it's been to me. As I held her in my arms for the first time, I thought about the miracle of life, the miracle of birth, and said another silent prayer in gratitude for these miracles that have been given to us. Then I put her down in case she wasn't star-broken.

I guess what makes me the happiest about all this, of course, is that our little beauty was born safely and well, and that her mother, my own Nancy with the laughing face, is so well and happy. And I wouldn't be telling the whole truth if I didn't admit all this gives a little tug at my own heartstrings to think that my mother, little Angela's great-grandmother, is alive and in great shape and so thrilled by all this.

I guess my first thoughts, too, were happy ones that this child will grow up with so many wonderful relatives in a family that loves each other. There's my beautiful daughter, Nancy, and her adoring husband, Hugh Lambert. And don't forget big Nancy, who is one of the warmest of women. And there is my daughter Tina, the little girl's new aunt, and her husband, Uncle Wes [Farrell]. And let's not forget the new Uncle Frank, the best son, brother, grandson any of us in the family ever had. Angela Jennifer could not have ended up with a better team if she had had her pick of the whole world.

I guess it's too soon to start wondering what Angela will be when she grows up. That's for her to decide when the time comes. In the meantime, all of us Sinatras will give her more than enough love to warm those early years. All I ask is that little Nancy never lets the child grow up and see *The Kissing Bandit*, a picture I made some years ago; I've been trying to change my name ever since. As a matter of fact, the picture was so bad that on leaving the theater, I made a citizen's arrest of the cashier.

All in all, it's pretty exciting to be part of a family that has just welcomed a new generation within it. And I know how little Nancy feels, because nothing tops the birth of your first child. I remember the day she was born as she will always remember this day.

Finally, it's no secret that, next to my family, the greatest love of my life has been my music. I thank God that this living gift has been sent to all of us—because from this day forward she will be our music.

For a photo report on Frank Sinatra's first grandchild, please turn page.

A SHARED EXPERIENCE

Nancy Sinatra Lambert talks about her baby

"Someday," predicts Nancy, "Angela Jennifer will appreciate the fact that her daddy was there when she was born. I can't describe how much it meant to Hugh and me to watch her birth together."



Nancy Sinatra and her husband, choreographer Hugh Lambert, knew when they got married on December 12, 1970 (grandfather Frank's birthday), that they wanted to have children. Nancy had a miscarriage last year, which she now views philosophically because, "I suspected there was something wrong with the pregnancy." Besides, she conceived again four months later (she is certain she knows the exact moment), and "that time I knew it was a good pregnancy."

Together, Nancy and Hugh signed up for Lamaze classes in prepared childbirth—six weeks of exercises, instructions, slides and films. Hugh was in the delivery room with Nancy on May 22, 1974, giving support and coaching her in the exercises. Conscious throughout, Nancy watched with Hugh in an overhead mirror as almost 9-pound Angela Jennifer was born.

"At first," Nancy recalls, "I wondered how my husband could look at me again if he watched the birth. I had all the old-fashioned ideas that birth was messy. But giving birth to 'A.J.' was the most important physical experience in my life, and having the man I love with me made it that much more beautiful. We don't like to talk about it too much because it is so powerful, so personal and so very special to us. But sharing this experience has brought us much closer to each other."









Above, right: At the christening, four generations of Sinatra women: Frank's ex-wife Nancy Sinatra, Sr.; Nancy, Jr., holding Angela; and Frank's mother, Dolly Sinatra. Middle: Frank Sinatra shares center stage with his first grandchild. Below, left: Frank, Hugh Lambert, Nancy and "A.J." Below, right: At the Lamberts' house, Nancy, Sr., cuddles ***her first*** *grandchild.*

Photographed exclusively for the Journal by Ron Joy

The *Journal* proudly presents, complete in this issu a preview section from the year's most importan novel—written by the author of *Hawaii, The Sourc* and other best sellers. In *Centennial,* James A. Mich ener celebrates America with a vivid, human sag about the early West. This excerpt, entitled "Th Wagon and the Elephant," is a love story, an adver ture story—the kind of story you will not soon forge

CENTENNIAL by JAMES A. MICHENE



Copyright © 1974 by Random House, Inc. From "Centennial," by James A. Michener, to be published by Random House, Inc. Illustrated by Daniel Schwartz.

If in the year 1844 a group of agricultural experts had been commissioned to identify the finest agricultural areas of the world, one area that would have had to be included was that fortunate farmland lying around the small city of Lancaster in southeastern Pennsylvania.

The Lancaster farmer did not exaggerate when he boasted, "On this land a good man can grow anything except nutmeg."

In the divine lottery that *(continued on page 73)*



As Levi and Elly Zendt began their dangerous journey West, they also began their marriage. If they lacked knowledge, they had something better—youth and courage and a growing love that made them strong.



Fashion: Collector's Items

They no longer come with an invisible label that reads "Self-destruct at end of season." This year's fashions have new-found staying power. Stylish, but not faddish, the best qualify as real collector's items. The look is classic, but never dull. There's a creative couturier touch to these well-made ready-mades. It shows up in details—a big-notched collar, a flattering square neckline, romantic poet's sleeves, an unexpectedly voluminous skirt. These are above all, and at long last, beautiful clothes. And among the most beautiful are the tawny-toned examples here. In short, it's a honey of a collection. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

An evening dress with classic, fluid lines that goes beautifully to dinner and the theater or to an important party. Among its most flattering features: a deep, square neckline and billowy poet's sleeves. By Albert Nipon in rayon matte jersey, $230. David Evins satin pumps, Celia Sebiri jewelry.

Photographs by Francesco Scavullo; hairstyles by Maury Hopson; makeup by Way Bandy; interior, above, by John Stedila.





This new interpretation of the polo coat has big movie-star lapels, raglan sleeves and a tenty shape. In plushy wool melton by Wacs Works, $140. Scarf, Yves St. Laurent. Frank Olive hat, Judith Leiber bag. Bulova watch. shman & Lipp diamond ring, Cadillac car.

All prices approximate. Shopping information on page 146



Fashion: Collector's Items

Above: The monk's cloth shirt-jacket with its stand-up collar and self-sash has Russian airs. The herringbone skirt that goes with it is cut on a generous bias. Both by Luba. In wool. Jacket, $100. Skirt, $44. Brimmed hat, P&C Designs. KJL bangles. Celia Sebiri rings. Bag, Charles Jourdan. David Evins pumps.

Right: An easy, zip-front shirtdress with new-looking mandarin collar, raglan sleeves and its own reptile belt. The circular skirt is also part of the news. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. In polyester and wool, $95. Doro scarf. LaCrasia earrings. Mini Accutron watch. Golo pumps.

Tights, both pages, Round-the-Clock in Monvelle fibers. All prices approximate. Shopping information on page 146.



Interiors on these two pages by the Pace Collection

The Pretty Principle

Priceless advice on how to create a room . . . house . . . or total way of life, without spending a fortune. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design

DECORATING can be pretty personal. Those things that say *you* and nobody else make a room warm, welcoming and wonderful in the most individual way. Arrangements of furniture in a store or in a house decorated (usually) for other designers are nice to visit, but you'd hate to live there. It is a glimpse into another world where objects remain undisturbed by active children or open books, dropped newspapers or even an ash or two. It isn't as if the designers didn't understand reality. They do. But this is their dream world as well as the fantasy land of those of us who come to look, like, hate and envy—all without any limitations whatsoever. Visiting the model or "decorator" rooms is also the best way to see the latest twists and turns of the decorative arts.

On a recent trip to these exotic and rarefied climes I was surprised to see in one of the rooms a larger-than-life-sized snake winding around a plaster tree as a smart accessory. Deeper penetration of the salons revealed more and more scaly, limbless reptiles: cobras lovingly wrought and enameled or starkly executed in understated brass; vipers of infinite variety in glass or set in semiprecious gems. Though the snake seems to be the current favorite, the animal kingdom is not without other representatives: whole zoos of hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses and even an armadillo or two live in this strange land.

What we are getting at is the trend toward Ugly, which hides behind the mask of being In. Along with the creepy crawlies, the monster parade and the skin or other parts of slaughtered animals, Pretty is sacrificed, and Different is glorified, not because it's special and wonderful but merely because it's different and strange.

Other examples of In-Ugly abound: crippled pottery, misshapen and discouraged, proliferates in great blobs; soft sculpture of unmentionable materials falls unspeakably on museum floors; the stripped-down look, which, like the recent fad of streaking, few anatomies and little architecture can expose; the icy caves of crystal with stalagmites growing from tables, shining mercury glass boringly repeated in mirror tables or walls or ceilings; the cruel gleam of hard metals combined with rooms in gray flannel suits; furniture like bared bones or boxes; the forced nostalgia of Art Deco geometry or Art Nouveau curvature. Ugly becomes a fashionable cult.

Simplistically, Ugly is the opposite of Pretty. Both are deeply personal; the result of education, background, experience, associations and life styles. Our reactions are the products of exposure, brainwashing, keeping up with the Joneses or name-dropping shopping. Comparisons are said to be odious, but here are some that clarify:

- Ugly is empty. Not necessarily restrained or simple, but empty in a way that Katherine Mansfield describes as a cake that you can cut and cut and never find so much as a currant. PRETTY is full . . . of meaning, warmth and personality, not necessarily crowded.
- Ugly is dead: funereal colors, living with the past because it's present or inherited. PRETTY is alive with a sense of freshness, an expression of self, a celebration of life in showing a wide variety of interests.
- Ugly is blindness to what's happening, what's attractive. PRETTY is seeing a million things in a million different ways and seeing things beyond their physical dimensions.
- Ugly is negative, answering "no," whatever the question is, denying and refusing. PRETTY is positive: not an unqualified "yes" to everything, but an open mind and a listening ear to the present, to the past and tradition, or even to a different drummer.
- Ugly is anti-living, the room for non-people. PRETTY is pro-life, the sofa deeply indented and warm from a live body.

Ugly is uncomfortable no matter how expensive: the painfully formal room; the too-high, too-low chairs and sofas; the too-small tables; the can't-see-a-thing room. PRETTY is comfortable, the arrangements of furniture that make communication a natural thing, a chair with welcoming arms, cushions made to be tucked under one's head.

Ugly is the mania of the moment, whatever it is. PRETTY is timeless style, another way of saying a touch of class. PRETTY is making do with materials at hand or easily acquired. Ugly is junky accumulations or cast-offs from the past called "camp." PRETTY is meaningful pieces, tastefully and carefully selected.

Ugly is an expensive joke, a chair to look like a hand, a sofa like a pair of red lips, a bench in sheep's clothing. PRETTY is wit and shared humor: a print of acrobatic frogs that make a plaid; a spotted fabric that turns out to hold pansies on closer inspection.

Ugly is college-dorm teen-age rooms with three cliché posters and a tired cot cover. PRETTY is framed fine-art reproductions or pages from calligraphy books or even brightly colored maps from geographies.

Ugly is what you don't like for whatever reason. PRETTY is what you do like. The things that speak to you have a lot to say about you. If beauty is the ideal, frequently the impossible, PRETTY is the attainable, the possible. Here are some pointers on spreading its joys: Paint is one of the quickest and most instant makeovers. Put on a coat in the yolkiest yellow and watch a dark room turn sunny. Slip a bright red wall into a dreary corner and watch it light up; surround yourself in a sky-blue bedroom and wake up feeling heavenly; wash the walls of a kitchen with pure orange or luscious watermelon pink and garnish with dots of white and just the merest slivers of mint green. Immerse your dining room in deep indigo to match your china blues.

Rooms don't just happen. Planning is important. Think in terms of a whole room. If you're starting from scratch it's easier, but if you are working with what you have, it can still be accomplished. Think big, but if necessary, settle for enchanting touches: piles of small cushions on a sofa, all in different shapes and patterns, all in variations of the same colors; a skirt for a table; a new dust ruffle for a bed, more ruffles at the window; a new bedspread or pillow shams deeply quilted, thickly corded.

- Soft is Pretty: use colors of becoming and melting attractiveness, not necessarily watered-down pastels, but colors hazed with a bloom like that aura on Concord grapes, or the blush on the cheeks of peaches; downy chairs and sofas, round tables and flattering lighting (heavy dependence on candles by night): tied-back curtains and area rugs to add extra curves, which are so much more inviting than squares and rectangles.
- Plants make one of the happiest paths to Pretty. See dime-store ivies or philodendrons live it up in your windows.
- The charm of wallpaper is undeniable. Even a relatively small scrap of it can turn a wall from dull to dashing. Choose one of outrageous romanticism: full of flowers as an English garden at high summer; an alluring paisley of out-and-out Oriental splendor.
- Pretty is unpretentious. Nothing is sadder than the attempted stab at luxury that fails. Remember that an extravagance of gingham, or organdy, or even cheesecloth puts a much better face on a room than a string of silk; fake carving and look-alike crystal chandeliers really don't make it. Richness is great but can't be phonied. Realize your limitations (budget, architecture, way of life, etc.) and cut according to your cloth. Aim for Pretty and nine chances out of ten you'll hit right on target.

PRETTY is a family affair. A table crowded with pictures all framed differently or alike; a wall of a whole lifetime of group photographs: the 10th reunion, air force squadrons, graduation classes, etc.; children's blobby and beautiful drawings covering a corner or making a screen, *not* in the children's room but for the whole world to see. Display your collections attractively grouped, never scattered. It doesn't matter if they are miniature bunnies, dolls, knife holders or a king's ransom in porcelain. The important thing is that it is you, your taste. Show it proudly, because pride and courage are pretty, too. Down with ugly; up with PRETTY!



CANNING: NOW IS THE TIME

Quick. Before those lush-looking fruits and vegetables pass their prime, preserve them. Canning makes sense right now, not only because most produce is at its all-year low in price. It also makes sense just because it's fun watching how quickly your efforts can fill the cupboard. For this year's thrifty endeavors, we're canning the basics — like peaches in syrup — but we're also making fancy variations — like pickled peaches. See captions for more. The big thing, to ensure success, is to start with first-quality, fresh produce. The second is to follow instructions slavishly. Our recipes, tried and true, and complete instructions are on page 112. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

1
Peaches in Syrup. Pickled Peaches *(top), spiced with ginger, cinnamon and cloves.*

Note: Each recipe goes two ways: The jars on the bottom row are the simple classics. The top jars have the frills.

2
Sauerkraut *(bottom).* Dixie Relish *(top), also a cabbage-based recipe with peppers, onions, sugar and spices.*

3
Canned Tomatoes. Beefsteak Tomato Sauce, *with sugar, cinnamon, cloves and a bit of curry.*

4
Seedless Grapes in Syrup *(below).* Mock Cherries *(top), with grapes, lemon juice, almond extract and a bit of grenadine to create the illusion.*



5
Corn Chow Chow *(below), combining corn, cabbage, red peppers, spices.* Corn-Tomato Relish, *with cucumber, vinegar and seasonings.*

6
Pears in Syrup *(below).* Minted Pears *(top), in sugar syrup, peppermint extract and a touch of green food coloring.*

7
Applesauce *and* Applesauce Orientale, *with orange, ginger, lemon and almonds for flavor.*

8
Kosher Dill Pickles *(below).* Mustard Pickles *(top), with cauliflower and onions.*

Photographs by Michael O'Neill

CANNING: THE BEAUTIFUL BY-PRODUCTS

Having a cupboard full of canned goods is like money in the bank—to be withdrawn in time of need. You can eat them just plain or make something special like one of our spectacular entrées or desserts shown here. On the other hand, if you'd rather keep the goodies on account or maybe give them as Christmas presents (through your personal Christmas Club), you can substitute commercially canned goods for your own. Our recipes, page 138, go either way.

1. Grape-Cheese Pie
2. Pear-Cranberry Flan
3. Peach Zuppa Inglese
4. Capon with Sauerkraut Stuffing





Photographs by Michael O'Neill

CANNING: NOW IS THE TIME

continued from page 109

Directions for Home Canning

Foods to be home-canned fall into two categories: low-acid and acid. Each requires a different method of processing to be sure foods are free from microorganisms. Because acid foods are easier to can, we are limiting ourselves to these, using the *water-bath method* as the means of processing.

General canning procedure:

Select the sizes and types of Mason jars and fittings you are going to need. Examine tops of jars with fingertips for nicks, chips and cracks. Discard the unusable ones. Most canning jars made today have a two-piece cap consisting of a metal screw band and a flat metal lid with sealing compound. Metal screw bands that are in good condition may be reused. Metal lids with sealing compound may be used only once.

1. Wash jars in hot, soapy water. Rinse and leave jars in hot water until ready to use. Wash and rinse lids and bands. Place lids in a pan. Pour boiling water over them and leave in water until ready to use.
2. Fill boiling-water-bath canner half full with hot water. Put canner on to heat. Water should be boiling when jars of hot-pack foods are ready to be placed inside. For foods packed raw or cold, have water almost boiling, as there is less danger that the jars will break.
3. Prepare only enough produce for one canner load at a time. Wash and drain fruits and vegetables before removing cores, pits, seeds or skins. Prevent darkening of apples, peaches and pears during preparation by putting them immediately into cold water containing 2 tablespoons each of salt and vinegar per gallon. Do not leave fruit in longer than 20 minutes; rinse before packing. To prevent darkening in the jar, add ascorbic acid (vitamin C) at the time of canning. Put 5 ascorbic acid tablets of 50 milligrams each in bottom of each quart jar before packing fruit; or add ½ teaspoon of crystalline ascorbic acid to each quart of syrup before pouring over the fruit. Commercial ascorbic and citric acid mixtures may also be used, following manufacturer's instructions.
4. For each quart jar of fruit, prepare ⅔ to 1½ cups syrup or fruit juice. Syrup for canned fruit varies in consistency, depending on the fruit, the use to which it will be put, or the sweetness desired. To make sugar syrup: Boil sugar and water (or juice of the fruit) together until sugar is dissolved. Keep syrup hot but do not let it boil down.

Type of syrup	Cups sugar	Cups water	Yield (cups)	Used for
Light	2	4	5	Small, soft fruits
Medium	3	4	5½	Apples, peaches, pears
Heavy	1¾	1	6½	All sour fruits

5. Some foods are packed raw; some hot; and some both ways. Raw pack means that the food is firmly packed into the jars uncooked, covered with boiling liquid and then processed. Hot pack means that the food is cooked briefly before it is packed loosely into jars, covered with boiling liquid and processed.
6. Remove air bubbles from the jars by quickly running the blade of a table knife or spatula around the inside of jars. If needed, add more liquid to cover the food completely. The top of the liquid should, as a rule, be below the rim of the jar. This is called head space, and it varies with the type of food and jar size.
7. Wipe off sealing surface of jar tops with a clean damp cloth or paper towel before capping.
8. Adjust caps by putting the cap on each jar as it is filled. If using metal screw band and lid, put lid on jar, sealing compound next to glass. Screw band tight, but do not force.
9. Lower each jar, as it is filled, carefully onto the canner rack in the hot water. Do not let jars touch one another. Have water at least 1 inch above tops of the jars, but do not pour boiling water directly on glass jars. Cover the canner. Bring water back to a boil as quickly as possible.
10. Process for the recommended time, counting from the time the water returns to a boil. Boil gently and steadily, adding more boiling water as needed to keep jars covered. If liquid is lost during processing, do not open jars to replace liquid. Food may darken, but will not spoil.
11. The processing times given are for altitudes less than 1,000 feet above sea level. For high-altitude areas, increase the processing time one minute for each 1,000 feet above sea level.
12. As soon as processing time is up, remove the jars from the canner, using the metal basket or a jar lifter. Do not tighten metal screw bands after processing, since this kind of cap is a self-sealer.
13. Set the jars upright, preferably on a rack or folded cloth, far enough apart so that air can circulate freely around them, but keep them out of drafts.
14. After jars have cooled for 12–24 hours, test seals of two-piece cap by pressing center of lid; if lid is down and will not move, jar is sealed. Remove bands, wipe threads with a damp cloth. If any have faulty seals, put food in the refrigerator and eat it as soon as possible.
15. Label and date jars, and store in a cool (below 70°F), clean, dark, well-ventilated, dry place. Use within a year.
16. Before using canned foods, examine jars to make sure they show no signs of leakage, mold, fermentation or spurting of liquid when opened. The odor of the food, upon opening, should be characteristic of the product. If it does not smell right or if the food is exceptionally soft or cloudy in appearance, discard it at once. Don't taste it.

Ingredients: Select the particular varieties of tender fresh vegetables and firm just-ripe fruits that are generally recognized as best suited for canning. Pears and peaches may be slightly underripe for pickling. Sort for uniformity of size and ripeness. Use only freshly harvested, slightly immature pickling variety of cucumbers with a waxed surface for pickling.

Use fruits and vegetables within 24 hours after gathering from the orchard or garden, or after purchasing from the market. If the fruits and vegetables cannot be used immediately, refrigerate them. This is particularly important for cucumbers, because they deteriorate rapidly at room temperature. Be sure to remove all blossoms from cucumbers.

Distilled white vinegar of 4–6 percent acidity is first choice for pickling, when light color is important. Cider vinegar may tend to darken some produce, but is preferred for its mellow acid taste.

Use only fresh spices, either whole or ground. If recipe calls for whole spices to be tied in a cheesecloth bag, be sure to remove spice bag before filling jars; left in jars, they tend to darken food.

Use soft water for pickling brine. Also, use pure granulated or pickling salt, not iodized table salt, which may darken pickles.

For further information about canning, consult: The United States Department of Agriculture's Home and Garden Bulletins, "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," HG-8 (35 cents), and "Making Pickles and Relishes at Home," HG-92 (35 cents). Write to Consumer Information, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.

PEACHES IN SYRUP

6½ to 8 lb. firm-ripe peaches

Wash peaches; put in a wire basket or cheesecloth and dip into boiling water ½ to 1 minute, then into cold water; drain. Slip off loosened skins; halve, pit and scrape away any red or pink fibers in the pit cavity because they sometimes turn brown in canning. Drop peaches into a salt-vinegar water solution to prevent browning. Drain and rinse peaches.

Pack into hot jars, cavity-side down, layers overlapping, leaving ½-in. head space. Cover with a boiling medium sugar syrup, leaving 1½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints 20 minutes, quarts 25 minutes, in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

(continued on page 121)



Maureen Lynch, the JOURNAL's Health and Beauty Editor (second left), leads a roundtable discussion with three readers about their changing lives.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Life, for women, is a series of new beginnings. Never before have the lives of American women been filled with so many options, so many opportunities for growth and self-realization. Within one lifetime, today's woman will probably live several different lives. She is schoolgirl, then working girl or wife and mother. Then perhaps she becomes schoolgirl again, or goes back to work. But never before has the American woman faced change—even with its sometimes painful transitions—with more confidence. She has added confidence in her own abilities. And, in a world where appearances still count, she cares increasingly about her own looks. With some guidance, she now has the imagination and determination to change for the better—both the outer and the inner woman.

In a round-table discussion held at the JOURNAL offices, three women talk about how and why their lives are taking on new directions. The participants (in the picture above, from left) are: Ilana Reich, a 33-year-old psychologist and mother of two who is recently divorced; Health and Beauty Editor Maureen Lynch; Betty King, a 54-year-old grandmother, who is back at school at Sarah Lawrence; and Maureen Pearce, 43, who has newly embarked on a fashion career. On the subsequent pages, the three women discover new looks for their new roles in life.

Q. Apart from living happily ever after, what did you imagine your married life would be like?

MAUREEN: I thought I was going to remain a suburban housewife, slowly grow up with my children, and continue with Junior League, my golf, and that sort of thing. I never thought I wanted to find another life for myself.

BETTY: I don't think I had any particular aspiration, although I often wondered what happened to my education. My husband and I went to college together and took the same classes. So what was I doing, then, in front of the kitchen sink?

ILANA: I wanted to live in Manhattan and be involved in the city. From the beginning I worked and went to school. But it was within a very protective environment. I had a husband to support and protect me. I was free to do the kinds of things I wanted without worrying.

Q. In retrospect, what was the turning point at which your life began to change?

BETTY: After the children were grown, I began to think about what I really wanted to do. I asked my husband if it would be very foolish or impractical for me to go back to college. "It seems impractical," he said, "but not foolish."

ILANA: I began to realize that I was free to do

Text continues on page 146
Pictures continue on next page







Photograph, top, by Ken Regan—Camera 5

CHANGE: SHAPING UP

Over thirty no longer means over-the-hill. But it does mean that the free ride is over. Being and staying in good shape calls for responsible actions—sit-ups, leg raises, torso stretches and waist bends, for example. Regular exercise is a basic key to long-term good looks. It does the obvious in terms of muscle tone and bulges. It does the less obvious in terms of your complexion and state of mind through improved circulation and released tensions. Our own approach to exercise is via problem solving: While exercise in general is good, exercise keyed to particular problem areas is even better. Below: our individualized exercises for Ilana Reich, Betty King and Maureen Pearce.

When Ilana Reich studied dance as a teenager she was in top physical shape. At 33 she needed overall muscle toning. "I don't want to look or be twenty, but I want to look my best," she told us. Ilana solves the working mother's no-time-to-exercise problem by making it a family affair. Here she works out with daughters Heidi and Dawne.



Achilles Tendon Stretch. **1.** *Get down on all fours, toes tucked in.* **2.** *Lift hips off floor, straightening legs. Bounce heels gently toward, but not touching, floor 10 times.*



Thigh-Abdomen Tightener. **1.** *Sit, knees clasped to chest, toes slightly raised.* **2.** *Extend arms to side, lower back toward floor, legs extended. Hold. Repeat 5 times.*

"I don't want to be or look 20... but I want to look my best."



Body Stretch. *Sit on knees with hands at sides. Extend left leg back. Raise arms above head and stretch. Return to original position. Repeat with right leg. Do 10 times.*



1.

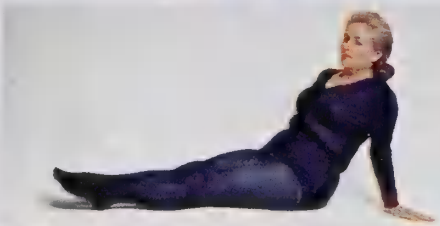


2.

Like many women, Betty King put on weight during menopause—25 pounds in five years. To get back in shape, we prescribed a combination of diet and exercise. Betty was especially worried about her stiffening back. "When your back becomes rigid it shows in the way you carry your body and in the way you move," she said.



3.





4.

1. *Warmup Stretch.* *Stand with feet slightly apart, hands at sides. Extend left foot and raise right arm. Bounce to left from waist 5 times. Repeat with right leg on right side 5 times.*
2. *Upper Stretch.* *Stand with feet slightly apart. Clasp hands behind back. Bend forward, lifting clasped hands and arms as high as you can. Bounce 5 times in position.*
3. *Lower Back and Torso Stretch.* *Sit on floor, legs apart. Bending forward, touch both arms to right toe. Bounce 5 counts. Repeat with left toe.*
4. *Upper Back Stretch.* *Sit on floor, legs straight, palms on floor at each side of body. Push up into arch, dropping head back. Repeat 5 times.*

Photographs by John Vidol. Danskin leotards and tights.





As a model, Maureen's shape is essential to the success of her career. She is down to 123 pounds after an all-time high of 160 when she was in her twenties. Maureen is still haunted by the threat of becoming overweight. The first places she tends to put on weight are her abdomen and thighs. Below are toning exercises for both areas.



1. *Abdomen Firmer.* *Sit, knees bent, head up, elbows on floor. Straighten legs. Hold to count of 5. Return to bent position. Repeat 5 times.*





2.



3.

2. *Thigh Firmer.* *Lying on side, prop head with elbow. Raise both legs slightly off floor. Kick top leg as high as possible 6 times. Reverse sides and repeat with other leg.*
3. *Thigh Toner.* *Get down on all fours with weight in shoulder area. Bend left knee in toward right elbow. Then straighten leg, toe pointed, and kick out to side parallel to floor. Do 6 times for each leg.*

CHANGE: HAIR/MAKEUP



















Re-entry shock is inevitable when you're a 33-year-old mother suddenly thrown back into the big-city singles scene. Ilana Reich, whose divorce was recently finalized, finds that "competing socially with the thousands of other women is oppressive. I need confidence in my looks more than ever." But she has less time and money than ever to spend on herself. Ilana was eager to change an outgrown, outdated shag haircut and to discover more about makeup and skin care. Ilana needed a versatile look—one that would go from time spent on her graduate degree in psychology to her job at a Head Start Center to evenings out in New York.

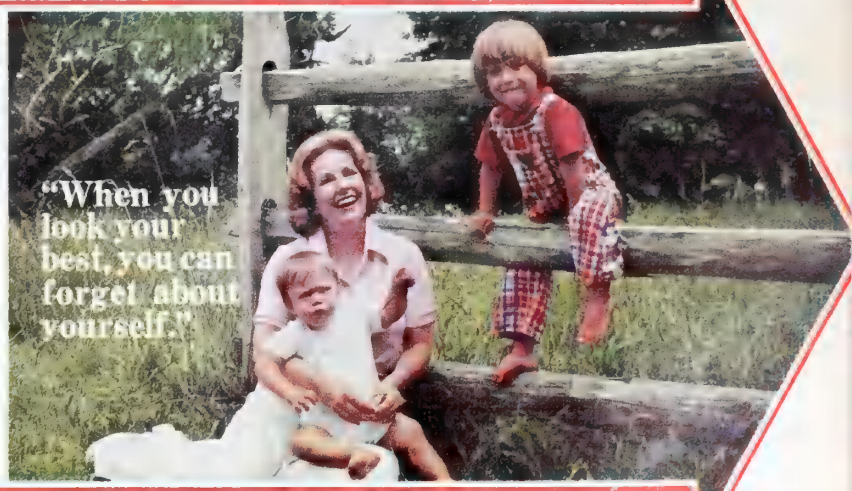
1. *At Kenneth's, the object was to find an alternative to the outgrown shag haircut that overpowered Ilana's face.* 2. *After shampooing, Kenneth handles Ilana's thick, naturally wavy hair to see how it falls.* 3. *Then he sectioned her hair and began cutting at the nape, establishing an overall length.* 4. *Then he unpinned the next section and cut it to match length at the nape.* 5. *Kenneth used an easy-to-maneuver small scissors, cutting only a small amount of hair at a time.* 6. *Last step was the crown.* 8. *The finished cut—basically a short blunt cut with slight layering—shows off an excellent bone structure hidden by Ilana's old haircut. Her new off-the-brow cut (see p. 148 for diagram) called attention to her eyebrows, which we felt needed plucking and thinning (7).* 9. *Ilana at the Head Start Center.* 10. *For evening Ilana's hair is brushed straight back off her face for a more dramatic look. Her makeup begins with a cover-up cream under her eyes and then a beige foundation all over to even out her skin tones. A soft mauve eye shadow went on the upper lid and then circled the lower lid. Then came black mascara on top and bottom lashes, a peach gel on her cheeks and a copper gloss on her lips. For daytime, the look is slightly toned down (7.): Instead of mauve shadow, a russet shade is used on the outer half of the upper lid only. Hair is brushed to the side (8).*

Photographs 7, 8, 10 by John Vidol; others by Ken Regan—Camera 5. Hair styled by Craig of Kenneth's salon; makeup by Gloria Natale. Ilana's skin was cleaned at Georgette Klinger's new sensitive skin salon. Cream shirt by Gregory and Goldberg.
MAKEUP NOTES. Bonne Bell cosmetics: Medicated Bonne Beige foundation; Velvetones eyeshadows—Russet Shimmer for day, Soft Mauve for evening; Clear Peach blushing gel, Copperglaze lip gloss.

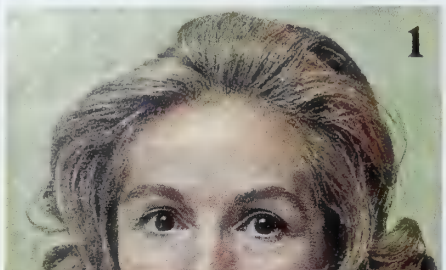


"I need confidence in my looks more than ever."

One of the biggest changes in Betty King's current life is geographical. She has just moved from suburban Connecticut to Washington, D.C., where her husband has assumed a new position with the Better Business Bureau and where she begins Catholic University's graduate program in social services. (We show her here, with two of her five grandchildren, just before she moved.) Now that she's left suburbia, Betty would also like to leave behind what she describes as her "suburban matron look." "Living and working in Washington, I'd like to appear more sophisticated and pulled-together," she said. First on her list of priorities was changing her hairstyle, the same one she'd been wearing since she was sixteen. She also wanted to discover the kinds of makeup most flattering for a woman over fifty. "When you look your best you can forget about yourself."



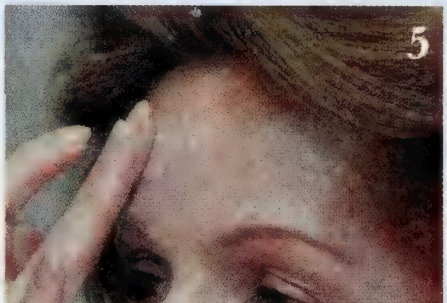
CHANGE: HAIR/MAKEUP

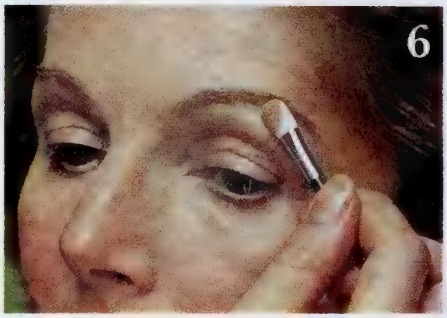


















1. *Betty King was unhappy about her hair color, a too-pale blonde imposed on her own graying shade. The pale blonde color also offered insufficient contrast with her fair skin.*
2. *Colorist Leslie Blanchard darkened her overall color to a soft caramel blonde and then streaked it for added highlights. Betty was enthusiastic about the results. "It's the same color my hair was as a child," she said.*
3. *The hair cut designed for Betty is basically a chin-length, blunt cut that is minimally layered. In the front it angles up slightly toward her face.*
4. *The next step was Betty's eyebrows, which were essentially well-shaped but in need of thinning. We also removed some of the hairs at the outer ends of the brows, to eliminate a downward curve.*
5. *Betty is fortunate to have oily skin, since it shows signs of age less readily than dry skin. Because of her oily skin, moisturizer was applied under the eyes only. Then came a coverup cream under her lower lip, her chin and around the nose and under the eyes. A water-based foundation, dotted all over the face, smoothed and unified Betty's skin tones.*
6. *To highlight the eye area, we applied an apricot shadow under the brow.*
7. *On the lids, a deep cobalt blue. The color stopped short of the crease, covering not quite three-quarters of the lid. (The darker shadow eliminated need for an eyeliner. Unlike light shadow, it conceals, rather than calls attention to, crepey eyelids.) Black mascara was applied to both the top and bottom lashes.*
8. *A peach cheek gel was applied down the bridge of the nose and in a diagonal line from the temple onto the cheeks. (For a young look, keep all cheek color above the nostril line.)*
9. *A melon-colored lip color was applied with a lip brush for a smooth, youthful lip line.*

Photographs 4–11 by John Vidol; others by Ken Regan—Camera 5. Hair coloring products by Clairol: Topaz plus Moon Gold; Maintain conditioner. Hair cut and styled by Frank of the Private World of Leslie Blanchard; makeup by Gloria Natale. Both shirts by Lady Manhattan; KJL earrings.

MAKEUP NOTES. Etherea cosmetics: Basic Makeup Oil Blotting Formula foundation; Flaw Concealer, Light; Apricot Chiffon eyeshadow powder on browbone, Cobalt Blue on eyelids; Peach cheek gel; Rosemelon lip color.

"I want to ppear more ophisticated and ulled together."

*day, Betty's r (**10.**) is brushed night back from the rline and turned under. night (**11.**) it is ushed back and pinned der. (See details of t and combout on page 8.) Her evening make- is essentially the same that for daytime. The lors, however, are intensified.*



10

11

As her modeling career burgeons, Maureen Pearce feels responsible for being the pace-setter in beauty and fashion that others assume her to be. In suburban Short Hills, N. J., where she lives and frequently works, other women look to her for advice about their appearance. Tall and strikingly attractive, Maureen felt she was playing it too safe in terms of her own looks. She rarely departed from her standard center-parted hair style and experimented little with makeup. "I need the assurance to try something different," she said. Maureen was especially eager for a varied repertoire of hairstyles she could wear for fashion shows. As a mother of three and a professional, she needed hairstyles she could handle herself. "I don't have time to be running to the beauty parlor and sitting under dryers," she explained.





By thinning and reshaping Maureen's sharply defined eyebrows, we widened the eye area and helped round a long, oval-shaped face. To even out her complexion color, we used a cover-up cream under the eyes and a beige foundation all over. A pink highlighter went under the brows and an earth-tone in the crease. Amber blusher was applied high on her cheekbones. On her lips went a rich, glossy red.

"I need the assurance to try something different."

1. Maureen's hair was cut about 1½ in. in a blunt cut,
2., all one length. We avoided a center part, which elongates her face. We blew it dry and brushed it back off her face.
3. The same cut with a diagonal part creates the illusion of width.
4. Here a ponytail hairpiece is attached at the nape.
5. A quick, glamorous look uses a "fall" with a tiny braid.
6. In front, tiny tendrils. In back, a braided chignon.
How-to diagrams, p. 148.









Photographs by John Vidol. Hair cut and blown dry by David of Pierre Michel salon; makeup and hair styled by Leonardo de Vega; Elura hairpieces by Fashion Tress, lilac shirt by Blousecraft, blue satin shirt by Lady Manhattan, KJL earrings. MAKEUP NOTES: Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life cosmetics: Good Beige cream foundation; Prettiest Pink eye-shadow on browbone, Terra Sienna shadow under bone, Topaz on eyelid; Amber blushing cream; Mulberry Mousse lip color.

CANNING: NOW IS THE TIME

continued from page 112

PICKLED PEACHES

7 to 8 lb. small to medium clingstone peaches (24–28 each)
12 cups sugar
1 quart white vinegar
6 (3-in.) cinnamon sticks
¼ cup whole cloves
1 tablespoon chopped candied ginger

Wash and pare peaches; drop into salt-vinegar water to prevent browning.

Combine sugar, vinegar and spices (tied in a cheesecloth bag) in a saucepan and bring to a boil for 5 minutes. Drain and rinse peaches; add to syrup and cook until they can be pierced with a fork, but not soft, about 5 to 8 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to set in syrup overnight to plump.

Bring syrup to a boil. Pack peaches into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Cover with boiling syrup, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process 20 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

SAUERKRAUT

6½ to 7 lb. firm, large, mature cabbage heads (to yield 5 lb. shredded)
3 tablespoons pure granulated salt

Trim the outer leaves from the cabbage, wash and drain. Cut into halves or quarters. Remove core. Use a slaw cutting board or a large knife to cut cabbage into shreds about the thickness of a dime.

In a large enameled or stainless-steel pan (or a large plastic bag intended for use with foods) mix 3 tablespoons salt with 5 pounds shredded cabbage. Let stand for 3 to 5 minutes to wilt slightly.

Press the salted cabbage into sterilized jars until the juice comes to the surface, filling to within ½ in. of top of jar. Add cold soft water to fill within ½ in. of top of jar. Put on lid firmly.

Wipe the jars and set them in a pan in a cool corner to ferment 3–4 days. Wash outside of jars, tighten screw bands and process in boiling-water bath for 15 minutes, beginning with actively boiling water. Makes about 3 quarts or 6 pints.

DIXIE RELISH

4 cups chopped cabbage
1½ cups chopped sweet red peppers
1½ cups chopped green peppers
1½ cups chopped onion
¼ cup pure granulated salt
2 cups cider vinegar
⅓ cup sugar
2 tablespoons mustard seed
1½ tablespoons celery seed

Combine vegetables together with salt. Let stand overnight in a covered crock or glass bowl. Drain, then add vinegar, sugar, mustard and celery seeds.

Pack into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process half-pints and pints for 5 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 half-pints or 3 pints.

CANNED TOMATOES
Cold or Raw Pack Method

7 to 8 lb. fresh, red-ripe tomatoes, with no cracks or decayed spots

Wash tomatoes, dip a few at a time in boiling water for about 30 seconds to loosen skins, plunge into cold water, and then drain, peel and core. Leave whole or halve or quarter.

Pack raw tomatoes in hot jars, pressing gently to fill spaces with juice, leaving ½-in. head space. Do not add water, as tomatoes are canned in their own juice. Add ½ teaspoon salt to pints, 1 teaspoon salt to quarts. Adjust caps.

Process pints 35 minutes, quarts 45 minutes, in boiling-water bath. If canning low-acid tomatoes, process pints 45 minutes, quarts 55 minutes. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

(If you live in California or Minnesota, check with your local County Extension Home Economist or with the Foods and Nutrition Specialist, Cooperative Extension Service of your state's land-grant university for correct processing times for tomatoes. Tomatoes today, because of the new varieties, are not as acid as they used to be. If you live in New Jersey, this year it is recommended that vinegar be added, if tomatoes are processed in a boiling-water bath.)

BEEFSTEAK TOMATO SAUCE

5½ lb. large ripe tomatoes, peeled, cored and chopped
2 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups light brown sugar
1⅓ cups cider vinegar
4 (3-in.) cinnamon sticks, tied in cheesecloth bag
1 tablespoon whole cloves, tied in cheesecloth bag
1 teaspoon curry powder

Boil tomatoes, stirring frequently, for 45 minutes. The use of a heat diffusing plate or asbestos pad, which distributes the heat evenly, helps to prevent sticking and scorching. Add sugars, vinegar and spices. Continue cooking the mixture slowly until it is the thickness of chili sauce, about 3 hours. Stir frequently, as it scorches easily.

Pour boiling hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space.

Process half-pints and pints for 10 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 3 half-pints or 1½ pints.

SEEDLESS GRAPES IN SYRUP

4½ to 5 lb. seedless grapes

Wash and stem grapes.

Pack grapes tightly into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Add boiling medium sugar syrup, leaving 1½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints and quarts 20 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

MOCK CHERRIES

3½ lb. seedless grapes
1½ cups grenadine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon almond extract
1 cup sugar

Wash and stem grapes to make 2¼ quarts. Bring grenadine to a boil. Add grapes, cook 3 minutes, stirring gently. Remove from heat; add lemon juice, almond extract. Cover; leave overnight.

Drain syrup from grapes, add sugar and boil down for 15 minutes.

Pack grapes into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Pour in boiling syrup, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process half-pints 10 minutes, pints 15 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 half-pints or 3 pints.

CORN CHOW CHOW

18 to 20 medium ears of corn
1½ quarts shredded cabbage
2 cups chopped sweet red pepper (4 to 5 medium)
5 tablespoons pure granulated salt
1 quart white vinegar
1 cup sugar
½ cup dry mustard
3 tablespoons mustard seed
2 tablespoons celery seed
1 tablespoon whole cloves, tied in cheesecloth bag
1 teaspoon turmeric

Husk corn and remove silk. Blanch ears of corn 5 minutes in boiling water; plunge into cold water. Drain and cut corn from cob to about two-thirds of their depth to yield 2 quarts kernels.

Put a layer of vegetables in an enameled pan, stone jar or glass bowl; sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all the vegetables and 3 tablespoons salt are used. Let stand overnight. Drain well.

Heat vinegar and all remaining ingredients (including 2 tablespoons salt) to boiling; add vegetables and cook slowly until tender, about 20 minutes.

Pack hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints 10 minutes, quarts 15 minutes, in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

CORN-TOMATO RELISH

9 to 10 ears of corn
2 cups peeled and seeded ripe tomatoes
1½ cups white vinegar
1 cup chopped green pepper (about 2 medium)
⅔ cup chopped cucumber
⅔ cup chopped onion
⅔ cup sugar
½ cup chopped sweet red pepper
2 teaspoons pure granulated salt
½ teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon mustard seed
½ teaspoon turmeric

Cut corn as in Chow Chow, to yield 1 quart. Add remaining ingredients in a saucepan. Simmer 40 minutes.

Pack hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps. Process for 15 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 half-pints or 3 pints.

(continued on page 137)


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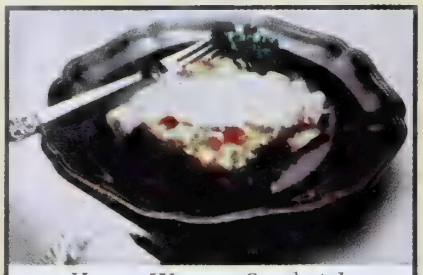


The taste of home cookin' in a one-pan meal.

KRAFT

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

READER RECIPE EXCHANGE



Hearty Western Sandwich



Nutburgers

"Grandma, let's stand on our heads," shout Naomi Dodgson's grandchildren when they come to visit her Bakersfield, Calif., home. Ms. Dodgson, who regularly practices yoga, is glad to oblige and—after a workout—happy to provide her family with a platter of these savory nutburgers, a nutritious substitute for meat. "To get the right texture you need a Mouli grater for the nuts," she stresses.

NUTBURGERS

1 cup grated pecans, walnuts and/or other nuts
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Pinch oregano, crumbled
Pinch cayenne pepper
2 eggs
3 slices cheese
3 hamburger buns
Mustard and/or mayonnaise
Lettuce
Sliced onion and/or tomato

Combine nuts, onion, garlic, parsley, seasonings and eggs into a mixture that has the consistency of hamburger. Form into three patties or drop from a spoon into a patty form on a slightly oiled frying pan. Sauté until browned on one side, turn and cover each with a slice of cheese. Cover the cheese with the tops of hamburger buns, which have been spread with mustard and/or mayonnaise. Meanwhile, on the bottom half of the hamburger buns, put additional mustard and/or mayonnaise, lettuce, sliced onion and/or tomato.

As soon as the cheese begins to melt on the nutburgers, remove from heat and place the two parts together. Makes 3 servings.

From Cássie O'Daniel of Cheyenne, Wyo., comes a heart-warming western winner: a hearty western open sandwich you serve hot from the oven.

HEARTY WESTERN SANDWICH

2 tablespoons butter, softened
4 slices white bread
1 tablespoon mustard
3 eggs
⅓ cup milk
⅓ cup diced cooked chicken
⅓ cup diced cooked ham
2 tablespoons diced green pepper
2 tablespoons diced celery
2 tablespoons green chile salsa or chopped green chilies
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon minced green onion
¼ teaspoon seasoned salt
4 slices smoked cheese

Butter bread on one side. Use remaining butter to grease a 9-in.-square baking dish. Place bread in dish buttered side down; spread mustard on top side of bread. Beat eggs with milk; add all remaining ingredients, except cheese; pour mixture over bread. (May be made ahead to this point and refrigerated until baking time.)

Bake in a preheated 350° oven until set, about 20 minutes. Place a slice of cheese on each sandwich and return to oven for 5 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Makes 4 servings.

Send us your favorite recipe using ground beef. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes become property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by Sept. 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

NEW PRODUCTS

We figure you can have a noisy good time this September. For example, you might begin on the first either in Alabama at the Talladega Motorcycle Classics (VROOM! VROOM!) or in Pontiac, Ill., at the Thresherman's Reunion Parade, held to "preserve memories of steam threshing." (THROOM. FLUMP. SSSWOOSH.) If any of you can reproduce the sounds of steam—threshing in print, we'd like to see it. . . . As September wears on you might catch the Old Car Festival (Sept. 7–8) in Dearborn, Mich. (POCKETA, POCKETA . . . *pace* Thurber) . . . or you might mosey on down to the Four-States Fair and Rodeo (Sept. 16–21) in Texarkana, Tex. (YAHOO—GIDDY-UP) or the Tulsa State Fair (Sept. 27–Oct. 6) in Tulsa, Okla. (MOOO!). Note: We are willing to be corrected on all sounds printed here. If you prefer a quiet September, why not start with Be Late for Something Day (Sept. 5)? (*Total silence as you arrive at a friend's for dinner one day late.*) Whether yours is a lively or quiet September, we're listing a batch of new convenience items to assure you that this September can be an *easy* September.

- Look for five new products from Catherine Clark's Brownberry Ovens. For salads or soups (some people eat bowls of them for snacks) there are three new kinds of croutons: Seasoned, Cheddar Cheese, and Toasted. And for dessert, two kinds of old-fashioned puddings with all the hurry-up blessings of technology: Bread Pudding (you add egg and milk) and Apple Brown Betty (you add water). There's also an attractive booklet available for the asking. Write for Catherine Clark's Great Little Salad Book to Brownberry Ovens, Dept. LHJ, 1 Meadow Road, Oconomowoc, Wisc. 53066.
- Betty Crocker is introducing two new flavors of ready-to-spread frosting (they have chopped nuts added in): Butter Pecan is one . . . but we favor the Chocolate Nut.
- Nabisco's new Skittle Chips "appeal to a man's taste." The box advises us that these crackers have a a "hearty roasted *(continued)*

Sampler text by Louisa Rose
Border design by Barry Zaid; photographs by Charles Gold.



Once he notices the Hollandaise Sauce he can't ignore the broccoli.

Your husband probably likes broccoli. But chances are, he's never paid much attention to it. After all, broccoli is broccoli.

That's why we put Birds Eye® broccoli in combination with broccoli's best friend, Hollandaise Sauce. The thick, golden sauce will catch your husband's eye and before he knows it, he'll be sinking his teeth into our tender broccoli spears and actually noticing them.

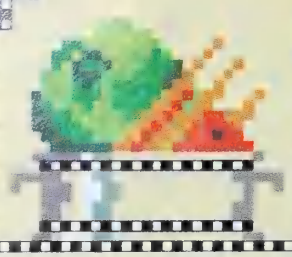
Hollandaise Sauce may not make broccoli the main topic of dinner conversation. But at least it'll deserve a mention.



Birds Eye® Combinations

The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

(Above photograph is 2 times actual size.)



JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



continued

flavor." (Do men like "hearty roasted flavor" better than women do?)

- Adolph's new 15 Minute Chicken Marinade is just what it says it is—a quick way to flavor and marinate the bird—or any bird, actually. You can use it on turkey, duck or game—anything but the family parakeet.

SOMETHING FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

- *Food Is More Than Something to Eat* is a brightly illustrated, simply written booklet that explains the basics of a balanced diet with a smattering of interesting little facts. Did you know that mangos contain vitamin C? Or that sweet potatoes improve in storage? Request by title and number (#062B) from Nutrition, Consumer Information, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.
- Another government publication, *Lamb in Family Meals* guides you through selection, storing and preparation of just about every cut and part of lamb you could find to buy. Send request for Home and Garden Bulletin #124 and 30¢ to U.S. Government Printing Office, Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. 20402.
- We came upon a fascinating recipe for Austrian Pancakes in *The Austrian Swiss Cheese Cookbook*. You use club soda to make the batter and then serve them filled with Apple-Sour Cream or Apricot-Cheese Filling. Get a copy of this cookbook free from Austrian Food Center, Suite 2245, Dept. LHJ, 1 World Trade Center, New York, N.Y. 10048.
- Anyone for Raisin Fudge Squares? Whether you're up for baking with raisins for fun or profit, "Bake Sales Are for Raisin Money" has lots of ideas about raisins—also about how to stage your bake sale effectively. Free. Write to Bake Sales, P.O. Box 5172, Dept. LHJ, Fresno, Calif. 93755.

SIX OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH GROUND CINNAMON

Ground cinnamon is a most versatile spice, adding a sweet, rich fragrance to almost any food you can think of. Here are six terrific ways to use it—and once you get started, you'll probably think of about 20 more.

- Blend 1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon and ½ cup chopped pecans into one quart real vanilla ice cream.
- For beef stew with a Greek flavor, add ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon to one pound meat. (A little sliver of orange rind helps, too.)
- Another combination of cinnamon and orange—add ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 tablespoon grated orange peel to a pound of bulk pork sausage. Mix, shape into patties and fry.
- Spicy Cranberry Punch. To two quarts punch add ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, a pinch of ground allspice and a pinch of salt.
- Stir 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon into your favorite chocolate cake batter.
- Simmer 1 lb. dried figs with 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

TWO SURPRISING BEST BUYS— *Oysters and shrimp* are seafood luxuries you just might as well have now. Oysters, for example, are expected to be in good supply this year, and are one of those few food items that have remained stable in price. And September is the first month of the oyster year. Not because of the R, by the way. This we found out by talking to Kerry Muse of the Maryland Seafood Marketing Authority, who explained that the ban on oysters during the summer months has nothing to do with oysters and everything to do with the fact that this perishable food was hard to keep fresh in years long gone when refrigerated transportation was unavailable. We asked Mr. Muse for a few predictions and got a figure of 3 million bushels as this year's anticipated harvest. That's just from the Maryland part of the Chesapeake Bay. We were, however, startled to learn that in 1898 the same area produced 100 million bushels. Why? What happened? Mr. Muse explained the drop in production as a response to changes in demand ("People used to eat oysters five times a week") and as a consequence of the old-fashioned methods of the industry ("Oysters are still harvested by men in skipjacks, the only working sailboats around"). Mr. Muse also advised us that oyster prices are best between September and April (excepting the Christmas holidays), and the very lowest prices will probably occur between January and April.

Frozen shrimp are something to watch out for! That's the word from the National Fisheries Institute. There will be definite bargains in medium and small-sized frozen shrimp, and in frozen breaded shrimp. Your best bet will be to stock up on shrimp when your supermarket offers it as a special. Look for prices of under $2 a pound for the breaded shrimp (but remember they're about 50 percent breading) and prices of under $3 a pound for frozen peeled and deveined smaller shrimp. Large and jumbo shrimp are still a definite luxury item. (Note of caution: These figures are average—they'll vary from store to store and from place to place.)

Oyster hors d'oeuvres. Bake 1 can (8 oz.) refrigerated butterflake dinner rolls according to package directions. Split rolls in half; spread with 3 tablespoons softened butter combined with 1 teaspoon creole or seafood seasoning. Top each roll with a drained shucked oyster (you will need 1½ to 2 pints). Broil in lowest section of broiler until edges of oysters curl, about 2 minutes. Makes 24 hot appetizers.

Coconut shrimp. Defrost 1 bag (1 lb.) frozen peeled, deveined shrimp and dry with paper towels. Beat together 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon curry powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Dip shrimp in ⅔ cup flour, then in egg mixture, finally in 1 can (3½ oz.) flaked coconut. Line bottom of a broiler pan with aluminum foil and pour ¼ cup melted butter into pan. Arrange shrimp in a single layer in broiler pan. Bake in a preheated 450° oven for 6 minutes; turn with a spatula and bake 3–5 minutes longer, until golden brown. Serve piping hot with chutney or fruit sauce. Makes about 48.





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ATLANTA COOKS FOR COMPANY



Once a book has been selected for our community cookbook series, a team of JOURNAL *editors (in this case Managing Editor John Stevens and Food Editor Arlene Wanderman) visits the group who published the book to gather pertinent facts. Here is their report on a trip to Atlanta, Georgia, for a visit with the Junior Associates of the Atlanta Music Club, publishers of this month's selection, "Atlanta Cooks for Company."*



Members of the Atlanta Music Club Junior Associates gather at an elaborate buffet to be served cold roast beef en gelée by President Mrs. Robert Highsmith. Hostess Mrs. McNeill Stokes is second from right.



When we were met at the airport by a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, we had the feeling we were in for a trip just a bit out of the ordinary. Twenty-four hours later, at the end of our stay, we'd had our feelings confirmed: The Junior Associates, in addition to having published a fine cookbook, are movers and shakers of the most effective and resourceful kind.

For our first stop, we were whisked off to the Governor's mansion, where Governor and Mrs. Jimmy Carter graciously hosted a reception in our honor, getting things off to a lively, friendly start.

For entertainment, a young music student from the University of Georgia played the guitar, and after complimenting his performance, we learned that music scholarships for such students are one of the ways cookbook proceeds are used.

Our next stop was a formal dinner (see left, top) at Stokesford, the handsome Greek-revival home of Mr. and Mrs. McNeill Stokes. Dinner was by candlelight at round tables on the balcony overlooking the Chattahoochee River, confirming what we'd always hoped was true, that there are still people who take great delight in elegant entertaining.

The dinner was all food from the cookbook of course, and among the many dishes that especially caught our fancy was the avocado mold pictured bottom left. Others in the picture above, from left are: Mrs. Paul Hanes, Mrs. W. Hansell Harris, Mrs. Alfred Mullins, Miss Cathy Morris.

Next morning, after a night of torrential winds and rain *(continued)*

Food photographs by Charles Gold; others by Ken Regan—Camera 5.

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2,669 calories.

1. Clam dip made with dairy sour cream. 1 cup, 472 calories.

2. Creamy blue cheese salad dressing. 1½ cups, 1800 calories.



3. Baked potato with ¼ cup dairy sour cream, 214 calories.

4. Broiled chicken, 183 calories.

808 calories. With our lemon recipes.

Low-cal clam dip, 269 calories. Make recipe for ock sour cream (below). Add 1 can ($6\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) minced ams, drained, 2 Tb. chopped green onion, 2 t. fresh mon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. prepared horseradish. Makes out 1 cup. Or, use mock sour cream like dairy sour eam in any dip recipe.

2. Low-cal creamy salad dressing, 268 calories. Lemon makes it taste so fresh. Combine 1 cup low-fat cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttermilk, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. grated onion, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 1 Tb. wine vinegar in your blender. Blend until smooth. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups

Baked potato with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ock sour cream, 150 calories. ombine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup low-fat cottage heese, 1 Tb. buttermilk or on-fat milk, 2 t. fresh mon juice in your lender. Blend until nooth. Makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. lay be used in ny sour cream ecipe that oesn't require eating.

4. Low-cal broiled chicken, 121 calories. Lemon juice lets you broil chicken (or fish) without oil. Combine 6 Tb. fresh lemon juice, 1 t. paprika, 1 t. fine herbs, crushed, and a dash garlic salt. Use to baste while broiling.

5. Fresh lemon, all by itself. It's a marvelous seasoning to use instead of dressing on salads; instead of butter on vegetables; instead of sauces on meat or fish.

Even diets taste good with Sunkist® Lemons.

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ATLANTA COOKS

continued from page 128

(which left much of the city without electricity), our hostess for brunch (below left) was Mrs. Felix Sibley, whose home was a carefully crafted Williamsburg reproduction and quite lovely in all respects. We had a delicious meal, but our favorite dish was an unusual Chocolate Pecan Pie (below).

At the luncheon, clockwise from left foreground, were: Mrs. Highsmith, Mrs. Alfred Mullins, Mrs. Theodore Fortino, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. J. Charles Dukes, Jr., Mrs. James Killough.

Our final stop, in the early afternoon, was a buffet at the home of Mrs. G. Roger Land (see below right).

The table, decorated most imaginatively, was set in a spacious, cathedral-ceiling den-family room. Most unusual from a variety of creative dishes were the egg and mushroom croustades, shown below. In the party picture, from the left: Mrs. Reid Horne, Mrs. Highsmith, Mrs. Land, Mrs. Tom Sangster, Mrs. Stephen Land, Mrs. David Bennett.

And so the end of our trip. Three parties in less than 24 hours—no one lives this way, of course, but it was a chance for us to experience some unique Southern hospitality and to see in a brief time how a group of active young women entertain. We, in turn, are now able to pass on some of their best ideas to a wide audience. Recipes and directions for ordering the cookbook "Atlanta Cooks for Company" will be found on page 134.—JOHN STEVENS







Top row, from left: Chocolate Pecan Pie; Poached Egg and Mushroom Croustades, with Bearnaise Sauce; Sausage Swirls. Bottom row: Apricot-Nut Bread; Crabmeat and Cheese Omelet, with Brandied Cream Sauce, Maple Mousse.

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ATLANTA COOKS

(continued from page 132)

MOLD OF AVOCADO
(pictured on page 128)

1 package (6 oz.) lime gelatin
1 envelope plain gelatin
1 cup sour cream
1 cup mashed avocado
Lemon juice
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon grated onion
Sliced cucumbers
Sprigs of parsley

1. Oil a 2-quart mold.
2. Prepare lime gelatin according to package directions. Sprinkle gelatin onto ¼ cup of cold water. Place over low heat to dissolve; add to lime gelatin.
3. Chill until partially set. Blend all ingredients, except cucumbers and parsley.
4. Remove gelatin from refrigerator and fold in sour cream-avocado mixture.
5. Place in oiled mold. Chill. Serve on lettuce, garnish with cucumbers, parsley. 8 servings.—*Mrs. M. D. Dunlap.*

CHOCOLATE PECAN PIE
All remaining recipes pictured on page 132

2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup light corn syrup
¾ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup chopped pecans
1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell
Whipped cream

1. Preheat oven to 375°.
2. In double boiler, melt chocolate a butter together.
3. Combine corn syrup and sugar a simmer 2 minutes in separate pan.
4. Add chocolate mixture and cool.
5. Add salt to slightly beaten eggs.
6. Slowly dribble syrup mixture in eggs, stirring constantly. Blend in v nilla extract and nuts.
7. Pour into shell; bake for 35 minute Serve with whipped cream to 8.—*M J. Charles Dukes, Jr.*

POACHED EGG-MUSHROOM CROUSTADES
with Bearnaise Sauce

1 lb. fresh mushrooms, minced
3 tablespoons minced green onions
3 tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour
¼ cup port wine
½ cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
8 baked patty shells
8 poached eggs
2 cups Bearnaise Sauce (recipe below)

1. Twist mushrooms in towel to elim nate excess moisture.
2. Sauté mushrooms and onions in bu ter for 8 minutes.
3. Add flour and stir over moderate he for 3 minutes.
4. Stir in wine and simmer 1 minut Stir in ⅔ of the cream, add seasoning
5. Simmer 3 minutes, adding mo cream if mixture becomes too thick.
6. Just before serving, reheat mush rooms, patty shells and eggs. Place tablespoons of mushroom mixture int each shell. Place egg over mixture an coat with Bearnaise Sauce. Serves 8.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

1 cup butter
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 teaspoons tarragon vinegar
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons chopped chives

1. Place ½ cup of the butter in top double boiler with egg yolks and vin egar, stirring constantly, over hot—no boiling—water, until butter is melted Add rest of butter and stir until thick
2. Remove from heat and add peppe parsley and chives. Makes about 2 cups —*Miss Peggy Reeves*

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*Eight-piece set with aluminum interiors pictured.



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Atlanta Cooks for Company is a spiral-bound, 300-page volume of over 550 recipes and menu suggestions, all sprinkled with whimsical spot drawings. To order, send $5 plus $.50 postage (Georgia residents add 4% sales tax) to:

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SAUSAGE SWIRLS

is another grand do-ahead recipe. ze and bake just before serving.

os sifted flour
up cornmeal
up granulated sugar
blespoons baking powder
spoon salt
up vegetable oil
cup milk
hot bulk sausage

ift dry ingredients together. Blend egetable oil. Add enough milk to a stiff dough.

hinly roll out dough on lightly ed board into two 10x18-in. rec- les. Spread on sausage and roll up thwise.

hill well and slice. Bake in a pre- ed 350° oven for 15–20 minutes. l: 6 dozen.—*Mrs. David Bennett*

APRICOT-NUT BREAD

up dried apricots
p water
g, well beaten
p granulated sugar
blespoons butter, melted
ps sifted flour
blespoon baking powder
easpoon baking soda
easpoon salt
up orange juice, strained
up water
p sliced brazil nuts or almonds

oak apricots in water for 30 minutes. in and dice.

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease an 4½-in. loaf pan.

Beat egg until light; add sugar and d well. *continued*

RECIPE INDEX

e is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue luding those from the Journal kitchens and ad- tisements. All have been tested by our home nomists.

PETIZERS
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TLANTA COOKS
ntinued

Add butter. Sift flour with baking wder, baking soda and salt. Add alternately with orange juice and water.
Add nuts and apricots and blend well.
Bake in greased pan for 1¼–1½ hour. akes 1 loaf.—*Miss Martha Haines*

CRABMEAT AND CHEESE OMELET with Brandied Cream Sauce

his is an exceptionally creamy, delicate ay of preparing an omelet.

egg yolks
lt and pepper
tablespoon heavy cream
egg whites
½ tablesspoons butter, melted
cup flaked crabmeat
cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Beat yolks until pale and thick with lt, pepper, and cream.
Beat the whites until stiff, not dry. old egg whites into yolk mixture.
Melt butter in omelet pan and when izzling, pour in eggs, stirring with a oon and bringing the outer edges in ward the center until they begin to set.
Cook slowly and shake pan periodically to keep omelet from sticking. More butter may be added.)
Place crabmeat and cheese in center omelet and fold out on a platter.
Top with Brandied Cream Sauce. ield: 3–4 servings.—*Mrs. Steve J. Dixon*

BRANDIED CREAM SAUCE

tablespoons butter, melted
tablespoons flour
¼ cup evaporated milk, heated
¼ cup chicken broth, heated
tablespoons brandy

Melt butter and stir in flour, cooking ntil bubbly.
Gradually add heated evaporated ilk and broth, stirring until thick.
Add brandy. Salt to taste. Makes 1 cup.—*Mrs. McNeill Stokes*

MAPLE MOUSSE

2¼ cups maple syrup
egg yolks, well beaten
quart heavy cream
tablespoons granulated sugar
Pinch salt

1. Heat 2 cups maple syrup in double boiler. When hot, add well-beaten egg yolks, stirring slowly for about 1 minute.
2. Cool thoroughly. Whip heavy cream with remaining ¼ cup of maple syrup, sugar and salt. Fold into yolk mixture.
3. Pour into 3-quart melon or other mold and freeze. To serve, unmold onto platter and decorate with candied flowers or maple leaves and whipped cream. 8 servings.—*Mrs. Julia Black Wellborn*

Do you belong to a group that's published a cookbook? If so, we'd like to consider it for this Community Cookbook series.

CANNING: NOW IS THE TIME
continued from page 121

PEARS IN SYRUP

7 to 9 lb. medium-ripe pears

Wash pears; pare, cut into halves, remove stems, and core (a melon-ball scoop may be used). Drop pears into a salt-vinegar water solution to prevent browning. Drain and rinse pears.

Add pears to a hot medium sugar syrup; simmer 5 to 6 minutes.

Pack hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints 25 minutes, quarts 30 minutes, in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

MINTED PEARS

4 to 4½ lb. medium-ripe pears
2 cups water
1½ cups sugar
Peppermint extract
Green food color

Wash, pare and core pears as above.

Combine sugar and water. Heat to boiling. Add peppermint extract (about 1½–2 teaspoons) and food color (about ¼ teaspoon), a drop at a time, until syrup is colored as desired.

Add pears; simmer 5 minutes.

Pack into hot jars. Cover with boiling syrup, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints 25 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 3 pints.

APPLESAUCE

7 to 9 lb. cooking apples
1 to 2 cups water (depending on juiciness of apples)
1 to 2½ cups sugar (depending on sweetness desired)

Wash, quarter and core apples. Drop into salted water (1 tablespoon salt to 2 quarts water) to prevent darkening.

Drain apples and place in a heavy kettle. Add water, cover and cook over medium heat for 15 to 20 minutes until tender. Stir occasionally. Put apples through a sieve or food mill to remove skin and lumps. Sweeten with granulated or brown sugar. Vary flavor by adding ground nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, mace or ginger. Re-heat to simmering (185°–210°), stirring constantly.

Pour hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process pints and quarts 25 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 6 pints or 3 quarts.

APPLESAUCE ORIENTALE

2¾ lb. cooking apples
2 to 2½ cups sugar
½ to 1 cup water
2 tablespoons chopped candied ginger
1 orange (grated rind and juice)
1 lemon (grated rind and juice)
⅓ cup blanched slivered almonds

Wash, pare, core and cut apples into eighths. Drop apples into salted water (1 tablespoon salt to 2 quarts water) to prevent darkening.

Combine sugar, water, candied ginger, orange rind and juice, and lemon rind and juice in a saucepan. Drain apples and add. Cook over medium heat for 15 to 20 minutes until apples are tender. Stir occasionally. Add almonds.

Pour boiling hot, into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process half-pints 20 minutes, pints 25 minutes, in boiling-water bath. Makes 6 half-pints or 3 pints.

KOSHER DILL PICKLES

9½–10 lb. pickling cucumbers (3–5 in.)
2 gallons of 5 percent brine (add 1½ cups pure salt to 2 gallons water)
4 cups white vinegar
6 cups water
½ cup pure granulated salt
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons mixed pickling spices, tied in cheesecloth bag
14 teaspoons mustard seeds
7 cloves garlic
21 heads of fresh dill
7 small hot red peppers

Wash and dry cucumbers. Place in crocks, stone or glass jars, bowls. Cover with brine. Use a heavy plate to weight down cucumbers. Let stand overnight. Rinse and drain.

Combine vinegar, 6 cups water, ½ cup salt, sugar, and mixed pickling spices and heat to boiling. Keep hot.

Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise and pack to within ½ in. of top of hot quart jars. Put 2 teaspoons mustard seed, 1 clove garlic, 3 heads fresh dill, 1 hot pepper into each jar. Cover with the hot liquid, leaving ½-in. head space. Cap.

Process 20 minutes in boiling-water bath. Start to count time as soon as jars are placed into the actively boiling water. Makes about 7 quarts.

MUSTARD PICKLES

½ cup pure granulated salt
2 lb. pickling cucumbers (3–5 in.), cut into ½-in. slices to yield 1¾ quarts
¾ lb. tiny onions, peeled to yield 2 cups
1½ cups cauliflower flowerets, cut into 1-in. pieces
1 cup sweet red pepper, in ½-in. pieces
1 cup sugar
2½ tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon turmeric
¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 tablespoon mustard seeds
2½ cups white vinegar

Dissolve salt in 2 quarts water. Pour over prepared vegetables and let stand 12 to 18 hours in a cool place. Drain and rinse.

In a saucepan combine sugar, cornstarch and turmeric. Gradually add ¼ cup water, stirring until smooth. Add mustard, mustard seeds, vinegar. Cook until sauce thickens, stirring occasionally. Add vegetables. Simmer 15 minutes.

Pack pickles into hot jars, leaving ½-in. head space. Adjust caps.

Process half pints and pints for 5 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes about 8 half-pints or 4 pints. **END**

CANNING: BY-PRODUCTS

continued from page 111

Remember what we said on the opening page: our recipes go two ways—using your own home-canned goods, or commercially prepared ones. Read on.

PEACH ZUPPA INGLESE
(pictured on page 111)

A very moist cake and a good one to save for an "occasion."

Cake:
10 eggs
1½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup ground almonds
3 tablespoons butter, melted
Filling:
1 package (3¾ oz.) vanilla pudding mix
2 cups milk
2½ cups drained peach halves, reserving ½ cup syrup
½ cup ground almonds
2 tablespoons light rum
2 tablespoons kirsch
Meringue:
6 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup peach jam, strained

To prepare cake: Preheat oven to 325°. In top of double boiler, placed over hot but not boiling water, whip 5 eggs and ¾ cup sugar with an electric hand mixer until eggs are thick and creamy. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Remove from heat. Gradually fold in 1¼ cups flour, ½ cup almonds and 1½ tablespoons melted butter.

Pour batter into a greased and waxed-paper-lined 9-in. round cake pan. Bake in a 325° oven for 35 minutes.

While first layer is baking, repeat procedure with remaining cake ingredients. (Cake layers can be made the day before and wrapped in plastic wrap.)

To prepare fillings: Prepare vanilla pudding with milk according to package directions. Cool. Combine ½ cup vanilla pudding with 3 peach halves and ground almonds in blender container. Blend until smooth; cool in refrigerator until it thickens.

Add rum to remaining pudding.

Combine reserved peach syrup with kirsch in saucepan and heat slightly. Cut each cake layer in half. Sprinkle kirsch-peach syrup onto layers.

Set one cake layer on an oven-proof platter or wooden board. Spread on rum pudding. Cover with second cake layer. Slice remaining peach halves and arrange on second layer. Cover with third cake layer; spread on peach pudding. Cover with fourth cake layer. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate about ½ to 1 hour.

To prepare meringue: Preheat oven to 425°. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff. Continue whipping egg whites, while adding ¾ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time.

Cover cake with meringue, spreading with a spatula, as shown in picture. Bake for 5 minutes in a 425° oven. Fill in spaces in meringue on top of cake with strained peach jam. Garnish with lemon leaves and peach slices, if desired. Makes 10 servings.

GRAPE-CHEESE PIE
(pictured on page 110)

A variation on the ever-popular quiche idea, this is a delicious addition to the luncheon and/or meatless entrée list.

Pastry:
1¾ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup butter, softened
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
Filling:
6 tablespoons butter
½ cup flour
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup white wine, heated
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4¾ cups canned green grapes, drained, with ¼ cup syrup reserved
½ lb. Swiss cheese, diced
1 cup walnut halves
2 tablespoons sugar

To prepare pastry: Place flour in a bowl and make a well in center. Put in butter, water, sugar and salt. Blend with fingers until crumbly and moist. Bring together into a ball and wrap in plastic wrap. Set aside to rest for 1 hour.

To prepare filling: Melt butter in a saucepan; add flour. When bubbly, add hot milk all at once. Beat with a whisk until thickened. Add white wine, beating until smooth. Remove from heat; stir in egg yolks, sugar, nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Preheat oven to 350°. Roll out pastry dough to fit a greased 10-in. pie plate. Fill pie shell with dried beans or rice. Bake pie shell for 10 minutes. Remove beans or rice. Lower oven temperature to 325°. Arrange 4 cups drained grap and Swiss cheese on bottom of partia baked shell. Reserve ½ cup wal halves; chop remainder of walnuts a put in pie. Pour white sauce ov grapes, cheese and nuts. Bake pie 30 minutes in a 325° oven. Bake a other 15 minutes at 350° or until crust a golden brown.

Bring reserved ¼ cup grape liquid a 2 tablespoons of sugar to a boil. Co Garnish pie with remaining grapes a walnut halves, as pictured. Brush gra glaze on pie. Serves 6.

PEAR-CRANBERRY FLAN
(pictured on page 110)

This gets our "prettiest recipe of t month" award.

Pastry:
1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
⅓ cup confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 egg, beaten
Filling:
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
3 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1¾ cups fresh cranberries
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 cups drained and sliced canned pears, reserving ½ cup pear syrup

To prepare pastry: Sift together flou confectioners' sugar and salt into a bow Cut in butter or margarine with a past blender or two knives. Add lemon ri and beaten egg. Mix with a fork knead with hands until blended. Wra pastry in plastic wrap and chill for hour. On a lightly floured surface, ro out dough to fit a 10-in. flan pan, trim ming edges.

To prepare filling: Preheat oven to 350 Beat cream cheese, sugar, *(continue*



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CANNING: BY-PRODUCTS
continued

egg yolks and lemon juice until smooth and blended. Spread in flan pastry. Bake flan in oven for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, to prepare glaze, combine ½ cup cranberries, 3 tablespoons water and ¾ cup sugar in a small saucepan. Heat until the cranberries pop. Put cranberries through a sieve and return sieved portion to saucepan. Blend cornstarch with reserved pear syrup. Add to cranberry mixture. Heat and stir until mixture boils and is translucent.

After flan has baked for 15 minutes, remove from oven and arrange pear slices and remaining cranberries as pictured. Return to oven for 15 minutes longer. Brush on glaze; increase oven temperature to 375° and bake an additional 10 minutes. Serves 6.

CAPON WITH SAUERKRAUT STUFFING
(pictured on page 111)

A hearty, unusual stuffing for any bird.

½ lb. sliced bacon
1 cup chopped onion
4 cups drained and rinsed sauerkraut
1 cup diced peeled apple
1 cup diced orange
2 teaspoons caraway seeds
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 capon (4–6 lb.)
2 cups sliced peeled potatoes; cut slices in half
¼ cup applejack brandy

Sauté bacon until crisp; drain on paper towels and crumble. Add onion to skillet and sauté until soft. Add sauerkraut, apple, orange, caraway seeds, salt and pepper. Stir to blend and simmer covered for 5 minutes.

Preheat oven to 325°. Place about one half of the sauerkraut stuffing in cavity of capon, close the opening and truss. Cover capon with aluminum foil and roast about 2 to 3½ hours depending upon weight (25–30 minutes per lb.), basting occasionally with pan drippings. Remove foil during last half hour of roasting time.

Place remaining stuffing in a casserole and bake along with capon during the last half hour.

To serve: Arrange capon on sauerkraut stuffing on platter. Garnish with orange wedges and parsley. Serves 6.

CINNAMON TOMATO CASSEROLE

Any casserole dish will do, though a clear one enhances the beauty of this recipe. A good go-with for any kind of pork.

4 cups drained canned tomatoes
3 cups croutons
¼ cups chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped garlic
6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 apples, peeled, cored and sliced
2 cups (8 oz.) grated mozzarella cheese

Place tomatoes on paper towels to remove excess liquid.

Sauté croutons, parsley and garlic in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine until all of the butter has been absorbed.

Combine crouton mixture, tomatoes, cinnamon, salt, sugar and pepper.

Preheat oven to 350°. In a 2½-quart casserole, layer tomato mixture, apple slices and mozzarella cheese, ending with apple slices. Brush top with remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes. Garnish with red apple peel and additional mozzarella cheese, parsley and croutons, if desired. Serves 6.

CORN RELISH BREAD

The yeast bread craze is upon us, and this recipe is just plain scrumptious.

1 cake (⅗ oz.) compressed yeast or 1 package active dry yeast
⅓ cup lukewarm water (about 110°)

(continued)



The canning dividends pictured above are, from left: Cinnamon-Tomato Casserole, Corn Relish Bread, Beef and Pickle Stroganoff.



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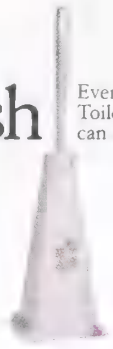
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CANNING: BY-PRODUCTS
continued

1 cup hot water
⅓ cup brown sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
3½ cups all-purpose flour
1½ cups rye flour
½ cup cornmeal
1⅓ cups corn relish
1 egg, beaten

Crumble or sprinkle yeast onto lukewarm water; stir to dissolve.

Combine hot water, brown sugar, butter or margarine and salt in another bowl. Stir until butter is melted.

In a large bowl, combine flours and cornmeal. Make a well in the dry ingredients and stir in dissolved yeast, brown sugar mixture and corn relish.

Turn dough out onto a floured board and knead about 5 minutes. Turn dough into an oiled bowl, cover and set in a warm place (85°) about 2 hours until it doubles in bulk. Punch dough down and form it into a ball.

Place dough on an oiled cookie sheet. Let rise in a warm place (85°) approximately 1½ hours or until it doubles.

Preheat oven to 325°. Slash top of dough in a cross design. Brush dough with beaten egg and bake in oven for 1 hour or until loaf sounds hollow when tapped on the bottom. Cool on a rack.

BEEF AND PICKLE STROGANOFF

2 lb. beef round tip roast, cut into 2x½-in. strips
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 medium yellow onion, sliced
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup beef bouillon
¼ cup dill pickle liquid
¾ cup diced dill pickle
2 teaspoons spicy prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup sour cream

Flatten beef strips between waxed paper, using a mallet. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add beef strips and sauté until browned. Remove and set aside. Add mushrooms and onion to skillet and sauté until soft; remove from skillet; drain off drippings, reserving ¼ cup.

Heat remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in skillet; add flour and stir constantly with a wire whisk until smooth and blended. Gradually add reserved pan drippings, bouillon and pickle liquid, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Reduce heat; add remaining ingredients except sour cream. Stir to blend. Return beef, mushrooms, onion to skillet. Stir to combine ingredients. Simmer for 10–15 minutes until meat is tender. Remove from heat; stir in sour cream.

Serve over cooked egg noodles, garnished with more fluted mushrooms and chopped parsley, if desired. Serves 6.

HORMONE THERAPY
continued from page 70

not directly caused by the menopause, but inherent in the individual and often unmasked, as it were, by climacteric menopausal events. These include psychogenic problems such as anxiety, depression, insomnia, jumpiness, headaches and sexual frigidity—even, in a few women, an abnormal or uncontrollable sexual appetite. These neurotic symptoms, though very real indeed, may result from predispositions that the woman has successfully depressed—until her menopause.

The third group of problems that may arise—not from old age itself, but from the hormone starvation associated with it—are metabolic disturbances. These include bone demineralization (or osteoporosis) that may result in compression fractures of vertebrae; too-easily-broken arms, legs and hips; loss of height; and often great pain. Says Dr. Greenblatt, "Even the young girl whose ovaries have been removed will, in many instances, develop some degree of osteoporosis by the age of thirty-five." Some kinds of rheumatism, some arthritis, urinary incontinence and shriveling of body skin and vaginal tissues are other symptoms. In addition, the woman lacking estrogen is as prone to atherosclerosis, or thickening of blood vessels, as are middle-aged and older men. In earlier life, women evidently receive some protection through the estrogens in their bodies. But when the estrogen supply is cut off, their risk of coronary disease becomes equal to that of men.

In his book, *Feminine Forever*, published in 1966, Robert A. Wilson, M.D., a New York obstetrician and gynecologist, described and commended estrogen replacement therapy for maintaining a woman's health and endocrine balance when ovarian function stops. People excitedly discussed the therapy as a way to "keep young." Estrogen treatments were supposed to preserve one's girlish beauty throughout life.

No promises

Many doctors sternly put down Dr. Wilson's recommendations as quackery. Dr. Wilson patiently and repeatedly pointed out that estrogen replacement promised nothing of the sort. His real concern, he said, was to eliminate deficiency states—and this would include the menopause—in the interest of hormonal good health. Woman can then meet the changes of physical maturation at a steady pace, as men generally do.

Eleven years ago, Dr. Wilson established the Wilson Research Foundation, a nonprofit organization to carry on education and research in female hormone deficiencies. The foundation has since extended its interests to include early detection of breast and genital cancer, the aging processes, and the physical, emotional and nutritional problems associated with aging.

What about cancer? The two most common and most feared cancers in women—cancer of the breast and of the cervix—have been carefully watched by medical researchers since hormone therapy began. Because estrogen influences breast and gonadal tissues, many felt it might also stimulate or even start malignant tumors.

John C. Burch, M.D., and Benjamin F. Byrd, Jr., M.D., both of Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, made a detailed study of more than 500 women who had undergone hysterectomy and who were placed on estrogen replacement therapy for nine years or more. Their astonishing conclusions: first, prolonged estrogen treatment did *not* increase the incidence of breast cancer. Second, when breast cancer did occur, it came about ten years later than is expected in the general population. Where there were expected to be 38.96 cases of cancer for this number of women, only 11 cases actually occurred. Where, statistically, death from cancer would occur in 13, among the estrogen-treated women there were only four deaths—three from recurrences in women who had been treated for cancer before the study was begun.

Other findings

Dr. Greenblatt reports that in a study of 292 postmenopausal women on estrogens, no uterine cancers appeared during ten years of cyclic estrogen therapy. "Cyclic" is stressed because progestins are added to the estrogen dosage during a few days in each monthly cycle; then both are suspended, just as in the sequential type of oral contraceptive. The women's uterine lining sloughs off, as it does in menstruation. There is mild bleeding, exactly like a menstrual period, even though there has been no ovulation. Many doctors believe the bleeding protects against endometrial cancer.

James G. Defares, M.D., of the University of Leiden in Holland, has urged estrogen replacement for women as an actual preventive measure against cancer. As he wrote in *The Lancet*, a renowned British medical journal, in four independent studies that involved 1,130 men treated with estrogen, the total number of all types of cancer was only two, where the statistically expected number of cancers would have been 74. Dr. Defares, who often writes on the control of aging and its diseases, believes that the male hormones, along with minute amounts of estrogen, should be investigated as a possible cancer preventive in men.

Herbert S. Kupperman, M.D., endocrinologist and associate professor of medicine at New York *(continued)*

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University Medical Center, tells of 1,000 women on estrogen-progestin replacement therapy. He reports that four cancers have occurred in that group. The "normal" expectation would be 50 cases.

What about gallbladder disease? The Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, a giant study of thousands of women, has some recent news that is a pause factor for any woman with a family tendency to gallbladder problems. Postmenopausal-age women taking estrogen are two and one-half times more likely to have gallbladder disorders than are women who do not take estrogens. And younger women on the Pill are twice as prone to gallbladder disease as those who are not on oral contraceptives.

What about blood clots? Medical investigators have checked carefully, and while some studies show a higher incidence of thromboembolism among women on the Pill, any cause-and-effect relationship is not yet clear.

Robert W. Kistner, M.D., of Harvard Medical School and Boston Hospital for Women, an authority on hormone research and author of *The Pill*, says, "The risk of thromboembolism in pregnancy is the same as that from taking the Pill, and the overall risk of death in pregnancy is considerably higher."

Some studies made in England have indicated an increased risk of blood clots of the lungs or brain among women on the Pill. Even so, the risks are low—less than one death in more than 65,000 among women between 20 and 34, and one death in 25,000 in women between 35 and 44.

Still, physicians, pharmacologists and medical researchers continue to strive for some contraceptive means that will be perfectly safe as well as perfectly effective. To be on the safe side, many doctors prescribe low-dosage contraceptives for women who have already had trouble with clots, or who have some predisposing condition such as diabetes or high blood pressure. Recently, however, Melvyn Tockman, M.D., of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, announced results of a long-term study showing that the low-dose birth control pills do not significantly reduce clotting risk, compared to regular dosage oral contraceptives. With either type of pill, the risk of clotting disorders is statistically five or six times greater than in women not on the Pill.

Welcome side effect

When the Pill came into wide usage, a welcomed side effect was noticed by many young women. Severe cases of acne often cleared up when the girl was put on oral contraceptives. This came as no surprise to doctors, who knew that acne could often be relieved by giving estrogen hormones. The pimply skin condition generally results when the ovaries secrete too much androgen—for female ovaries actually do manufacture a certain amount of the male hormone. Adolescent boys develop acne for a similar reason—the testicles secrete an excess of the androgen testosterone, which overstimulates the skin's sebaceous glands, plugging up ducts and setting off pustules.

On the other hand, there are cases when starting on the Pill has caused an acute flare-up of acne. Some oral contraceptives contain more androgen (male hormone), hence the rise in acne activity. If a woman has a tendency toward acne, she should ask her gynecologist for an estrogenic oral contraceptive.

A different skin problem connected with the Pill, or with combined estrogen-progestin therapy, is called chloasma or melasma. This condition results in darkened skin blotches that look like oversized freckles. Some women get chloasma during pregnancy—it is sometimes called the "mask of pregnancy." These same women would likely be predisposed to excessive pigmentation from the Pill. Doctors find that the blotches don't occur when a woman takes estrogen alone, or progesterone alone—it's the combination that does it. The skin color is harmless—not inclined toward cancer or any other disease. Dr. Kistner finds that patients who develop chloasma (about one in every 20) just put up with the cosmetic annoyance, apply makeup, and go on using the Pill.

Because they are intimately associated with the growth and maintenance of living tissue, hormones are naturally implicated wherever cancer is considered—in its cause, control, diagnosis and cure. Diethylstilbestrol (DES), a synthetic substance with hormone-like action, has been banned from use in animals used for food, because of its suspected cancer-causing properties. The same synthetic hormone is believed responsible for some cases of a rare vaginal cancer in young women whose mothers had been given DES to prevent threatened miscarriages.

Breast cancer—the most common malignancy in women—may eventually yield to medicine's growing knowledge of hormones. Tests of steroid hormones excreted in the urine are helpful in detecting breast cancer even before a lump can be felt.

About 75 years ago, a physician discovered that women with breast cancer sometimes had striking remissions when their ovaries were removed. Since then, removal of the adrenals, the ovaries and the pituitary glands has been widely practiced in efforts to starve tumors of estrogenic growth factors. But the surgery has been useless in at least three quarters of the cases.

Dramatic help

The problem is how to find out whether removal of estrogen-producing glands would help the cancer patient. Elwood V. Jensen, M.D., a Chicago endocrinologist, has made discoveries that can help predict which patients can be helped—often dramatically—by endocrine surgery, and which cannot. The key sought by Dr. Jensen and his associates is finding whether the tumor itself has the capacity to take up, or bind, estrogens—in other words, whether it is a hormone-receptor site. If it is, removal of the glands may slow or stop the tumor's growth. If the receptor sites are not there, the operation won't help. Laboratory tests of tumor tissue samples can reveal the binding ability of the cells. Today, more and more hospitals are giving tumor-response tests to women with breast tumors, to decide *before* surgery whether removing the adrenals, ovaries, or pituitary gland will help.

Hormones that "turn on" other hormones and thus set off various bodily functions—called hypothalamic releasing factors—are a relatively new field of study promising an exciting range of



"I'm a grandfather!"

human benefits. Hormones known as gonadotropin releasing factors are already in use to stimulate ovulation and make pregnancy possible for women with fertility problems. Among other possibilities of the releasing factors: stimulation of spermatogenesis, when the fertility problem is due to the man's low sperm count; growth problems in children; distorted development; childhood diabetes; control of obesity; and even new and perhaps preferable contraception methods.

How many women of menopausal age are using replacement hormones? Market analysts for the principal makers of oral estrogens say about 20 percent—or one woman in five out of America's 23½ million menopausal-aged women—are taking some form of replacement estrogen.

Benny Waxman, M.D., associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., points out that far too many women never go to their gynecologist after reaching the menopause. They definitely should, of course, for regular examinations, and for the Pap smear test for gynecologic cancer. "Among my own patients," he says, "and these women obviously *are* continuing to see their doctor, about 75 percent of those of menopausal age are taking hormones. Not every woman of that age needs hormone replacement. But those who have symptoms connected with the climacteric, when loss of hormones is the cause, are greatly helped when hormone balance is restored.

"Hormone replacement is not the fountain of youth, but it can be of benefit, both physiologically and mentally.

"Osteoporosis, or thinning bone, can be prevented in many cases by taking estrogen. In women who already have osteoporosis, the disease can be slowed by estrogens. These women should also be given additional calcium, which is the necessary bone-building material.

"Another important preventive mission: In aging, the shrinking of vaginal tissues may involve the urinary structures—muscles and ligaments that support the pelvic organs and the bladder. When this weakening becomes severe, the urethra loses its support and causes the condition known as stress incontinence, or inability to hold urine when coughing or sneezing. Surgery may be needed to cure this condition, but sometimes estrogen and special exercises will clear up the problem. And estrogens can also prevent its happening at all.

"We don't have scientific *(continued)*

Is estrogen replacement for you?

Estrogen *may* help you if:

1. You're in the menopausal age, usually between 47 and 52, but maybe much earlier or later.
2. You have "vasomotor symptoms"—hot flushes, cold chills.
3. You suffer from drying vaginal tissues; sexual intercourse has become painful.
4. Along with these symptoms, you're developing wrinkles at a faster rate, your breasts are sagging, and you have a tendency to put on weight.
5. You feel unusually anxious, are not sleeping well, have unexplainable crying spells.

Estrogen will *not* help you if:

1. Your emotional upsets are from some other cause than hormone deficiency.
2. You have no symptoms of estrogen shortage—many postmenopausal women get some hormone supplies from the adrenal gland.
3. Your signs of maturity are the normal, natural ones.

Estrogen may *not* be recommended if:

1. You have ever had breast cancer or endometrial cancer.
2. There is a strong tendency toward cancer or gallbladder disease in your female relatives.
3. You have unusual reactions to hormone medication (excessive weight gain, excessive vaginal secretion, breast tenderness, unexpected heavy bleeding) that your doctor finds not responsive to adjustment of the dosage.



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CHANGE FOR BETTER

continued from page 113

what I wanted in my marriage—but as a child would. "Anything you want to do, dear, is okay. Just be happy," was my husband's attitude. He considered my career and school as an alternative to bridge. It made me rethink my goals.

MAUREEN: My girls were growing up and I really wasn't happy just doing volunteer work. One day I was running a charity fashion show at Saks Fifth Avenue. A store executive asked me if I'd like to model professionally. "You've got to be kidding," I said. He said, "No, you've got a good look. Go and visit a few other stores, too." I did and got more bookings.

Q. Each of you now has a life of your own outside the home as a student or professional. How has this new role affected your self-image?

MAUREEN: I have more self-assurance. I found it working with people who have a different way of life than mine.

BETTY: This may sound terribly trite, but I realized that this very busy family depended on me a lot, and that I, myself, had gotten lost somewhere in it. I suddenly discovered a very strong sense of the things that give *me* pleasure.

ILANA: My sense of being able to succeed on my own is very strong. I do miss sharing my life. But I feel good about doing a good job raising the children and working. It is a feeling of independence—true independence.

Q. How has your family reacted to your new life situation?

MAUREEN: My girls are very excited about what I do.

ILANA: My children are still quite young, and they sometimes complain when I am not there. But I have purposely taken a job that allows me to get home early and that has flexible hours.

BETTY: My husband gave me great support. Last year his business moved to Washington. He commuted back to Connecticut on weekends so that I could finish college and my daughter could finish high school.

Q. What difficulties have you encountered in combining your home and professional lives?

ILANA: The main difficulty for me is time and money. I can't take a high-powered job so I can be with the kids.

BETTY: For me, shifting gears has been very difficult. The hardest part is being in the midst of studying and suddenly having to go to a cocktail party.

MAUREEN: I want to get more and more involved in my career, but my son Tommy is still a little boy and I have to spend time with him.

(continued on page 148)

HORMONE THERAPY

continued

proof that menopausal estrogen therapy will prevent atherosclerosis, or the cholesterol-clogged blood vessels that may lead to heart disease and stroke. But we have found that estrogen therapy can return the serum lipids, or blood fats, toward the lower levels of the premenopausal woman. That's a hopeful sign."

Through diligent scientific research into the properties and potentials of hormones, the answers to many baffling medical questions are coming. And in the seventies, the age of endocrinology will yield its greatest dividends so far, in human health and the conquest of disease.

END

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

PAGE 102: ALBERT NIPON matte jersey gown available in October at B. Altman & Co., New York; Charles Sumner, Boston and branches; L.S. Ayers & Co., Indianapolis; Neiman Marcus. All Stores; I. Magnin. All Stores.

PAGE 103: WACS WORKS double breasted polo coat available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; L.S. Ayers & Co., Indianapolis; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; I. Magnin. All Stores.

PAGE 104: LUBA sashed jacket and bias-cut skirt available at B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Higbee's, Cleveland; Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Swanson's On The Plaza, Kansas City, Mo.; Neiman Marcus. All Stores; I. Magnin. All Stores.

PAGE 105: JERRY SILVERMAN zip-front shirtdress available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Hudson's, Detroit; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; J.W. Robinson's, Beverly Hills.

HOME-REPAIR FRAUDS

continued from page 86

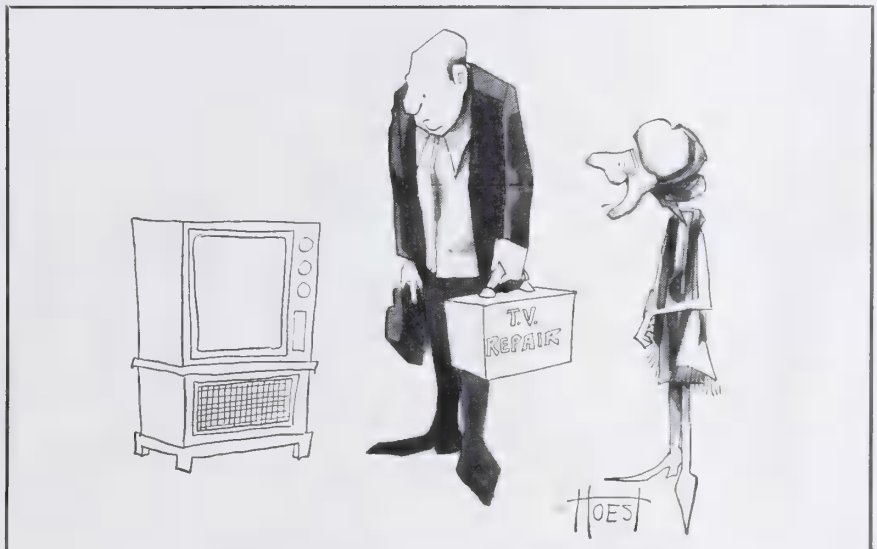
estimates before you give anyone the job.

5. After you choose a contractor, get a written commitment on dates for starting and completing the work, and a complete description of the materials to be used.

6. Get written commitments on cost. Be wary if a contractor insists on open-ended increases. Although some cost leeway may be necessary, it should not be more than 10 or 15 percent of the initial estimate.

7. Get a breakdown of when payments are to be made. Be wary if a contractor asks for a substantial part of the bill before the work is near completion.

8. Several days into the job, ask the permit office to send out inspectors. Provided the work meets your approval and that of the inspectors, let it continue. If not, have it stopped until changes are made. (Permit inspectors often possess expertise on such technical questions as electrical wiring and proper insulation. Moreover, such inspections are normally free of charge.) After completion of the home improvements, request another inspection. Only then should you initiate or complete payment. Never sign a completion agreement until you are satisfied with the work.

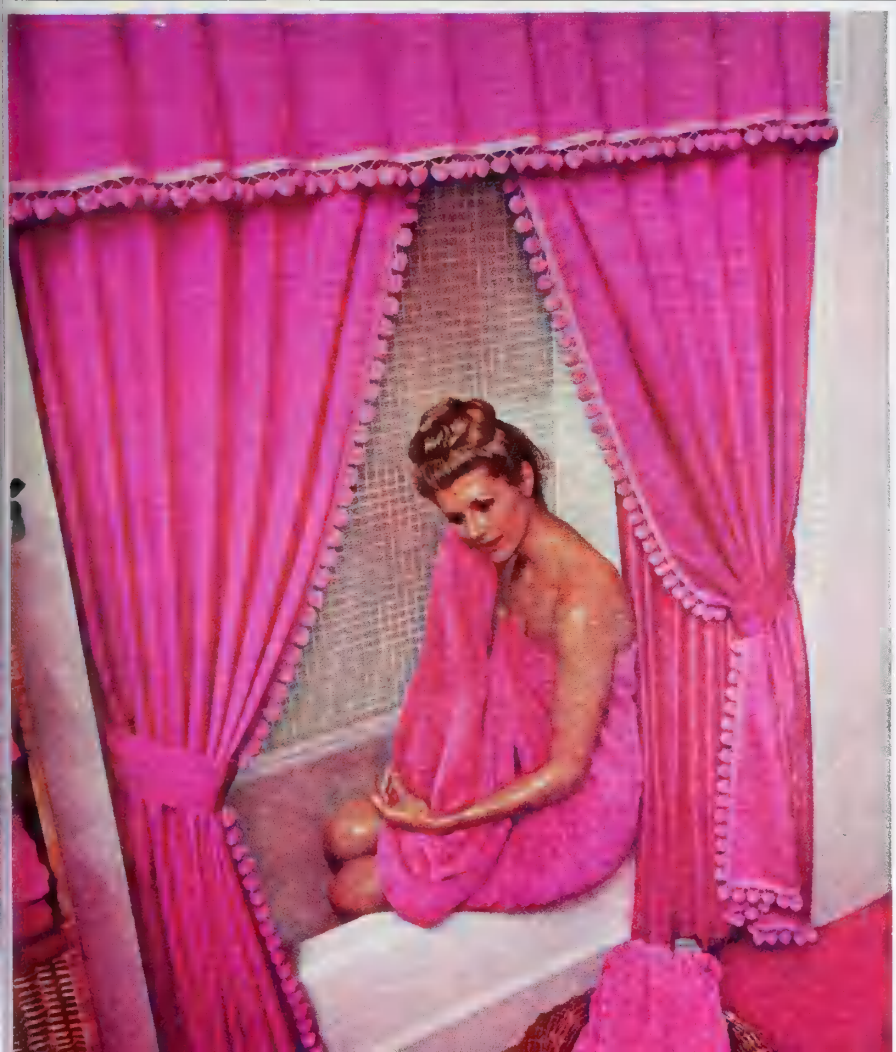


"Just do what you can for five dollars and a piece of delicious apple pie."

9. Before signing a contract involving a large outlay of money, it would be worth the expense to get a lawyer to examine the agreement.

10. Sources of help if you run into trouble: the local consumer protection bureau or state Attorney General's office or the Small Claims Court may be able to help you get the contractor to do the work he agreed to do. You should also report your complaint to the licensing agency in your state, since unscrupulous behavior on the part of the contractor can lead to revocation of his license. The FTC's regional office in your area can help you determine if you are one of the many victims of an unfair or deceptive practice.

11. For information before you undertake a home improvement, write to the Assistant Director for Rulemaking, Bureau of Consumer Protection, Federal Trade Commission, 7th and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20580. **END**



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Sears

CHANGE FOR BETTER

continued from page 146

Q. What changes has your new lifestyle brought about in your old routines?

MAUREEN: I have always been organized. Now I am even more organized. For instance I now do the laundry at night or first thing in the morning.

BETTY: I also found it was very good to learn to let go. Nothing terrible happened when the laundry wasn't done.

ILANA: I was very rigid in my organization. I learned, though, that it really doesn't matter to the kids if their clothes aren't put out the night before. They can pick out their own clothes. I used to be overwhelmed by the number of things I had to organize and remember. Now I'm learning to relax.

Q. How would you like to imagine your life ten years from now?

MAUREEN: Some of my friends say I must be out of my mind. But I can't wait for my grandchildren. As far as my own work goes, I hope to have a really good job in fashion merchandising.

BETTY: I am looking forward to a professional life—to dealing with social problems. At the same time I'm looking forward to just having fun and being with my husband more. We have had such a busy time that we really have almost never been together—just the two of us.

ILANA: I am just hoping that I will survive my children's teen-age years—that is ten years hence. I guess my future is much more uncertain than either one of yours. I know that professionally I will be able to work in my field in a more expanded way. There is a possibility that I will be sharing my life with a man. In ten years I may be finishing up family life or having more children and involved in a whole new life.

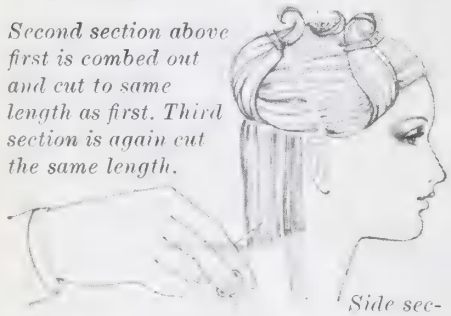
BETTY: Life is really a series of new beginnings, isn't it? **END**

Ilana's haircut

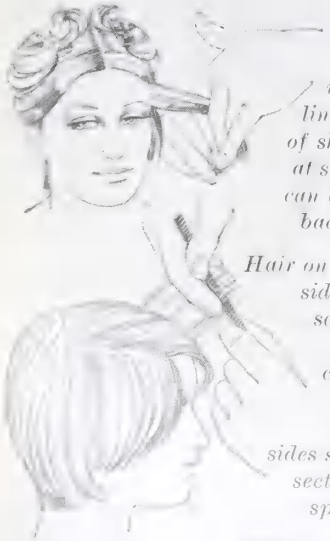


Wet hair is first center-parted, crown to front; then parted horizontally, usually in three sections, and clipped. Lowest section at nape is combed out and cut to establish overall length.

Second section above first is combed out and cut to same length as first. Third section is again cut the same length.



Side sections are combed out and cut in an up-curving line. Purpose of shorter hair at sides is so it can be brushed back off face.



Hair on crown and sides is cut to same length. Kenneth changes the part from center to sides so adjacent sections correspond to one another.



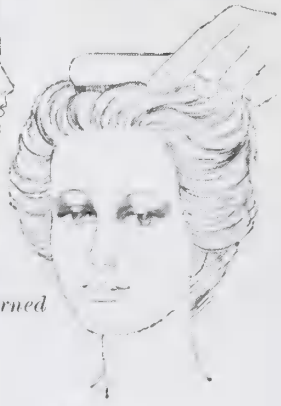
Although each section has been cut to one length, the overall effect when dry and brushed back is one of slight layering.

Betty's set



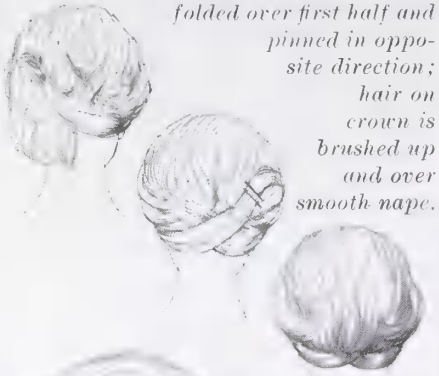
Both hairstyles shown are based on this classic set. Wet hair is set on jumbo rollers except for medium-size rollers at hairline. Note two rollers at temples, which aim back and on the diagonal.





When hair is dry, rollers are removed and hair is brushed back off face, turned under at nape.

For evening, hair at nape is divided with first half pinned smoothly up toward opposite ear; second half of hair at nape is folded over first half and pinned in opposite direction; hair on crown is brushed up and over smooth nape.





Final version of evening hairstyle clears the nape and flows softly back over the ears.

Maureen's comb-outs



Brush hair straight back and secure with coated elastic halfway between top of head and nape. Be sure there are no straggly ends.



This hairpiece comes in two parts—the "fall" and the braid. Attach fall at top of crown and pin securely at sides. Narrow braid has self-stick band to fit over edge of fall.



Brush hair back toward nape and secure as low as possible. Small comb sewn into hairpiece at top center goes above the knot. Blending your own hair with hairpiece, brush under and secure with hairpins.

For evening, brush hair back with knot secured at midcrown. Attach long braid over knot. Wind hairpiece around itself, tuck brush end under and secure with long hairpins.



Illustrations by Thea Klaros



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21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MARCH '74.

PET JOURNAL

continued from page 66

Try not to be captivated by a puppy that is under eight weeks of age. You will have fewer problems if he is a little older. Try to find out where the dog was bred. If it is particularly young and has come a great distance, reconsider.

4. If the store promises that the dog is AKC (American Kennel Club) registered, or makes other representations of its pedigree, will it give you the registration application papers at time of sale? If not, will it give you a bill of sale with the breeding information on it? Does the store guarantee that application papers will arrive within a reasonable time—with a right to price rebate or refund if they are not or if for some reason the dog cannot be registered?

5. Assuming the sale has now been concluded to your satisfaction, before you leave the pet store or kennel, be sure you have the following: Feeding and care instructions, and additional information about your dog and its particular breed; a statement listing the vaccinations your pet has already received.

6. Your puppy is now at home. You have one immediate obligation. Within a few days of buying your dog, take it to a veterinarian for an examination. Make sure you get proper medical advice about caring for your pet. END

JOAN KENNEDY

continued from page 60

up' because her husband is in politics."

Joan would come to the hospital in early morning and stay with her son all day. The Senator would take the night shift. After her day at the hospital, "All I wanted to do was go home and take a hot bath," Joan said.

December 25, 1973, was not the happiest of Christmases. Father Jim English, the Kennedy's favorite priest from Holy Trinity parish, said Mass for the family at their McLean, Va., home and there were lots of presents—but alloyed joy.

In the meantime, Joan to whom medical terminology had been a foreign language, was becoming more and more involved with her son's case. "She was reading extensively, as she does research on anything that she is involved with from antiques to music," says her friend Deeda Blair. "And I think she finally began to see what lay ahead. . . . It just hit her like a ton of bricks." And Joan's anguish increased when, during a vacation trip to Ireland, young Teddy had an allergic reaction to the drugs he was receiving—a reaction that manifested itself in painful mouth ulcers.

Joan also worried about her other children, Patrick, now seven, and 14-year-old Kara. "Joan was feeling guilty about not paying enough attention to them," says a friend. "She was worrying about who was listening to their problems."

Not just little Teddy

And it was not as though little Teddy had all the medical woes. "Patrick Kennedy has bronchial asthma and is extremely allergic to animal hair. He cannot even be in a house where a dog has been. Joan's constantly wondering whether Patrick'll accidentally wind up someplace where there's animal hair and have an attack. He has a Medihalor with him all the time," says Val Cook.

Kara was having difficulties, too. "The problem with little Teddy affected her profoundly," says a Kennedy staff member. "She and Teddy had just been brother and sister—all teasing and fun. Suddenly everything was so serious. It changed her life. And Joan sees all this." (Kara accompanied Teddy, Jr. to Ireland on vacation, and shortly after he suffered his allergic reaction, she had to be hospitalized briefly when her leg was caught between a horse-drawn cart and a stone wall. Fortunately, the injury was minor.)

Joan never let on that her life was overwhelming her. She tried to keep to her usual routine. Although she canceled her regular tennis lessons with Allie Ritzenberg at St. Alban's tennis courts, she kept her weekly appointments with



her Georgetown hairdresser, Dann Hopkins. "She seemed fine, never bitter," says Hopkins. "I knew how she felt, but she'd never show it on the outside. She handled it all so maturely and openly. She'd always say, 'We're hoping for the best.'" There are alcoholic drinks available at the beauty salon, but Joan never touched them.

Slipping away

She slipped away any weekend she did not have to go to Boston. One weekend she would fly to the home of her sister, Candy McMurrey, who lives in Houston with her husband and family. Another time she would go to Bronxville to rest and visit with old high school or college friends. In Bronxville she would stay with her father's cousin and his wife, whom we will call the J's. "I baby her," said Mrs. J. "She needs it. This is her refuge, her home away from home. I let her sleep late in the morning, then I fix her eggs and toast and we sit on our little sunporch and chat about everything—the operation, her life, her problems. No, she never talks about Teddy.

"Friends will come and take her to lunch. She has wonderful friends. They really love her. Then she'll come home in the afternoon and rest and then friends will take her to dinner. Coming here gives her a chance to get away from Washington and from all the tension. The whole thing has been very rough, very painful for her. But she's wonderful about it. She came here after her first week at Silver Hill. She didn't seem harassed or nervous. She just seemed very cute and intelligent. Drink? Yes, she'd take a drink once in a while."

Joan also made an effort to entertain in Washington, even when Ted, Sr., was away. She would have little dinners for eight prepared by her French cook. "Through it all I've never seen her depressed or melancholy," says one who had been at those dinners. "I've only seen her giggly and fun. She's always delightful company. She's truly the nicest girl I know. No matter what her problems, she's good old Joan to everyone. And I've never seen her drink too much, not even last summer, when she stayed until dawn at a dance we had. Teddy left early because he had to make a trip the next day, but Joan was having fun, so she stayed and danced. Everybody had too much to drink, but Joan never showed any evidence that she had."

Joan also made it to Alice Roosevelt Longworth's 90th birthday party in February. Joan had flown in from Boston from another session with little Teddy, but she looked rested, seemed bubbly and wore a clinging long navy crepe dress. "Teddy's fine," she said, and talked about other things—Manhattanville College going co-educational, how to live to be 90.

She went skiing in New Hampshire in March with an old friend from college while her husband took the other children to Vail, Colo. with Dan and Karen Mayers.

But seven months of escaping on an occasional weekend proved to be not enough. There were still the lonely, sleepless nights in between—when her husband would be away; nights when a book or a hot bath or a long conversation with a friend or a drink or a tranquilizer wouldn't do.

And then, Moscow

And then came the trip to Moscow. "Joan was looking forward to going with great excitement," says tennis pal and psychiatric social worker, Karen Mayers. "She couldn't wait to go. She called the night before she left. I know she was under great strain, but she was chipper, as always."

Grace Warnecke, an old family friend who accompanied the Kennedys on the Russian jaunt as interpreter, says Joan did not fare so well on the 11-day Soviet visit. "She didn't sleep on the plane, and she was tired when we left.

"We were moving at a fast pace. Six days in Moscow. Two in Rumania. She seemed very thin, under *(continued)*

great tension and she didn't have much energy. She would stay with us part of the day, joining us at 10 or 11 in the morning after having breakfast alone in her room. She spent five nights at the villa while others went to state dinners. She said she wanted to eat with the kids, and that she didn't like having to be on stage all the time. She was doubly tired when we got home."

If Joan was tired from the trip, she didn't show it at the Robert F. Kennedy Awards luncheon on May 6, at Washington's Kennedy Center. She was wearing red, white and blue. Her presidential campaign dress, asked a reporter? "Not yet," Joan giggled. "I just wanted to tease you." She talked animatedly about the Russian trip: "At one state dinner I went to, I requested to be seated next to the Soviet woman astronaut, Madame Tereshkova, and she was fascinating. She told me all about women's liberation in the Soviet Union."

Not coping

If Joan was not coping, only she, her psychiatrists and her very, very close friends knew it. And again it was Joan who decided, against her husband's wishes, to do something about it. So on May 25, 1974, she voluntarily entered Silver Hill, a posh, $1,000-a-week psychiatric sanitarium in Connecticut, for psychotherapy, group therapy, etc.

"I don't think there was any *one* thing that sent her there," said a friend. "It was just cumulative, and she knew she had to pull herself together."

"She knew exactly what she was doing," says Dick Drayne, Senator Kennedy's press secretary. "It was the best place for what she wanted." And what Joan wanted was the best medical care in the most luxurious setting. Which, according to friends, is probably why she picked Silver Hill. Silver Hill has been known for generations as a sanatarium for wealthy patients. Besides the excellent psychiatric care available from a staff of 10 psychiatrists, 30 consulting physicians and 54 nurses, there are tennis courts, swimming pools, bowling alleys, a gymnasium, 40 acres of lush grounds, greenhouses, movies, superb meals and plush rooms. "It's like a hotel or an inn," says Charles Newman, M.D. the chief physician. "It's not at all like a hospital," says Joan's close friend Ann Vanderpool. "You can come and go as you please."

Back to Washington

And Joan did. After her first stay at Silver Hill, she returned to Washington tanned and relaxed for the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Mass at Ethel Kennedy's home on June 6. The next day she took her daughter Kara shopping, attended a performance of *Perfect Pitch*, starring Jean Pierre Aumont, at the Kennedy Center and went to the cast party afterward. On June 11, she had a dinner at home for Paul Kirk, a member of her husband's staff, and Paul's new bride. One day she drove in to Capitol Hill, picked up the Senator and went to lunch at the Rotunda Restaurant, after which they stopped to visit a biomedical conference and then flew to Boston to be with Teddy, Jr., for another round of treatment.

Three days later, Joan re-admitted herself to Silver Hill.

Subsequently she left to visit the J's in Bronxville, N.Y., and attended the 20th reunion of her Bronxville High School class. "She looked so much better," says the J's. "She had put on some weight and looked more rested. She's not the strongest person in the world. She doesn't have much stamina, but she was happy about going to her reunion. She got all dressed up in a long, printed chiffon dress with a big collar and went to the dinner with friends. She didn't seem mentally harassed at all." After a long weekend with the J's and lunch in New York with school friends on Monday, Joan returned to Silver Hill once more.

The only thing the J's found puzzling was the news about Joan's whereabouts. "The evening news and the papers all said she was at Silver Hill the weekend she was here with us," they said. But then even Dick Drayne said he didn't know where Joan was. He didn't know she had been in Bronxville, at her reunion, or in New York for lunch or that she would go to Hyannisport for the 4th of July. "Joan makes all those decisions," said Drayne. Indeed, Joan is making those decisions these days. She is choosing to assert her independence and to control her own destiny—rather than let it control her. In many ways, her husband's destiny depends on her.

"There's no doubt about it," says a Kennedy intimate. "If Joan is sick, Ted just can't run. Her health simply *must* come first."

"I guess," said another Kennedy friend, "you could say that for the first time since they married, Joan now holds all the cards." **END**

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ACHOO



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RE-ENTRY CRISIS

continued from page 46

gracious housewife and great mother on one side, a cultural leader in the community on the other. Fine. Except I had to spend years with a psychiatrist to find out why I wasn't content."

She decided to do graduate work in history. At school one day in 1961, she attended a meeting protesting fall-out shelters. "One consistent commitment of mine has been an abhorrence of war," Amy remarks. "I found myself speaking out at this meeting, which led to a subsequent demonstration at the United Nations, at which I ended up being interviewed on the TV news. I became a founder of Women Strike for Peace (we had 150 women at the first meeting and 5,000 at the second); I went to Geneva to plead for disarmament; I called press conferences; got Congress people to make commitments; got the press to ask President Kennedy questions about nuclear testing at his press conference. Through the sixties I went on peace missions to Hanoi, to Paris, to Cuba.

"This was the end of my feelings of powerlessness. But I was schizoid. I went home and did all the shopping and cooking and never let my husband raise a finger. I used my family as an excuse to stop myself from professionalizing. As a volunteer, I never had to put myself on the line."

In 1970, Amy became deeply involved in the women's movement. Two years later she enrolled in the master's program at Sarah Lawrence College. This fall she is associate director of the Women's Studies Program and a lecturer. Her course is on women organizing in movements for social reform; her salary is $11,000. In this dovetailing of the interest, skills and commitments of 20 years, Amy Swerdlow is still in the business of social change—but the biggest change has been in herself. **END**

Double-Crossed by the Double Standard

By Dollie Cole

A businessman is aggressive; a businesswoman is pushy.

A well-dressed businessman is fashionable; a businesswoman is a clotheshorse.

He loses his temper because he's so involved with his job; she's bitchy.

He gets depressed from work pressures; she has menstrual tension.

He's a man of the world; she's been around.

He's confident; she's conceited.

He drinks because of excessive work pressure; she's a lush.

He's a stern taskmaster; she's impossible to work for.

He's enthusiastic; she's emotional.

EDGAR CAYCE

continued from page 52

Gertrude smiled feebly as Edgar walked into her room. Her waxlike fingers found his. Cayce slipped his arm around her as she tried to sit up. "I can manage," she said with a touch of her old pertness. "I'm not all that helpless." She managed a smile. "You look so serious, Edgar. I will never leave you, not really."

Cayce frowned. "Do you want to get well?"

She smiled as she lifted her hand to his lips. "You are so solemn."

His heart ached as he noted her thin voice and haggard features. "You once told me that I could be anything I wanted to be with faith."

"The first moment I saw you I knew you were no ordinary man, Edgar. You had greatness written all over you."

He laughed. "I seem to have kept my secret well."

"You're so modest, dear Edgar, that's one of your charms." Wearily her head fell back on the pillow. The conversation had taken the last bit of her strength.

He took her hand. "I need you, Gertrude, more than the baby needs you. You must see that. You must."

She squeezed his hand. "I know that, Edgar."

"Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Edgar, that I can."

His eyes implored her. "Will you ask me for a reading?"

She gave him a look of infinite tenderness. "Of course, Edgar." She closed her eyes and fell off to sleep, exhausted. A faint smile played on her lips.

The innocent and the wicked

After Edgar had left, Dr. Janson summoned Gertrude's mother and her Aunt Carrie. Janson was candid with them, and when Mrs. Evans heard his diagnosis, she slumped into a chair. "It's not fair," she cried. "She's so young."

Janson gestured helplessly. "The rain falls on the innocent and the wicked alike." He pursed his lips. "There is one chance, but I wouldn't count on it."

Mrs. Evans looked up hopefully. "And what is that?"

"Edgar. He is giving her a reading."

Mrs. Evans face fell. "And you call that a chance, Dr. Janson?" Her voice was heavy with reproach.

At this point Carrie spoke up. "He helped my little boy, and I will never forget him. Have faith, Lizzie. God works in wondrous ways." Softly she intoned from Edgar Cayce's favorite book: "'And when He saw her, He said, daughter be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.'"

Gertrude's mother said drily, "Carrie, are you comparing Edgar Cayce to Jesus Christ?"

A gleam came into Carrie's dark gray eyes. "Lizzie Evans, I am ashamed of you. With faith in the Father, others can perform the same healings, and more."

"But Edgar Cayce doesn't even pretend to be a healer."

At that juncture, Dr. Janson intervened. "Ladies, the reading is to be conducted here in my office in the next hour. The Squire will do the questioning, and several of my colleagues will be here, including a lung specialist from Louisville. I have also invited a druggist, in case there is any urgent demand for special drugs."

A few minutes later Cayce walked in, with his father and Dr. Ketchum close behind.

Mrs. Evans, her eyes brimming with tears, kissed Edgar on the forehead. "May God be with you, Edgar."

Carrie squeezed his hand, and whispered, "Every day, I thank God for you, Edgar. God will bless you as he has me."

Dr. Janson summoned two doctors and the druggist from an adjacent room, and Edgar stretched out on the couch. "I am ready, Pa," he said.

His father drew a chair to the couch. It was a litany Ketchum had heard dozens of times, but to the other doctors it was entirely new. Their skepticism was clear from their expressions.

As Cayce's eyes closed, and his breathing took on the rhythm of sleep, his father proceeded.

"You have before you the body of Gertrude Evans Cayce. You will go over this body carefully, examine it thoroughly, and discuss the conditions you find at the present time, giving the cause of the existing condition, and suggestions for help and relief of this body."

As if Gertrude were anyone but his beloved wife, Cayce's voice, betrayed no emotion in trance. "We have the body. There appears to be inflammation, or congestion, in the lower part of the lung, close to the diaphragm, and an abrasion or irritation on the diaphragm and the pleura below. There is a great deal of congestion in the bronchials and the sinuses and in the nasal passages. And also a good deal of soreness in the throat and across the diaphragm from coughing. The cough is produced by an insufficiency of blood circulation to remove those products of inflammation and infection from the body through the proper channels. Hence, the impoverishment of the blood makes it easy for the body to take cold, which further adds to the congestion in the upper respiratory regions, aggravating the condition that is already serious and causing hemorrhages."

The faces of the physicians present were cold masks; Cayce had said nothing so far that was not already apparent to them. "We know there is congestion if there is tuberculosis," observed the specialist from Louisville, sardonically.

The Squire, unaffected by the skepticism of the onlookers, came to the crux of the reading: "Give any suggestions for help and relief for this body that will make it well."

The words gushed out of Cayce.

"To relieve this body immediately of the congestion in the lungs, which threatens to extinguish the life force of this body, char the inside of a keg, leaving the interior akin in substance and texture to the material known as charcoal. Into this keg put an ample quantity of apple brandy and let the body inhale the fumes freely through the day, as if she were breathing the atmosphere. It can do the body no harm, and the fumes will have a beneficial effect also on the bronchials and the nasal ducts and the entire upper respiratory tract. If this is done, at the same time administering a liquid compound of heroin, which will relieve the hemorrhaging that has been weakening the body, then the body will gradually recover and resume its normal forces."

The two visiting specialists turned up their noses disdainfully. "I'll take some of that brandy myself," said the man from Louisville.

"But not in a charred keg," volunteered his colleague from Nashville.

Dr. Janson looked silently from one to the other, then said gravely, "I see no harm in giving her brandy fumes to smell. But I can't prescribe heroin."

"Unless you do everything that Edgar directed in trance, she will not get well," said the Squire.

Brandy, yes – heroin, no

Dr. Janson was adamant. "I will not write out a prescription for the heroin, I've never heard of such a thing. The brandy keg, yes, the heroin, no."

With Cayce slumbering on through this discussion, the Squire turned a pleading face to Dr. Ketchum, who had been scribbling down Cayce's trance remarks.

"If the druggist will fill it, I will write out a prescription for the heroin compound," Dr. Ketchum said. The three older doctors stared at him coldly.

"This is the worst miscarriage of medicine I have ever witnessed," the doctor from Nashville said. "And nobody in this room can absolve himself of participation in this unholy farce." With that he and his Louisville colleague walked out, slamming the door.

Dr. Ketchum turned to the still slumbering figure. "Squire, you'd better get your son up."

Cayce's father began to draw him out of his trance. "The vitality of the waking body will be restored and the body, normal and balanced, will wake up and resume its usual function and awareness, remembering nothing that was said." The Squire's voice sharpened. "Now, you will awaken." *(continued)*



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EDGAR CAYCE
continued

As usual, Cayce sat up refreshed and eager, craving something to eat. But he quickly remembered what he was waking from, and anxiously turned to his father. "Pa, did I say she would get well?"

His father's head bobbed. "You sure did, and so she shall."

"I only pray"

They told him what he had said, and he shook his head, marveling. "I only pray it is right."

The Squire laughed. "I don't know—Gertrude's so set against alcohol."

Cayce had already slipped on his shoes and tie, and put on his suit coat. "If you get that prescription ready, Doc," he said to Ketchum, "I'll bring it over to Gertrude." He shook his head in bewilderment. "Heroin and brandy, all in one reading for my own wife. The ways of the Lord are truly wondrous."

The druggist went back to the store grudgingly to fill the prescription, and Cayce brought it home with him. The charred keg, with the apple brandy, would be ready the next day.

"What is this medicine, Edgar?" Gertrude asked, as she swallowed the heroin capsule he gave her.

"Get-well medicine," he replied.

She could barely raise her head from the pillow, and sank back exhausted. But a few hours after she took the first capsule, the hemorrhages draining her strength suddenly stopped.

The next day she managed a languid smile as Edgar rolled a small barrel, charred interior steeped in brandy, ov to her four-poster bed. As Edgar h directed, she breathed deeply of t brandy. "Edgar," she sighed, "you'll the death of me yet." Cayce looked u startled. "I was only joking," she re sured him.

That night, with the congestion in h lungs already somewhat relieved, Edg sat by Gertrude's bedside, reading her from the Bible. She slipped her ha into his.

"Edgar," she said, "you saved r from myself."

"The readings did it, Gertrude."

She shook her head. "It was more th that. Lying there, watching you f over me with that old charred keg brandy, making yourself sick smelling I realized where I belong and where really want to stay."

Cayce remembered now a vision had had as a child of a lady who h told him that he would some day h the sick and the lame, and another sion of a soul mate who would one d end his loneliness. He got down on l knees and prayed. "Forgive me, O Lor for ever having doubted You, and tha You for permitting me to be Your se vant. And may I ever serve You in t way that Your messenger Jesus Chr made so clear: 'For the Father loves t Son and shows Him all His works, a will show greater yet, to fill you wi wonder. . . . Verily, verily, I say un you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Fath in My name, ask and ye shall receiv that your joy may be full.'" EN



"What wine goes with soy-extenders?"

The Condition Of Your Water

When you live in a large metropolitan area or a large community, there is not much you can do personally about the water before it is plumbed into the house except as a good citizen to speak up on all public issues that will improve the water supply. *Your control* begins with the water you bring indoors through your plumbing system from the street main.

Soft or softened water makes housekeeping infinitely easier. Your local water-softening appliance dealer can make an analysis of your water supply. Water hardness is measured in grains per gallon or parts per million (milligrams per liter):

- Area 1: Soft, 0 to 1 grain (0 to 17.1 ppm).
- Area 2: Water varies from 1 to 3.5 grains hardness in these areas and is considered slightly hard (17.1 to 60 ppm).
- Area 3: Moderately hard, from 3.5 to 7 grains (60 to 120 ppm).
- Area 4: Hard water in these areas ranges from 7 to 10.5 grains hardness. (120 to 180 ppm).
- Area 5: Very hard; over 10.5 grains (180 ppm). Such water causes serious housekeeping problems.

An unsightly ring around the tub after each bath, water spots on bathroom fixtures and wall tiles, spots and streaks on dishes and glassware could all be signs that the water you are using is too hard.

To Soften Your Water: You can soften your water for each task performed when you use a *packaged water softener* except for showers and the last rinse in an automatic washer. Also, *detergents* are formulated to help combat the hardness problem. Or you can use a water softening appliance.

Water Softening Appliances: If you want to assure yourself of a continuous supply of soft water, you might consider installing an automatic mechanical water softener.

Home water-softening equipment contains ion exchange resins which have a definite capacity for removing hardness. When they reach their saturation point, these resins are recharged with salt obtainable from your water-softener dealer. The frequency with which this is done depends on the hardness of the water, the hardness-removing ability of the tank and the amount of water that is used. Recharging usually occurs automatically.

For best results, it is advisable to soften both hot and cold supplies. If hot water only is softened, the soft-water benefits are somewhat reduced since cold water is usually added to hot for most household tasks. Some find it economical to soften all water except that used in toilets. A water-softener should also bypass the outdoor supply used for sprinkling and gardening. It should be installed near the water service entrance to the house.

There are three different ways you can have a water softener in your home:

- Buy one of your own.
- Rent one.
- Subscribe to a portable softening appliance service in which the dealer periodically will exchange an exhausted unit for a fresh one.

Water Purifiers: Water purification should be adequately maintained by your local water department, long before it reaches you, to provide a safe drinking supply. However, if you do want some control of taste, palatability, and odor of your own water supply, investigate home water purifiers. Though water conditioner people are just beginning to make a dent in the progress of home water purifiers, you will currently find several on the market. Their operation is based upon filtration. Some use charcoal and one type on the market works on a principle similar to human cells to reject contaminants. Installation may be under a standard kitchen wall cabinet, wet bar, in the utility room or on any wall where a water line is available.



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It's Ironing Time

By Virginia T. Habeeb

- Begin by carefully sorting everything you are going to do. If you start the ironing by doing the articles requiring the lowest steam heat setting, you won't have to wait for cool-down to proceed to the articles that require higher settings. The new irons heat rapidly and they also are made to cool relatively slowly to make ironing a more economical job. When you've finished with the steam ironing, empty your iron and switch to the dry settings and higher temperatures.
- If you have any doubt about the temperature at which an item can safely be ironed, begin at a low temperature and gradually increase it if necessary.
- Straighten material on the ironing board. Use the palms of your hands and smooth from the center out. Fingers are apt to stretch the fabrics and pull them out of shape.
- Iron with straight strokes.
- Iron each section completely before you start on the next. Natural fibers should be ironed completely dry; man-made fibers left slightly damp.
- Collars, cuffs, sleeves, belts, and trimmings are ironed first, then the flat sections of the garment.
- White and light-colored cottons and linens are ironed on the right side, dark cottons and linens on the wrong side; silks and rayons on the wrong side; damask first on the right side, then on the wrong side.
- If folds in flatwork are always made in the same place, the wear on the fabric from creasing may cause the fibers to break. Sometimes fold in thirds and sometimes fourths to avoid this strain.
- Make sure the ironing is dry before putting it away.

To Dampen or Not

Regular cotton and linen items still need to be dampened (unless your steam iron does a satisfactory job for you) and ironed carefully. Sprinkle or dampen with *warm* water. After dampening, roll in a towel and don't iron immediately. Wait an hour or so to enable the moisture to penetrate the fabric thoroughly and evenly. Use a high ironing heat. If you can't iron immediately, store in a plastic bag in a cool place—preferably in the refrigerator—to prevent mildew.

How to Iron What

Tablecloths. Fold these selvage to selvage, right side out. Iron both sides. Next, fold lengthwise. Iron again. Fold crosswise several times to fit linen closet or drawer.

Guest Towels. If they are monogrammed, embroidered, or appliquéd, iron on a thick bath towel so the designs will stand out. Then fold the towels in thirds lengthwise and once crosswise. If linen or cotton, dampen first.

Runners. Be careful with runners. If you do not iron them properly they may pucker and bulge. Iron lengthwise in one direction, then fold lightly to prevent creasing.

Slacks, Shorts and Overalls. Turn inside out and iron pockets first. Then do waist and seams. Next, iron seat area. Press the legs inside out with seams flat. Do not crease. Finally, turn the garment right side out, touch up, and add creases if needed.

Men's Shirts. Begin by ironing the collar on the wrong side, then on the right. Pull the collar tight and iron in from the points. Fold and iron the yoke first, moving outward to the cuffs and sleeves. Iron cuffs like the collar, then the body of the sleeves. Complete with the back first, then the fronts. Hang or fold.

The Final Touch

To Fold Shirts. Lay the shirt back on your ironing table, flat. Smooth from collar toward the tail and buttons, top, middle and bottom buttons. Turn with front facing down. Fold each side about half-way from collar to shoulder, laying sleeves lengthwise. Turn up tail about 5 inches, then fold to collar. **END**

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More Prize Cakes

In a recent Recipe Exchange, we gave prizes to two readers for cake recipes. Choosing was so difficult, we've decided to award these additional prizes.

WALNUT TORTE

—From Marian D. Jones, Clinton, N.Y.

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
4 egg yolks
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup milk
Walnut Meringue:
4 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar, ¾ cup chopped walnuts

To prepare cake: Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla until fluffy. Beat in egg yolks. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into two 8-in. layer cake pans. Set aside.

To prepare meringue: Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Stir in walnuts. Cover batter with meringue. Bake in a 300° oven for 1 hour. Serve with chocolate whipped cream, garnished with nutmeats. Serves 8–10.

ORANGE-CRANBERRY TORTE

—From Mrs. Mary Brady, Ossining, N.Y.

2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 cups granulated sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup diced dates
1 cup fresh cranberries
Grated rind of 2 oranges
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup buttermilk
¾ cup salad oil
1 cup orange juice

Preheat oven to 350°. Sift together into a bowl: flour, 1 cup sugar, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. Stir in walnuts, dates, cranberries and orange rind. Combine eggs, buttermilk and salad oil. Add to fruit mixture. Stir well.

Pour into well-greased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in a 350° oven for 1 hour. Let stand in pan until lukewarm. Remove to rack placed over a wide dish. Combine orange juice and remaining 1 cup sugar; pour over cake. Pour drippings over cake again. Set cake in deep dish. Wrap in heavy foil. Refrigerate 24 hours. Serve in slices with whipped cream. (Keeps refrigerated for 3 weeks or more.) Serves 12–16.

GRAPEFRUIT CAKE

—From Mrs. Cassie E. Tartoue, Moscow, Idaho

1½ cups sugar
¾ cup butter
1 tablespoon finely grated grapefruit rind
½ teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
3 eggs
2 cups cake flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup grapefruit juice mixed with ½ cup water
Frosting:
3 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
1 tablespoon softened butter
¼ cup finely grated grapefruit rind
1 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon vanilla
6-6½ cups confectioners' sugar
Sections from 2 each grapefruit and oranges

To prepare cake: Preheat oven to 375°. Cream sugar, butter, and rinds in a mixing bowl until very light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift cake flour with baking powder, soda and salt. Divide dry ingredients into four parts.

Add ¼ dry ingredients to creamed mixture along with ⅓ of grapefruit juice and water mixture and mix just enough to blend. Repeat twice, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Finally, mix in last quarter of dry ingredients. Place equal quantities of batter into two greased 9-in. layer cake pans and bake at 375° for 30 minutes until cake is browned.

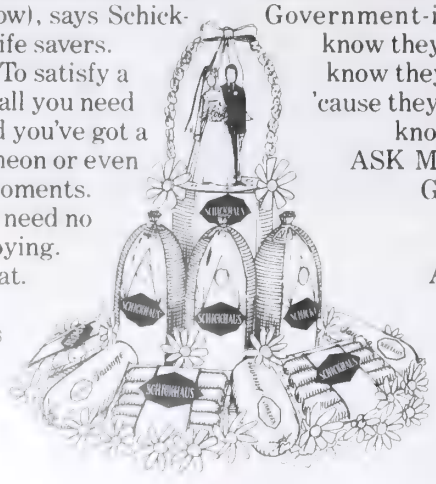
To prepare frosting: Cream cheese, butter, rinds, and vanilla until light. Beat in sugar, a little at a time until fluffy and of good spreading consistency. Use as a filling, then frost top and sides of cake, swirling the frosting around. Garnish with alternate grapefruit and orange sections around the top of cake and with clusters of fruit sections at the base. Serves 8–10.

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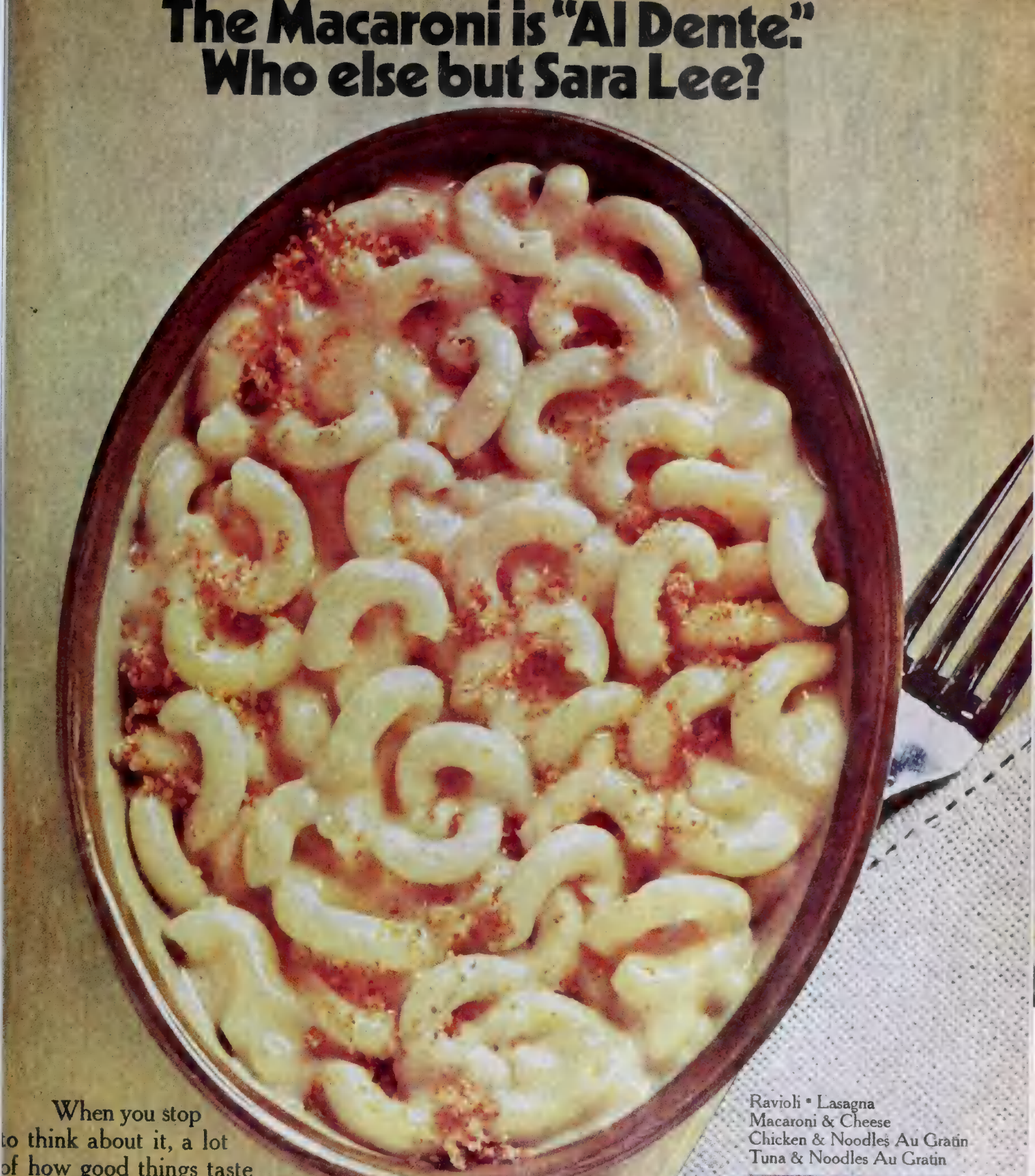
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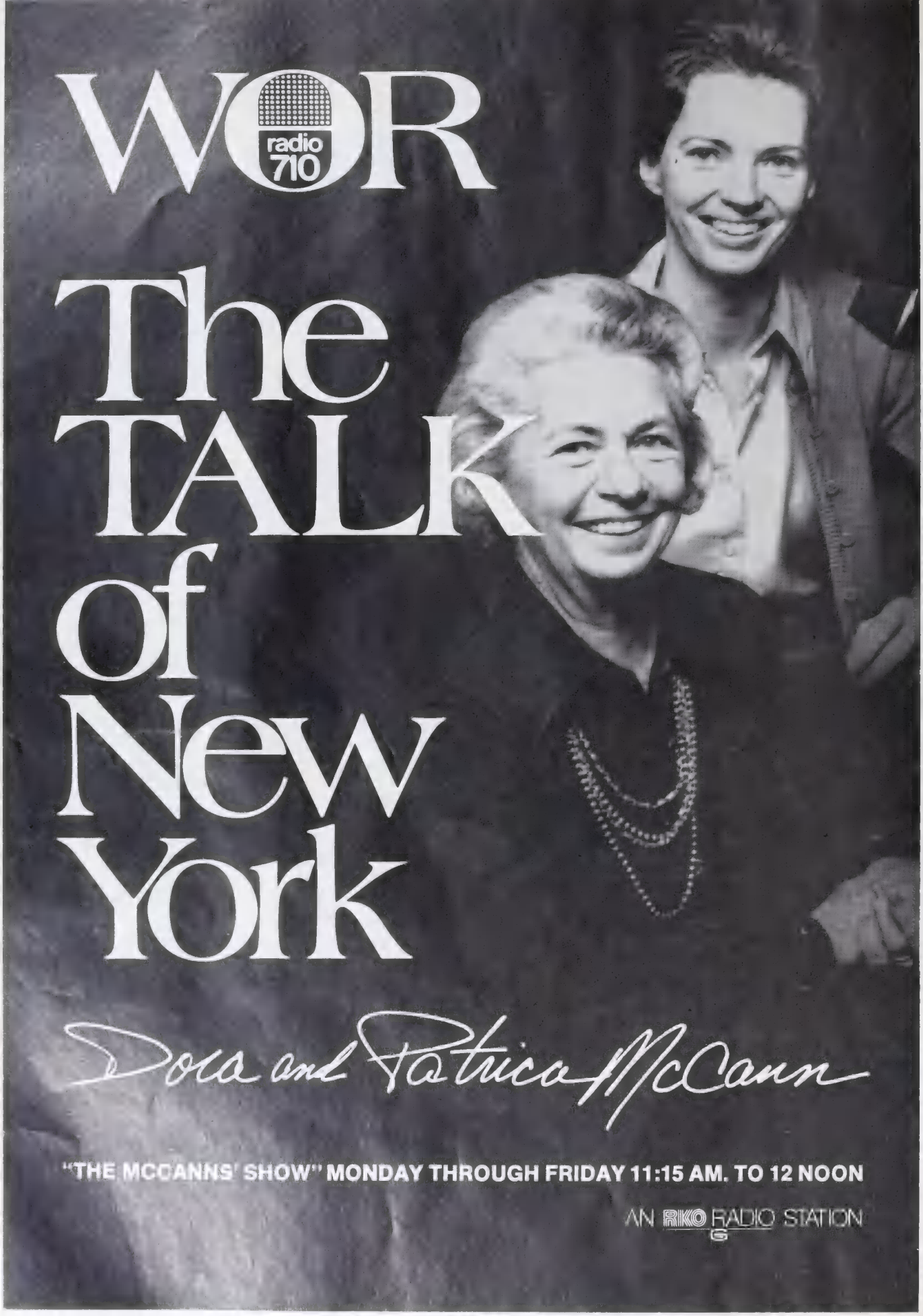
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'HIS MARRIAGE

ontinued from page 24

xhausting visits, Sally remarked, 'I'm ever going to win her love. I can et some approval, but that's all I can xpect. I'll take what she gives and let go at that."

"Because Jeff is basically so unresponve, Sally had to learn to accept the litle he gives. She must, for her own good, e any response from him as very meanigful, appreciating that it's all he has to ive. And he has to take the good feelgs he has toward her and try to expand iem.

"Jeff felt that it might be dangerous if e gave Sally *too* much love, because she nds to multiply her needs rather than er satisfactions. A woman who climaxes more than once can be highly reatening to some men. If Sally should anslate her insatiable need for affection to unreasonable sexual demands, Jeff uld respond by retreating into imponce, which in this case would be exemely difficult to treat.

"While Jeff was in bed with his ulcer, e felt, 'Here I am caring for him while body's caring for me.' At a time like is, food is Sally's closest friend. When e managed to slim down to a size 14 m 230 pounds, she panicked. Sally's esity was protection against all those cious men who might attack her sexlly, as well as those attractive men she ight be tempted to run off with. Also, a subconscious level, she probably nsed that if she slimmed down, she ight not be the kind of woman her husnd wanted, and she may have been ght.

"During one session, Sally talked out having bypass surgery. This inlves removing that part of the small estine in which most food nutrients e absorbed by the body, resulting in a amatic loss of weight. It is a controrsial, risky operation. Tears came to f's eyes as he rejected the idea of the operation with horror. 'I couldn't bear losing you,' he told Sally. At this point, the healing process began.

"Sally and Jeff were in individual and group therapy for almost a year before they felt sufficiently confident to be on their own, and they still come back occasionally for checkups when Sally becomes domineering or when Jeff withdraws. They are both intelligent, sensitive individuals capable of change.

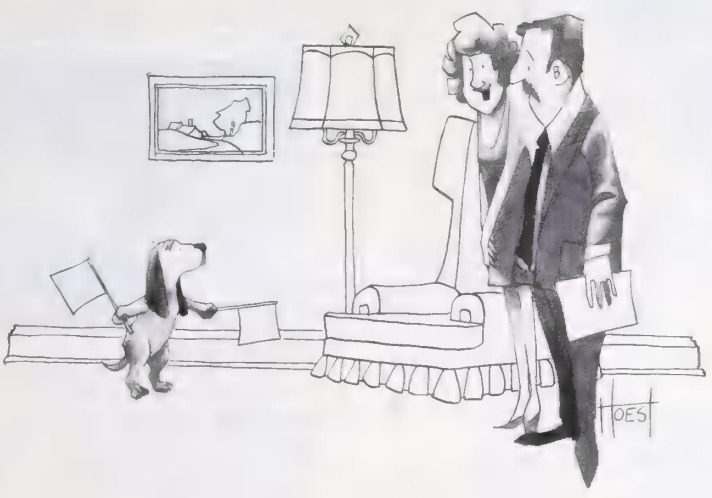
"Jeff finally realized that Sally was not going to gobble him up if he expressed an opinion. Sally now looks upon him with new respect. 'I'm glad he answers me back, even when I ask him to do something and he refuses,' she says. 'Before, all I got was silence.'

"Jeff is no longer critical of Sally's housekeeping because, he says, 'The important thing is how we talk to each other.' They lie in bed late on Sunday mornings when Jeff feels rested and rise at 6:30 weekdays to breakfast without the children; these times alone are precious to them both. Jeff has also given up some of his night work because the gratification he sought in these activities is now available at home.

"Sally has found an outlet for her talents by setting up a small catering service, providing party casseroles and gourmet desserts. This new avocation has won her much local praise and several new friends. She is proud to say that she does this extra cooking without nibbling or tasting. As the marriage improves, I would expect Sally's eating habits to change. Her doctor says she will probably always have a weight problem, however, and she and Jeff both accept this.

"Now that she better understands her behavior toward her children, Sally has become a more insightful and caring mother. As for their lovemaking, Sally says, 'Jeff finds it deeper and more emotionally satisfying than ever before, and so do I." **END**

Dorothy Cameron Disney is on vacation.



"Isn't that cute. He's trying to tell us something."



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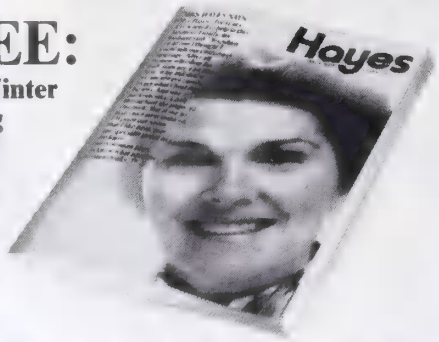


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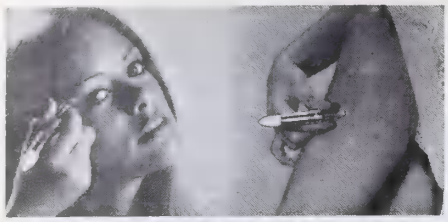
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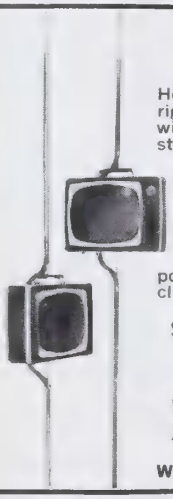
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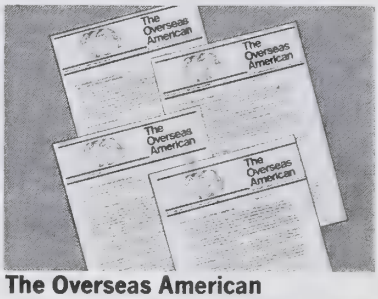
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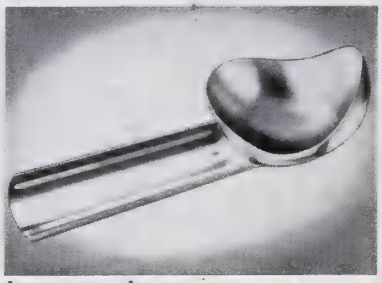
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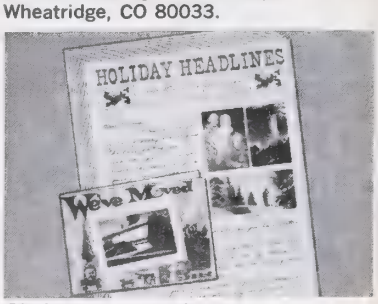
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An interview with Becky Evans
at Monterey, California.



"Then I gained 2½ inches on my bustline in just one week...and that was only the beginning."

"...too flat-chested to wear a swimsuit."



"I had gone to Hawaii with my family and my sister came back with a beautiful tan, but not me. I was too embarrassed to go on the beach in a swimsuit. I felt that every girl there had a better figure than I did. Then I learned about the Mark Eden Bust Developer. It was absolutely unbelievable—I gained 2½ inches the very first week and then just kept right on gaining until my bust had grown from my starting measurement of 34 inches to my present measurement of a full 40 inches."

Q. "Besides making you look great in a swimsuit, Becky, how else did the Mark Eden program affect your life?"

A. *"It gave my pride and self-confidence a tremendous boost. Before, I dressed mainly in bulky sweaters—anything to hide my figure—and I literally hated to go shopping. I didn't like the way I looked in anything. But now, with my new figure, shopping is really exciting and so is my new wardrobe because for the first time in my life, I really like the way I look in clothes."*

Over one-and-a-half million Mark Eden Developers have been sold to women who, like Becky, want fuller, shapelier bustlines. For thousands Mark Eden has transformed flat bustlines into firm, shapely fullness. For many others it has reshaped the drooping look to a tauter, smarter, younger silhouette.

Q. "Becky, did you ever try any other method for increasing your bustline?"

A. *"Oh, yes. I tried everything including lots of exercise. I did push-ups by the hundreds, but never gained a fraction of an inch on my bust."*

Q. "Why do you think Mark Eden worked for you?"

A. *"Perhaps it's the only really direct super-concentrated exercise for the bust area, not just some fad—like creams, suction cups and the other things that don't work. I know of other girls like me who have tried all the gadgets and failed and then developed beautiful bustlines so easily and quickly with Mark Eden."*

The Mark Eden Developer is not an artificial stimulator or a cream. It is an exclusive exerciser that employs special techniques safely and effectively. Mark Eden is the world's most successful bustline developer. Over a million and a half Mark Eden Developers have been sold and every one covered by a complete Money Back Guarantee.

Q. "Becky, what causes the bustline to grow?"

A. *"Well, you can just feel when you use it that the Mark Eden is the most stimulating bust program imaginable and every time you use it you can feel your bust lifting, and firming, and growing larger and fuller."*

For years Mark Eden has carefully documented and published the actual photographs of women who have achieved dramatic new bustline size and beauty and while we do not state that every woman will achieve results, thousands of women report that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline they've always dreamed of.

Q. "Becky, what about the Mark Eden Money Back Guarantee?"

A. *"Well, I had really resigned myself to being flat-chested the rest of my life so Mark Eden was kind of my last desperate hope—and it was reassuring to know that if it didn't work, it wouldn't cost me anything. However, I'm delighted with what Mark Eden did for me and I would unhesitatingly recommend it to any girl who sincerely wants to improve her bustline."*

The Mark Eden Guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.

The Mark Eden Developer costs only $9.95 complete—you receive a complete course of instruction, fully illustrated by photographs, which shows and tells you exactly how to use this remarkable developer for your maximum results . . . and you receive the MARK EDEN MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Mark Eden

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ti plant

Hawaiian "Good Luck"

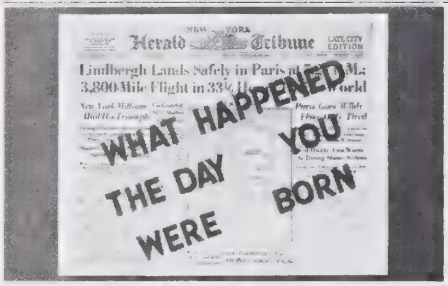


It grows out of a log - so fast you can almost see it grow! All you do is put the Ti log in water and watch it grow. When it sprouts, put it in a pot. The bigger the pot, the bigger it will grow... from one to six feet tall. You can have the size you want. Grow it in the sun or shade - it blossoms! The Hawaiian Ti Plant makes an ideal gift. Your choice of red or green leaves. Guaranteed to grow!

ONE FOR **$1.00** 3 FOR **$2.50**

Please add twenty-five cents for postage and handling

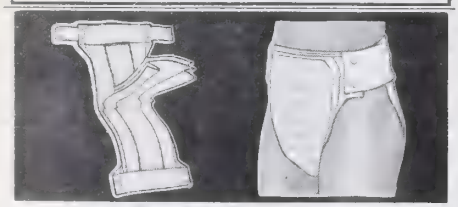
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Find out what happened the day you were born—or any other special date. You pick the date—any time from January 1, 1900 through Dec. 31, 1964; you'll get the front page copy of the New York Herald Tribune for that day. Please specify exact dates. **$2.25 Ppd.**

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"EVER-SAFE" is Cool, Undetectable, Comfortable & Effective. Weighs only 7 oz. Novel "fluid barriers" with heat-welded seams enclosing absorbent launderable liners in soft vinyl, prevent escape of any moisture. Clothes, bedding stay dry. Use 2 sets of liners for full nights sleep without change. Moneyback guarantee. Sizes for all ages, adults & children. **ORDER BY WAIST SIZE!** Complete with liner, $6.95; extra liner, $3.95; 50 disposable liners, $7.95. **RALCO MFG.,** Dept. 254 1534 E. Edinger, Santa Ana, Calif. 92705
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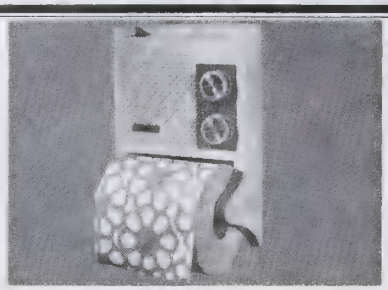
BASEMENT TOILET



Flushes up to existing sewer or septic tank by powerful, self-contained pump operated by normal water pressure. No digging up floors. Clog resistant, easily installed. Make basement into game room, den, apartment with private bath. Financing available. Dealer inquiries invited. Write for free catalog.
DOSS, Dept. J-51, Box 10947, Houston, Tex. 77018

Baby's first shoes?

Why not have them bronze-plated in solid metal as a forever memory! $3.99 a pair. Also, portrait stands (shown), TV lamps, bookends at big savings. Send no money. For details, money-saving certificate, postpaid mailer, write: American Bronzing Co., Box 6504-J6, Bexley, OH 43209.



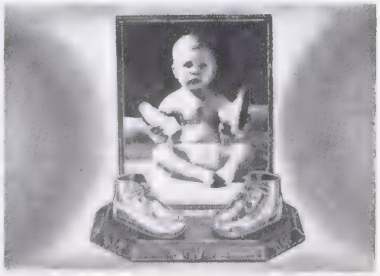
Music to bathe by

Whatever your program selection, the "John Radio" is in tune as a great bathroom accessory. News or blues, the 7-transistor radio is contained in the tissue holder. 7½x10", battery-operated. A sound gift! $12.98 plus $1.25 hdlg. Gift catalog, 25¢. House of Minnel, Dept. 694E, Batavia, IL 60510.



Good-bye tarnish

Gorham silverware drawer pads of Pacific Silvercloth keep your silverware neat, clean, and always ready for last-minute company. Standard size (14x12-x2½") holds 108 pieces, $8.98. Jumbo (17½x14x2½") holds 120 pieces $9.98. Add 95¢ hdlg. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1709-E, Wheatridge, CO 80033.





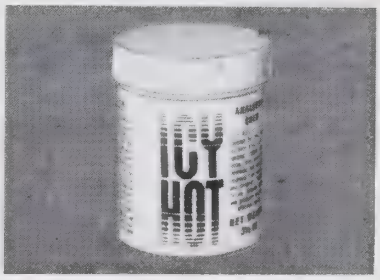
Young love

K. Chin's "Young Set" of four enchanting portraits of young love appeals to lovers of any age. Each print is 9"x12" on heavy, art-quality paper, lithographed in full color. Ready to frame. Set of four, $1 plus 25¢ hdlg. With "Puppy Love" as free bonus. American Consumer, Dept. YS13, Caroline Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19176.



Walk in warmth

Thermawear for men and women is an excellent body-insulating underwear. Made with thermolactyl fiber, it keeps you warm without feeling damp. Ideal for sports. This fine company says it temporarily helps soothe minor pain from arthritis, etc. Styles, sizes include full length, etc. For free catalog: Damart Thermawear, Dept. LH9, 2450 Sibley Blvd., Posen, IL 60469.



Icy-Hot

A strange name but, for over 50 years, Icy-Hot has been giving arthritis and rheumatism sufferers blessed temporary relief from minor aches and pains. All you have to do is rub it in to send pain to sleep. Guaranteed to help, or your money back. $2. J. W. Gibson, Dept. 176E, 2000 No. Illinois St., Indianapolis, IN 46202.



A recipe clipper?

Magic-Grip recipe book "holds" torn-out magazine or newspaper recipes. Just slip them under the *clinging*, transparent sheets. No glue or tape. Stuff your family with goodies instead of stuffing recipes in kitchen drawers. 5¼-x8". $2.98 plus 50¢ hdlg. Holiday Gifts. Dept. 1709-G, Wheatridge, CO 80033.

WILL THIS TALISMAN BRACELET BRING YOU GOOD LUCK?







ORIGINALLY created with intricately knotted elephant hair these bracelets were thought to inherently possess good luck and were often given by tribesman to hunters after a successful elephant hunt.

Later made in multi-strand gold, silver and copper wire they became talismans of good fortune for either sex in finding a mate . . . getting and keeping good health . . . and success in any enterprise.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF ITS ANCIENT DESIGN?

When you wear this handmade Elephant Hair Styled Bracelet the first question people will ask you is "How do you take it off?"

When you mysteriously slip it off your wrist and hand it to them quietly, you'll be asked more:

Is it all one piece of wire? Where does it start and where does it end? Does it really give you good luck? Where did you get it?

And why have Elephant Hair Bracelets suddenly become so overwhelmingly desired?

AS OLD AS AFRICA . . . AS NEW AS TODAY!

You don't have to go on an African safari to love these new, handmade Elephant Hair bracelets from Alwand Vahan.

Based on the original ancient design from the tribes of Kenya, these bracelets have been recreated in 5-strand copper, silver-plate and gold-plate wire. These handmade bracelets have the untamed, sophisticated look that is sure to attract attention wherever you go.

One of the most ingenious features of these unusual bracelets is the fact that they're completely adjustable and look as well on men as they do on women.

AT LAST AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD!

Only wearing these bracelets can show you how superior they are to any Elephant Hair Bracelets you've yet seen.

The handmade feeling . . . the unusual knots . . . the way each bracelet adjusts . . . the mystery of its design can only be experienced by actually wearing one of these bracelets. The good luck is not guaranteed, but complete satisfaction is.

Please compare them with the $40 . . . $50 . . . and $100 elephant hair bracelets you've seen. Unless you feel these Talisman Elephant Hair Bracelets are superior return for no cost.

Only $3.98 for the copper, $4.98 for the silver-plate, $5.98 for the gold-plate – or $11.95 for the entire collection.

Please rush me the following
Talisman Elephant Hair Styled Bracelets
on no risk 10-day trial. If not delighted I may
return for full refund.

_____Copper at $3.98 ea. _____Silverplate at $4.98 ea.

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Enclosed is $_____.

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Please add .50 per order for shipping and handling.
N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

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THE INFLATION FIGHTERS

continued from page 94

more lunches to work. Once an avid fan at basketball games and track meets, Al has given them up. "It's just not worth it. I used to be able to go for $2, now it costs $11 for two and with carfare and extras it can be a $15 evening. It's better to stay home and watch it all on TV."

The Levines have asked their families to send birthday presents of clothing instead of toys for the children, and they find holidays in general so expensive that, as Al puts it, "We often end up not buying gifts for each other." Vacations usually consist of half a dozen weekend trips in their station wagon. A short trip costs less than $30 a weekend, and two years ago the whole family spent 23 days in Canada for a total of $400.

Al and Rosalind belong to a babysitting cooperative of about 25 families. This allows them to go out several times a week, although Al notes that about half of their recreation these days is going to meetings. "We used to go to dinner and the theater about once a month; now it's once every six months." Ros is involved in helping establish a food cooperative that would include about 30 to 40 families in their neighborhood. The group would buy fresh produce, bread, eggs, cheese and grains at wholesale prices, a scheme that could save each family $30 a month in grocery bills. "My main observation," she stresses, "is that people working together can beat at least some of the inflationary costs."

Still, with all of their careful economizing, the Levines have the feeling they are falling behind. Their two cars are five and six years old, their two television sets are eight and ten years old, and they bought their last piece of furniture four years ago. They see themselves facing other new expenses: they want to buy a house, although they need about $4,000 more to make the $10,000 down payment they would need on a $40,000 house. They worry that Al's parents and Ros's mother will be dependent on their support in the near future. And they wonder how they will be able to give the girls an education. ("Did you see that Sylvia Porter estimates it costs $125,000 to raise a child through college?" asks Al.)

The Levines have no doubts, though, that they are lucky in relation to thousands of other families. "I teach in many poor neighborhoods," says Ros, "and there are people who can't even afford transportation into central Los Angeles. I wonder how they are managing to survive."

Income: Al's fund-raising and promotional work produces $925 a month in salary, plus a non-taxable expense allowance of $200. Rosalind averages another $210 a month from her position as a substitute teacher in Los Angeles' elementary schools. Total: $1,335.

Income tax and Social Security	$ 25
Medical insurance	50
Life and disability insurance	30
Auto insurance	35
Rent (California ranch-style house, with two bedrooms and den)	275
Home insurance	10
Telephone (both Ros's and Al's families live in New York, so there's a lot of long distance calling)	40
Utilities (gas, electricity, water)	35
Gasoline for two cars	50
Car maintenance, repairs	40
Food	175
Nursery school five days a week for Tracy	120
Hebrew school five afternoons a week for Jennifer	20
Medicines and vitamins (all the Levines take 7–8 vitamins a day as preventive medicine)	20
Dentist (the children have cavities, and one filling costs $35)	25
Newspapers and magazines (half a dozen subscriptions)	10
Parking at Al's office	22
Business lunches for Al	35
Business lunches for Ros	20
Piano lessons for Jennifer	15
Gifts (birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas and Chanukkah)	20
Orthopedic shoes for Tracy (four pairs a year at $27 each pair)	9
Clothing	67
Entertainment (1 or 2 movies, occasional dinner out, but mostly at home)	30
Records and books	7
Children's toys, educational materials	10
Annual vacation, weekend camping trips	56
House cleaning (maid twice a month)	32
Haircuts for Al and Ros	5
Savings	47
Total	$1,335

YOUR EYES

By Marcia Cohen

Yes, I remember your eyes
Clear with asking
Questions I could never answer,
Dark with despairing
Questions you would never ask.

The words we shared were sure words:
"How much," "what," and "where" and "when,"
Of profits, parties . . . pictures in a book
Neat as a ledger or a printed page.

As for the others—
Words that flew
through the sun like swallows,
Brushed my cheek
with silk and petals,
Sung to me of Dido and Aeneas . . .
Troilus . . . Romeo . . .

Those I would surely have forgotten,
If I did not—very well—
Remember your eyes.



With Congoleum Cushioned Shinyl Vinyl and a little imagination, you can make your dull den sparkle. Because . . .

Congoleum®
makes the difference.

The colorful, no-wax comfort of Cushioned Shinyl Vinyl®

No matter what your taste—or price range—Congoleum has a Cushioned Shinyl Vinyl to match. This plush "Peerless®" floor is just one of our nearly 500 colorful patterns that combine the convenience of Shinyl Vinyl (the original no-wax floor that lets you shine when you wish), with the soft, warm, quiet comfort of cushioning.

To complete your new look, trim windows with bright curtains, pull a glass table up to the fire . . . and show off the finished room with chrome beam lights.

Congoleum is the one change — that changes everything! Begin your changes with our new booklet "Focus on Floors". Send 50¢ to Consumer Service Dept., Congoleum Industries, Inc., 195 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N.J. 07032. Then see your Yellow Pages under "Flooring" for your nearest Congoleum dealer. And see for yourself the difference Congoleum makes!

DIES' HOME

OCTOBER 1974/75¢

Journal

Exclusive!
SOPHIA LOREN & HER MOTHER
Their untold story

S. GERALD FORD
new life"—plus
sive photos

ENDS IN MARRIAGE
el to "How to Be
Own Best Friend"

EMBERING LBJ
dy Bird Johnson
ynda Robb

PENSE NOVEL
st-selling
r Thomas Tryon

**FRIEND,
N KENNEDY**
eke Tunney

EP & BEAUTY
o look better at
& in the morning

T YOUR ETIQUETTE
Vanderbilt's new quiz

WARDROBE
it yourself!

kend with
ERT REDFORD

SOPHIA LOREN

THAT'S ENTERTAINING!
Special section of party ideas
(food, decorating, etc.)
to make you a star hostess



Get more life out of your living space!

The Armstrong Interior Designers share their space-making ideas with you.

Get more life out of a room for two boys... add a study area with some do-it-yourself homework.

In this room, the Armstrong Interior Designers partition the study from the sleeping area with sliding doors on an easy-to-install ceiling track. Utilizing space is the name of the game. To emphasize the two-room feeling even more, contrasting floor coverings were used. Sleeping area: Armstrong Place Press® tile in white Bradford Brick. For the study: The Representative carpet tile in Oriental Blue. Two interesting, rugged textures, two clean, contrasting colors: and both are do-it-yourself easy with the adhesive already on the back. The handsome, practical furniture is from our Thomasville Pine Manor collection. Captains' chairs reflect the nautical look, and the bookcase-desk units help keep everything shipshape. To complete the shipboard look, an Armstrong ceiling was used in the Wood Grain pattern. Its trim, rugged looks is perfect here, and you can install it yourself.





from the Indoor World® of Armstrong.

Get more life out of your deadbeat dining room... make it into a dual-use dining room-den without hammering a single nail.

Most dining rooms stand idle most of the time—a waste of precious living space. Here the Armstrong Designers make one room do the work of two, in the easiest possible way, with versatile furniture from our Founders line. You simply rearrange to suit the occasion. Founders' Keepers® Two wall units provide plenty of flexible storage space. One unit contains a foldaway desk that does a disappearing act at dinner.



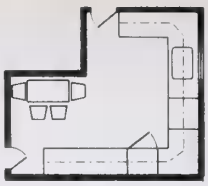
The gleaming polished aluminum table and chairs are beautiful for dining, and function equally well for study purposes. These and Oakwynne carpet by Armstrong in Crystal Blue mix warm tradition with elegant contemporary, and it all adds up to excitement in living . . . both ways.

MORE ARMSTRONG IDEAS

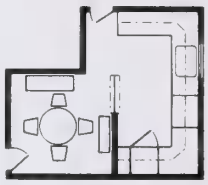


Get more life out of your informal kitchen... tuck a formal dining room in the corner.

Even if it's just hamburgers, dinner seems extra special if it's served in a special place. So, if you don't have a separate dining room, create one by dressing up a kitchen corner. The Armstrong Interior Designers started by installing a new and different kind of ceiling in the dining area to create a more intimate, formal setting. They've used one of our new Chandelier® Ceilings, called Provinciale. It's an elegant, richly textured ceiling, made to dine under, to entertain under. To separate the mini-dining room from the kitchen, the Designers have removed old cabinets and added a simple divider wall with an unusual Plexiglas pass-through. For cool elegance, creamy whites against the rich fruitwood of our Thomasville Chateau Provence furniture. An Armstrong Biscay dimensional shag carpet in snowy Siberian Breeze white is the perfect foil for the antique chandelier, striking red-framed mirror, and caned chairs. The result—a cozy, elegant dining room.



BEFORE



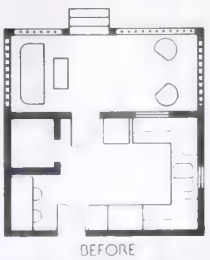
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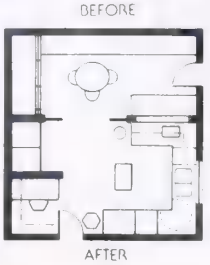


Get more life from your out-of-season porch... turn it into an all-season greenhouse.

Decorate with living color! Greenery is a terrific way to add outdoor dimension to your indoor world. So take a cue from the Armstrong Interior Designers, and transform your unused porch into an arboretum! The emphasis is on sunshine . . . so what better way to start than with Solarian®, the sunny floor that shines without waxing and keeps its shine far longer than any ordinary vinyl floor. The lighthearted look of the dining table and chairs from our Thomasville Allegro II collection is repeated by adding bamboo trim to stock kitchen cabinets. Brightly colored wallpaper picks up the garden-greenhouse theme, and a lacy wooden trellis is an airy partition between kitchen and greenhouse. Take all the ingredients that we've whipped up, and watch your back porch blossom into a sunshine-garden dining room! For more ideas, write Armstrong, 7410 Capri Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17604. We'll send our Indoor World literature . . . free!



BEFORE

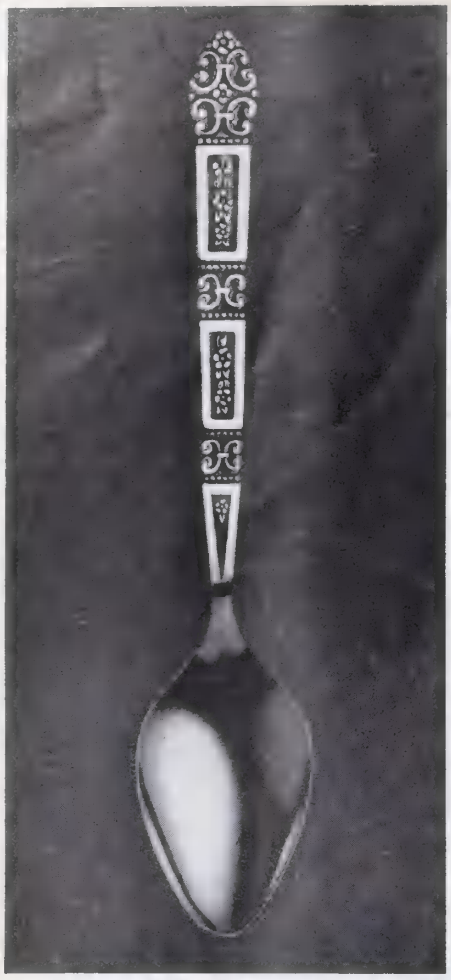


AFTER

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EDITOR'S DIARY

Parties now

In reviewing this issue before it went to press, I mused about our party section, starting on page 122. With money so short, and the nation so troubled, are parties rightfully a part of the scene? We at the JOURNAL believe they are. A party is an affirmation of our ability to celebrate, to be convivial, even in the face of serious times and adversity. A party unites people, lifts spirits, renews a sense of optimism . . . and gives the hostess a sense of achievement. Feeling down, isolated, humdrum, devoid of joy? Don't sit there. Whether it's one of our suggested "show-biz" ideas, or just pizza and punch . . . *have a party!*

LBJ Memorial

Executive Editor Dick Kaplan was our roving reporter this month. He flew down to Austin, Texas, to guide the interview with Lady Bird Johnson and her daughter, JOURNAL Contributing Editor Lynda Robb. As you will see on page 112, the Johnson family will be dedicating the new LBJ Memorial Grove shortly, and I am privileged to serve on the national committee that has worked in behalf of this unique memorial that will stand on a Virginia hillside overlooking the Potomac, just outside of Washington. (More details on how you can contribute can be found at the end of the article.)

Before the interview, Dick accompanied Mrs. Johnson and Lynda to a local quarry to see the megalith of su set-red Texas granite that will stand a monument "to heighten the sense life" within the grove. After everyo admired it, and discussed the details how such a slab of stone could shipped, Dick had the rare pleasure returning to the famous LBJ Ranch f a tour and a Mexican lunch. (Dick, n exactly a food adventurer, actually ask for seconds on the enchiladas.) Wh Mrs. Johnson took a siesta, Lyn proudly took Dick on a tour of t ranch, now part of the National Par system. Tourist buses drove up to t house every twenty minutes, and Di was impressed with the fact that, li LBJ himself, neither Mrs. Johnson n Lynda were too busy to say hello to t Americans who had chosen to hon Lyndon Johnson, and the Presidenc by visiting his home.

Lady's man

Our book bonus this month is one th should grip you, both with its atm sphere of intrigue and mystery a with its evocation of a small New E gland town in past decades. *La* which starts on page 104, was writt by Thomas Tryon, the actor ("The Car nal" and other films) who became a be selling novelist. Where did Tom gr up, like the small boy in the novel? Wethersfield, Connecticut. *Lady* w be published in November by Kno so once more the JOURNAL brings y the first taste of a best seller.—L.H.



Meanwhile, bac at the ranch (the LBJ ranch Johnson City, Texas), Dick Kaplan talks things over witl Lady Bird Johnson and Lynda Robb. (" was hard to hea back to Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.," said Dick.)

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THINK THINS



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VOL. XCI, NO. 10

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



LADIES' HOME Journal®

OCTOBER 1974

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Cover photograph of Sophia Loren by Tazio Secchiaroli—Sygma. Page 92: photograph of Emmy Brubach by Sam Falk; pages 112–113: photograph of Lady Bird Johnson by Frank Wolfe.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING BY GENE SHALIT



This month's movies include two "don't miss" comedies—one a Marx Brothers revival; the other the work of some madcap Frenchmen. Both are welcome as that rarest of items—the Family Movie.

Cheer up

The JOURNAL cheers a chance to cheer up: The Marx Brothers are back with *Animal Crackers*, first filmed in 1930 and last legally seen 18 years ago. Theater rights have been restored by legal rites resulting in writs written to make it all right to show in theaters. *Animal Crackers* is famous for Groucho's creation of Captain Jeffrey T. Spaulding (the T is for Edgar), and for his African-hunter monologue: "One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas—how he got in my pajamas I'll never know." This is also the movie with Harpo's silverware-stealing routine (knives and spoons tumble from his sleeves and pants in clattering profusion while he stares in pop-eyed innocence), and for the funniest bridge game ever filmed—Harpo has 200 aces of spades. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind wrote it, and if you wonder why they don't make movies like this any more, you might also ask why they don't make George S. Kaufmans and Morris Ryskinds any more. I watched the movie in a theater filled with children, many of them under 11, and they yelled with laughter. Proving (a) good humor is ageless, and (b) you *can* make a sophisticated G movie. All it takes is genius.

Admirably loathsome

There is this kid up in Montreal called Duddy Kravitz. If you want to denounce him, call him a creep. If you want to pronounce him, rhyme Duddy with hoody. If you want to see him (and you should), sit in on *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, the saga of a schemer kid who'll sink to any act if the action propels him into being a "somebody." It is based on the galvanic novel by Mordecai Richler, written when he was just 24, and set in the 1940's poor Jewish section of Montreal where he himself grew up. Kravitz is portrayed by Richard Dreyfuss who, in *American Graffiti*, was admirable and wholesome and here is admirably loathsome. His father is a *shlep* who drives a cab and hangs around. Duddy wants more and, heeding his sweet grandfather's advice, is determined to acquire land. He is crafty with the price, but never counts the cost.

He connives, he cons, he courts, captures and crushes. In the end, Duddy gets the land. A lot of good it does him.

Sly and delectable

When *The Seduction of Mimi* began, I kept waiting to see the girl who played Mimi. She never showed up, because Mimi turned out to be a guy. Mimi is the nickname of a Sicilian sub-proletarian played with lower class style and strut by Giancarlo Giannini. He's a laborer with an independent mind. When a local election comes up, he doesn't mind voting independently, but the Mafia minds, and since they control the jobs he's fired. "Deleted expletive," he says in Italian and, with shrug and scorn, he's off to Turin to seek his fortune. Fortunately, he meets Fiore, a rapturous girl who arouses him (a feeling he never had with his back-home humdrum dumdum wife). Fiore's played for all she's worth (and she's worth plenty) by Mariangela Melato, and before you can say *bambino* they're living together. We push the "fast forward" button and Mimi is back home, living with his mistress and baby son *and* his formerly innocent wife. *Formerly*, because she has not so innocently slipped into the cab of a crane with a local workman to whose flattering advances she was not impregnable. Mimi rages. It's okay for him to be unfaithful, but not *his wife*. He plots elaborate revenge, make his wife's lover's wife pregnant, and antic complications are piled onto comical complexities. *The Seduction of Mimi* was directed by a woman—Linda Wertmuller. She has flipped it into a sly, delectable movie.

Two hours of fun

Julie Andrews' non-singing movies have not been notable, so the good news for Julie's fans is that *The Tamarind Seed*—in which she doesn't even hum—isn't half bad. Julie is the private secretary to a hush-hush British government official who is in on all sorts of official secrets. We meet Julie on a Caribbean isle, where she is vacationing in a resort near Omar Sharif, a Russian spy based in Paris. One look and Omar is sure she's just the ticket. Problem: She is very reserved. He longs for general admission. Meanwhile, back in London, Anthony Quail, the bird dog of British intelligence, warns her to watch her step. Oscar Homulka, Sharif's Russian spy boss, tells Omar to watch *his* step. You'll watch the cast step lively from Barbados to Paris to *(continued)*

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WHAT'S HAPPENING
continued

London to Barbados, to Paris to airports to chases to bedrooms to romance that is hardly intriguing but intrigue that is often romantic. The speedy story's strewn with twists and traps.

You won't remember *The Tamarind Seed* two hours after you've seen it but for the two hours you're seeing it, it's fun.

Whale of a film

There have been two memorable films made in the Arctic about Eskimos. *Nanook of the North*, the classic made in 1922 by Robert Flaherty, and *Eskimo*, filmed ten years later. Now we have a new movie about Eskimos filmed in the Canadian Arctic, *The White Dawn*. This is based on a true story, set in 1896, when six men in a whaling boat out of New Bedford, Mass., are ice-wrecked. Three vanish into death. Three survivors stumble frantically across the ice and are rescued by a small group of Eskimos. The survivors are Warren Oates, Lou Gosset, and—barely beyond a boy—Timothy Bottoms. The Eskimos have never seen anything like them. Their leader takes them in, clothes them, feeds them, shelters them, even shares wives and daughters with them. Gosset—a black with great strength—and Bottoms, the cabin boy, like the Eskimos, but Warren Oates—a rough second mate—rubs the Eskimos the wrong way. He inflicts Western ways on them: shows them how to get drunk . . . cheats at gambling . . . introduces them to deceit, stealing, lying, and, ultimately, divides and disrupts the Eskimo culture. The performances are exceptional (many are Eskimos who have never acted before) and Michael Chapman's photography is awesome. It is all played out with drama and suspense, making *The White Dawn* a whale of a film.

Tedium

When Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland teamed for Robert Altman's MASH, they had an instant smash. Now they've teamed in SPYS. Instant hash.

Gould and Sutherland play CIA agents in Paris who bumble an assignment to bribe a Russian gymnast into defecting to America. So the CIA decides to kill *them*. Also mixed in are Sutherland's from-time-to-time anarchist girl friend and a bunch of Russian agents (*rouges* rogues). There are three chases at once. There's also a dog who dines in fashionable restaurants and

(continued on page 30)

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Animal Crackers. The Marx Brothers in their 1930 classic in which Groucho is Captain Spaulding, the African explorer who wonders how that elephant got into his pajamas.

The Black Windmill. Michael Caine of British intelligence tracks down his little boy's kidnapper. Donald Pleasance is outstanding as the man who gets in the way. *Black Windmill* may give you quite a turn.

Chinatown. Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway and John Houston in an evocation of 1930s Los Angeles. Filled with mystery, murder and mood, *Chinatown* takes the starch out of everyone who says they don't make 'em like they used to.

Chosen Survivors. Bats and selected Americans in a post-atomic subterranean shelter that looks like a Miami Beach lobby. The truly chosen are those who skip this movie.

Claudine. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll are winning as a couple in this black movie about a boisterous garbage man and a suburban maid who try to make it despite her six kids and his abhorrence of welfare. Rated PG but the language and incidents are rough.

Conrack. A Southern white teacher in a black shack-of-a-school off the coast of the Carolinas. John Voight is brilliant. It will melt the heart of everybody in your family. See it, see it, see it!

Daisy Miller. Fatuous film based on Henry James' novel. Cybil Shepherd is Daisy and Peter Bogdanovich is Daisy's petal pusher.

For Pete's Sake. Barbra Streisand misused in a comedy that alternately doesn't work or works too hard.

A Free Woman. A compelling drama about a divorced woman trying to make an independent life for herself. First-rate direction and performances.

The Gravy Train. Not much. Stacey Keach and Frederick Forrest are a couple of West Virginia miners trying to make it in Washington as crooks. An overcrowded field.

Herbie Rides Again. Disney's Volkswagen steered an independent course in *The Love Bug*, so he's back in a new adventure starring Helen Hayes. Herbie saves the day by coming through in the clutch.

The Mad Adventures of "Rabbi" Jacob. An explosively funny farce for every member of the family. Louis De Funes is an inspired comic actor. Don't miss it.

My Name Is Nobody. Henry Fonda squandered as he wanders through a turgid western.

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat. One of the year's worst movies. Worth going out of your way to miss.

The Parallax View. Warren Beatty in a flawed but headlong thriller about a national conspiracy that assassinates politicians on assignment.

The Seduction of Mimi. Rich and ribald social comedy, filled with fun and tinged with sadness. Perfect for adults; imperfect for kiddies.

S*P*Y*S. Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland loafing through a Paris caper. I've seen japer.

The Tamarind Seed. Julie Andrews is West and Omar Sharif is East and the twain meet in Barbados. A romantic mystery to take off your shoes by.

That's Entertainment. Some of the best production numbers from some of the best MGM musicals. All singing, all dancing, all talking, all together now, *let's go!*

The White Dawn. Timothy Bottoms, Warren Oates and Lou Gosset rescued by Eskimos. Brilliant performances. Rated R because of occasional bare bosoms, but that shouldn't keep intelligent high schoolers from joining you. A superior film.



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? BILL'S COLDNESS MADE DIANE "FRIGID"



She felt he wanted her to be a sexpot as well as a super-mom. He felt she was a sloppy housekeeper and sexually unresponsive. Who was right . . . or were they both wrong?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Occasionally parents bring up their children in a way that makes them difficult for anyone else to live with. That was at least partly Bill's situation in the case described here. He felt a tremendous anger toward his mother—an anger he couldn't express, because he feared for her health. So when he married, he took it out on his wife instead. One of the common tragedies of modern marriage is that parents unwittingly bring up children to have unsound behavior patterns. In many homes, the parents' own problems are so overwhelming that it is impossible for them to set a healthy example for their children. Outside organizations can assist children who find themselves in such a predicament—schools, youth groups, publications, books, motion pictures, etc. But, unfortunately, these troubled children frequently end up forming relationships that re-create their parents' problem marriages. It is certainly high time that we do more to help young men and women to become successful husbands and wives, fathers and mothers.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Jerold R. Kuhn.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the
Board of Trustees,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

Diane talks first

"My husband says I'm not sexy enough for him," began Diane, a slim woman of 28 with pale, delicate features and dark shadows under her eyes. She and her husband, parents of a two-year-old son, had just flown in from a southwestern state for counseling.

With a shaking hand, she dabbed a tissue at the tears flowing down her cheeks. "Bill keeps telling me he doesn't want a dumpy, unexciting wife. If I gain three pounds, he notices. I don't think of myself as a sexy person, but he would like me to dress and act like a starlet—while at the same time, I'm supposed to be a super-mother.

"I'm usually a cool, collected person, but during our recent vacation in Mexico, Bill was going off to the beach to snorkel, leaving me to bathe, dress and feed the baby. So I called him a male chauvinist pig. He just laughed, which made me furious. I screamed at him—and he turned white and said very quietly, 'Don't do that, Diane. Don't ever act like my mother!'

"His mother is a cold, hateful woman. When Bill and his brother were small, she blamed them for her heart trouble. Actually, she had rheumatic fever as a child, and that's why she has heart trouble. She would swat Bill with a broom when he talked back and once broke the handle over his back. Then she'd collapse and make a big emotional scene about her heart pains. Bill would be terrified that she'd die and it would be his fault.

"When I'm angry, I can get over it if I'm just left alone to organize my thoughts quietly. But Bill will try to tease me out of it. When he's mad at me, he just goes to bed.

"Lately, I can't seem to react to Bill sexually at all. I feel numb when we make love, and I won't pretend to reach orgasm. We used to make love every other night, and I really enjoyed it. Have I become frigid?"

Sobbing, she continued, "Bill's constant criticism is terribly hard to live with. He attacks my family, which always puts me on the defensive. We're both the eldest children of large families and we're very involved with brothers and sisters who come to our house almost every day. But on top of that, Bill works in a family business with his father and brothers. He spends 15 hours a day on the job, and it seems that the rest of the time, when he's at home, he's on the telephone.

"He sees everything as black and white, right or wrong—there's only one way. Bill was graduated from Annapolis and likes everything super neat and tidy. Granted, I'm not fastidious, but I'm organized. The house may be messy, but the baby is immaculately clean. Some days the beds don't get made, but I'll have a gourmet meal ready for him when he gets home. He loves good cooking. But he's not satisfied—he thinks I'm a sloppy housekeeper.

"We can afford to have live-in help, but I like the feeling of being in control of my own house. Bill loves to travel, but I find that life is simpler at home and I can have things just the way I want, when I want. My father was a store manager for a big clothing chain and was moved about constantly. Between the first and eighth grades, I changed schools five times. I had few close friends then, and the same is true today—we rarely entertain. Bill and the baby are my whole life.

"In high school, I was shy and inhibited, although I dated quite a bit. My father insisted I come home early and told me never to let a boy touch me or something terrible would happen. Both my parents are fearful, negative people. Whenever I asked my father if I could do something, he would automatically say no first. But he was so weak that I knew if I cried and pleaded and stormed, he'd eventually give in. My mother, a dull, passive person, took no interest in me.

"I kept my virginity through high school and college. When I met Bill I was twenty-one and working as a physical therapist in a San Diego hospital. I fell madly in love with him and we were married six months later, when Bill was twenty-two.

"At that time, he was in the Navy and stationed in San Diego. Our first year of marriage was blissful; I devoted myself entirely to Bill and there were few outside pressures. We could hardly bear to be separated. But as I look back, that year I developed stomach problems that a doctor said were pre-ulcerous, so perhaps even then it was a strain keeping up with Bill's high expectations.

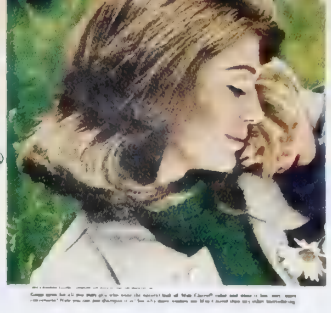
"Now we rarely ever have sex; we seem to have turned each other off completely. I love Bill and don't want to lose him. He has threatened divorce, but I can't believe he really means it."

Bill's turn to talk

"If our marriage is in trouble, it's Diane's fault, not mine," said Bill, a powerfully built man of 29, stylishly dressed, with appraising blue eyes and a surprisingly soft voice. "I don't need advice on how to live my life; I'm doing great. I work fifteen hours a day and most of Saturday, but I'm doing it all for my family. The minute Diane said she was pregnant I started thinking about a house; four months later, we bought one for $40,000. Every month I hand her $1,000 just for household expenses, and I never ask her how she spends it. We've got two cars, two motorcycles and a company plane at our disposal—that's how we flew in for our counseling lesson today. My goal is to retire at forty as a millionaire and devote myself to my family, maybe go to law school and into politics. How many women have it so good? *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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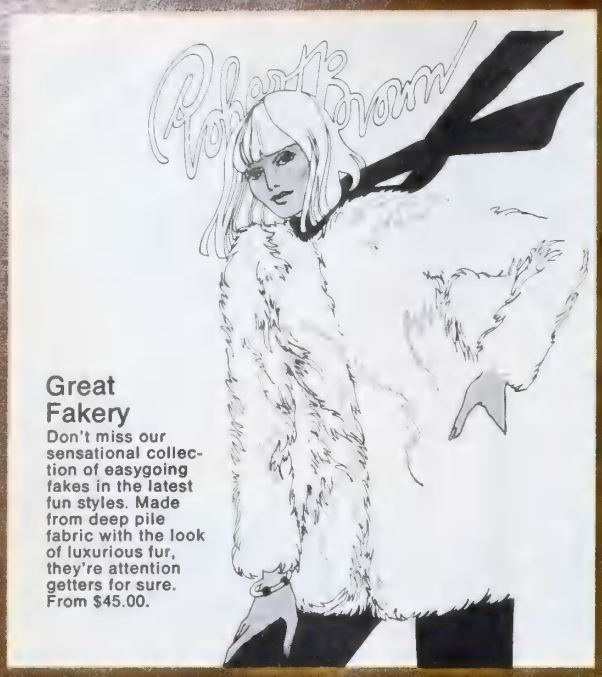


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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

continued

"I quit the Navy and went into my father's concrete business because Diane and I didn't like the idea of long separations. We've only been apart about four nights during the seven years we've been married. When I went into business with Dad, he was $80,000 in the hole. I turned things around quickly. My father and two brothers are also in the business, but I'm boss. If someone moves too slowly, or makes a mistake, he gets fired. I do a careful analysis of every bid, and generally our outfit gets the job. We now have the biggest concrete business in our corner of the state.

"I've always worked hard—wanted to be the best. Ever since I was a little kid, my mother's been pushing and driving me. Just the other day she told me, 'If I were a man, I wouldn't ride on my father's back; I'd get a business of my own!' That really burned me up; *I* saved her and Dad from bankruptcy. I realize Mom's had a tough life, but I'm the oldest child, so she has always expected the most of me.

"In grade school I earned fifty dollars a month with a paper route and Mom put it all into a piggy bank for college. I was a Fuller Brush salesman, an Eagle Scout and class valedictorian. The Naval Academy seemed a good way to get a free college education, and I had no trouble getting in. I didn't dig Annapolis too much; I didn't like the marching and saluting, and I get terribly seasick. But I enjoyed the competition and I love to travel.

"There weren't too many chances to date girls in the Navy. I'd been in love several times—I'm a romantic guy—but right away I knew Diane was something special. She was Homecoming Queen at her college and dated all the big athletes. Brainy, too, and cooler than me.

"Diane and I had our first argument on our honeymoon, and it was a shocker to me. She had a tantrum because I had met some old Annapolis buddies in Bermuda, where we were honeymooning, and they wanted me to crew on the Bermuda-Newport race. 'And have me fly home *alone* from my honeymoon and have my *mother* meet me at the airport?' Diane yelled. In the end, to pacify her, I gave up the chance to sail back to the States with a great bunch of guys.

"Diane's a super-mother and I have no complaints in that respect, but I wish she was more interested in sex, that she didn't have such a temper and kept the house neater. How long does it take to make a bed? Five minutes? Yet I'll come home after work at 8 o'clock and find beds unmade. Sometimes I think she does it just to bug me, because I'm not home enough. She claims I don't spend enough time with our son, but the time I spend with him is quality time. We have a lot of physical contact—roughhousing and rolling

(continued on page 24)

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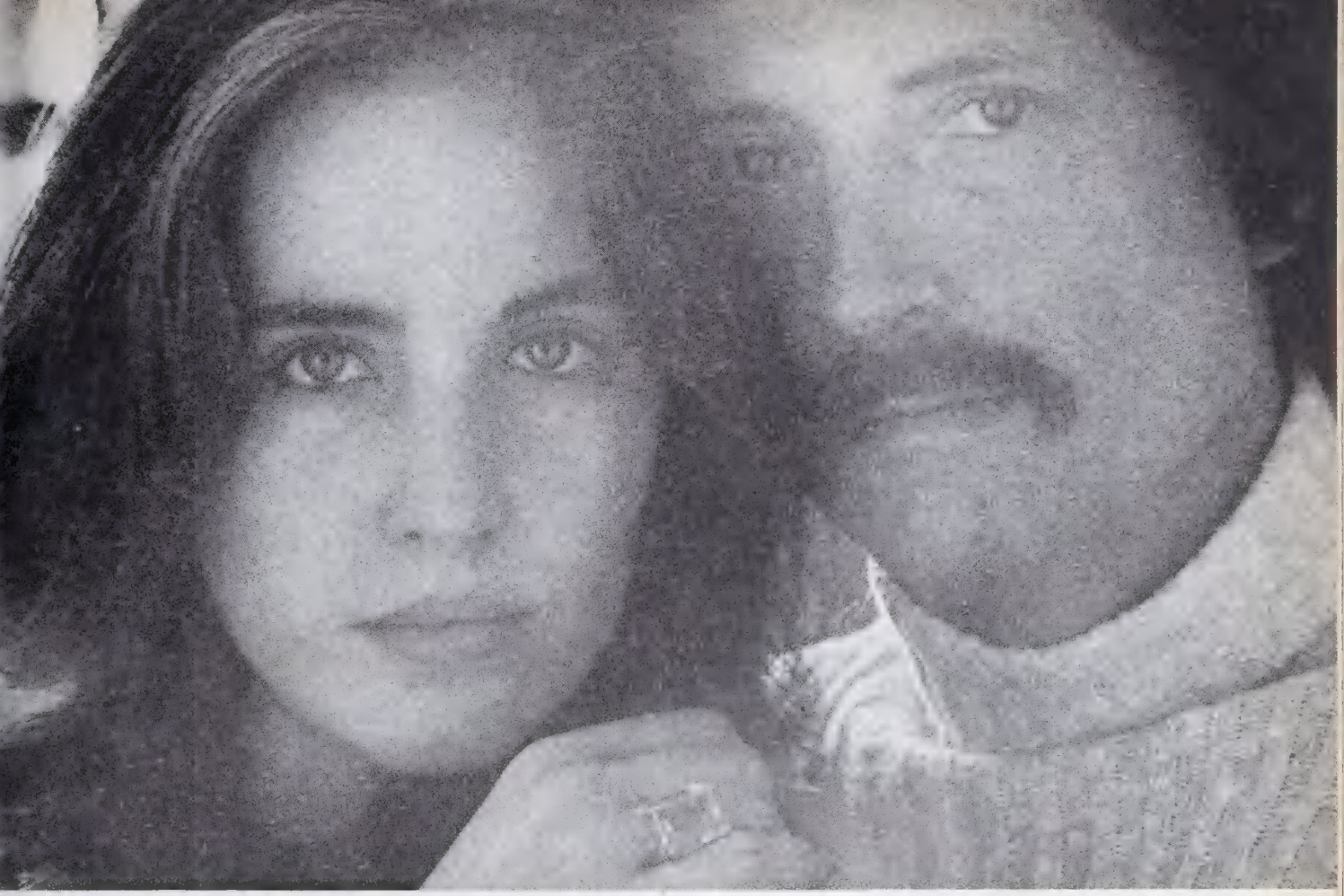
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He says he loves the smell of my skin, and he likes my perfume because he says it brings out what I am to him.

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THIS MARRIAGE
continued

on the floor, and riding into the desert on my motorcycle. When he was too young to sit up, I'd hold him between my legs on the front seat and we'd roar off; Diane didn't like to watch.

"But Diane's bought out every toy shop for miles around; our whole house is like a giant playpen. It irks me that I can't get into bed at night without removing six toys, or mow the lawn without picking up Chris' motorized equipment by the armful.

"Actually, I think Diane would get more done if she went to work part-time. The baby's got her bamboozled; when he's asleep, she's afraid to do anything because he might wake up, and if he's awake, she devotes every second to him. She isn't into club work or community affairs because, frankly, I frown on that.

"Diane can't understand why I can't get home for dinner at six o'clock, but it's impossible. We have a hundred men on the payroll, plus an office staff, and I have to keep a jump ahead. This means scooting around by plane or car, inspecting sites, checking out broken-down equipment and seeing it gets repaired, or poring over figures in the office. I think my father resents being ordered around by me, but he also admires me—and so do my brothers. One of them, David, hero-worships me, and we enjoy traveling around the state; Diane resents all the time we spend together.

"My main beef about Diane is that she's too inhibited and not interested enough in sex. I don't want a divorce but I'm getting restless. After all, I have a stronger sex drive than most."

The counsellor's turn

"Although Bill projected a certain aura of command, he was actually quite insecure. Still suffering from a rejecting mother, who was the source of his anger and resentment toward all women, he was trying to reinforce his masculinity by his behavior at work and by demanding an inordinate amount of attention from Diane. He insisted that she be sensual, sexual, adoring and admiring almost all the time.

"Diane was tremendously vulnerable to his disapproval. Gradually, she reached a state where she was afraid to open up to Bill for fear of being hurt more. She was blocking off her emotions, becoming frigid and unresponsive—because she feared further rejection. She had little control over herself, let alone her marriage, when she first arrived at the Institute, but Diane is a fairly strong person who mainly needed to vent the feelings she had not allowed herself as a 'good wife.' She was helped to learn which of her complaints were indeed valid, and then to discuss them with Bill in an appropriate wa

"Bill had to be prepared for this ne Diane, because he had been turned o emotionally and sexually by her tirad and weepy spells. He was not an eas client because he resented any male wh could exert power or control over him whether it was a physician, an attorn or a therapist. I saw my role with B as an educational psychologist. So I e plained logically and often tedious what I saw in his relationship wi Diane and other people in his life.

"Bill resisted discussing his moth but eventually he came to understa better the tragic events that made h the rejecting creature she is, and to rea ize how much of the resentment he fe toward her he was taking out on his wif

"Diane was extremely upset about h 'frigidity.' We discussed her strict, u happy upbringing and how she mig have been led to believe that letting of her feelings was somehow unnatur and harmful. One reason she didn't wa to lose control was that she was afra and distrustful of Bill. So it was an i direct approach to her frigidity to he Bill become a more trusting, nurturin accepting and supportive husband.

"Bill is rebellious and nonconformi and probably always will be. He trus no one, really, not even his therapi More than anything else, he is motiva ed by a search and need for powe Power, in his estimation, comes throu money and sex and being boss. He al admitted that he expected his son to b have in certain prescribed, perfect way For instance, after his son would reach pitch of excitement roughhousing wi him on the floor, Bill would sit down a start reading the newspaper. Chris, war ing to prolong the fun, would hit t newspaper, whereupon Bill would tu on him in anger and give him a spankin Such sudden reversals in behavior a bewildering to a child, and Christoph was reacting by becoming a nuisan with incessant demands for attenti and approval.

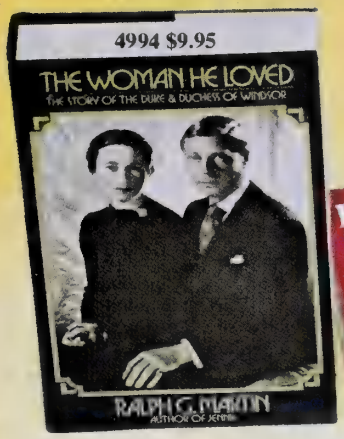
"Soon after therapy began, bo Diane and Bill became depressed b cause other problems were surfacing problems for which there were no imm diate solutions. This is the critical sta at the beginning of therapy, the point which couples frequently give up a drop out. Diane became more wee and Bill was quiet and withdrawn, b they worked hard, and after about month they both began to feel bett and to make progress.

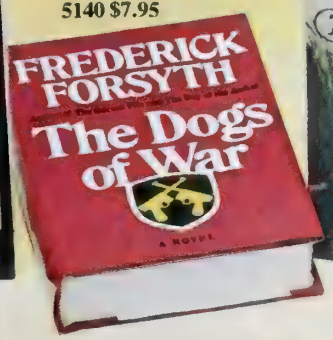
"Bill began to modify his demandi behavior and Diane responded by b coming the devoted wife she really I'm afraid Bill will never be an easy m to live with, because of his ambivalen He doesn't really want a weak, depe dent wife; indeed, what he first admir about Diane was her 'cool' and h

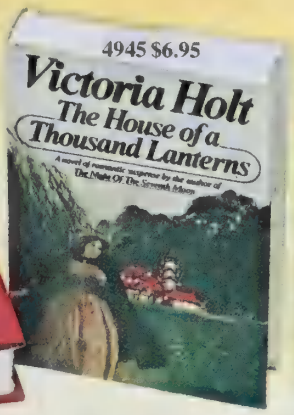
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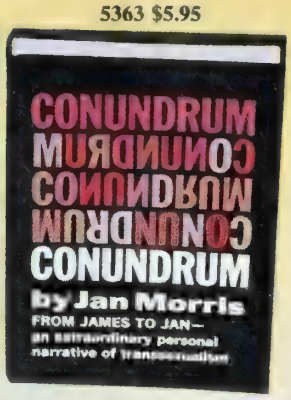
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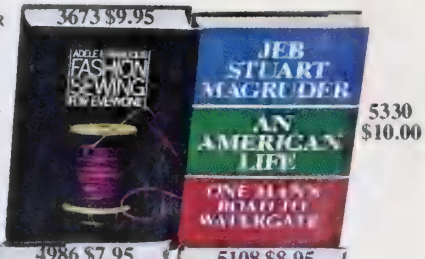
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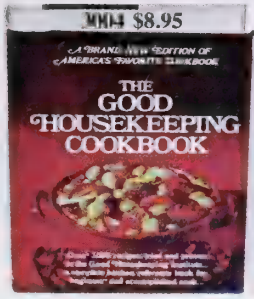


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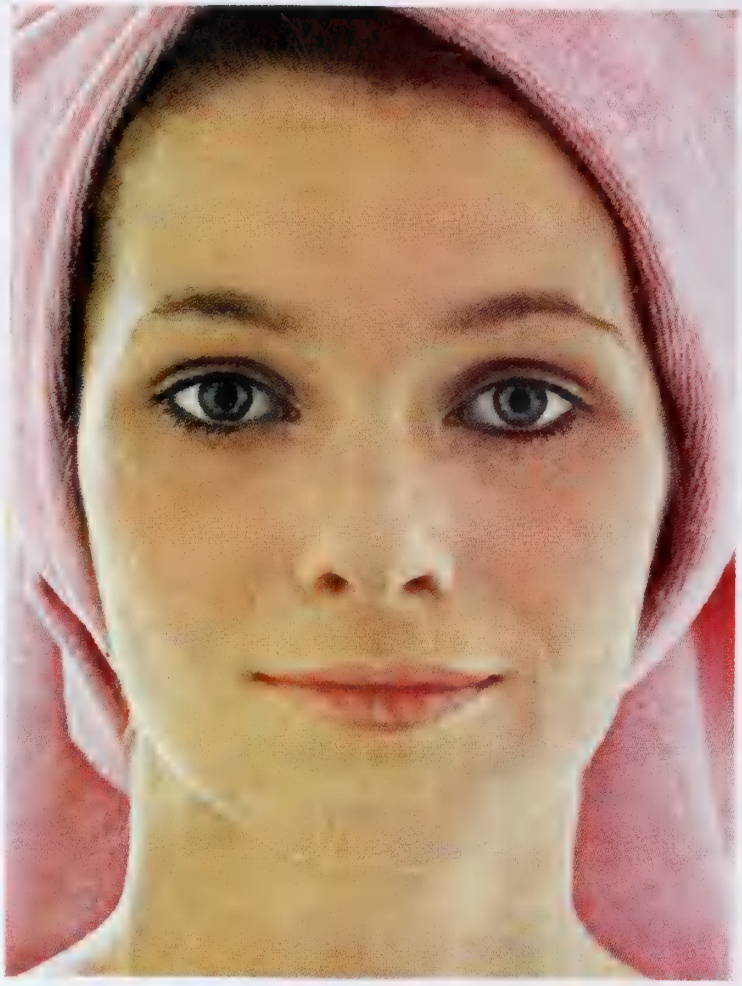
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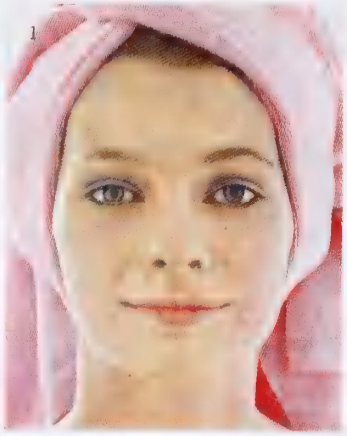
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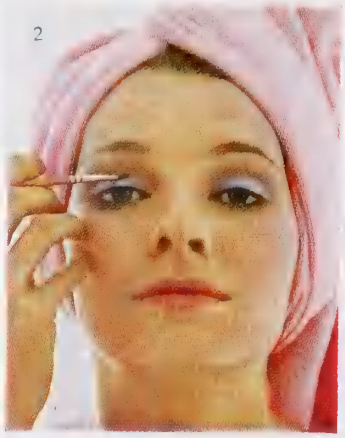
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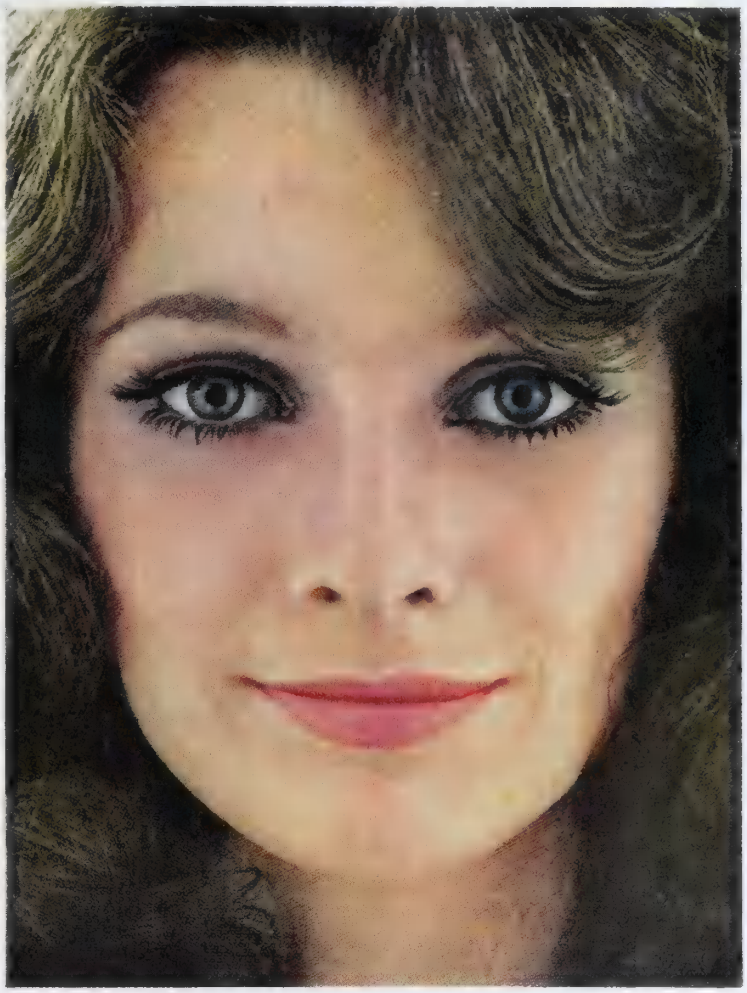
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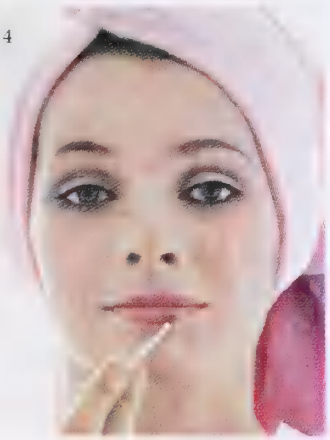
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THIS MARRIAGE
continued

ability to look after herself. On the other hand, he can't cope with too much independence in a mate, either, because it's a threat to his ego. Diane must walk a fine line to retain her self-respect as well as her husband's interest.

"Bill was trying to take his father's place, not only in the family business but by 'fathering' all his brothers and sisters—and Diane's as well. Since this situation led to so many arguments, Bill and Diane decided to move about fifty miles away from both families. Diane has gone back to work part-time and, to her delight, Bill has volunteered to stay home with Christopher one day a week.

" 'At the beginning, we both expected too much of ourselves and marriage,' Diane now says. 'We still have our arguments, but they're not so devastating. If things do get tense, we'll come back to see you at the Institute,' and they have, several times.

"Diane looks more animated these days and is taking yoga lessons to develop more body awareness; her sexual unresponsiveness has disappeared as her marriage has improved. Bill remarked the last time I saw him, 'I was taking out pressures on Diane that had nothing to do with her. I wouldn't be happier with anyone else.' " **END**

Dorothy Cameron Disney is on vacation.



WHAT'S HAPPENING
continued from page 14

pigeons who are naughty on cue. This only sounds tedious because it is.

Barbra Streisand is too classy a performer to toss herself away on *For Pete's Sake*, but she has. Perhaps she had no choice. We cannot know her contractual commitments: even superstars must face the stark realities. In this story, a very New Yorky Barbra dwells in a fashionably decorated apartment with a once-a-week maid—mildly unbelievable considering her complaining husband's taxi driver salary. Naturally he thinks he's an expert on tips, so when he gets a tip on the stock market he's determined to get his hands on $3,000 to invest in pork belly futures. He tries to put the arm on his rich brother, whose wife straight-arms *that* deal. Then Barbra tries rich relatives in Texas. (If they like her, would they have moved all the way to Texas?) So Barbra tries a loan shark, who puts the bite on her for usurious interest; soon she's $7,000 in debt. To make ends meet, she signs up with a madam. It is rarely amusing, but that's the script's fault, not hers.

Don't miss it!

In the months that remain of 1974, I can't see any chance of finding a farce funnier than *The Mad Adventures of "Rabbi" Jacob*. Even if you don't attend movies religiously, you really should get out to see this one. Please notice the quotes around "Rabbi"—the man is an imposter, a Catholic who has latched onto a hilarious Hasidic disguise. He's fleeing Arabs who think he's somebody else—a Rabbi from Brooklyn—and the mistaken-identity chase lands him in a bubble gum factory and into a vat of liquid gum. Marvelous slapstick. The French star of this romp is Louis de Funes, who reverberates with Harpo Marx and Leon Errol, but who is, above all, himself—an original. The movie is crammed with farcical plot and a screenful of sight gags. Take your favorite kids. It's wildly enjoyable. **END**

GARDENER'S NOTEBOOK

By Dorothy Moffatt

A rose and a tomato
In my garden grew.
One was for the Steuben vase.
One was for the stew.

Which was the more beautiful
Is difficult to say.
Each achieved perfection
In a different way.

But long since gnawing hunger pains
Were sated at the bowl
The ghost of that one fragrant rose
Satisfies the soul.





Dewy-fresh, delicate and delightful as the pastures and gardens that inspired its name, Cotswolds can add its pastel prettiness to your home.

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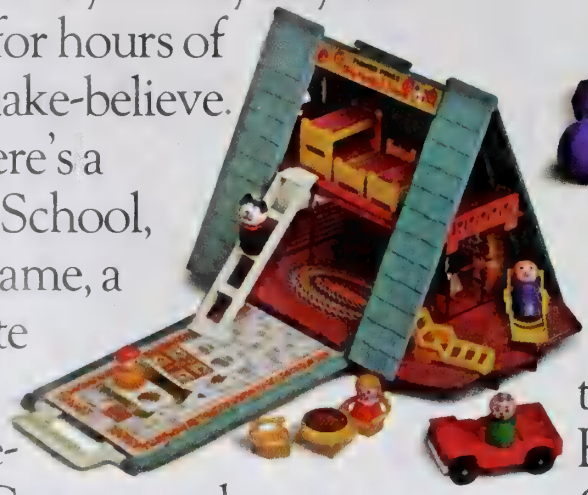
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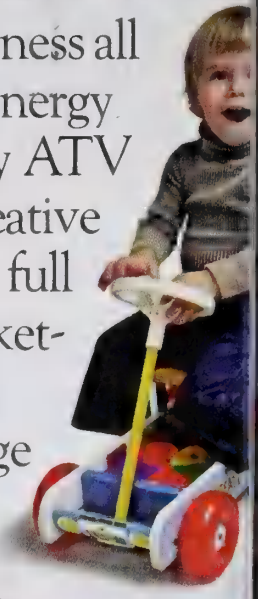
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oys for rowdy time, ranky time and sleepy time.

courage toddlers to toddle along. And wind-up music toys to dance or get drowsy with. (Our particular triumph is a Music Box Record Player which can withstand almost any nutty thing a child can do to it.)



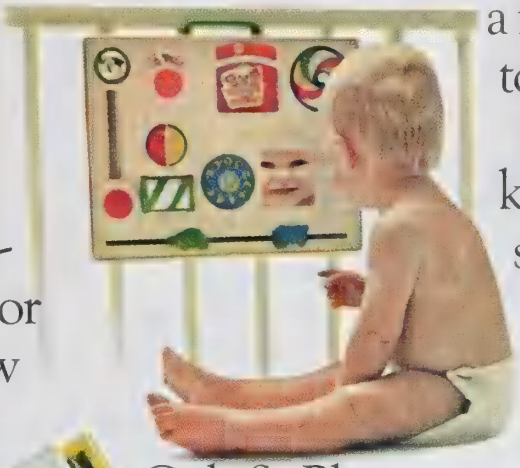
Our Movie Viewer lets children run little movies forwards, backwards, slow motion or crazily fast. It all depends on how they turn the handle. It works with our Walt Disney and Sesame Street film cartridges—and no batteries. You'll love the giggles it gets.





When you want the kids to cool off and settle down, there's nothing like a good puzzle. We've stacks of them. Or give them our Play Desk and watch them get involved with what blue looks like, what A is, even how to put a real word together.





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MEDICINE TODAY: ALL ABOUT IMMUNIZATION



We live in an age when easy, inexpensive shots can protect youngsters against a wide range of childhood diseases. Yet a surprising number of children remain unprotected.

By David R. Zimmerman

"*My* child won't catch measles or mumps."

"There can't be polio epidemics anymore."

"Whooping cough? Do kids still get that?"

These are just a few of the common misconceptions people have about immunity to disease.

October is Immunization Action Month, and professional health workers urge you to take your children to your doctor, hospital, clinic or health station to get their protective "shots."

The immunization levels of American children are dangerously low. In fact, the federal Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, which is coordinating the vaccination campaign, says: "Immunization levels among pre-school-age children have been decreasing at an alarming rate in the United States."

Over half of all pre-schoolers (ages one to four) are unprotected against one or more of the six preventable killers: polio, measles, rubella, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Two thirds are unprotected against mumps.

Few things in medicine are certain. However, easy, inexpensive and relatively painless shots can almost certainly protect against costly, painful, crippling —and sometimes killer—diseases.

The development of polio vaccine is the classic success story of 20th-century preventive medicine. Twenty years ago when the polio vaccine was achieved, Americans rejoiced. By 1963, 84 percent of all pre-schoolers were protected by three doses of vaccine. Only 60 percent were so protected last year. There have been no new polio epidemics yet. But there could be. A major aim of this month's vaccination campaign is to forestall a polio outbreak.

Measles, the most serious common childhood disease, can cause great pain, and may permanently damage the brain, transforming active children into "vegetables." An effective measles vaccine has been available for 11 years. Yet fewer than two pre-schoolers in three have received it—and that number is decreasing.

All states have laws that require immunizations—usually as a condition for public school enrollment. Regrettably, state and local governments often do not enforce these laws. The result is that almost 30 percent of schoolchildren (ages five to nine) remain unprotected against polio and measles.

Parents, pediatricians and health officials must be responsible for seeing to it that every child is immunized. Here is the immunization schedule recommended by the American Academy of Pediatrics:

At two months of age: DTP (combination of diphtheria, tetanus and pertussis [or whooping cough] immunizations in a single shot), plus TOPV (a trivalent oral polio-virus vaccine, given with an eyedropper).

At four months: DTP and TOPV.

At six months: DTP and TOPV again.

At one year: Measles, rubella and mumps vaccines, which may be given as a single combined injection.

At 1½ years: DTP and TOPV again.

At four to six years: DTP and TOPV again.

At 14 to 16 years: A combined tetanus and diphtheria shot, which should be repeated every ten years.

All doctors should be able to give these shots (the polio vaccine is swallowed on a lump of sugar), as well as hospitals, clinics and local health stations. Most communities offer them free. Phone your local, county or state health department for more information.

Parents who are not sure which immunizations their children have received should contact the doctor or clinic that provided the youngsters' pediatric care to obtain their records. If the records are unavailable, this should be discussed with a doctor. According to Dr. John Witte, chief of CDC's immunization branch, the usual rule is: when in doubt, do it again. "There is no harm," he says, "in readministering a vaccine." **END**

SPECIAL OFFER

To help parents keep track of each child's immunization needs and requirements, the Academy of Pediatrics now offers its billfold-sized, plastic record card and vaccine schedule to *Medicine Today* readers. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Immunization, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Indicate if one or two cards are needed. Limit: two cards per request.



Imagine feeling so good in the morning wh[illegible] headache last night.





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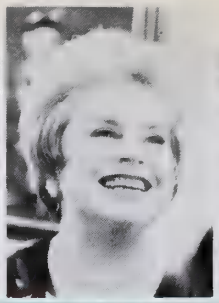
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MERLE NORMAN COSMETICS

L-104

AMY VANDERBILT: RATE YOUR OWN ETIQUETTE



How polite are you? The world's most respected authority on good manners devises her own up-to-date quiz that enables you to determine your etiquette quotient.

The interpretation of etiquette rules today is sometimes a matter of one's lifestyle. Although there is usually a right and wrong, how you behave in a given situation can often reveal your age, background and general philosophy of life. Here's a quick quiz to find out how you fit into the etiquette picture. If you're a Traditionalist, you believe in going with the established rules. If you're a Contemporary-Modern, you have good manners, but in a current idiom. If you're a non-etiquette person, you either need some know-how or you just don't care—which is uncomfortable. In any case, take this quiz and find out your "Etiquette Quotient."

Scene 1: You are going to meet a woman friend for lunch. You are wearing white gloves and a hat. Your friend turns up in pants, a body shirt, barefoot sandals, no hat. You see her, but she does not see you.

1. You hide your gloves and remove your hat.
2. You keep your gloves on (until the food comes) and enjoy your hat.
3. You rush out the side entrance and phone the headwaiter to tell your friend you can't make lunch.

Scene 2: You are at home in lounging pajamas and bare feet. A neighbor drops by unannounced.

1. You tell someone to say you are out, or you don't answer the door.
2. You stay dressed as you are and are friendly.
3. You insist that your neighbor remove his or her shoes, too.

Scene 3: A friend asks, "Will I see you at Anne's party?"—to which you have not been invited.

1. You say, "I'm busy that night"—implying that you were asked but didn't care to accept.
2. You say, "I wasn't invited."
3. You say, "I haven't decided." Then you call the hostess and imply that she forgot to ask you.

Scene 4: You know your best friend's husband is having an affair.

1. You pretend to his wife, who is suspicious, that you know nothing of it.
2. You tell his wife.
3. You confront the husband with your knowledge.

Scene 5: A friend invites you and your husband for a weekend. She later calls to ask if you mind if she also asks another couple you can't stand.

1. You say, "Please don't—we don't enjoy them and probably they don't enjoy us."
2. You acquiesce, feeling that the hostess has the right to invite any guests she wishes to.
3. You say, "Count us out. We'll come some other time."

Scene 6: You are going to a dinner at a house where the husband is an alcoholic and no liquor is offered.

1. You have several cocktails before you leave home.
2. You abstain graciously.
3. You bring your own bottle.

Scene 7: You are going to a wedding. Your dress, you find, is from the same designer as the one chosen by the mother of the bride—and in the same color.

1. You exchange it for something you don't like as well.
2. You wear it anyhow.
3. You wear it and call everyone's attention to the fact that the bride's mother has on the same dress, implying it is a cheap copy of yours.

Scene 8: You have a blind date. He turns out to be short, fat, bald and much older than you had expected.

1. You go out with him anyway.
2. You slam the door in his face.
3. You go out with him and tell the friend who arranged the date that he or she was out of line, so that it won't happen again.

Scene 9: You receive flowers from a man—five purple orchids—when you are going to a dance with him.

1. You say, "Thank you, but I never

(continued on page 48)

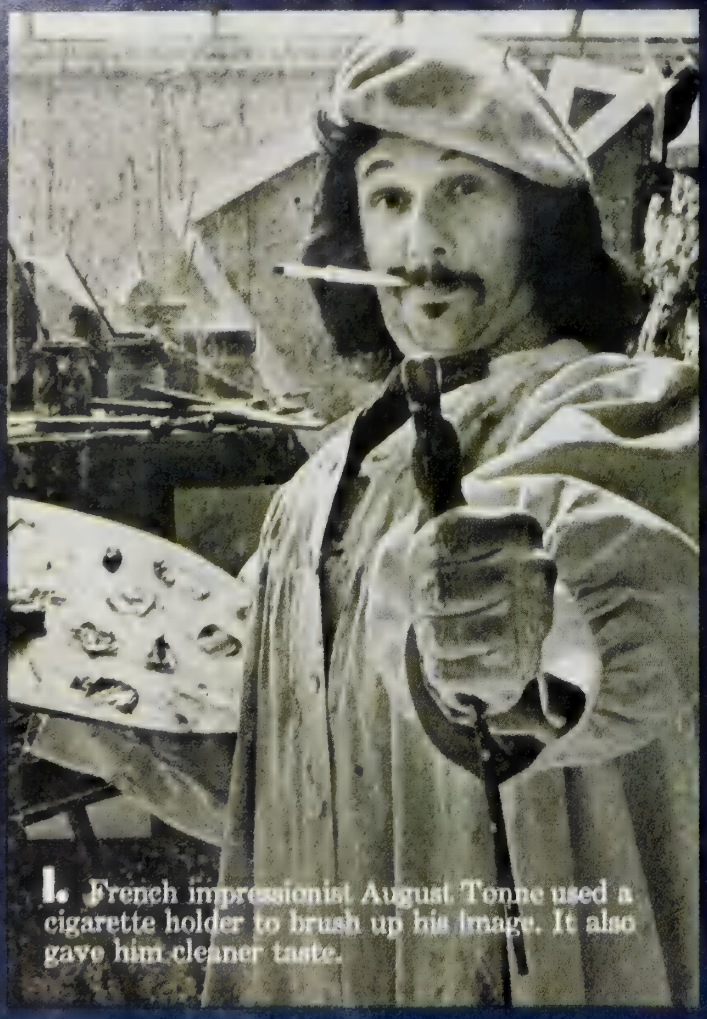
Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, housewarmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send $1 for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*


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18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tissue Paper Roses (page 123)

Materials:

colored tissue paper (20″ x 30″ sheets)
sturdy wire stems, 24″ to 28″ long
a roll of green stem-winder
a spool of fine wire
sprays of rose leaves
glue, scissors and a pencil.

Two sheets of tissue are needed for each blossom. (Blossoms are about 7½″ to 10″ in diameter, depending upon how tightly you wind the petals.) Divide one sheet of tissue lengthwise into two strips, one 5″ and the other 5″ wide. Divide the second lengthwise into two strips, one 7½″ and the other 2½″ wide. Fold all strips in half lengthwise; the folded edge will be the outer edge of the petals of your rose.

Apply glue to 1½″ of the end of a wire stem, and begin wrapping the narrowest folded tissue strip around the glue-coated tip—tightly at first, then more loosely. Gather and pleat the tissue at the bottom end as you work, to make it look like a rose bud. The tissue tends to spiral down the stem—to counteract this, and to keep your rose from looking like a pine cone, make each wrap rise just a tiny bit above the edge of the previous layer. When the strip has been wound around the stem, twist it tightly to the stem with a short length of the fine spool wire.

With scissors, slash from the folded edge down to within 1″ of the open edge on the three other folded strips of tissue, to make petals; slashes should be ½″ apart on the two narrower strips, and ¾″ apart on the widest strip. Roll the corners of each petal on a pencil, starting at the point of the petal, and rolling in; then push the rolled tissue on the pencil from the ends toward the center to shirr. This curls the edges and gives a bit of contour to the petals. Add layers of petals around the tissue bud, starting with the narrowest strip of petals, and wiring each strip to the stem before adding the next.

When all petals have been added and wired, wrap the bottom end of the blossom with green stem-winder to form a calix, and continue winding stem-winder around the wire stem. About six inches below the blossom, attach a spray of rose leaves; hold the stem of the rose leaf spray tight against the wire stem, and wind the stem-winder around both.

As you become adept, you'll discover that you can produce shaded buds by clipping a narrow strip of a deeper colored tissue inside the folded strip that makes the bud. Experiment with two strips, each of a different shade for petals; the curling and shirring of the petals will hold them together.

(continued)

You can take this shrimp and make a good dinner for two.



Or a great dinner for six.

Shrimp Cantonese with Rice is a good way for you to serve rice. And an even better way to save money.

3 cups hot cooked rice
12 ounces peeled, deveined raw shrimp, halved lengthwise
2 tablespoons butter, margarine, or vegetable oil
2 cups diagonally sliced celery
2 cups sliced onions
1 quart (8 ounces) fresh spinach leaves
1 can (16 ounces) fancy mixed Chinese vegetables
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup soy sauce
1¼ cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, sauté shrimp in butter for 1 minute or until shrimp turn pink, using a large skillet. Add celery and onions. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Add spinach and Chinese vegetables which have been rinsed and drained. Cover and cook 1 minute. Blend pepper, soy sauce, chicken broth, and cornstarch. Stir into shrimp-vegetable mixture. Cook, stirring, until sauce is clear and thickened—about 2 minutes. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to:
Rice Council of America, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

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The Menstrual Distress Specialist

Tissue Paper Lettuce (page 126)

Materials:

two shades of green tissue (to approximate the light and dark greens of lettuce leaves)
pale yellow tissue
a 5″ diameter circle of cardboard
glue, scissors, and a long pencil

Cut leaves of tissue, shaping them like a lettuce leaf, and adjusting length and width to the height of your bowl. You'll need six or so of the darker green, nine or ten of the lighter green, and five or six of the pale yellow. Cut the lighter greens slightly smaller than the darker greens, and the pale yellows a fraction smaller still. Curl and shirr the edges of leaves, by rolling a section at a time on a pencil, and pushing the ends of the rolled section toward each other while still on the pencil. Leave the bottom edge uncurled.

Start to glue the darker green leaves to underside of the circle of cardboard. First, crumple the entire leaf in your hand, then smooth it out, leaving the edges curled. Take several pleats at the bottom end of the stem as you glue it to the cardboard, to give shape to the leaf. Crumple, smooth out, and pleat the next leaf, being sure that its edge will overlap the edge of the first. Continue gluing until you have a layer of leaves all around the cardboard circle.

Glue the lighter green leaves to the upper side of the cardboard circle, within the layer of darker green. Crumple, smooth out, and pleat at the bottom end, each leaf, and overlap one edge with the next. Use two layers of the lighter green leaves. Glue the pale yellow leaves inside the lighter green ones. Leaves may tend to flop out, so to keep your "head," glue outer leaves to inner leaves with just a touch of glue. A glue stick is perfect for this tack-gluing.

Napkin Folds (page 126)

Napkins should be crisp so they will retain their folds. Permanent press napkins, because they have a crease-resistant finish, do not hold folds, so use your permanent press napkins when making rolled or cornucopia folds, then tie with a ribbon. Lightly starch plain linen weaves; linen damask is never starched, but becomes crisp if the damp linen is ironed dry.

The Rolled Fold is very simple. Fold the freshly ironed napkin in half. With the narrow end of the folded napkin toward you, turn over 2½″, and continue folding over until you reach the other end; do not crease the folds. Tie with a ribbon and tuck a flower beneath knot.

Cornucopia: fold the napkin in half and in half again to make a square. Place it with the hemmed corners toward you, and draw an imaginary line from the far corner to the near corner (you might actually draw a light chalk line as your guide). Fold the upper left side of the napkin (the side between the left corner and the far corner) to meet this line. Fold the upper right side (the side between far corner and right corner points) all the way over to meet the outer fold on the left. Tie the cornucopia with ribbon and add a posy beneath the bow. Fill with toast or a roll.

Rose: fold the freshly ironed napkin in half and in half again to make a square. Open it out, and use the fold lines as a guide. Fold each corner diagonally, so that the four corner points meet at the center. Twice more, fold in the corners so that points meet at the center. Flip the napkin over so that the folded-in corners are on the underside. Again, fold all four corners in so that their points meet at the center; hold them in place with your left hand. With your right hand, gently pull folded-in corners from beneath the napkin; as you pull, stretch the index finger of your left hand over to press down on the top cornerpoint, so that you can pull the under point up around it (see the photograph on page 126). Do this at all four corners. Then, pull up the other two layers of folded corners from beneath the napkin. Place a roll, nuts or candies in the center of the rose.

Stitch Five Great CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS with Needlepoint and Patchwork Kits



Here are delightful Christmas decorations you can make now and display as heirlooms for many a yuletide to come! Choose patchwork, needlepoint or both—they are all easily stitched and will brighten your holiday scene.

In patchwork, the table topper or tree skirt is 45" in diameter. Kit includes patches, lining, binding and embroidery floss to personalize cloth with family names. The wreath kit, in either 14" or 16" diameter, is complete with bow, backing and pattern for stiffener (stuffing not included). The stocking kit, also in two sizes, includes lining and backing.

In needlepoint, full color painted canvases simplify your creation of our Christmas Tree or Santa doll. Santa is 19" tall and kit (without stuffing) is complete with bells and felt back. Tree is 17" tall and decorated in-the-round as shown. You make the cardboard mounting cone from pattern supplied. By Ann B. Bradley.



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RALPH NADER REPORTS: UNSAFE NUCLEAR PLANTS



With more and more nuclear plants turning out electric power, says the noted consumerist, we must do more to prevent accidents that could kill thousands today and genetically harm tomorrow's generations.

The technologists have proved that electricity can be made from nuclear energy. They have not demonstrated that nuclear power can be made safe. The Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), the government agency charged with developing nuclear technology and with encouraging and regulating the nuclear power industry, concedes that safety problems still exist. Nevertheless, nuclear power plants are being licensed: 46 are already operating in this country, with about 1,000 plants planned by the year 2000, and the United States is exporting its nuclear know-how to other parts of the world.

What the citizen is being asked to accept is the nuclear establishment's *assurances,* rather than its *demonstration,* that the dangers of nuclear technology are acceptable—that major hazards can be avoided, totally and forever. The peril arises from the absolute need to keep out of the environment the deadly radioactive materials generated by nuclear reactors—to prevent these substances from affecting humans, soil, food, groundwater and air for the period during which this material will remain lethal. And for some nuclear material, such as plutonium-239, that lethal period is tens of thousands of years! The risk is not only whether solutions to safety problems will be found, but whether such solutions will be invulnerable to defect, breakdown, human error and societal change.

Nobody denies that the consequences of a large nuclear accident would be horrendous. Ten years ago, the AEC estimated that the worst kind of accident, in a large reactor near a city, would cause 45,000 deaths, a greater number of serious injuries, $17 billion of property damage, and contamination of an area the size of Pennsylvania. When 1,000 nuclear plants are operating, pipe ruptures could occur as often as once a year, according to AEC estimates, with the possibility of causing a catastrophic accident. These accidents could release enough gaseous radioactive materials from the reactor core to harm people dozens of miles away.

The AEC claims that accidents resulting in the release of radioactivity into the biosphere are "highly unlikely." But faced with the potential of nuclear power to cause death by cancer and genetic disorders in future generations, the safety record should be nothing less than perfect. Yet numerous accidents *have* occurred in nuclear power plants, one of which resulted in the permanent shutdown of a plant near Detroit, and AEC regulations have not prevented defects in the construction of these plants. There have been frequent radioactive spills into the water, air and soil from nuclear power, reprocessing, and storage facilities. In some plants, moreover, defective placement of steamlines passed all review procedures from the design stage through final construction—until an anonymous letter to the AEC alerted the agency to the defects. Deficient pipe welding in the plant in Surry, Va., went uncorrected until an engineer working at the plant called the defects to the attention of the AEC and the public.

We don't know precisely what these accidents and defects mean, or how close they come to release of radioactive materials. But the fact that they occur indicates that more serious defects could occur.

Not only is there a question as to the AEC's ability to insure adherence to its regulations; there is also a question concerning the safety of plant design. The most conspicuous issue in this area concerns the adequacy of a critical safety system. This system is intended to restore cooling water to the hot reactor, in the event that a pipe rupture causes normal cooling water to be lost. If the emergency core cooling system failed, the reactor core would overheat and could result in a major release of radioactivity. This is the catastrophic accident that everyone agrees must be avoided.

AEC hearings that lasted from January, 1972, to July, 1973, revealed that a majority of the AEC's own safety experts believe that the effectiveness of the emergency core cooling system has not been demonstrated. George Brockett, a leading reactor safety expert, testified that present AEC reactor safety analysis was "unverified," "inadequate," "incomplete" and "uncertain."

Since the safety system debate became public, groups of scientists and researchers outside the AEC have also issued warnings about reactor safety. Among those are the Union of Concerned Scientists in Cambridge, Mass., a coalition of scientists, engineers and other professionals that has made an intensive technical study of nuclear power plant safety. The UCS has sai its studies "show that the nuclear i dustry has not designed and tested r actor safety systems with the extremel high level of diligence such studies re quire."

There is no dispute over the fact tha the AEC and the nuclear power indus try have not solved another awesom hazard related to the operation of nu clear power plants: the disposal of high ly radioactive wastes accumulated in th reactor. At present, there is no practica solution for protecting our generation much less our children's and grandchi dren's, from the immense accumulation of lethal wastes that are inevitable i the nuclear power industry.

The past performance of the AEC i regulating storage of nuclear weapon wastes does not inspire confidence. Las year, for example, leaks of radioactiv material from storage tanks in Hanford Wash., went undetected for seven week When finally discovered, 115,000 ga lons of radioactive wastes had seepe into the ground and, some scientists be lieve, may have come close to or pene trated the water table. All told, nearl 500,000 gallons have leaked at that in stallation alone.

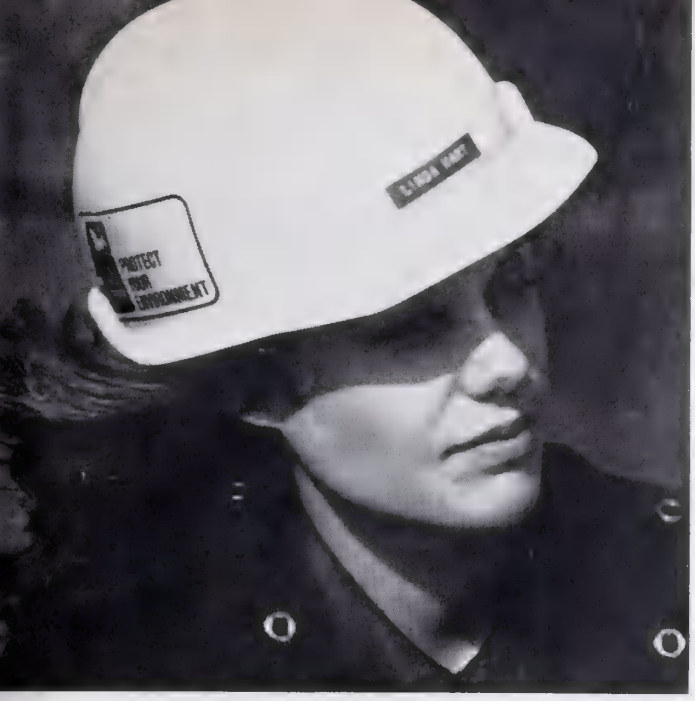
Various discredited theories hav been propounded for long-term disposa of radioactive wastes. One proposal that the wastes be placed in solar orb by large booster rockets—which must no fail and which could cost $5 to $10 bi lion a year by the year 2000.

The AEC's favorite theoretical solutio has been disposal of nuclear wastes i geological formations, and extensive re search has been carried out on a site a Lyons, Kan. In 1971 the AEC wa forced to abandon the site as unusable despite the fact that the Commissio had just requested $25 million fro Congress to proceed with actual wast burial. The site was rejected after th accidental discovery of old gas and o bore holes penetrating the Lyons sa mine and the underground loss of 100 000 gallons of water from mining opera tions of the salt company, both of whic might have led to a flooding of the re pository and dispersal of the wastes.

Meanwhile, under AEC regulation high-level commercial and weapon wastes are to be solidified after five yea of storage and shipped to a federal re pository within ten years. But such a re pository does not now exist and may no exist for some time.

Still another weak link in the nuclea fuel cycle is the protection from the and sabotage of the tons of irradiate fuels and radioactive wastes that mu be shipped daily around the country an the world. Dependence on foreign coun tries for safeguarding these poison while en route may be as illusory as de pendence on agreements with India no

(continued on page 15)

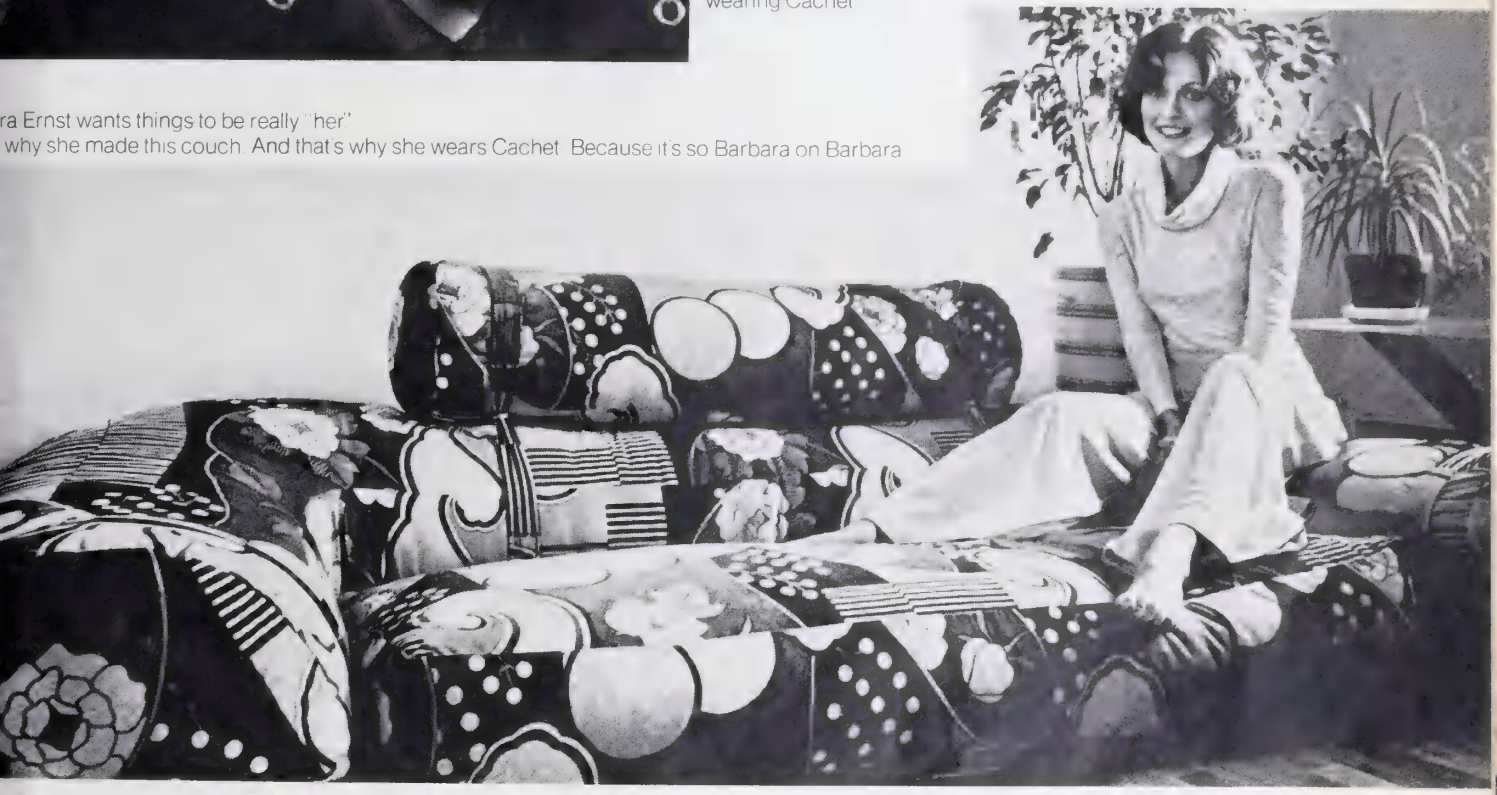


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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED



Why is my daughter hostile to people she likes? Why do men fight for custody of their children, then never see them after the divorce? Dr. Rubin answers these and other questions.

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Teen-age traumas

Do you think it's wise for a 13-year-old to attend the funeral of a favorite uncle? I think our daughter should face life's realities as they come and that she should go to the funeral, but my husband feels that it is exposing her to unnecessary traumas and that there will be plenty of time for her to face life's difficulties later on. I know you cannot answer this before my husband and I must make our decision, but we both feel so strongly about the problem that we have agreed to let you arbitrate this very basic disagreement on how to rear our child.

I agree that it is necessary to experience, to adjust to and thus come to accept life's realities, including death of a loved one. I also agree that overprotection could be more destructive to your daughter than the traumatic experience of attending the funeral. However, timing is all-important in such situations. Some youngsters can handle tragedy early in life, while others require a longer growing-up and adjustment period. It is important to respect your daughter's sensibilities. Children will always indicate in some way a desire to face life or to postpone confrontation with emotionally charged situations. In this case, compassionate judgment by both you and your husband, based on respect for your daughter's individual needs and requirements, will produce the right answer, I'm sure.

Custody battles—who wins?

Do you agree with me that it doesn't make sense the way men fight so hard for custody of their children in divorce cases? I'm not talking about cases in which the mother is incompetent; I am referring to situations in which the wife is a perfectly fine mother. Why should men fight for custody when they never took care of the kids in the first place, and wouldn't be able to care for them if they did win the case? I have two girl friends who were divorced. There was a terrible fight over the children in both cases. The mothers won but the fathers got very liberal visitation rights. In the beginning, the fathers spent a lot of time with the children. Now they are busy with their new lives and, though they continue with financial support, they hardly see the kids at all. So why the big battle?

Most custody fights are unrealistic and are evidence of poor judgment on the part of either the husband or his lawyer. Very few men have the orientation, background, development, patience, energy, ability or real motivation to involve themselves with the intimate care of the evolving, developing young child. Therefore, custody fights are usually the result of sick pride, guilt, or a desire for vengeance.

In divorce, however, as in life, no one totally wins. Adjustments and accommodations are necessary if the well-being of the children is of prime importance. Let me point out that children are human beings, and human beings are not *owned*—regardless of where they live. But a father can continue to have a fruitful and constructive relationship and a good effect on children even if he doesn't live with them.

Most men in our society do not spend that much time with their children, even in a marriage that is going well. Expecting more time with children after a divorce makes for complications and pressure that can lead to a total breakdown in communication. When possible, it is best to be realistic about human possibilities and limitations from the very beginning. This means seeing the children as human beings rather than as objects and possessions to be used as bargaining pawns.

Feminine vs. masculine

I love to work with wood and have made many pieces of furniture for our home. In private, my husband will tell me how great my work is, but whenever there are men around, he never brings up the subject. When I ask him why, he tells me that making furniture is not feminine and that he feels funny about it. He says that the "fellows" would agree with him. Do you agree?

No, I do not agree with your husband. As I have said time and time again in this column, activities in and of themselves are neither masculine nor feminine. I think your talent in woodwork is quite admirable and is in no way "unfeminine."

I think your husband may have confused notions about your skills because he has some confused notions and doubts about his own masculinity. He probably sees your interest in what he considers a "masculine activity" as a threat to his own masculinity—and to the masculine-feminine status quo in your home. Only when your husband resolves his own doubts about himself will he be able to accept your skill and praise you to his friends—male and female.

Wanting to be liked

My daughter is a very sweet, fine person who is liked by just about everyone we know. As a matter of fact, she goes out of her way to be liked because it is important to her. Periodically, however she will put her foot in her mouth and blurt out something that is unbelievably hostile. Later on, she wants to bite her tongue, but it is too late. She often says she has nothing against the person to whom she was hostile, but I think she must. Does she?

People who have a great need to be liked have convinced themselves that being universally liked is the only way to feel safe and secure in this chaotic world. As a result, all their anger has been repressed, and on the surface all is sweetness. When this anger does come out, as it must, it is unexpected, frightening and inappropriate—inappropriate because it is often not directed at its true object but at someone who just happens to be there when the explosion comes. The only cure for these angry slips is to give up the quest to be universally beloved. This will permit anger to be felt and expressed as it arises rather than being stored away until it just explodes. It will probably not be easy for your daughter to give up her image of sweetness and lovability, but it can be done—and it will be an immense relief to her. A fact of life is that no one can be all sweetness and light. We are all capable of sweetness, but this does not preclude getting angry, too. Being angry is just as human as being sweet.

Fame at any price

My boyfriend is 24 years old and has only one aim in life: he just wants to

(continued on page 91

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal, marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of SHRINK! *(Popular Library). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*

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RATE YOUR ETIQUETTE

continued from page 38

wear corsages," then use them in arrangement in your home.
2. You wear them, top-heavy as th are, with your scarlet dress.
3. You throw them in the wastebas after he removes them from the b

Scene 10: You burn a hole in your ho ess's tablecloth with your cigarette.
1. You move the ashtray to cover t hole, and say nothing.
2. You offer to have the hole invisib mended.
3. You admit that you did it but sugg that the hostess's fire-insurance c erage will take care of the proble

Scene 11: You are going to a din party.
1. You tell the hostess in advance wh you can't eat.
2. You go, eat what you can eat, a say nothing.
3. You take all your own food and ma a big production of your problem

Scene 12: You are having dinner in restaurant with friends. You pick up t wrong fork.
1. You clean it with your napkin a pick up the right fork.
2. You go on eating with the fork your hand.
3. You tell the hostess that the tab setting is wrong, which is why y made the mistake.

Answers to "Etiquette Quotient" Qu

Scene 1: You are a Contemporar Modern if you checked #1; a Trad tionalist-Conformist if you checked # lacking in savvy if you checked # (In this case, I prefer #2.)
Scene 2: You are a Traditionalist if y checked #1; a Contemporary-Mode if you checked #2 (which I prefer); you checked #3, you're impossible.
Scene 3: You are a Traditionalist if y checked #1; a Contemporary-Mode if you checked #2 (my choice); i possible if you checked #3. (You kn that the question should not have be asked.)
Scene 4: You are a Traditionalist if y checked #1 (my choice); Contemp rary-Modern if you checked #2; fooli if you checked #3.
Scene 5: You are Contemporary-Mo ern if you checked #1; Traditional if you checked #2; very rude if y checked #3. I believe in being hones therefore, I prefer the first answer.
Scene 6: You are Contemporary-Mo ern (but lacking in sensitivity) if y checked #1; a Traditionalist if y checked #2 (my choice); rude if y checked #3.
Scene 7: You are Contemporary-Mo ern if you checked #1; a Traditionali

if you checked #2; unkind if you checked #3. (I prefer #2.)

Scene 8: You are a Traditionalist if you checked #1; impossible if you checked #2; Contemporary-Modern if you checked #3. (I prefer #1.)

Scene 9: You are Contemporary-Modern if you checked #1 (my preference); a Traditionalist if you checked #2; rude if you checked #3.

Scene 10: You are unkind if you checked #1; a Traditionalist if you checked #2 (my choice); Contemporary-Modern if you checked #3.

Scene 11: You are Contemporary-Modern if you checked #1; a Traditionalist if you checked #2; unkind if you checked #3. (#2 is my answer.)

Scene 12: You are Contemporary-Modern if you checked #1; a Traditionalist if you checked #2 (my choice); unwise if you checked #3. **END**

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

PAGE 116: MAIN STREET FASHIONS plush-lined raincoat with curly lamb trim available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York & White Plains; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Montaldo's, all stores; Swanson's on the Plaza, Kansas City; I. Magnin, all stores. **PORTER HOUSE** fur-trimmed city parka available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

PAGE 117: DRIZZLE jade green trench coat available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman Marcus, all stores; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Palm Springs & Woodland Hills, Calif. **RAINCHEETAS BY NAMAN** poplin tentcoat and plaid pants available at Bloomingdale's, New York; R.H. Stearns, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin, all stores.

SPECIAL PARTY SECTION

GREAT ENTRANCE (PAGE 122) "Fire Flower" plates, 3 qt. oval casserole, cups and saucers, in Temperware by Lenox. "Joan of Arc" sterling flatware. "Chippendale" tea service and "Chadwick" 11" square tray, in silverplate by International. Frosted glass candlesticks, available in five heights, from 3½" at $16 pr. to 12½" at $24 ea., by Iittala. White pillars, tapers and twisted tapers by Lenox Candles. Wine and whiskey decanters, each a different pattern; "Sherbrook" old fashioned glasses and "Belvedere" sherry and cordial glasses, all of lead crystal by Royal Doulton. Steel and glass console table, 16" x 60" x 35" h., is made to measure, from The Furniture Factory, 242 East 51st St., N.Y.C. "Fascinatin' Ribbon" wool rug, available in any texture, colors or size, from Edward Fields*, 232 E. 59th St., N.Y.C. "San Roque" Place 'n Press Excelon vinyl asbestos floor tiles, 12" x 12", by Armstrong. Macrame plant hanger, style 1109 6, by Vincent Lippe Studio 89, $160 (without pot) at fine stores. Miniature Italian Christmas lights, green wire, clear bulbs, $4.95 a 35-light string, by Frankel Associates. All fabrics are 54" wide printed cottons by Vuokko, 9486 Dayton Way, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210.

SUPPORTING CAST (PAGE 126) 2. "Chadwick" silverplated sandwich tray, 11" x 11", by International. 3. "Springfield" Queen's Ware dinner plate and 14" platter by Wedgood. 5. "Mayflower" 16" platter in silverplate, and "Pointed Antique" sterling serving fork and spoon by Reed & Barton. 6. Chippendale" chased tray, 13½" dia., in silverplate by International.

STAGE SETTINGS (PAGE 128) 1. "Selene Border", blue, 55" wide cotton, from Plaids and Stripes, Ltd.*, 58 W. 15th St., N.Y.C. "Springfield" Queen's Ware platter, sauce boat and stand, by Wedgwood. Octagonal pewter bowl, 9½" dia., and pewter candlesticks, 7" and 4½" high, by Gorham. 2. "Flower Dot", green, 55" wide cotton, from Plaids and Stripes, Ltd.* "Meadow Bank" porcelain dinner plate by Denby Limoge. "Pointed Antique" sterling flatware by Reed & Barton. "Belvedere" water goblet and "Rochelle" wine glass in lead crystal by Royal Doulton. 4. "Antique" water goblets and sherry glasses by Lenox Crystal. 5. "Flower Dot", brown, used for a tablecloth, and "Selene Border", blue, used for curtains and table napkins, are both 55" wide cottons from Plaids and Stripes, Ltd.* "Rodeo" Independence stoneware dinner plates, casseroles and salad plates, by Franciscan. "Jamestown", brown, water goblets and dessert plates by Fostoria. "Octette" pewter flatware, and pewter candlesticks, by Gorham. Delph blue pillars by Lenox Candles. 7. "Windowpane", 55" wide cotton in Spring colorway, used for a tablecloth, and "Selene" red on yellow wallpaper, are both from Plaids and Stripes, Ltd.* "Meadow Bank" porcelain dinner plates, covered dish, coffee pot, cups and saucers, by Denby Limoge. "Joan of Arc" sterling flatware and "Chadwick" double vegetable dish in silverplate, by International. Centerpiece by MacDonald Forbes Flowers.

GRAND FINALE (PAGE 130) "American" cake plate, 12" dia., and 10" square cake stand, by Fostoria. "Joan of Arc" sterling cake server and serving fork by International.

*through decorators.



Photographed at Harbor View, St. Thomas, V. I.

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THE PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLE

How good is the principal of your child's school? Here are educational yardsticks by which you, as a parent, can measure. By Arlene Silberman

A wise old Italian proverb cautions, "When a fish goes bad, it starts at the head." By the same token, when the head is in good shape, the rest of the fish is likely to be healthy, too. What's true for fish is equally true for schools. A school is as "good" or as "bad," as creative or as sterile, as sensitive or as callous, as trusting or as suspicious, as flexible or as rigid, as free or as inhibited, as encouraging or as threatening, as the person who heads it up.

In directing the research for my husband Charles E. Silberman's book *Crisis in the Classroom*, I traveled 70,000 miles on three continents observing schools—and I have yet to see a "good" school with a "bad" principal. And my definitions of "good" and "bad" are simple. A good school is a place of learning where every student feels valued and achieves some measure of success; a bad principal is a man or woman who cherishes rules and records at the expense of individuals and ideas.

Beatrice Wallerstein, a teacher with 15 years' experience, summed up my feelings when she said, "Any principal worth his (or her) salt must be concerned with the child, first and foremost, not with his physical plant, administrative minutia or his self-image." Then she added, "One rarely leaves a good principal. They are like hairdressers; they are followed from one shop to another."

I have seen good schools in urban ghettos and rural slums, where children often came to school hungry, but always left feeling nourished in every way. I have seen good schools in overcrowded, outdated buildings, where desks and chairs were huddled together, but every child felt comfortable. I have seen good schools that were understaffed, with 40 children to one teacher, and poorly equipped, with egg cartons and bottle caps substituting for costly learning materials. But I doubt that I could ever find a first-rate school with a second-rate principal. For better or for worse, the principal is the most important adult in every school.

It may not always look that way at first glance. One principal discovered how insignificant her job appeared to others the morning her car broke down as she was driving to school. "I popped inside a nearby office to call ahead and say I would be late, and the secretary who placed my call asked, 'Oh, are you a teacher?'" Smiling, the principal said, "When she learned that I was 'only' a principal, the secretary reassured me. 'Relax,' she said, 'you won't even be missed.'"

Many people make the same mistake. After all, they reason, if a teacher is absent for a day, a substitute teacher is brought in. But who ever heard of a substitute principal? Indeed, the custodian and school secretary seem more important to the functioning of a school than the principal. Overflowing wastepaper baskets and ringing telephones demand immediate attention. But what does a principal do on Monday that couldn't wait until Tuesday or even Wednesday?

True—for a day or a week or even two weeks. But over the long haul, from September to June, it is the principal, more than any other individual, who shapes the soul of a school.

With great principals this is immediately apparent. When Mary Winslow became principal of the Cabot School in Newton, Mass., she transformed it in a single year. By unlocking the supply closet and opening the door to her office—two simple but dramatic changes in policy—Mrs. Winslow took the first steps toward unlocking and opening an entire school. Now retired, Mrs. Winslow recalled, "My first year at Cabot, I sang and danced, cracked jokes, teased the secretary, anything to loosen up the place." Under Mary Winslow, Cabot School was vastly different from the place *(continued)*

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* * *

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it was when its former principal stood in the hallway each morning, clocking in the teachers. Imagine the difference between a principal who never answered her phone directly (enabling her to choose to whom she would consent to talk) and a Mary Winslow, who says, "I really believe that when parents speak about a problem, or about a vague sense of unrest, they must be heard. They may be correct, and if the school listens, we can often figure out both the problem and the solution."

Another extraordinary principal is Henry Gallina of the Miguelito School in Lompoc, Calif. Hank Gallina spends about 75 percent of his day in the classrooms, working with teachers and getting to know his 454 students individually. (The average principal spends about four percent of his time in this manner.)

When Mr. Gallina greets a mother in the parking lot—one of his favorite places to be at three in the afternoon, because he can have impromptu conferences—he's likely to say, "Jon discovered a lot about electricity today." Or, "Did you know that Maria is writing a book this week?" Hank Gallina knows because he, personally, worked with Jon and Maria.

Teaching the teachers

Mr. Gallina personally works with and helps his teachers, too. He sees them as individuals, appreciating their strengths and bolstering their weaknesses. "I want my teachers to view each child as a unique person," he explains, "so I must grant them the same uniqueness. The way I see it, the teachers are *my* students, just as the children are *their* students. The way I work with my teachers, along with the respect and concern I show them, will become in good measure the way they work with their children. If I am generous with praise and gentle with criticism, they will be equally generous and gentle."

When one of Mr. Gallina's teachers, Helen Boswell, said, "If he were to leave, I would, too!" I thought of Mrs. Wallerstein's comment about a teacher following a good principal.

Henry Gallina and Mary Winslow are extraordinarily rare principals. Instead of viewing their role as that of a plant manager or an administrator—as most principals do—they see themselves as educators first, or, in the original 18th-century expression, as the "principal teacher"—teacher of children, teacher of teachers and teacher of parents.

If your child's principal is the plant-manager type, if he quarantines himself behind a closed door, isolated and insulated from the people he should be serving, you may well question how his al-

most invisible presence can affect the school. But don't be deceived! The quality of the total curriculum and the atmosphere are affected by a poor principal as well as a good one. (If you wonder why I usually refer to the principal as a "he," it is because three out of every four elementary school principals and nine out of every ten secondary school principals who replied to the most recent National Education Association survey of principals were male.)

If your principal puts paper work ahead of people, if he spends his time checking and rechecking the records ("administrivia," some educators call it), his message comes across loud and clear, in spite of the closed door—or because of it, since the door is part of the message.

The principal who says, "I don't let anyone in my office until my paper work is under control" is likely to have a librarian who doesn't let anyone near "her" books until her cataloging is under control. That kind of librarian is more concerned with keeping books on the shelves than with having them circulate among the students.

The teacher who works under an "administrivia" principal may put a great deal of emphasis on students' reading scores on standardized tests, but show no interest in whether the children actually *do* read, or in *what* they read (because the principal shows no interest, either). The score itself becomes the goal. A good many competent readers who score well on tests are the same students who never read unless they are compelled to.

The plant-manager principal may have an unfortunate effect on the art teacher, who may become more concerned with the supplies a child is using than with what the child is producing with them. I know of one school where six-year-olds are made to stand in the corner for the entire art period if they use more than one piece of paper.

Keep the carpet clean

But that kind of art teacher can be absolutely transformed by a different principal. When Gerald Lauber became principal of the Martin Traphagen School in Mount Vernon, N.Y., the art teacher did not even permit the use of paint! Every child was expected to remain seated throughout the period and no conversation was permitted. But the teacher's reasons were understandable. Her former principal regarded a stain on the carpet as a stain on a teacher's record. Consequently, forbidding movement, talking and the use of spillable materials were three ways of guaranteeing a stain-free carpet—and a sterile art program. Once Mr. Lauber made it clear that he valued children far more than carpets, this same teacher introduced a variety of art materials and allowed the children to move about in the studio and enjoy casual conversation with each other. She became the teacher she was meant to be but couldn't be during the reign of an invisible, "administrivia" principal.

Under Gerald Lauber's touch, a harsh, rigid, insensitive school blossomed. Frightened little robots who were glued to their seats and workbooks have become active, exploring learners. And frightened big robots, who were equally glued to their lesson plans and curricula, are now innovative, creative, caring teachers.

"It's a miracle!" a teacher who taught at Traphagen School both "Before" and "After" told me. "Our achievement scores are soaring, and the kids and teachers were never happier."

But it's not a miracle; it's a principal.

A principal's impact extends to his non-teaching staff, too. The custodian who complains if a teacher doesn't align her desks in orderly rows, or if she uses messy materials, is often the by-product of a principal who values order and control over learning and development. The secretary who keeps you waiting, and ignores you while she types, is usually the product of a principal who doesn't really welcome "outsiders." (And parents are often considered "outsiders"!) Even the school cook may reflect the principal's values. When I arrived after lunch at the Madison School in Fargo,

(continued)

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N.D., and the cook insisted on giving me a hot meal, I was prepared to meet a particularly gracious principal—and I did. Secretaries, custodians and cooks—as well as teachers and students—are likely to be mirrors of their principal.

Even parents take on some of the values of their child's school principal. This may happen through children, who unknowingly are transmitters. But occasionally a principal makes a genuine effort to reach parents directly. Mrs. Helen Harman is principal of the East Harper Elementary School in Lenoir, N.C. When East Harper was selected to provide an experimental kindergarten program, Mrs. Harman decided to have not just a demonstration kindergarten but a demonstration school where every child could develop at his own rate. She also wanted to share her thoughts and goals with the parents so they would understand and support the program. "Every child has the right to be challenged and to be successful," she told mothers who lunched at her home the summer before the project began. "I believe in individualized, continuous progress in a non-graded program so that no one is 'left back' or 'skipped ahead,' " she explained to fathers and other mothers who attended evening meetings.

Helen Harman didn't confine herself to words, however. She took parents on guided tours of the building, asking them to examine the teaching materials, to notice the arrangement of the classrooms and to discuss their reactions. She taught some parents to assist in reading programs and she encouraged others to help in the library or in the art and music programs. Other parents weigh and measure the youngsters in the health program. In fact, in a school of 350 children, Helen Harman actually had 42 parents working in the building on the same day!

A message from school

Parents who can't come to school receive frequent communications nonetheless. But Helen Harman doesn't send mimeographed form letters, which in some schools, look like this:

Your (son, daughter) misbehaved in school today. (He, she):
___ was unruly in the playground
___ littered the classroom
___ disrupted the assembly program
___ wandered in the hall without a pass
___ did not line up between classes

Instead, Helen Harman and her teachers send home handwritten notes, often no more than a sentence or two, but always affirmative. "Parents are so accustomed to getting negative word from school," Mrs. Harman notes. "It's past time for us to do a little praising, a little complimenting."

Of course, the principal of a large high school is unable to send home individual comments for every student. It is even difficult for him to know his students by name. Nevertheless, the high-school principal who just makes the effort can shape the soul of his school. Dr. Allan Glatthorn, a former high-school principal and educational director of several Pennsylvania schools, explains the way it works: "If a principal values lavatory checking, teachers check lavatories with gusto. On the other hand, if he values innovative teaching, they try their best to be creative. Teachers tend to give their principal the kind of behavior they know he values, and students tend to give their teachers the kind of behavior their teachers value. So it all starts at the top."

Mickey Mouse chores

But the principal is not really "the top." He has superiors, who often impose mounds of paper work and rounds of meetings on him, usually far more than are strictly necessary for the running of a school.

"If you make a log of all the Mickey Mouse things a principal must do, you'd be amazed that he has any time for educational leadership," Enrico J. Cipolaro, Superintendent of Schools in Pompton Lakes, N.J., told me.

Mr. Cipolaro served as principal of two junior high schools and one senior high school before reaching his present position. "Cip" was a perfect example of a principal who provided educational leadership. I first met him when my oldest son entered high school. It seemed as if Enrico Cipolaro knew every one of his 2,600 students personally. He cared deeply about them and trusted them. The first thing Enrico Cipolaro did when he became principal demonstrated that trust: he removed the guards who had been stationed around the building. "No one has to cage my students in," he said. "They can take responsibility for their own behavior."

And they did.

In the 1970 Youthpoll, supported by the American College Testing Program, three out of every four students responding had something negative to say about their school and its principal. One of the things that distressed young people most was the lack of trust they felt directed toward them. Some of their comments were:

"I would tell my high school principal how much I wanted to learn and how my desire was vanquished. I would mention the silly, backward rules that inhibit social and academic development. I would ask that students be allowed to leave quickly, before they are turned into mice, too meek and too well-trained for anything but a dreary existence."

"Hey, Principal, how about acting human and understanding, instead of like such a high and mighty ruler-disciplinarian. Communicate instead of handing down more and more stupid rules (such as 'no talking in the halls'—you know kids are going to talk.)"

"We had a student council but every time it had an idea, the idea was dismissed by a nod of the head of the principal."

In my travels, I have listened to many similar complaints, but I have also heard many compliments from students and teachers. No one put it better than Brendan Gill, a noted writer, in memorializing his principal, Julia Ann Markham, of Bronxville, N.Y., Elementary School, when he said of her: "Miss Markham always gave children more than an education; she gave them herself. She shared with them her knowledge, her strength and her goodness of heart freely, as if her sources were inexhaustible.

"Thousands of children attended the school during Miss Markham's time, and she saw each of them as inimitable—with bursting promise. She believed that the education of a child had to rest on a foundation of faith in himself and in others. This faith can only be learned in security; and security is only a longer word for love." Such is the mark of every great principal. **END**

THE PRINCIPLES OUTSTANDING PRINCIPALS STAND FOR

1. The unshakable belief that every child can learn. The school must be held responsible if the youngster has not acquired the basic skills or gone beyond the three R's. In educator Allan Glatthorn's words, learning is "a journey, not a destination," which requires "questioning the answers" as well as "answering the questions."

2. The belief that teachers and principals must be life-long learners. If the faculty is not learning, it is the principal who must do a better job of teaching his teachers, and constantly learning himself.

3. The belief that people must always come before paper work. A distressed student, a troubled teacher, an anxious parent should take priority in the life of a principal.

4. The conviction that school must be an encouraging, supportive place, where people feel free to take risks, knowing that they won't be ridiculed if they are wrong and that they will be respected for trying. Without this kind of atmosphere, all else fails. With it, everything is possible.

When everything in print seems grim, you deserve to sleep in a fairy tale.

The pattern is our "Rambling Rose" in blue, yellow, pink or green. The pillow cases are ruffled or trimmed in delicate lace and the sheets are lace-trimmed, too. And for chilly nights in your castle, there's a plump matching comforter in yellow, blue or green. They are all No-Iron 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton and there's a coordinated 100% cotton towel. Make your bed with Wamsutta. And live happily ever after.

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Fashions: Vogue Patterns

SPENDING YOUR MONEY BY SYLVIA PORTER



What do we do if the freezer fails? Is the baby-sitter covered under the minimum-wage law? When is an offspring an employee? And how can we stop the holiday mail deluge?

Freezer failure

Our neighbors put their entire harvest of vegetables into their new freezer and then the freezer went off, spoiling all the contents. The warranty didn't cover the loss. We are planning to do our harvesting in mid-October and freeze the produce. But in view of our neighbors' misfortune, we'd like to know how to avoid getting stuck in the event of a breakdown. Any suggestions?

Reread your freezer warranty; most *do* cover food spoilage in the event the appliance fails for mechanical reasons. Many stipulate that you must report the loss immediately and make the spoiled produce available for inspection. If your freezer breaks down after you fill it, file your claim by registered mail, detailing how much and what type and quality food you lost.

Parent as employer

My son worked for me as a clerk this entire summer and didn't quit until he went back to school this past September. Do we still get all the tax breaks he would have had if he had worked for someone else?

Yes. If his salary was reasonable, it's deductible in full by you even though he uses the money for part of his own support. As for meals and lodging you furnish your employee-child, their value isn't deductible by you, nor is it income to the child. And as long as you provide over half your child's support, you're entitled to claim the $750 dependency exemption for him no matter how much salary he earned during the summer if (a) he won't be nineteen this year, or (b) he is a full-time student for part of each of five calendar months during the year. Furthermore, your child can still claim his own $750 exemption and can earn up to $2,050 without paying one penny of tax.

Setting a price

We're among the many who are moving this fall and will be putting our house on the market. I've often heard that you should never peg the sales price more than a few percentage points above the amount you're willing to take for the house. But how many leeway points would you recommend?

No more than 5 to 10 percent—particularly in today's housing market. According to a review of this matter by New York's First National City Bank, if you overprice your house by as much as 15 to 20 percent you may continue to have sales problems even *after* you've been forced to lower your price.

P.S.: Be sure to investigate with utmost care the tax angles of selling your house and buying another.

Christmas avalanche

The Christmas catalogs and mail-order ads are already starting to jam our mailbox! I can imagine what the situation will be by December. I don't want them. I prefer to do my shopping on foot when and where I like. What can I do to stop this avalanche?

Write to Direct Mail Marketing Association at 968 National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20004, ask for the appropriate form, fill it out and return it to DMMA. This trade association will then ask its 1800 member companies (which do about two thirds of all direct-mail advertising) to stop sending you their ads, catalogs and solicitations.

On the other hand, if you *want* to get on some company's direct-mailing list, DMMA would help you do this, too.

Insurance for trusts

Are revocable trusts you keep at the local bank covered by Federal Deposit Insurance?

Yes, they are. Moreover, you can have a half dozen or more separate trusts (for example, a trust with the husband as trustee for the wife, another with the husband trustee for the first child, a third with the wife trustee for the first child, and so on)—and all of them will be covered separately by deposit insurance up to the current federal maximum.

Discounts for cash

I have heard that in some cases you can get a discount from the store or restaurant that honors American Express cards if you pay cash instead of using your card, which costs the store several cents on each dollar you charge. Is this true? If so, how do you get the discount?

It's true. In a recent landmark out-of-court settlement of a lawsuit by Consumers' Union against the American Express Company, the company agreed to permit any of the 87,000 businesses honoring the card to grant discounts to cash customers.

But to get these discounts you must *ask* the clerk for them. No merchant is forced to grant discounts, nor is American Express required to notify cardholders that discounts are available. Some merchants, however, under pressure from consumer groups, have not only agreed to offer discounts but also have found that discounts bring in extra business. Why don't you try asking for this type of discount—ranging from 3 to 6 percent—in your area, and if no retailer offers a discount, see if a local consumer group would be interested in drawing up and publishing a list of those who offer discounts versus those who do not.

A deductible expense

I had to pay my lawyer to help me collect alimony payments from my ex-husband. My alimony comes in periodic payments, which I must include in my income. Can I deduct these legal expenses in collecting my alimony?

Yes.

Baby-sitter status

I know a minimum wage rise went into effect earlier this year that covered most domestic workers such as cooks, cleaning people and child-care workers. But what about casual baby-sitters who work only once in a while? The federal government certainly doesn't expect us to pay them $2 an hour for drinking soda pop and watching television?

You are right. Although you are required to pay a *minimum* of $1.90 an hour to regular domestic employees and part-time workers, the casual baby-sitter is still excluded from this law.

Defining "equal"

Just how does the government define "equal" work under the equal-pay-for-equal-work law? What I want to know is whether a job being performed by both men and women must be identical in all respects or just basically the same in order for women to demand the same pay as men.

Under the 1963 Equal Pay Act, if a man and a woman are working under similar conditions in an establishment covered by the minimum wage provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act, each must be paid the same amount if their jobs demand *equal skill* (including experience, training, education, ability), *equal effort* (physical or mental), and *equal responsibility*.

(continued on page 175)

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Onion

Tiny green onions give these Tater Tots a little bite.



Bacon Flavor

Bacon flavored vegetable protein gives these Tater Tots a real bacon taste.

Cheese Flavor

These Tater Tots are laced with real Parmesan cheese and Cheddar cheese flavoring.

These are the different flavors of Tater Tots Ore-Ida makes. And...



Regular Tater Tots

The original Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes. Tiny potato nuggets mixed with our own secret spices.

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Taters Italia

Preheat your oven to 425° F. And grease a 2-qt. casserole. In a large skillet, over high heat, combine 2 cans (16 oz. each) STEWED TOMATOES, undrained, 1-1/2 tbsp. SUGAR, 1/2 tsp. SALT, 1/4 tsp. BASIL LEAVES, 1/8 tsp. PEPPER and a pinch of OREGANO. Mix well and bring to a full rollir boil. Pour into a casse-role. Top with 1 packag (16 oz.) frozen ORE-ID TATER TOTS, any flavc Bake 30 minutes or un bubbly in the center. Remove from oven an sprinkle with 1/3 cup shredded CHEDDAR CHEESE. Serves six.

Seafarer's Newburg

Prepare 1 package (16 oz.) frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS according to package directions. Meanwhile, take out a medium skillet and heat 1/4 cup BUTTER or MARGARINE over me-dium heat. Stir in 1/4 cup FLOUR and 1/8 tsp. SALT until blended. Gradually stir in 1-3/4 cups MILK, 1/4 cup DRY SHERRY and 1 can (10-1/2 oz.) condensed CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP (undi-luted). Stir constantly until sauce is thickened and smooth. Stir in 1 can (4-1/2 oz.) deveined SHRIMP (drained), 1 cup chopped CELERY and 1/4 cup grated CHED-DAR CHEESE. Heat to boiling, stirring often. To serve, spoon the sauce over the hot Tater Tots. Serves four to six.

Bacon Tater Bites

According to the number of snacks you'll need, cook strips of BACON, cut in half, until lightly browned but still limp. Meanwhile, prepare frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS® brand potatoes, any flavor, according to package directions. Cut slices of AMERICAN CHEESE into thirds and wrap a strip of cheese around each hot Tater Tot. Wrap limp bacon around cheese and secure with a toothpick. Broil 6" from source, turning once, until bacon is crisp. Serve hot with [illegible] sauce. Prepare sauce by mixing 1/2 cup MUSTARD, 1/4 cup BROWN SUGAR and 1/2 tsp. GINGER.



Little People's Potatoes
Make a good, hot lunch. And while you're at it, open a box of frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS, any flavor. Spread them in a single layer on a baking sheet and put them in a preheated (450°) oven. Take them out of the oven 12-15 minutes later, and you'll have some good, hot potatoes to go with lunch.

these are the different dishes you can make with Ore-Ida Tater Tots.®

You can cook up all kinds of dishes with Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes.

But if you want something different for a snack, try serving them plain. They're pretty special all by themselves.

We make them with tiny potato nuggets and a secret blend of spices. (For variety, we also make them with tiny green onions, cheese flavor or bacon flavoring.*)

Then we deep fry them and freeze them.

So, if you want something different to go with lunch or dinner, or a hot snack, you just decide what kind of Tater Tots you want.

And heat them up in your oven.





You've made us America's favorite frozen potato.

*Bacon flavored vegetable protein.

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Because Ore-Ida makes such good hash browns, look what a great breakfast you can make.

We do something special when we make our shredded hash browns. We pick only Idaho® potatoes. We shred them, cook them and form them into extra thin patties.

So when you cook them, the individual shreds on the outside get all crispy. And the ones on the inside stay tender and tasty.

The extra care that goes into our hash browns goes into all our potatoes. We make sure they'll cook up just right. With Ore-Ida, you'll see what great potatoes you can make. Without even trying.



You've made us America's favorite frozen potato.

WORKING WOMAN: MAKING IT IN SPORTS



We've come a long way, baby, but we've still got a long way to go. A report on the women's sports revolution—the progress they've made and the sexist hurdles they're still being made to clear.

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

From Little League baseball to the "Women's Lob" Tennis Tour, girls and women are moving out of the bleachers and onto the courts and playing fields. We've stopped being good sports about the bad deal we've gotten from the sports establishment, biased male athletes and owners, and paternalistic commentators claiming to protect our fragile bodies from injury. Women are calling the fouls at last.

Psychological Restraints. If a boy is healthy and willing to apply himself, dozens of sports activities are his for the asking. But the energetic girl can choose from only a few "appropriate" sports (swimming, skating, tennis, gymnastics, field hockey). An interest in "unfeminine" sports like track, baseball, football or basketball will likely earn her the label "frustrated jock," "tomboy" or worse. As Dr. Thomas Boslooper writes in *The Femininity Game:* "Men don't love women who win. Women don't know how to win or how to compete, and they're programmed not to try."

Rather than risk offending the male ego, we become cheerleaders and spectators. Few of us know what it feels like to throw a ball with power and accuracy, or to perform before a roaring crowd, or to stretch beyond our endurance. We've been cheated of that self-affirmation, the team spirit and pride, the sound body, vigorous exercise, discipline, competition, rewards and fun that are the birthright of every healthy male who wants to claim it.

Physiological Myths: Athletics would damage our breasts and reproductive organs, produce ugly muscles, "masculinize" us—these are the myths that squelched girls' sports fantasies and made us timid, flaccid and fearful. Now we know better. Dr. Joseph Torg of St. Christopher's Children's Hospital in Philadelphia says that there is no evidence that breast cancer can be caused by a severe blow. Girls do not injure more easily than boys, period. Moreover, between ages eight and 12, girls can run just as well as boys.

Dr. Clayton L. Thomas of Harvard, a member of the Olympic Medical Committee, reports: "Prior to puberty, girls are equal in weight, strength and reaction time." And in a three-part series on women athletes published in *Sports Illustrated*, Nancy Williamson and Bil Gilbert write that the uterus is "one of the most shock-resistant of all internal organs." (Men's external sexual organs are far more vulnerable, but we don't ban men from sports; we give them protective padded guards.)

Medical surveys show that in Olympic competition "women have set world records at all stages of their menstrual cycles." Doctors found too that athletic women have fewer pregnancy complications, shorter labor, and 50 percent fewer Caesarean deliveries. Incidentally, in the 1956 Olympics, three gold-medal winners were pregnant!

Dr. Christine Pickard, a London sexologist, finds that women athletes are "much more interested in sex and physically more responsive than their less-active sisters." Who *wouldn't* feel sexy with a honed, trim and flexible body?

Social and Economic Inequities: School budgets for girls' sports are barely 10 percent of what is spent for boys. (In one Texas district, boys get $250,000 for athletics; only $970 is spent for girls.) Female youngsters are shortchanged on play space, facilities, equipment, uniforms, practice time, travel schedules and coaching expertise. The same is true at the college level, where some 50,000 men—but fewer than 100 women—get a free education through sports scholarships.

Publicity creates superstars, which is what draws big-money crowds. But women's sports receive minimal attention on the sports pages or the tube. (In 1973, NBC devoted 365 sports hours to men and *one hour* to women; CBS spent only 10 of its 260 sports hours on women's events.) And most of the coverage has sexist overtones that trivialize women's achievements. (One golfer's legs get more attention than her scores. And Billie Jean King's disinterest in having children is mentioned in the same breath as her spectacular ground strokes.)

Women pros are demanding more offers to endorse products, better facilities and training staffs (female jockeys are often relegated to a closet-sized locker room with no access to steam boxes), equal prize money, more chances to compete and better coaching. There's a living to be made not just as a player or coach but as a sportswriter or sportscaster (women are still banned from many stadium press boxes), trainer, groom, batperson, athletic director, judge, umpire, etc. Here's the scorecard on women's status in major sports.

GOLF: In 1965, Marlene Bauer Hagge's best year, she earned $21,500 in the Ladies Professional Golfers Association (LPGA) tour. In 1972, the first prize in the Colgate-Dinah Shore Golf Classic nearly equaled Ms. Hagge's entire annual total. So far this year, JoAnne Gunderson Carner is the leading money winner at $60,146. But 1974's leader, male prize-winner Johnny Miller, has made almost four times that—$204,750.

In 1971, at age 16, Laura Baugh made history as the youngest golfer ever to win the U.S. Women's Amateur tournament. When she turned pro, Ms. Baugh earned gravy money by endorsing a brand of golf clubs and a resort condominium. A year ago, she made the cover of *Golf* magazine. But the magazine treated her in men's terms—as a sex object. The cover line read: "SEX PLUS SOCK—At Last, Golf Has a Glamour Girl Who Can Really Play." Eventually, *Golf* mentioned that Laura played an astounding 50 holes in her first LPGA tourney, before losing by one shot.

TENNIS: "I've always felt it was because I was a woman, and a black woman at that, that I wasn't offered a job as club pro," says Althea Gibson, the tennis champion of the 1950's who integrated Wimbledon and the United States Lawn Tennis Association (USLTA). Though other decades had stars like Ms. Gibson, Maureen Connolly, Helen Wills and Sarah Palfrey, it took the climate of the 1970's and the brash bravery of Billie Jean King to win women equal pay if not equal play.

In 1970, Ms. King, Rosie Casals and several other top women boycotted a USLTA tournament in Los Angeles because the men's singles winner was to get $12,500 while the women's singles prize was only $1,500. Tennis promoter Gladys Heldman organized a rebel tournament in Houston at which seven out of the top ten women competed. The USLTA threatened to (and eventually did) suspend the renegade women, but Virginia Slims, the cigarette manufacturer, came in as savior and sponsor. Then the women decided to become "contract pros," which allowed them to enter both Open (amateur and professional) events *and* all-pro tours. This move also removed them from the jurisdiction of the USLTA.

Since players earn no salary, they must win to get paid. So the women established minimum prize money for women's events. The Virginia Slims tour became a huge success. Eventually, in 1972, the USLTA approved the Women's Pro Tour and allowed the group to be autonomous under *(continued)*

USLTA sanction. 1973 was the watershed year for women's tennis. For the first time, the U.S. Open Tennis Championships (Forest Hills) offered both sexes $25,000 each for a victory in the singles and $10,000 each for a doubles win. Then, in September of '73, the $100,000 winner-take-all grudge match between Ms. King and Bobby Riggs drew 30,000 fans to the Houston Astrodome. International TV coverage allowed millions to witness Ms. King's victory. Women's playing ability was on the map at last.

Now all eyes are on World Team Tennis (WTT), an innovative league in which women and men compete as equal team members and draw equal salaries.
HORSERACING: Since January, 1969, when racing lifted its sex ban, about three dozen female jockeys have been riding high. They include mothers, former models, even an ex-nun—but Robyn Smith and Mary Bacon are the headliners. Ms. Bacon makes news as much for her disasters as for her long string of victories. She's been kidnapped, knifed, and shot by a groom who disapproved of women jockeys; a 1,200-lb. horse fell on her and broke her back; other spills have resulted in countless broken bones. Still, she races with a passion—even throughout her two pregnancies. When voted 1973's Most Courageous Athlete, she said: "I don't know why I was chosen. I ride because I like it. I ride to earn a living."

According to Lynn Haney, author of *The Lady Is a Jock*, top riders can earn $200,000 a year, while lesser mortals average $7,000. But despite the records of Smith and Bacon, few owners will take a chance on a woman—and many male jockeys still beef about competition from "the girls." The one advantage women do have is their generally smaller size. Evolutionary genetics indicate that five-feet-tall, 100-pound men are becoming rarer all the time.
ICE SKATING: The "feminine ideal" allows for a graceful Peggy Fleming, but not for women in the rough-and-tumble of hockey or speed-skating. While figure-skater Janet Lynn, 21, has signed contracts for Ice Follies, TV and movies that will earn her more than $2 million, Maryellen Cieslik of Milwaukee notes that female speed-skaters "don't get any money for competition, nor attention for hard physical efforts."

Even if you're good, it's bad. Donna Redding pretended to be a man and got a job as goalie for a men's hockey team in Omaha. When they discovered her sex, she was dropped from the team.
BOWLING: Last year in a New York *Times* story, four members of the Professional Women's Bowlers' Association were described variously as "petite," "slender," "stunning, long-haired brunette," and "attractive, divorced mother." These dazzling but irrelevant adjectives overshadowed the women's complaints about bowling as a poverty area—especially for women. The top bowling prize in the U.S. Open is only $4,000. And Patty Costello was the top earner last year with $14,200. If she had won the same number of games on the men's circuit she would have earned $80,000. "I think what we need is a big money sponsor, like Dinah Shore," says Ms. Costello.
TRACK AND FIELD: Beyond 16-year-old Mary Decker (the world record-breaker in the 880) and Olga Korbut (the tiny Russian gymnast who was the darling of the Munich Olympics), thousands of women whirlwinds never gain recognition. The International Track Association provides equal prizes and expense money to both sexes, but there's a paucity of events for women.

And what about male-female performance levels? Distance runner Nina Kuscsik does 10 miles in 63 minutes and 24 seconds. (The top male competitor was timed at 54:30.) "Someday, somewhere you'll get a woman runner who can challenge the men," Nina says. "Remember, we've only been at it a few

(continued on page 176)

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3 **Alternating springs.** To prevent sloping, right and left turn springs are assembled alternately. This counteracts the tendency of a mattress to "lean" in one direction. A real help toward more comfortable, restful sleep.

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Sailing couples: Mieke Tunney, her former husband Senator John V. Tunney, Senator Edward Kennedy and his wife Joan.

MY FRIEND, JOAN KENNEDY
BY MIEKE TUNNEY

They met 16 years ago at a football game and have been close friends every since. Each saw her husband achieve fame. Each has paid a personal price. Now, for the first time, Mieke writes about the Joan Kennedy only she knows.

On a crisp, fall day in 1958, John and I were driving to Boston for the Yale-Harvard football game. The night before, I had landed at New York's Idlewild Airport from my native Holland on my first visit to the United States to meet the rest of the Tunneys, who would soon be my in-laws, and John's friends. We were to attend the game with John's roommate at the University of Virginia Law School, Teddy Kennedy, and the girl he would marry in a few days, Joan Bennett.

About 15 miles outside of Boston on Route 128, I saw a couple standing next to a parked gray Pontiac convertible, waving at us to slow down. I looked at the girl standing next to Teddy. Joan was a beauty in every sense of the word. She had a silk scarf tied around her luscious golden hair, a wholesome complexion, straight white teeth and lips that seemed forever ready to smile. Later, I felt a little uneasy as the beautiful girl nestled next to Teddy in the back seat of our car.

John had often told me how much he liked Joan. But being Dutch and skeptical, I had to decide for myself. Was the spontaneous embrace she gave me when we first met genuine? Could anyone be so friendly at first sight?

These were things I would find out because I wanted to get to know Joan well; we both would be living in Charlottesville, Va., until John and Teddy graduated from law school the following June.

Sixteen years have passed since that Yale-Harvard game and the weekend that followed at Hyannis Port, Mass., where John and I were guests of that formidable figure, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy.

Since then, Joan and I have changed in many ways. One might say we have matured. Our bodies aren't quite as trim after bearing three children each. Joan's son Teddy and my son Teddy were born only weeks apart, and so were Joan's youngest son Patrick and Arianne, our youngest.

Both Joan and I take great pride in looking well. We do our exercises daily, play tennis, throw a football with our children, or whatever our schedules permit us for rest and relaxation—"R and R" as it has become known on the campaign trail.

Our faces have a few more wrinkles despite the creams that we faithfully apply, but if one were to ask us to give back any of those 16 years, the stimulating yet hectic life, the action-packed days in Boston or Washington or Moscow, the answer would be *never*.

After a tennis match or a movie, Joan and I will sit around the kitchen table with a Coke and a big jar of home-baked cookies, talking for hours about anything from our sons' latest report cards to our most interesting dinner partners. (We both adore conductor Eugene Ormandy.) Or we might discuss a book we have read or Joan might tell me about one of her favorite projects—especially the Joseph P. Kennedy Foundation for the mentally retarded, for which she works both privately—in total anonymity—and publicly, raising funds, making speeches, attending classes with children or attending functions as a member of the board.

Joan serves on the board of the National Symphony Orchestra, which claims a good deal of her time. She also spends hours at the keyboard practicing for concerts she has given with the Boston Symphony Orchestra *(continued)*

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A smooth start for our glowing Fresh Cover Make-up—the make-up made to let your skin breathe. And another first from Helena Rubinstein research.



Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

or with the Philadelphia's Symphony to raise money for the musicians' pension fund. Joan plays only for charitable causes and donates any fees she receives. I have seen her on television narrating Sergei Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*. All in all, these activities have taken much of her time, but they have given her wonderful satisfaction and a sense of artistic identity.

Occasionally, Joan and I reminisce about those days back in Charlottesville, when we used to sit at her dining-room table writing thank-you notes on our blue monogrammed stationery. We compared wedding gifts and Joan would wonder when she would take hers out of storage at her mother's to decorate a permanent home for herself and Teddy.

She soon had a permanent home. It was a beautiful but small townhouse in Boston, overlooking the Charles River. She never got to spend much time there, however, because Teddy's oldest brother, Senator John F. Kennedy, was running for the Presidency, and Teddy, in typical Kennedy tradition, was away a lot, gathering support. Teddy worked primarily in the Western states, where he acquired a foundation of political acumen that today, more than a decade later, is the envy of many politicians.

During that Presidential campaign, Joansie—as Ted lovingly calls her—was expecting their first child. She had gone home to be with her parents in Bronxville, N.Y., where she had been known in her childhood as a bright-eyed girl with awkward braces on her teeth. While at nearby Manhattanville College, Joan had been courted by many handsome young men, but her beauty channeled her into modeling on television—first as the Coca-Cola girl on the Perry Como Show and then appearances on a few specials for Revlon. She could have had a lucrative modeling career had she wanted it. Joan's father was a successful advertising executive dedicated to his family, and he provided Joan and her younger sister, Candace, with most anything they desired. Joan did not crave monetary things, but she did want good grades, particularly in music, her college major, and the companionship of her close friends. She got both.

Joan's mother, socially active in her community, was aspiring for her two beautiful daughters. Candy, who could be Joan's twin, except for her dark brown hair, is married to Robert McMurrey, a successful Houston lawyer.

I can remember how happy the Bennetts were to have Joan with them and how happy and secure Joan was in her love for Ted. He phoned regularly and Joan only wished that there were not so many miles and mountains separating them. She used to tell me how she was able to keep up her good spirits during that and future campaigns by applying a lesson she had learned from her sister-in-law Jackie. Jackie told Joan that no matter how long, how pressure-packed the campaign seemed to be, election day eventually comes and the hectic days are over. To have a fixed date to look forward to and the expectancy of victory and happiness beyond makes all the pressures fall into place and become more tolerable.

Jackie's advice was especially apropos for Joan because she has an eternally optimistic nature with what seems to me to be a guiding light shining toward a safe haven. There may be clouds on Joan's horizon and she may be down and tired, but somehow she will always seek out the sunny skies ahead.

On the evening of February 26, 1960, John and I had dinner with Ted and Joan. We felt lighthearted, laughing and thinking we had the world on a string. As is typical of Joan, she did not mention that she felt the beginnings of labor pains. After dinner, we cheerfully said goodnight, and only then did Joan ask Ted to drive her to the hospital. A few hours later Joan delivered Kara, who Joan and Ted hoped would be the first of many children. We knew they both wanted a large family. On September 26, 1961, a little more than a year later, Teddy, Jr., was born.

Wanted more children

Then, between 1963 and 1969, Joan had three miscarriages. It is not easy for her to carry a baby to full term. Her desire for more children and to make her husband happy left Joan anxious and possibly discouraged about herself. There was also the added emotional ache of losing an unborn child. I recall how happy and proud Joan would be during an early pregnancy, only to become quieter and more withdrawn after suffering a miscarriage.

A few weeks after Kara was born, the four of us went skiing for a long weekend in Stowe, Vt. As we rode the ski lift, Joan regaled me with stories of her baby daughter. I remember how sad she was to leave the baby behind for even a few days. I did not have a child yet, so I could only try to imagine how it must feel. Neither Joan nor I realized that the future would often separate us from our children because we both had married aspiring politicians.

After John F. Kennedy was elected President in November, 1960, Teddy took a dollar-a-year job as assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, Mass. (For three years my husband was in the United States Air Force in Riverside, Calif., from which point he would launch his Congressional career.) It was soon obvious to Joan that Teddy wanted to run in the 1962 special election to fill the Senate seat vacated by his brother. It was a long, strenuous campaign and Joan thoroughly enjoyed it. She loved the challenge, and she wanted Teddy to be successful in his own right.

I would hear all about her first speeches. If she was nervous before the speech, I never knew. But afterward, she would always be so happy, so excited that she had been able to speak in public. We would discuss what she would wear to the various functions. All in all, Joan sounded very happy during our lengthy telephone conversations between Boston and California.

In November, 1963, when Joan and Ted were well established in Washington, John and I were to visit them to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary. Instead, it was a sad group of friends that gathered at their small rented house on 31st Street in Georgetown. John Kennedy, the mainstay of their fraternal, close-knit family, was dead.

That past year, Joan had been so happy in Washington. It seemed so natural for her to chat daily on the phone with Jackie or to call on her at the White House. Now it was all behind Joan. A new crowd moved into town wearing big Texas cowboy hats and boots as they crowded the streets to celebrate Lyndon Johnson's inauguration.

Barely half a year later, en route to Springfield, Mass., to accept his renomination for the Senate, Ted was nearly killed in a plane accident. He suffered a grave back injury from which his doctor feared he might never fully recover and which kept him in the hospital for months. A few days later, only three weeks out of the hospital herself, after her first miscarriage, Joan took on Teddy's stalled Senate campaign. Virtually single-handedly, she won him the election; he received 76.5 percent of the vote—his largest majority ever.

When Ted returned to the Senate in January, 1965, my husband John was a newly elected member of the House of Representatives. Once again, Joan and I lived only a few minutes away from one another. Our sons became good friends. There were Easter-egg hunts, walks in the country and snowball fights, and on Sundays we attended Mass together with our children. We spent many Saturday and Sunday afternoons playing on the huge lawn of the Robert F. Kennedys. Bobby, the natural leader of the family, had initiated his quest for the Presidency and we all campaigned with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. Although Joan would occasionally express fears of another assassin's bullet, Bobby continued his tactile, crowd-pleasing, shirt-sleeved Presidential campaign, oblivious to the possibility of danger.

Bobby's death in June, 1968, totally deflated Teddy's spirits. He spent several months in virtual solitude, walking for hours on the beach in Hyannis Port or sailing on Nantucket *(continued)*

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Sound alone. Joan tried to cheer him up, but his was a lonely sorrow and there were no words to ease his pain.

With the resiliency and unity that is the hallmark of the Kennedys, Ted and Joan emerged scarred but prepared to accept the added family and political responsibilities that life had cast on them.

Their respite from sorrow was short. In July, 1969, Chappaquiddick brought the Kennedys into the headlines again, and Joan was at Teddy's side, solid and reliable, during the days and weeks of stress that followed.

A series of tragic landmarks have shaped the course of Teddy's and Joan's life, including sadness under their own roof. When doctors discovered that Teddy, Jr., had cancer of the bone, his right leg was amputated in the fall of 1973. Joan was courageous, but she looked gaunt and withdrawn as she walked up and down the long corridors of the Georgetown Hospital. She would nervously finger her rings while I tried to distract her over a cup of tea at the hospital cafeteria. She worried most when she was at home with Kara and Patrick for supper and a rest, while Ted would spend the nights in the hospital with their son. Joan wanted to be with Teddy as much as possible, particularly at the moment that he was told of the imminent surgery.

Teddy is walking well now and Joan has good reason to be proud of him. She constantly encourages him to try harder. It is tempting to give in to motherly love, to grant every wish, but instead Joan has put restrictions on him that every young man his age should have.

Seeking help

Sometimes I tease Joan about being too kindhearted for public life. She is extremely sensitive and too generous with her time. It is important to know when to say "no" and when to draw the line for herself. For the average person, decision-making is a painful, once-in-awhile happening, but for a politician's wife, decision-making is a continuous process that affects every breathing moment of her day. If you overcommit yourself, solidly filling up your day with official functions, you may be unhappy about it, yet it is painful and almost impossible not to attend an event—especially when your presence is so kindly and persistently solicited.

We all live life as best we can, but over the years the push-and-pull tensions take their toll. Joan and I have both seen psychiatrists. We have not been alone in seeking help and we agree that it has been of tremendous benefit.

I personally know many people, who, even though they get along beautifully to all intents and purposes, would benefit and would improve their capacity for living with the help of psychiatric counseling. Several of my friends, including Joan, take a rest away from the stresses and strains of their lives from time to time. Rather than a health spa with whirlpool baths and exercise machines, they go to a more intellectually stimulating spot, where the emphasis is on the mind rather than the body. Such a spot is Silver Hill in New Canaan, Conn.

As Joan describes it to me, there are brainstorming sessions with psychiatrists, and you can attend classes, read books, play tennis and walk in the woods. In short, it is a wonderful place to clear the cobwebs out of your head.

Unlike most other wives, the wife of a politician is frequently prevailed upon to complement her husband's career, to offer a showcase of his "private" side. At the same time, a politician's wife must strive to maintain a natural and comfortable atmosphere for her family, an atmosphere free from public view. Traditionally, the politician's wife has been cast as an adjunct to her husband and his career. These days of women's liberation and female self-expression have been a fresh breeze for Joan and me, and we have welcomed the opportunity to apply it now and then in the decorous halls of public politics.

Joan has been quoted as saying that she did not feel entirely secure when in the company of her sisters-in-law. I must admit that I am not sure of myself either when surrounded by too many Kennedys, something that is difficult to avoid if you are their friends. They are ready to get together at a moment's notice, whether it be for a birthday party, a graduation, or anything of family import. Sisters and brothers, cousins and grandchildren, all acting out little skits, playing tricks on one another, staging a party for grandmother Rose Kennedy with poetry and self-made tokens of admiration while cheering each other on.

It is easy to see how you could find yourself overwhelmed in this atmosphere if you are a product of a smaller, less vociferous family. The Kennedy sisters do so many things better than the average woman. They play a tough game of tennis, do well on a golf course and will ski down any mountain in any weather. They have little patience for anything that smacks of weakness. Their wits are a match for their physical skills, and they occasionally can be searing. It is not surprising that with Joan's less competitive background she has found herself brushing up on her golf stroke, sneaking in a few tennis lessons and suppressing any fears on the ski slopes to master a new turn—all to keep up her self-respect.

Joan is stubborn and tenacious, and after years of practice and Kennedy competition she has developed more athletic grace than most any girl I know. She may not hit the ball as hard or race down that mountain in record time, but she *will* do it—and she will do it skillfully.

Joan and I recognize in each other that we are both ambitious. We want to do things well or not do them at all. Joan is intelligent and extremely honest with herself, and she totally understands the awesome demands of her life.

I have no doubt that this understanding and honesty has equipped Joan with a determination to meet any challenge that may lie ahead in her life as part of an extraordinary American family. **END**



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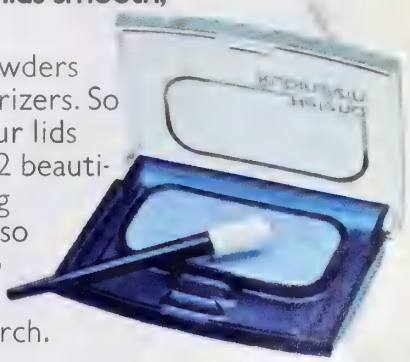


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The moving story of Sophia Loren and the woman who says, "I live in her reflection."

SOPHIA LOREN & HER MOTHER

Sophia Loren was born on September 20, 1934, in the charity wing of a Rome hospital, to Romilda Villani, 19, pianist and aspiring actress. Riccardo Scicolone, father of Sophia and her sister Maria, never married Romilda—who then "dedicated my life to my daughters." Here, in a rare dual interview, Sophia (in England to film Hallmark Hall of Fame's production of Brief Encounter*) and Romilda (at her home in Italy)—talk about each other.*

SOPHIA'S MOTHER SPEAKS: The day Sophia was born seemed the worst and most painful moment of my life. I was 19 years old, all alone in the hospital. They put a medal around her neck to identify her. It said "Number 19." I had nothing to give her; a few days later I took her home with me to my mother's house in Pozzuoli, a suburb of Naples. Sophia took only one-and-a-half hours to be born, but Maria, four years later, took all night; I thought I would die. Maria was born at home, so Sophia first saw her sister when she was only a few hours old. I don't think she felt jealous.

And their father? *(continued)*

SOPHIA LOREN SPEAKS: Is my mother my friend? I would have to say, first of all she is my *Mother*, with a capital "M"; she's something sacred to me. I love her dearly; I know what she did for me and my sister. Then, yes, she is also a good friend, someone I can talk openly with if I want to. There are no secrets between my mother, my sister and me. We three have always done things for each other. I don't even know the meaning of the words "sibling rivalry."

In fact, my very first memory is of my mother and sister. I was three and a half when Maria was born. She was born at *(continued)*



Photographs by Tazio Secchiaroli

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SOPHIA LOREN . . .
continued

home, so I could hear what was happening, and in a few hours I was allowed to see her. It's funny, I don't remember what Maria looked like, only the momentousness of her arrival.

My mother adores children, and my eldest son Cipi [Carlo Ponti, Jr., now 5] is very much in love with her. [Editors' note: Edoardo, "the baby," is one and a half.] She wanted me to have children because she knew I wanted them terribly. I had two miscarriages before my sons were born, but my mother was always reassuring: "A woman like you, who looks like you, you're bound to have babies," she'd say. "Don't worry."

When I was a child myself, I used to go out in cold weather without a sweater. If I caught cold she spanked me every time I coughed. It was terrible! I suppose she was afraid I would die or something, I don't know. Even today, if she hears that I have a sore throat she gets mad. Of course, once she sees me she calms down.

We see each other a great deal. Whenever she feels like it, she stays with us at the villa for long visits, and when I go into Rome I always stop by her apartment for lunch. When we're apart, I phone her. She'd like me to call every day, and if I don't she wants to know why. No [Sophia laughed], that doesn't make me angry—I'm accustomed to it now, what can I do?

When I was young I didn't think about these things, but now that I have children myself I can well imagine how terrible I'd feel if they failed to think of me. When I became a mother I also became very conscientious about doing anything to make her happy—writing a note, making a phone call. But I hope I will never impose this on my sons. I'd appreciate it more if they were considerate on their own, and I don't think I would say anything to them if they weren't.

I never experienced the rebellion against my mother that so many daughters go through. Of course, there were angry moments between us, when I wanted to do something she didn't think was good for me, but nothing major. She was the only person I could rely on.

My mother worked in the theater a little bit as a young woman, but I don't think she has ever envied my success. She's very happy seeing herself through me, very satisfied with her life. What she really adored always was playing the piano. I doubt that she would have had the patience, the concentration, the *passion* for the movie business that one needs to succeed. She wouldn't have loved it enough. It was I who wanted to be an actress, and she helped me because she liked the thought of it.

My husband and my mother are the same age, which does give me a strange feeling at times. I know they like each other, because they tell me so, but they never tell each other. In fact, they barely speak when they are together; they become very shy. Perhaps it's because my mother doesn't live with us, or because Carlo is basically very much an introvert.

I support my mother financially, of course. For us Italians that's a normal thing—for a daughter to support her mother or her sister or any family member who needs it. If she ever wanted or needed to live with us, why not? One shouldn't judge other people's lives, but I don't like the idea of putting parents in nursing homes. The older they get, the more they need their children, and the closer you are to them the better. It makes old age happier, especially for a mother, to live in a real house with children around. Warmth. They need warmth. I feel I owe my mother a great deal; she has given me strength.

In some ways, we are alike—both of us bizarre [again Sophia laughed]. We can be both strong and vulnerable, violent and serene, dramatic and comic. We change moods dramatically from one minute to the next. Her mood always shows, on her face or in her attitude. If I showed all my moods the people I work with would go crazy, so I have learned to put on a facade. It takes a lot of effort, doing that, but by now it's become a kind of second nature, and I do it even with my mother. I don't like to upset people, especially her.

I call her *Mammina*—that means "little mommy" in Italian. She's 60 now; it was written somewhere that she is 65, and she's not going to be very happy if she reads that. To have five years added to your age at that stage of life isn't very nice. No, she never asks my advice on clothes or makeup or anything like that. If I give it, she doesn't listen to me. She has great style, and anything she puts on looks beautiful, but the more simply she dresses the better she looks. Occasionally I feel she overdoes something, and I'll tell her she doesn't need much to be elegant—she was born elegant.

Her best quality, her sincerity, is also her worst fault, I suppose. She says exactly what she thinks; if she doesn't like somebody she tells them so. She often regrets it later, but she can't help herself. People who know her realize that whatever she says is said in absolute good faith, never bad, so they can't really get mad at her, but I can assure you it's sometimes embarrassing for me!

She still plays the piano beautifully, though unfortunately she doesn't practice regularly. Even during our bleakest, poorest days she had an old, broken-down piano. One of my childhood favorites was Schumann's *Träumerei;* that music brings back some very happy memories for me.

END

AND HER MOTHER
continued

Disgraziato. He wasn't there. He'd made me think he was a producer, and I wanted to marry him. [Editors' note: Sophia has written, "To a Neapolitan of her time and class, with its almost medieval social attitudes, nothing worse could have happened. In Mother's day, Neopolitan families considered a girl who lost her virginity before marriage forever ruined. Her seducer risked death from the men of her family. My grandparents, however, never turned against Mother."] It wasn't love, it was desperation. We never had a real relationship. It was a terrible mistake, yet wonderful things—incredible, marvelous girls—came out of it. My advice is to make mistakes; being cautious just keeps you from doing things.

Of course, Sophia suffered from the situation, as I did. Years later, when she and Carlo [Sophia's husband, producer Carlo Ponti] began living together before he could get his divorce, I felt afraid for her. But as soon as I understood how he felt about her, it was all right. He's been a father, brother, friend, lover and husband to her. He and I are about the same age, but what do years mean? She loves him. So be it.

Garbo look-alike

I was a concert pianist in Naples, but if it hadn't been for my mother I might have gone to Hollywood. When I was 16 I won an MGM Greta Garbo look-alike contest, and my mother went with me to Rome to discuss MGM's contract offer. She was a simple woman, a peasant. I sat quietly, not daring to say a word, and heard her say, "Romilda can't go to America because I can't leave my other children." It was such a blow. So I left home, in anger and disappointment. I went to Rome intending to play the piano. Instead, I met Scicolone and had a baby.

Sophia was such a skinny child. During the war, I'd cry at night from looking at her thin little arms. I thought she'd surely die before she was 13. The other girls at school used to make fun of her, so she was lonely and without friends, like me. Then when she was 13—like a miracle from God, who wants to help you—she began to bloom slowly and naturally, like a flower, and become beautiful.

When we left Pozzuoli to go to Rome, I knew people would criticize me for taking her out of school at 14. But she wanted to go—she had read an ad for extras in the movie *Quo Vadis.* We were both hired, and Sophia was started on her career. She followed my advice then, and still does, though now she pretends not to listen. People in films used to call me "the marshal" because I was with her so much. But *(continued)*

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6 ounces spaghetti

1 pound ground beef
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½ cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon TABASCO pepper sauce

Cook spaghetti in salted, boiling water until tender. Brown ground beef. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer 15 minutes. Pour over spaghetti. Serves 4.

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SOPHIA LOREN & MOTHER
continued

nobody has ever been able to say anything bad about Sophia.

Sophia lived with me until she was 21, when she went to Carlo's. Everyone is emancipated at 21, but I remember I'd wait up for her at night, and hear her tiptoeing in with her shoes in her hands. I was really grateful that she bothered. She was a good girl.

I still play the piano—Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Bach. Do you know what? Sophia has asked me to cut a record of myself playing. She wants a keepsake of me as a pianist. But my most beautiful memories all have to do with her. Like the night she won the Oscar [for *Two Women* in 1961].

That night! She had told me, "*Mammina*, wait by the telephone." At 3 a.m. the call came—she'd won. I got dressed and ran over to her house; it was so bright there it looked like daytime—full of lights, TV cameras, microphones, reporters. It was like an unforgettable fairytale, a compensation for all the sacrifices I'd made in my life. *Incredibile!*

These days, Sophia worries about me when we are apart. Sometimes I feel like her daughter. She'll phone me in the mornings, before she goes to be with her children. She always wants to know if everything's all right with me, if I'm *tranquillo*. I say yes to reassure her, but I'm not a tranquil person at all. I can't fool her; she hears it in my voice when I'm down. But she has spent her life among people who must act a certain way, and as a result she has become so constrained that I can no longer be sure when she is upset. Sometimes when I'm desperate and lonely I call her and she calms me down. "That's life, *Mammina*," she'll say. She's a marvelous woman, with incredible humanity and sensitivity, and I feel secure with her.

Sometimes, if she's making a film nearby, I'll go along and watch. But I won't take boats or airplanes. When Sophia flies somewhere, she calls me as soon as she arrives—to reassure me. I think I like it best when we visit at my apartment—she fills the place with her presence. She usually comes around noon, and I cook lunch for her—*verdura in padella* [fried greens], maybe, pepperoni, or the famous Neapolitan *ragu*. That has to be made with all one's strength. She eats it all, then sometimes takes a nap in my bed, which she loves to do.

We are very alike. I like to be alone, which is something I suffer from but enjoy at the same time, as she does. She's very timid, and is as nervous at every gala premiere as she was at the first one; she is very closed in to herself. She is a wonderful mother, but she overdoes it; she takes the children with her whenever she travels for work. Sophia is sweeter than I am; I'm too impulsive. But I had to be that way to survive, and she has always understood that.

I have no friends. I'm a strange character and don't understand the things other people do or why they do them. I don't communicate much with my contemporaries, but I don't think many women my age are as close to their daughters as I am. Everything that I wanted for myself has happened to Sophia. She's a classic. Like Garbo. But I don't want to see her at my age. I'd rather die than see either of my daughters as old women. To me Sophia will always be a young girl of 15, as she was when she began her career. I live in her reflection. I always have, and with pleasure. **END**



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teen-aged passion, middle-aged sighs and masculine sneers of envy.

What's this? Over there at the corner of the United Airlines ticket counter, tapping his bronze fingers impatiently, stands Sundance himself. Slipped by everybody unnoticed. Including me. Impossible.

Maybe it's because he looks like such a family man, surrounded by three all-American, freckle-faced children and a pale blond wife in powder blue. His wheat-blond shag is hidden beneath an old Clyde Barrow cap with a cigarette hole burned in the brim, his eyes masked by silver sunglasses. His ultra-slim self is sheathed in faded jeans, caramel-colored leather jacket, caramel cowboy boots and what must be at least seven pounds of silver, including a turquoise and silver Navajo belt, bracelets and rings. Appropriate, for the Redfords are headed west, to their 3,300-acre ranch and ski resort at Sundance, Utah, about an hour's drive from Salt Lake City. There will be four months of tennis, riding, back-packing, planting, horse-raising and general de-citification. And I have Redford's permission to tag along for a weekend.

I have been instructed not to "hassle" the Redfords en route. They will be exhausted, what with three children and 17 pieces of luggage (they transport everything, including pictures and children's stereos, back and forth from their apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue because they have been robbed six times. "That's what comes with being known," Redford says). I have been told not to explain that I am interested in doing a personal profile, for that would put Redford off. (He hates interviews: "They're weird. Conversations are better.") And for heaven's sakes, not to be pushy. He hates pushy females.

But presumably a greeting is permissible. Lola Redford is gracious; she introduces the children—Shauna, 14, Jamie, 12, and Amy, 3. The Great Gatsby offers neither hand nor hello.

Smuggled beer

In the airline's VIP lounge, Redford lunges for the phone, then settles across the room to pop pretzels and guzzle beer. ("I love beer. I drink it all the time," he proclaims later. Coor's Beer from Colorado is his very favorite brand, and a friendly stewardess smuggles four or five cases a month into New York for him.)

Lola, a Mormon, and the children drink cola. At 34, Lola is willowy, slender, callipygous—about five feet nine inches tall, with considerable natural grace, spun-gold, shoulder-length hair, and the serene countenance of a Titian Madonna. She assumes no airs, wears no false eyelashes and little makeup. She relates to her children in a very soft, relaxed manner, chatting with them as if they were adults.

Suddenly Amy topples off the back of the couch and lands, headfirst, on the floor with a great thump. Ear-splitting screeches. Lola rushes to the rescue. Redford rolls his eyes in horror. "And that's just the beginning," he announces.

Getting to the plane is painless and anonymous except for one snafu. As Redford saunters through the white plastic womb which will react loudly if its occupant is carrying a bomb, bazooka or sawed-off shotgun, his jewelry activates the alarm system. Men appear with Geiger counters, setting upon the star with C.I.A. swiftness, tracing the outline of his body with their metal prongs. "Take off your belt," they command. He cannot. The belt is lodged permanently in the tabs. "Guess I'm a walking silver mine," Redford jokes somewhere down in the back of his throat, like someone just caught pickpocketing Elizabeth Taylor.

Once on board United's 6:30 flight to Salt Lake City, the Redfords settle into the first two rows of the first-class section. Lola is spent. Besides the 17 bags she personally packed during the last two days, that day she had taken "Bob" shopping at Bloomingdales. "Biggest mistake of my life. I should know better, but I forget. It's like walking around with a six-foot naked man. People stop and stare, hang out of their car with cameras. They gawk at you from behind the counters. We had to duck into a building to get away." It had been a rough winter, too. "We didn't even get to Sundance this Christmas as we usually do. Bob was in London, filming. I need to get away to pull it all together. I'm really ready for it. It's so private out there. We don't have many house guests. If they come, they have their own kitchen. It's very simple. I do all the cooking for us, though. I enjoy that. And I garden."

Lola Redford takes her work and life seriously. A consumer advocate, she began her own lobbying group (C.A.N.—Consumer Action Now) with Eileen (Mrs. William) Goldman, when one of her children cautioned her against opening a window in New York with the words, "Don't, Mommy. The air will kill us." Since then, Lola has campaigned for cleaner air, purer water, better labeling, less toxic cosmetics and a variety of other consumer causes. She talks proudly of attending Brigham Young University three days a week this summer to study consumer law. "I dropped out of college after my freshman year to marry Bob. I may never get a degree, but I want to study subjects related to my field."

Politely excusing herself to tend to the children's needs, she leaves and Redford unexpectedly comes over to chat. He sits down with no greeting. He is as handsome as I had expected, in a Tab Hunter way—very California-surfer looking, with exceptionally perfect teeth and China-blue eyes. The only flaw is a cluster of three small growths on his right lower cheek. But despite those good looks, he is disarmingly bashful and serious, even slightly awkward about opening conversations. He launches into a monologue about fighting the highway lobby in Utah. "The state wanted to put in an eight-lane superhighway. I just couldn't stand it. There was no master plan! They had given no thought to the ecology, to the feeding habits of the animals, or restoring the natural beauty. They just wanted to wing traffic through for commercial reasons. I got involved with the Sierra Club and the Wildlife Federation; we got school groups to picket and write letters and wrote the governor. We won. At least it's going to be only two lanes."

Once started, Redford is an easy conversationalist, his remarks peppered with literary allusions, references to magazine and newspaper articles (he holds *Harper's* on his lap), statistics, French names, quotes. Robert Woodward, the investigative reporter from the Washington *Post*, whom Redford will portray in the film *All the President's Men*, says Redford is "much more intellectual in his approach than most stars have been in the past." Novelist Gwen Davis has put it slightly differently: "[Paul] Newman has more going in the gut. Redford has more going in the head." In spite of Redford's glib conversation, his well-timed chuckle, there is a calculated reserve, a distance in his cold blue eyes. They are eyes that do not twinkle with understanding or humor, eyes that flash betrayal when one asks to turn on a tape recorder, eyes that express a wariness of other people.

"It's nice to care"

As Redford is to admit later, "I don't have many friends. Friends are very important. I'm just coming to realize that. I've been very selfish in the past. Now I realize it's nice to care for people. It's good for you. It keeps you from becoming too selfish or narrow-minded. To go out to somebody else, not in a Red Cross way or anything, is therapeutic in itself."

Not a very sexy statement. In fact, after many hours of conversation, I came to the conclusion that Redford would be more correctly classified as a loner, the Modern Mountain Man, if you will, than the National Sex Symbol. Certainly, he sees himself this way—fleeing the city for the mountains to build, plant and wander where only God can be one's witness and the mountains make the rules.

This is why he goes to Sundance and why he has, as its owner, kept it relatively undeveloped. *(continued*



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"We started it as a ski resort in 1969 and we haven't done much with it. We've wanted to go very slowly and not feel that because shopping centers or satellite developments are in vogue we had to go in that direction. Lola and I built our own house. Forty others have come along slowly. We have only two restaurants, one chair lift for skiing, and stables. It's turned out to be a rather exclusive, natural, primitive spot. I love it there. You're on your own. Nobody's trying to shove 'image' down your throat. There's a communal attitude that isn't overdone, a very good 'up-vibe' feeling all centered around skiing."

The Redfords' Sundance activities are solely family-oriented, and he becomes positively transported as he talks about them. "We have fifty acres of alfalfa, corn, sugar beets. We cut it two or three times a season, bale it, sell it and store much of it for our own stock. My wife and I believe we're headed for a famine, so we've started taking precautions. We don't want to be dependent on anyone.

"We also spend a lot of time down on the Indian reservations. We have a houseboat on Lake Powell, which is really the Colorado River dammed up. You can get lost there very easily, which doesn't bother me at all. We go exploring and find places just big enough for our boat to go through—narrow passages that will suddenly open up into a lake, cavernous walls that go up to a little hole in the top where water pours through, prehistoric rock cliffs 400 to 500 feet high, tapestry rock carved like sculpture. It's unbelievable. Sometimes we backpack into Indian country or ride horses in from the lake. I know of very few things that satisfy me more."

Yet, come September, he does not find the return to Manhattan's towering gray granite difficult. "I love New York. I love to walk there, especially early in the morning and late at night. It's the balance that I'm crazy about—going from absolute calm, beatific quiet to the place where you have to be most alert. You have to be on your toes in New York. It's like being on the edge, and I like that a lot."

Hoofing and bussing

New York is where he and Lola first settled after their marriage in 1958 and where, after initial penury, they began to make it big. "When we first came we had $300 to our names. But we sure loved storming around the city. We had no clue about which way things would fall. We hoofed it, bussed it—it was a prosaic time in our life. Our powers of observation were in many ways greater because we didn't have any money to do things that distracted us. That's the way it is for me now at Sundance. I find I see things much more clearly there. My sixth sense becomes more highly developed."

Redford originally went to New York to pursue a career in art, taking acting lessons on the side. "I didn't decide to become an actor until well after I had become one. I grew up in Los Angeles and acting didn't seem like a very noble profession. So I had trouble with it. I still do. I don't even like movies. In fact, I hate them. Maybe it has something to do with the kind of thing that happens to a pilot when he's a passenger on someone else's plane. I see all the technical problems, hear all the rattles. I get restless; I'd rather be doing something else.

"Another thing is the physical discomfort. I hurt my knee in a snowmobile accident when we were filming *Downhill Racer* and now it's very uncomfortable to sit for any period of time. Maybe I'll like the movies if I stop acting and get out of the business, which is what I intend to do fairly soon. But I don't know when. I think everyone's work is something of a search. It's not important that you necessarily find what you're looking for. It's the effort that is the exciting part."

His friends say he would like to get into directing and producing, but Redford hedges. "I don't know what I want to do exactly; there are so many things I like. I like to write. I've always written short stories and poems—but nothing I'd ever want published."

In spite of his current interest in politics, that is one career he says he would never pursue. "I've always been very apolitical . . . a rebel . . . very anti-establishment. First of all, I really like one-to-one relationships with people. I like to sit and talk to one person for five or six hours at a time, which you can rarely do in politics. Secondly, I couldn't stand the constant hedging. I have to be straight with someone. And third, it's so corrupt."

Redford, a product of the fifties, doesn't sympathize with the current nostalgia craze for that period in American history. He says, "Our generation was told, 'If you don't want to work in a gas station, you'd better go to college, but you can't go to college unless you get the grades.' All that emphasis on grades made a lot of people cheat. I never thought grades were true benchmarks of ability. I didn't get good grades. I didn't like school. I daydreamed. And anything I learned that was truly important was learned out of school. I'm talking about human nature."

Redford says he learned about people by getting away from Los Angeles, which he loathed. What about published reports that he whiled away his California adolescence stealing hub-caps and movie-studio property? "Wrong. I would never steal. I just had this Robin Hood fantasy about taking from the rich to give to the poor. I was fascinated by the fancy houses on the hill, because I was born on the other side of the tracks. I'd wonder, what makes those houses so special? So sometimes I'd break into one, just to see. And I didn't see any difference between me and the people who lived there except that they had money. That disturbed me; it didn't seem warranted. I've always had a particular grief for inherited status, and wondered by what grace we suffer some of those people.

"In Beverly Hills they had a law that you couldn't blow your horn in a residential area. It burned me up so much that I would lay on my horn every time I drove through. What was so special about Beverly Hills?"

When he left California, Redford bummed around Europe twice, painted and lived the Bohemian life in New York. "I think one of the reasons we've been victimized by the bureaucracy is because it's populated by a lot of guys who never spent time in the playground or the street. They went directly from school to work. They listened to all the lectures. They learned to understand ideas but not people. It's always bothered me because I feel I've been subjected to a lot of people like this who didn't understand me, either. I think Kennedy did. The biggest sadness I felt at the time of his death was that his was the death of a man of my time. And he was replaced by a man who was not of our time, but of the generation before us.

Occasional heroics

But politicians are not very much fun or very interesting. On the other hand, I do like the press. I love Mary McGrory and Art Buchwald, and I've really enjoyed doing research for *All the President's Men*. I've met a lot of great reporters. I know it sounds corny, but I think our First Amendment rights came very close to going under with Watergate, and that the press was responsible for pulling us out. That's why I want to do this film. I'd like to show how the press works, what it is really up against, the responsibilities and occasional heroics that are involved. I don't think many people realize what it takes to get a story out, to check all the sources. Investigative reporting requires a very special kind of person who can stay glued to the assignment and isn't socially involved. If Woodward and Bernstein had been socially 'in' in Washington, they probably wouldn't have got the Watergate story."

I have now been glued to Redford's words for so long that I'm weak. I have to excuse myself to get aspirin from the stewardess. Lola is feverishly writing in a huge notebook and has not stopped since we took off. They are notes on the interviews she did with young people about the future, to be included in a

(continued on page 187)

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Julius Caruso



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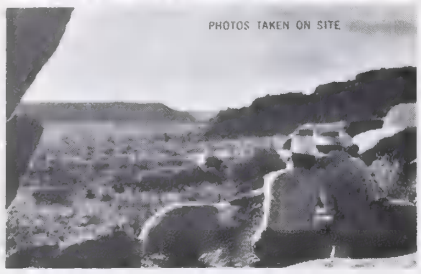
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PET JOURNAL: TAKING PICTURES OF YOUR PET



Here are some simple yet effective photography do's and don'ts from Walter Chandoha, one of the country's leading animal photographers.

By Gini Kopecky

Most people enjoy photographing their pets. Unfortunately, for many of us, our enthusiasm far exceeds our photographic skills—and the results are often poor snapshots that no one can appreciate but us.

As a professional animal photographer who is often asked to judge photography contests, Walter Chandoha is well acquainted with the mistakes amateurs are most likely to make. "One reason for bad photographs," he says, "is that people use cameras with a long-focus lens. That means either they must stand so far back that the pet appears as a tiny image in the picture, or they try to come in closer than the camera can focus, and the results are blurry. That's why I recommend buying a close-up attachment for the camera. The results are well worth the slight additional expense."

As for what film to use, says Chandoha, "Most people shoot color slides or prints. It makes no difference, really, unless the photographer hopes to have the picture enlarged. Then it might be wise to start directly with a print negative, instead of a slide."

The best time to photograph a pet, says Chandoha, is when the animal is in a naturally cooperative mood. He recommends observing the animal for a day or two to find out when it is usually most playful or cooperative. "For a good pet portrait, it's best to shoot just after the pet has eaten, when it is feeling lethargic and is more willing to sit in one place."

Which are easier to work with—kittens and puppies, or grown cats and dogs? "Kittens and puppies, definitely," says Chandoha. "They haven't dev oped any hang-ups yet. Dogs genera tend to be more cooperative than ca Cats are more independent." For t truly uncooperative pet, Chandoha su gests a trick he has resorted to fr time to time. "Even the most nervo pet usually feels secure in its owne arms," he says. "So I'll sometimes thr a blanket over the owner's head a shoulder, then shoot the pet peering o the shoulder. In the finished photogra all that's visible is the pet posing o blanket."

Chandoha recommends photograp ing in an area of the house where t pet feels comfortable—perhaps sitting a favorite corner, or resting on a co fortable chair. "But avoid shooti against a chair leg, or flowered wall per, or any other busy background t distracts attention from the pet," he sa "A solid-colored carpet is good, o door. If you own a floral-print sofa, si ply tuck a blanket over it. Don't us sheet that has been folded; the crea will show up in the photograph."

Some pets may be frightened by fl cameras. "Since I work with an el tronic flash, I flash it a few times u the animal gets used to it. But the a teur who doesn't want to waste fla bulbs might just flick a lamp on and quickly, each time offering the pet a ward to associate with the flash. Th when the flash is used, the animal n not be as frightened." Chandoha a recommends that there always be extra person on hand when working w pets—to position and reassure the a mal. That's the way he and his w Maria work. "When I'm ready to s

(continued on page 1





The right and wrong way to photograp pets. Far left: The pho is ruined by the busy back ground and unequal appe of the kittens Picture near left is a winn Both cats are alert and star out from clea background.

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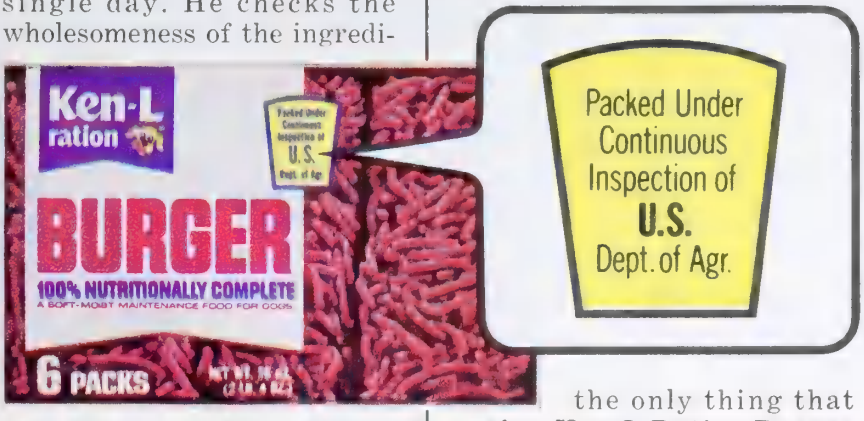


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MRS. THWAITE

Mrs. Thwaite was one schoolteacher who bridged the Generation Gap, and the reason was that Mrs. Ursula Thwaite had really lived, or that's what SHE said. A story by Gertrude Schweitzer

When the School Board let Mrs. Thwaite go, I joined the demonstration on the football field. If there were other adults there, I could not see them in that mob of high school kids. But I yelled, "We want Mrs. Thwaite!" with the best of them. Afterward my brother Don, who was a senior, said he had seen me there, and gave my hand an odd little pat of approval. I could not remember his approving of me since he was four and I was eleven and let him lick my ice cream cone after he dropped his in the mud.

It was through Don that I first met Ursula Thwaite. Shortly after she came to Williston, he invited her home to dinner. Don had never done *(continued*

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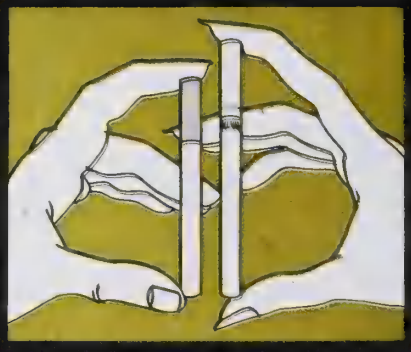
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2. Dip strips in a slightly beaten egg, then coat evenly with SEASONED BREADING MIX.
3. In a large skillet heat 1/3 cup oil. Stir fry a few pieces of chicken at a time until golden brown. Add oil as needed. Remove and drain on paper towel.
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MRS. THWAITE
continued

such a thing in his life. If he saw a teacher outside of school, he either turned red, grinned and mumbled, or turned red, glowered and mumbled, depending on his opinion of the teacher. But with Ursula he was transformed, as though overnight he had leaped from tortured adolescence to tranquil manhood. Ursula transformed people.

She was not, of course, like other teachers. She was not like anyone else. The moment I saw her, I felt something special about her, and by the time she left our house that first evening, I knew she would have a place in my life. This was curious, because I was at the time newly engaged and totally wrapped up in my fiancé, and I felt as removed from anyone of Ursula's age and status as though we were different species. I did not know, and do not know now, how old she was. She told us at dinner that she had been a widow for "some years," so that I concluded she must be quite old, but it was impossible to judge her age by her appearance.

She was a big woman, tall and heavy-boned but with beautiful slim legs on which she appeared to glide rather than walk. Her features were, I suppose, nondescript, since I can no longer recall them, yet nondescript is the last adjective to apply to her. She had remarkable skin, white and clear, with an odd, opalescent glow. Her luxuriant hair that sprang into curls all over her head was a wonderful dark red, whether natural or not, I have no idea. All I remembered about her eyes is that they burned. It made no difference whether she was talking about love or the unimportance of perspective in painting, her eyes burned.

I thought of her as beautiful, and so did Don. But older people did not seem to see her that way. Long after Ursula left Williston, I heard my mother refer to "that queer-looking Mrs. Thwaite."

She came to Williston High as an art teacher. They must have hired her because (although she was a mature woman it was her first teaching post), they could get her cheap. The story went that she had begun studying for her teaching certificate only after her husband died. This could have been a factor in selecting her, because it was evidence of the kind of gumption Williston admired. In the end she was not generally admired. Not at least, by older Williston. But her students adored her. She let them paint anything, any way they wanted. She even insisted on it.

"Do not ask questions. Paint!" she would say. "Paint! Paint! Paint! Did Gauguin ask what colors to use? Did anyone tell Dali to put two eyes on one side of a face? Paint what interests you what amuses you, what you feel."

"Suppose it comes out wrong?" Mary Gillis asked her once.

"Wrong?" I remember that utter bewilderment of hers, as though it were a word she had never heard before. "If it is what you want to paint, how can it come out wrong?"

What she actually taught is unclear to this day. Certainly she did not teach anyone how to paint, but she worked her transforming magic on so many difficult students that no one cared. Art was not a required subject; it came under the heading of "frills." People without children in the schools grumbled about frills, but the others wanted their children to have all the advantages. On "Back to School Night," the parents looked at the paintings on the walls of Ursula's room and thought, since they were peculiar and incomprehensible, they must be good modern art.

During her three years in Williston, Ursula lived in a room that Miss Amy Newell had been letting out to teachers since the death of her parents. The two became great friends, though it was hard to understand why. Miss Newell was a tiny, monkey-faced woman who had lived in Williston all her life and had scarcely been anywhere else. She spent



her time cleaning her house, cooking for herself and her current boarder, and watching TV while she knitted sweaters to be sent to orphan homes. Her conversation was limited to repeating the plots of soap operas she had seen. She was the worst bore in Williston, and what Ursula found in her that nobody else did was a mystery.

Every Tuesday and Thursday after school, Miss Newell retired to another part of the house and gave the sitting room over to Ursula for what Ursula called her conferences. The other teachers saw students and parents at school, but Ursula thought the atmosphere of a living room put people more at ease. Once a month, on what came to be known as "Mrs. Thwaite's days," only students were invited. They crammed the house in their bizarre clothes and unisex hairstyles and played guitars and records and sang and rapped, and in the whole three years there was not one who dropped out of school or got into any kind of trouble. The first time I went to see Mrs. Thwaite, it was neither a Tuesday nor a Thursday. I had not planned to go there at all. When I left the house, slamming the door behind me, I intended to walk to the drugstore and call Phil, my fiancé, to report my parents' latest obstructionism. Somehow I found myself in front of Miss Newell's house. I might not have rung the bell. My only contact with Ursula Thwaite had been on the evening she had come to our house for dinner. Why should I want to tell my troubles to this stranger of another generation? What made me think she would care to listen to me, or even remember who I was?

But the door opened as I stood there, and she glided down the walk. Though it was a brisk October evening, she wore no coat. She never wore one, except in bitter cold weather. It was as if she absorbed physical comfort from her own psychic warmth.

"Hello, Laurie," she said. "Were you coming to see me?"

She spoke as though we had known each other for years, and nothing could be more natural than that I should drop in on her. I had been scrabbling around in my mind for an excuse for being there, but when she asked me so simply, I found it easy to say, "Yes, I was."

She nodded, looking pleased. There is no way to describe what her face did to look pleased. Though she certainly smiled at times, she was not a habitual smiler, but her face had such mobility that she could express pleasure or joy or amusement in far subtler ways.

"Walk along with me, then," she said. "I have a book to return to the library. We can talk on the way."

I had no idea how to begin, or even what it was that I wanted to say or hoped she might tell me. But she knew. I am not suggesting that she could read minds or had second sight. Her gift was that she listened. She never forgot a name, or anything anyone told her about himself. Her antennae picked up every shade of expression, every nuance of tone.

"I like this town," she said. "There are places I've lived where I thought when I woke up in the morning, they might have disappeared. Williston is here to stay."

My parents—even Phil—would have been astonished to hear me say, "I don't know what you mean." It was not a thing I ordinarily admitted.

"Tradition," she said. "A place without tradition is like an apple without a core."

Her meaning was still not altogether clear to me. I think she was unable to realize that others lacked her instant grasp, or perhaps she felt that explanation was an insult, suggesting a retarded understanding.

I retreated, as I often did, into argument. "I don't believe in doing something just because it's traditional."

"Oh, no, indeed not!" She had a rich chuckle that started deep in her chest and rippled slowly upward. "But unless something is, how can it be flown in the face of?"

I laughed from contagion, and she looked down at me with *(continued)*

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PUT UP IN THEIR OWN NATURAL COOKING JUICES.

MRS. THWAITE
continued

her burning gaze. "You will be a lovely bride," she said. "Blonde brides always make me think of angels."

And there we were. At the time I was only grateful that we had arrived so smoothly, and did not wonder how.

"I'm not going to be that kind of bride," I said.

"You're not?"

"No. All in white." The contempt with which I had said these same words to my parents not long before fell away in her uncritical ambience. "All in white and in a veil, like for a costume party."

"What kind of bride will you be?" she asked with interest.

"We're going to be married on the beach," I told her. "That's where we met. We want nobody there but our parents and brothers and sisters. We're going to write the service ourselves."

"Well," Ursula said, "a wedding gown and veil would look ridiculous on the beach."

"We're going to wear terry pants suits, and of course no shoes."

"Of course."

"My parents are furious," I told her.

"Of course," she said again. "Mine were too."

"Yours? You mean you—?"

"Oh, we didn't get married on the beach and we weren't barefoot. Nobody thought of anything like that then. But the white gown and veil—" She stood still on the sidewalk and gazed over the rooftops. "My mother had worn them at her wedding, and my grandmother at hers, but I said that outfit was corny—for the birds." Her voice gave the dated slang a kind of dignity and freshness. "We were married by a Justice of the Peace. He was supposed to marry us in his garden, but it rained, so he had to do it inside."

The way Phil and I had planned our wedding, rain wouldn't interfere. We would stay on the beach anyway.

"I kept the gown and veil," Mrs. Thwaite said. "Sometimes I put them on when I was alone, and imagined I was dressing for my wedding." We began to mount the library steps. At the top she paused a moment before going in. "Children know how to imagine into existence anything they wish for. It's a mistake to outgrow that knowledge."

Again I was not sure what she meant. Looking back, it seems to me that I must have absorbed her meaning by some sort of subconscious process, even when her words puzzled me.

Phil and I were married in my parents' garden. It was a beautiful day. We had the regular service, plus something Phil and I had written about walking on the same path but neither setting the other's pace. Phil whispered to me that I was the wrong girl; the one he'd meant to marry looked like something left over from a rummage sale. So I knew he liked me in the white gown and veil. Everything smelled of roses.

We rented an apartment in town, within walking distance of both Phil's law office and Selwyn's Department Store, where I had started as a salesgirl after school and in time became an assistant to the president. Our social life centered around the crowd we met in town, and I saw less and less of my old friends.

But I never lost track of Ursula Thwaite. Since I worked on Saturdays, I had a day off during the week. More often than not, I spent part of that day with Ursula. Usually I went to Williston so that I could visit my parents as well, but occasionally she met me in town.

Nobody listened the way Ursula did. The problems I shared with her were commonplace, but to her they appeared as unique and absorbing as they seemed to me. The quali-

(continued on page 178)

UESTIONS ANSWERED

ntinued from page 46

famous. I guess I'd like to be famous, o, but it is not the most important ing in my life. But my friend talks of tle else and says he doesn't care how becomes famous just as long as people cognize him on the street. What can me give him that I can't?

In our society, celebrity status is con-sed with admiration and love, quali-s that are particularly important to ople who feel unloved and who have or self-esteem.

These people think of celebrities as ople who live charmed lives free from dinary pains and problems. Celebrities, ey imagine, live in a heaven on earth. me is especially appealing to people ho feel their own lives are impover-ed and shoddy. Fame, to some, can ean instant expertise and instant re-ect, which is why fame appeals to ople who feel useless and incapable attaining respect from others through nuine training and proficiency in an ea of endeavor. Men and women who el they have been unjustly treated as ildren and abused as adults will use e fantasy of fame as a way of making up to themselves, or of getting even ith their supposed detractors and per-cutors.

In short, fame can sometimes become substitute for honest self-esteem and regarded as a magic ingredient that ll make all wishes and expectations me true.

ychotherapy and drugs

Is it possible that psychotherapy alone n be effective in curing drug addic-on?

I do know of some cases of drug ad-ction in which psychotherapy has en effective. However, curing addic-on involves many factors: motivation the patient, whether or not the addict ntinues to live with people who use ugs, how long the patient has been on ugs, what drugs are used, the patient's tal emotional health, family coopera-n, etc.

I suspect, therefore, that very few ad-cts consult psychiatrists and that even ver addicts stay in psychiatric treat-nt for the length of time necessary resolve the major problems that led their addiction in the first place. For at reason, I think men and women with rious addictions need hospitalization some other form of outside care in dition to psychotherapy to solve their oblems. **END**

The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions.
—Ellen Glasgow

"You can really get involved."



Sponsors report from around the country . . .

Castalia, Ohio—Sandy Prout, speaking for the St. John's United Church High School Class: "You can really get involved. It's a person-to-person relationship."

Her class is sponsoring a needy 13-year-old boy in Taiwan.

Seeley, Wisconsin—Emily Kochalka writes about her women's club sponsorship of a boy in the Philippines: "Our little lad warms all our hearts and makes us feel so proud that we are helping him. The warmth one gets from knowing you are helping a child is indescribable. Corresponding with the boy has brought home to us club members that we have so much —and children in other countries have so little by comparison.

"When the club sent Nestor $5.00 for his birthday, we later got a reply stating that the $5.00 meant 'the very best birthday I have ever had in my life.' "

Carlisle, Kentucky—Joseph H. Conley, project chairman for the Jaycees, expresses it this way in writing about a 12-year-old boy in Ecuador: "His improvement in health, grades, personality, activities during the period of this sponsorship has been remarkable. This is most satisfying to us."

Castlewood, Virginia—William A. White writes: "God has been good to me. I think a person should appreciate this and share it."

Barre, Massachusetts—Glenn Stratton, American Problems Instructor at Quabbin Regional High School, feels the sponsorship by his class serves the dual purpose of helping the child and instructing the students: "Students realize that what we take for granted is considered luxury by others, and tend to appreciate their own situation more fully."

Byron, New York—Mrs. Fern Griffen, of the Presbyterian Women's Association, says this: "Satisfaction in knowing we are helping this girl (in Guatemala) and perhaps others in her family by lifting their burden a little. She is very thankful and that makes us glad to help. The letters we get from Norma are so friendly and loving it makes us feel we have a daughter just over the way and we love her."

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PATTY HEARST

The Hearst family's cook provides still another view

Few people know Patty Hearst as well as Emmy Brubach does. Since Patty was 12, Mrs. Brubach has been the Hearst family's cook—as well as Patty's friend and confidante. Emmy watched, mystified, as Patty's "kidnapping" took one bizarre turn after another. Was she really abducted? Did she freely embrace the S.L.A.'s terrorist cause? With Patty still at large as this was written, these questions hung unanswered. But no matter how the story ends, Mrs. Brubach's memories offer a sympathetic insight into the personality of Patty—and her whole family. By Judy Stone

One night in the second week of January, at the Villa Chartier, a few miles from the Hearsts' Hillsborough, Calif., home, their German cook and mother-confessor, Emmy Karolina Brubach, was enjoying an evening out with two friends. With customary zest, Emmy had decided to indulge a minor weakness for psychic phenomena and blow four dollars on a palm reading by Eugene, the restaurant's resident soothsayer.

Eugene examined her small, plump hands, with their immaculately manicured, rosy-tinted nails and nest of three diamond circlets on the wedding finger. What he envisioned seemed cheerful enough. He predicted that something would happen on February 5 or 6 that would cause widespread discussion and bring her name into the news. Emmy Brubach was intrigued momentarily.

The prophecy was far from her mind, however, when the telephone rang at the Hearsts' stately gray stucco 22-room house at 10 p.m. on Monday, February 4. Randolph A. Hearst, president and editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and his wife Catherine were in Washington, D.C. Emmy was at home fixing a snack with two of the five Hearst daughters, Anne, 18, and Victoria, 17. Emmy and Vicki simultaneously picked up phones. The caller was Dr. James Brown of the University of California's Cowell Hospital. He informed Vicki that her 19-year-old sister, Patricia Campbell Hearst, had been kidnapped from the Berkeley apartment she shared with her fiancé, Steven Weed, 26. Weed, the doctor said, had been brutally beaten by the two black men and a white female who had abducted Patty.



Emmy: A palmist's curious forecast came true.



Patty: "I never heard her talk politics," Emmy says.

Emmy, a bustling, loquacious woman who had worked and lived there for eight years, was momentarily stunned into silence. Vicki immediately wanted to take charge and Anne began to tremble uncontrollably, crying, "Oh, no! Emmy, no!"

Vicki said, "Emmy, don't call Daddy because they'll feel they have to come home," Emmy recounted later. "I said, 'Vicki, we have to call Daddy. What would he think if he first hears it on the radio?' "

Over Vicki's stubborn objections, Emmy called the Hearsts—first contacting Berkeley and Hillsborough police and alerting Virginia, the 24-year-old Hearst daughter who lives in Berkeley with her husband, Jay Bosworth, an *Examiner* reporter. Gina Hearst Bosworth immediately locked up her apartment and spent the night with friends, to settle in at Hillsborough the next day for the long wait ahead.

Catherine, 28, the oldest Hearst daughter, came up from Los Angeles and stayed for about a month. For security reasons, William Randolph Hearst III moved in. Long-haired Willie, 25, had been working for months prior to the kidnapping to remold the *Examiner* in a more liberal image. It was cousin Willie, with "brown, honest eyes like Patty's," Emmy said, who got out books, books, books to try to understand what was happening. Yes, yes, he looked in the books Patty mentioned. (One book, *Blood in My Eye*, was by George Jackson, the black convict killed in a San Quentin shootout.) "I'm beginning to understand what he [Jackson] means when he talks about fascism in America," Patty said in an early tape sent to the Hearsts by her S.L.A. "kidnappers."

"Willie looked in law books; Willie reads everything to find out *where* is the point and *what* is the point." Willie's cousin "Billy"—William Randolph Hearst II, 36, son of the late John Hearst—stayed briefly at Hillsborough in late April after *his* roommate was abducted by three black men; the roommate was released after he proved who he was. *(continued)*



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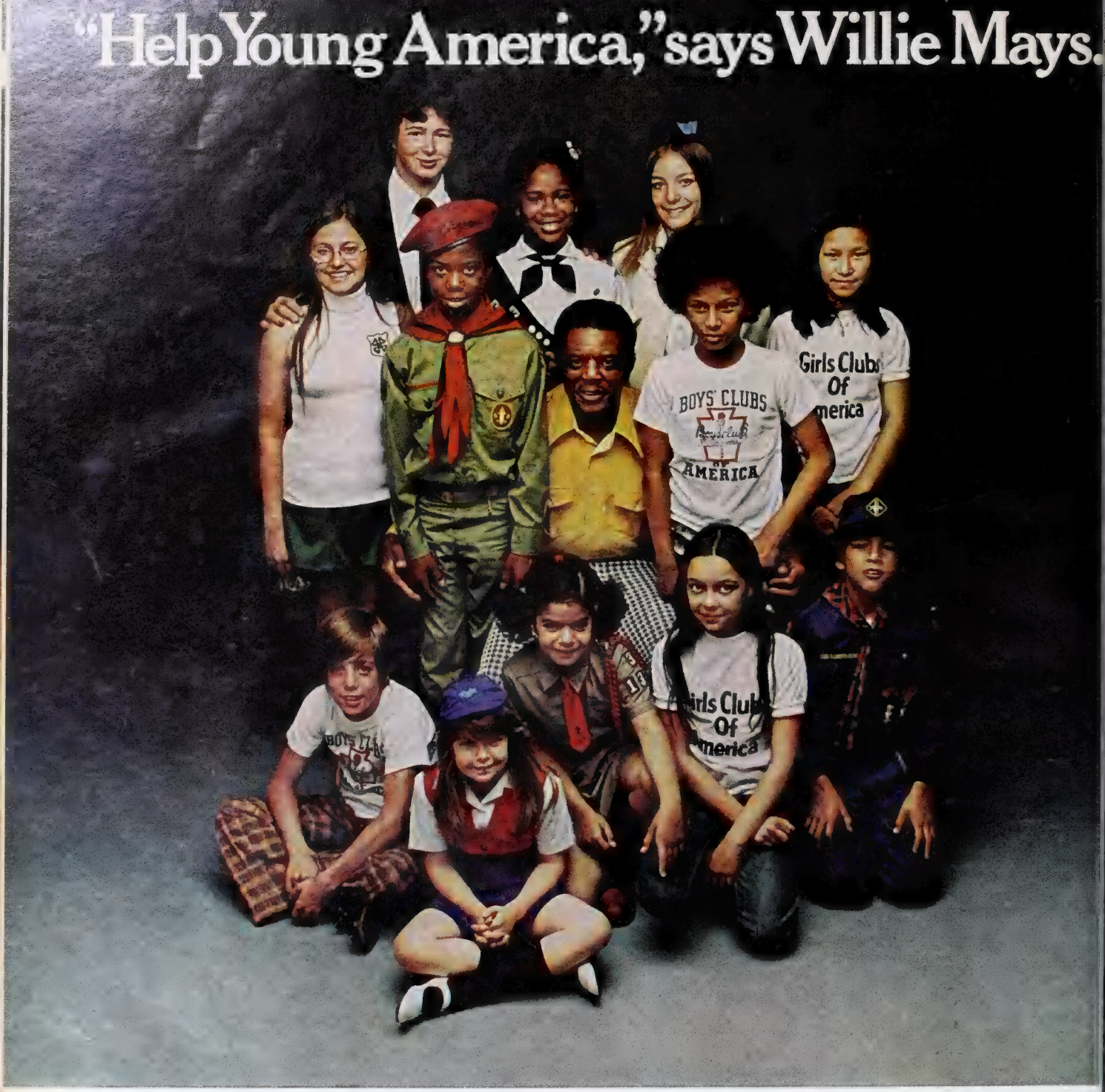


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ATTY HEARST
ontinued

While Emmy made gallons of soup nd innumerable pans of strudel for the undreds of friends, police, F.B.I. gents, reporters—and eventually mys-cs—who besieged them, she mulled ver her memories of Patty.

The girl's need for love had always eemed greater than her sisters'. At the me time, she showed a sturdier, more dependent spirit than theirs. She didn't ke any "commotion" and refused to ake a formal society debut, although er sisters Catherine and Virginia had. atty, the brightest of the Hearst girls, udied typing and shorthand, once inking she might work on the news-aper or in an office to earn her living, a bject that didn't exactly preoccupy the her girls. Then she enrolled as an art story student at the University of alifornia in Berkeley.

Patty thought Vicki was spoiled. And pressures mounted, Vicki *was* suppos-dly reprimanded by an F.B.I. agent, nd one of the maids publicly criticized er for her occasional officiousness and harp tongue. Without any real provo-ation, Vicki reportedly tried to get one ssociated Press correspondent taken f the Hearst story because she didn't ke the young woman reporter's "hip-ie" style. "She looks like a stripteaser," Vicki is said to have told the AP bureau chief.

In the last few months, Vicki has changed considerably, Emmy says. The young woman has grown "more friendly, more polite and more mature." While Patty was becoming involved with her captors, Emmy felt that Vicki had developed a schoolgirl crush on John Lester, the San Francisco TV newsman who came to Hillsborough to cover the kidnap story—and finally quit his job to emerge as the Hearst family's spokesman. Lester, who also drives Vicki to and from school and her dancing class, is now writing a book on the Hearsts.

"You know how girls are"

Sensing Vicki's emotional involvement, Emmy warned Lester—who is married and has three children—that he'd better not do anything that would hurt her. "You have a way of being affectionate," Emmy told him, "and you know how young girls are."

Lester protested that Vicki was young enough to be his daughter. "Yes," Emmy says she replied, "but she doesn't think of you as her father."

Patty, warm and loving, was the only Hearst girl who talked about having her own children: four—two girls and two boys (and maybe some by adoption). The cook remembered the way Patty would pop into the kitchen to learn how to bake her favorite banana nut bread. Or marble cake. Or watch Emmy prepare sauerbraten and potato pancakes. Patty's appetite for "rare"—raw—clams is a recollection that makes Emmy's short, ample figure quiver with laughing distaste until her face suddenly saddens.

She thought of Patty, at 15, curled up in Emmy's third-floor bedroom to ask whether she should go out with a boy in his automobile. She confided how much she hated attending the Santa Catalina School in Monterey, run by Dominican nuns, because too many of the girls were involved with drugs and the nuns were unable to discipline them. Patty herself was finally dismissed, allegedly for smoking pot. If she had tried it, said Emmy worriedly, she knew Patty would have been smart enough to stop quickly because she understood the dangers. Later, at 17, Patty confessed that she loved an "older man"—Steven Weed, her math teacher at the Crystal School for Girls in nearby Menlo Park, and pledged Emmy to secrecy because she knew her parents would disapprove. Emmy chided her for living with Steve. "A woman's pride is everything in this world," she told Patty.

Emmy sighed heavily, thinking about Steven and his ridiculous, brushy, unkempt mustache. She didn't like the way food caught in it and had *(continued)*

OFFICIAL RULES

an official ballot-entry blank, print your name, ess, zip code. To vote for your favorite national n group, put a check mark on the ballot-entry k opposite the name of the group you have cted.

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nal 4-H Club Foundation ..... P.O. Box 19L
Entries (See Rule #4) ..... P.O. Box 243

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5. Proof-of-purchase requirements are as specified from any two of the following products: Ultra Brite Toothpaste—two end flaps; Colgate Dental Cream—two end flaps; Hour After Hour Deodorant or Anti-Perspirant—trace name from any size can; Axion Pre-Soak—box top and bottom; Handi-Wipes—name from package front; Dynamo—front label; Alpen—box top and bottom; Baggies—two end flaps; Curad Plastic Bandages—box top and bottom.

6. Each national youth group will receive an automatic initial donation of $20,000. It will then share in an additional donation of $120,000 in direct proportion to the number of votes cast for it. Colgate-Palmolive Company will then donate another $20,000 to each national youth group ($120,000 total) to be distributed to local units based on a vote-collecting contest. Finally, $5,000 in awards will be given to local units demonstrating the most ingenious vote-collecting techniques. The decisions of the independent judging organization are final. The donations ($365,000 total) given to the designated youth groups will be direct contributions from the Colgate-Palmolive Company. All donations will be awarded. (Participation of the national youth groups does not imply endorsement of products.)

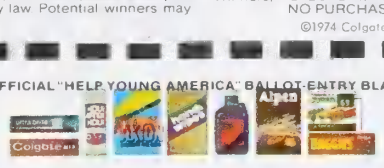
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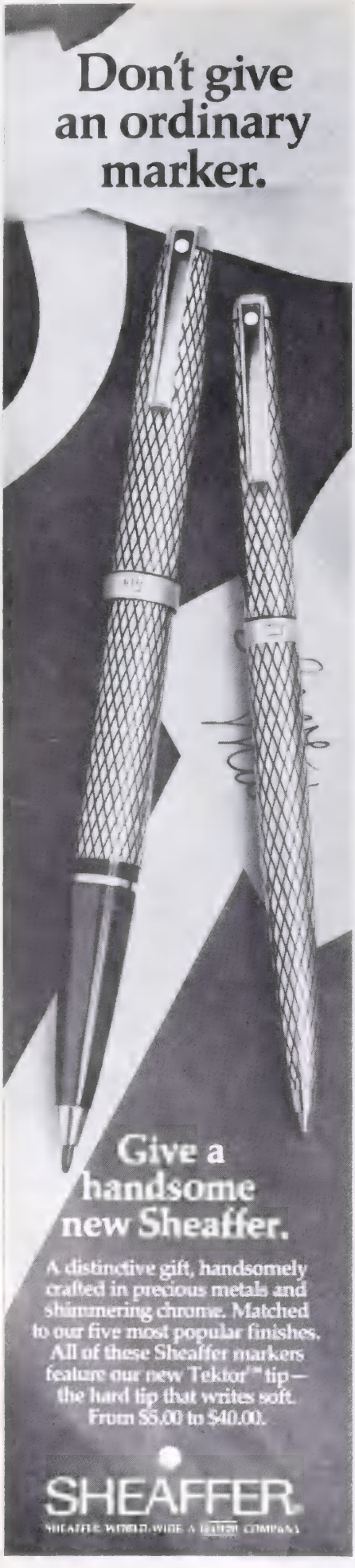


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PATTY HEARST
continued

volunteered to cut it herself or lend him the scissors for the job. He had laughed, saying she was like his mother, but later he borrowed the scissors for minor trimming. She sighed again, unable to know or express quite what to make of Steve. She said, "Steven is very neat and clean. He's very quiet, he is warm and *freundlich*. Patty told me he's very nice, he takes care of her. She says he is very bright and she can learn a lot from him. I'll tell you one thing: he is not the kind who loves for money. His father is a stockbroker; he is from a good, middle-class family."

When Patty could no longer hide the fact that she was living with Steve and planned to marry him, she asked Emmy to help her break the news to her parents.

The Hearsts were very angry at first. Emmy said, "Mr. Hearst kept wondering what he had done wrong. I told Mrs. Hearst, 'What can you do? If your children are in love with somebody, if you say no, they stay away'—and Mrs. Hearst said, 'I still don't like him.'" Emmy didn't know why.

"They would ask Patty, 'Do you still like him, Patty?' and she would say, 'Sometimes I think I would like to look for another boyfriend, but I always come back to Steve.'"

Before the kidnapping, Patty's old boyfriend, Joe Tobin, dated her sister Anne. Emmy teased Patty about it, asking if she wouldn't prefer Joe again. Patty said Joe was very nice but he didn't compare to Steve, who was more mature.

Clearly, Emmy felt like a surrogate mother to the Hearst girls, enveloping them in the same warmth she gave her own daughter, Karin, who worked as a governess there for a while.

Born in Germany's Rhine Valley, Emmy had yearned to be an opera singer. But her father, an accountant and coal miner, insisted that she be practical. She was a clothing saleswoman when she was married at 27 to a master baker, taking over the management of his shop during the war and turning it into an increasingly profitable enterprise. They were divorced after the war. When her daughter Karin married an American soldier and went to California, Emmy followed in 1963. Three years later, she answered the Hearsts' want ad and began working there on April 1, 1966.

Busy and outspoken

Mrs. Hearst, plagued by a succession of cooks who quit after only six or seven months, offered Emmy $400 a month, a yearly raise and her own living quarters. The children had a governess then and Katy, a German woman, was the "upstairs maid." The Hearsts did not entertain extravagantly, but Mrs. Hearst was frequently busy with social and civic obligations. She was a director of the San Mateo County Society for Crippled Children (their daughter Catherine had been left with poor hearing after childhood polio). Mrs. Hearst was also active on the Board of Regents of the University of California. In her early days as a regent, Mrs. Hearst was outspoken in her conservative views, a complaint against her in an early communiqué from the S.L.A.

Personally, Mrs. Hearst was open and friendly. She told one reporter that her husband Randy was so annoyed by one of her statements as regent that he said he did not want to see her name in the paper again until it appeared in the obituary notices.

"Not fancy or cold"

Emmy liked the friendly, casually dressed Mrs. Hearst at first sight. Later when the girls came running to Emmy complaining that their mother didn't understand them, Emmy quickly set them straight.

The girls felt closer to their father but Emmy with old-world instinct realized that girls usually appear to love their fathers more. At times, she thought Mrs. Hearst alternated between two extremes: "Sometimes she was too strict—if they didn't get good grades—or else she would spoil them too much. But the family was unusually "close, natural and easy-going. These people are not fancy or cold to you," Emmy said. "Mrs. Hearst is so warm-hearted."

When Mrs. Hearst suffered through an attack of migraine headaches several years ago, her husband took over the discipline of the girls. Once he reprimanded his daughter Catherine, who was somewhat puritanical and a very devout Catholic.

"Not everybody is as religious as Cathy," Emmy recalls, "so Mr. Hearst told her, 'You live like you want to live and nobody will interfere with you, but don't you interfere with the others.'"

The Hearst girls attended most Catholic schools. As they grew older they frequently chose to go to church on Saturday, saving Sunday for tennis at the Burlingame Country Club.

Emmy recalled family gatherings at the Hearst estate at San Simeon, the imitation Bavarian riverfront houses on the Wynkoop property and the condominium at Lake Tahoe. Patty liked San Simeon best because it had a ranch with cattle and dogs, and she loved to go horseback riding there. She believed that her grandfather, William Randolph Hearst, was a great man because she thought it must have taken a lot of courage to have built up such an empire. She also loved listening to classical music. "I have never heard her talk about politics," said Emmy, who absolute

(continued on page 14)

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IS GOD YOUNG?

How do collegians view the Creator? By Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal priest and author of "Are You Running with Me, Jesus?"

Do you have a God? I asked the question of college students across the nation. Youth represents the future of our country, its spirituality, idealism and institutions. Theologians have long expressed their views about the state of faith and religion in America. Now I decided to listen as students spoke *their* minds.

I talked with a number of students at Yale University during the year I was an Associate Fellow there. Later, in Los Angeles, a professor at San Fernando Valley State College arranged a series of student interviews. Then a student in Ann Arbor, Mich., set up talks for me with men and women who attend the University of Michigan and other colleges.

During the past ten years I have also visited dozens of campuses as a guest lecturer. Although the students with whom I spoke do not represent a scientific sampling of American college men and women, the views they expressed substantially verify what I have heard informally from hundreds of undergraduates on campuses in every section of the nation.

The questions that I posed to approximately 40 students were: (1) Do you have a God? (2) Describe your feelings about a God; do you consciously fear or love a God? (3) Do you pray? What does prayer mean to you? (4) Does morality have anything to do with a God? How do you determine a basis for morality? (5) How did your childhood experiences in Sunday school affect your attitude about a God? What do you now think of organized religion? (6) Does a God help or inspire you to live a more satisfying and fulfilling life?

My talks with the students were always private. Many took place late at night in a coffeehouse, a student bar or a dormitory room. I had no idea how anyone would answer my question. I have changed the students' names because as the interviews were private, I felt that the identities of the young men and women should be, too.

Linda, a sophomore at the University of Michigan, responded intensely to my first question, "Do you have a God?"

"I'm looking for a God, but I don't have one," she said. "I haven't found the God described to me in church. Nor have I been able to define God myself." Her face broke into a smile. "But maybe I have a God in that I try as hard as possible to be happy and make the most out of an almost impossible situation. Maybe this struggle is my God."

Rhonda, a senior at Mount Holyoke, thought about the question for a long time before replying. "In order for me to exist," she said, "I have to believe there's some form of power—I don't know what to call it—capable of giving me solace or helping me to decide what my place is and what I am able to do. But I wouldn't choose a name for it now, and I doubt that I ever will. I believe that support and actual solutions must come from people."

"Allah [the Islamic deity] is a lot more meaningful to me than God," said Rob, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University in England. "A lot of people say 'Goddamn.' I've never heard anybody say '*Allah*damn.' Allah is mystical and broader-based. I tend to feel at home emotionally with the whole Islamic respect for a Supreme Being, which is not really a fear."

Gary, a junior at Yale, responded with a question. "Why call it God at all?" he asked. "It implies a form, an organization of belief: God is this and not that. Okay, there's a power of goodness. But why give it some arbitrary format? Then you have to define badness—evil, the devil. I'm more interested in someone's life activity. If people profess a belief in God, and act in an opposing sense, what can I think?"

(continued)

Photograph by Michael O'Neill


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IS GOD YOUNG?
continued

Diane, a University of Michigan sophomore, said, "Most people are basically good under all their covers. God might be that goodness."

Jeff was not sure whether he had a God. "If I do, it's human artistic creativity. I have an enormous awe of artists and real creative genius." And in California, Pamela told me that she tried to define God in poems that she writes. "Maybe my poetry is my God."

I asked students to describe their feelings about a God. Did any of them consciously fear or love a God?

"I haven't even thought about God in a long time," said Frank. "I value things in a political rather than a religious way. There is or there isn't a God. I'm not going to change my activity because of it."

"The God who permitted Auschwitz cannot be a good God," said Tom. He was as much accomplice as anyone."

Ruth smiled softly when I asked the question. "God may be like the parent image," she said. " 'I won't intervene because I can't go on spoonfeeding you for the rest of your life, but hopefully you'll learn.' I picture God as a he, pretty big and really universal. I think He's real. If you're desperate enough and have enough faith, He'll come through. But He's kind of busy and He may ignore you if you ignore him."

Warm, cradled, secure

"I love the ocean," said Carol, a student from Southern California. "When I'm at the beach, I feel great appreciation as part of such infinity and variety. I can also feel distant, like an animal without a sense of will or dignity. I don't feel warm, cradled or secure. Both times I'm feeling God. But I don't know if it's something anyone else would call God."

Andy remembered a trip into the Grand Canyon. "It was an emotional experience with a sense of mystery about it. I had some feeling of earth force, and even a feeling of reverence. But I had no sense of Christ at all. If I'd been around in the days when Christ was living, I probably would have thought he was a real kook. I doubt that I would have been a Christian in 33 A.D."

I asked the students, "Do you pray? What does prayer mean to you?"

"Prayer is a kind of selfish thing," Lou said. "I feel guilty about praying sometimes. I'll think, 'I don't deserve this.' But still, it would be nice if I could ask for a little bit more."

Debbie told me that she had not prayed since she was a child. "It's a discipline, something that you say to yourself. My prayer might not actually help another person, but the idea that I, as a person, *care* can be important."

A California woman student said, "I used to talk to God about three years ago. I could have been talking to the wall. I was addressing another entity, using terms like 'you' in very anthropomorphic terms. I really thought we were friends. It was a nice relationship. I don't do it anymore."

Helen considered it strange that she had always prayed. "I don't know whom I'm praying to. I just talk to something or someone. It's not asking. It's either explaining an action I've taken, or sometimes asking for forgiveness."

The case for morality

I asked how one could determine a basis for morality, and whether morality had anything to do with a God.

"Morality is not hurting anyone else," said Donald, a Yale law student.

"I have a sense of morality," Gloria said. "It's based on a golden rule—personal friendship and loyalty. I value my friends even more than my books. I have a strong sense of bad and good. So I have a strong sense of objective truth. There are good and bad things in terms of my own psyche."

As we talked, Orin said some strong things calmly. "I've always despised the moral-ethical side of religion," he told me. "From what I understood through my family and ministers, I thought morality was a really creepy thing. The more you deny yourself now, the more will be awaiting you in some distant kingdom. The impression I got was that God was anti-sex. Once you were married, sex was less of a sin. The negative aspects of fornication were not counterbalanced by any sense of enjoyment condoned by God. The people teaching me felt that sex was a dangerous force. I respect the life-affirming individual who just believes in living."

"God stands for justice," said an Ivy League student, "but God takes no position on specific issues such as war or race relations. God wants us to treat other people in just and loving ways. It is also clear how God does *not* want us to treat others. I draw my guidelines from this. I find God in things that are beautiful." Not also in the ugly? "No, only in beauty. An ethical system should have the same order and consciousness as a symphony. This shouldn't imply rigidity, but a certain consistency."

Steve told me that he did not understand the meaning of the word love. "I have nothing that I devote myself to, nothing I love," he said. "That's the major problem in my life. I have thought that I was *in* love. The last experience was two years ago. The girl was the best experience I ever had in my life. She dropped me for God. All of my experiences have ended up hurting either me or the girl. If you're a Buddhist, your goal is enlightenment. If you're a Christian, your goal is to reach heaven or Jesus. I don't have a goal."

David responded to my question in a more philosophical vein. "The gift of God is the ability to accept all the sullying of the initially uncompromised spirit," he said, "and to marvel at its final expression, no matter what the final terms of that experience are. In other words, the ability to *see* Charles Manson [the convicted murderer of actress Sharon Tate and others]. I condemn his action, but I do recognize the presence of God's spirit in him."

I asked the students how their childhood experiences in Sunday school affected their attitude about a God.

"The whole Sunday school ethic is a part of my experience," said Tim. "I was an altar boy. Then I was thrust into the world of Sartre, Jung and temporal experiences. I go to church once or twice a year. The services are beautiful if done well. But when I see what people profess as opposed to what they really do, I get extremely upset."

"I never went beyond Presbyterian Sunday school," said Richard, a Yale senior. "That wasn't religion. A guy blathered on and on, spreading the Bible before him. I was struck by the absolute lack of any spirituality in religion. You could find it almost anywhere except in church. My Presbyterian heritage is completely sterile. It means a dual offertory envelope with ten cents going on both sides. The church is a hulking, rotten bureaucracy. I have no respect for it at all. The only living religion I've seen is Judaism, and even that's not so hale and hearty. But I get from it this feeling of great richness and cultural heritage."

"I don't think about God"

Sandy, 22, attended Sunday school for three years as a child. "Bible stories were enjoyable, but I couldn't accept them as facts once they were contradicted in my science classes. Maybe they should have been taught as allegories. Religion soon became all ritual and no content. I remember one bigoted Hebrew school teacher who didn't like people unless they were Jewish. I don't think about God at all now. I haven't for a long time."

Rebecca, a black student, had also attended Sunday school. "I never really believed in God as a person," she said. "I always put him in some abstract place. When as a child I saw a movie like *King of Kings*, I would get excited. It was as if the Bible were being acted out. It became more real to me. You see, God had unified those people to overcome their problems. Now I feel that blackness—the soul shared by all of us who are black—is something like a God."

Randy went to Sunday school from kindergarten through ninth grade in the

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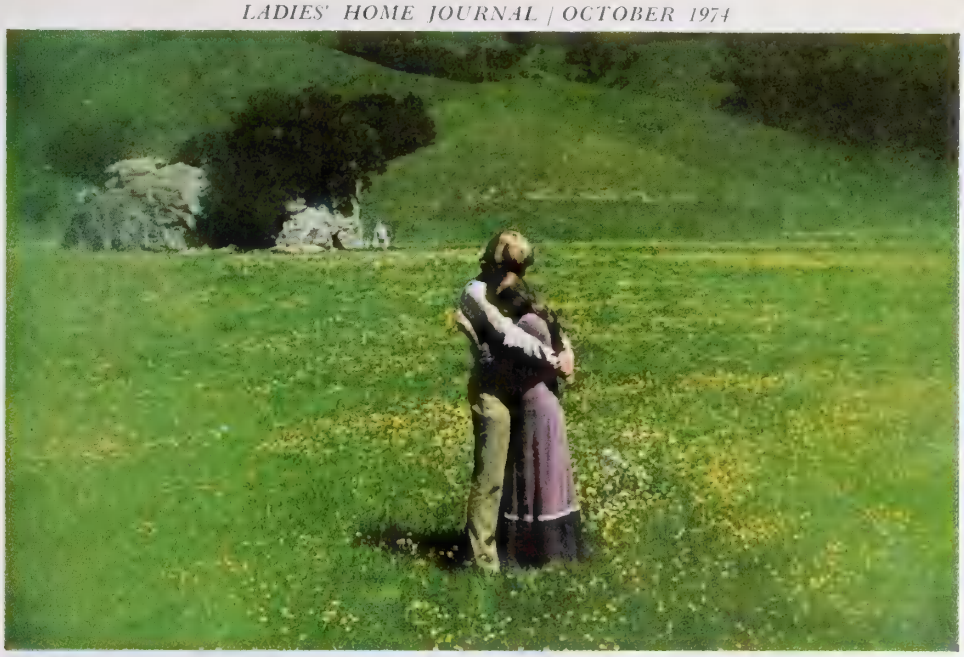
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How to Be Friends in Marriage

By Bernard Berkowitz & Mildred Newman, authors of the best seller, "How to Be Your Own Best Friend."

BERNIE: Many people want to know how they can be their own best friend and still be a good friend to their partner. What seems to be the main stumbling block is that so many people are afraid to be close or really intimate with another person.

MILDRED: I think it has to do with being afraid of losing their "self." After all, each person has devoted a certain amount of time to being himself or herself and they feel that being close to someone else could destroy that hard-won feeling of self. What often happens is that closeness is a reminder of childhood, when we were close to mother or father, and childhood brings with it a feeling of being *small*. I've always felt that true maturity is being able to be close to someone else and still be in charge of yourself when you want to be.

BERNIE: I was trying to explain that to a young woman the other day after she told me that she felt that loving a man made her feel like a slave. For her, the feeling of love is closely associated with the wish to please—the need to please—the other person. As a result, she was afraid she would no longer have her own will, her own direction in life. I explained to her that this was how she felt as a child, that she loved her parents and she needed their love desperately—and so the most important thing in her life then was to please them. However, love for a man is not the same kind of love.

MILDRED: The danger in believing that to love someone is to do everything he wants is that the giver begins to be resentful and the receiver feels terribly lonely. I remember a young woman who was so much in love with her husband that she gave up everything of her own to do what he wanted her to do. As a result, she was not herself anymore, but a reflection of her husband. She was living in a dream world, not in his here-and-now world. One day her husband told her, "I'm very lonely. I met someone who seems more like another person to me and I'm going to leave you."

BERNIE: That sounds like Bruce Jay Friedman's character in his play *Steambath*. The character talks on and on about his Swedish girl friend who anticipates his every wish, who practically brings him the morning newspaper between her teeth, and after he describes her total dedication to him, he turns to his companion and says, "You know, it was boring as hell"—or words to that effect. On the other hand, Mildred, it is true that one of the greatest pleasures of my life is to please you. I enjoy making you happy. Certainly that's an important part of loving. That's an important part of being close.

MILDRED: I know that you enjoy pleasing me, and I love it, but I know you are your own person, that you are as committed to yourself as you are to me. I am sure that you wouldn't do something to please me if it violated your own principles. I know you're not going to give up your principles for me and you know I'm not going to give up mine for you—and that endears you to me and I'm sure it endears me to you. With you, I have a sense of another person outside of myself—a person I can touch and feel, not only in a physical sense but in an emotional sense, and it's wonderful; it makes me feel secure, it makes me feel separate, it makes me love you even more.

BERNIE: It is difficult to make people believe that they can love another person, to please that person and make that other person happy without losing oneself. The truth is that it's difficult to transcend oneself—to be outside of oneself—and to realize that those wonderful moments of losing oneself in another person are over very *(continued on page 190)*

Mildred Newman and Bernard Berkowitz are psychoanalysts who practice in New York City. They are also wife and husband and have four children.

Photograph by Simon Cherpitel

PART ONE OF A GREAT NEW SUSPENSE NOVEL

Thomas Tryon's new novel—a story in the spellbinding tradition of his previous best sellers, Harvest Home *and* The Other. *In* Lady, *he writes the haunting tale of a bittersweet alliance—and of a woman's terrible secret.*

Lady

by Thomas Tryon

The wind sang old songs, as the tale went, and like the wind we too sang; sang "Good Night, Lady" at her doorway on Christmas Eve, but she would not come out. Why, I asked myself? Oh, Lady, come out, we love you—*I* love you. Still, she would not. I couldn't understand then; I do now.

In small towns is there always a Lady Harleigh? I only know there was in ours. She lived in the handsomest house on the Green. A stranger inquiring who lived there would assuredly have been told there were three occupants only; that is, Lady herself, and her servants, the Griffins. But of course there were four, because the shade of Lady's dead husband also dwelt there.

During most of my boyhood I strove to know the heart of Adelaide Harleigh, to unravel the enigma that lingered in the corners of her mouth as her smile faded. For if she was everything to everybody, if she most often seemed joyful and content, her joy appeared to me something of a disguise. Still, she was Lady, ever Lady, and it is not of ghosts I write, but of love, for though I was only a boy of eight when I first knew her, and she well past forty, I came to love her, as she did me. She loved another also, if in a more comprehensible but less orthodox way; but I, unaware, had in those early years no cause for jealousy, because of all the children I was her favorite. It is not easy to learn much about love, but one thing I discovered, that Lady Harleigh taught me: it is not whom we love that is important, but only that we love.

The events I describe mainly concern a period of some fifteen years, from the early thirties until the end of the Second World War. Lady's house was opposite ours, *(continued on page 163)*

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"During most of my boyhood I strove to know the heart of Adelaide Harleigh, to unravel the enigma that lingered in the corners of her mouth as her smile faded.... It is not easy to learn much about love, but one thing I discovered, that Lady Harleigh taught me: it is not whom we love that is important, but only that we love."





THE GERALD FORDS: "OUR NEW LIFE"

Rarely has a wife been so swept along by the current of history as Betty Ford. In just one year, her husband, Gerald R. Ford, has risen from relative obscurity to become President. What have the last 12 months been like? What kind of President does Mrs. Ford believe her husband will be? What about the difficulties that once caused her to consult a psychiatrist? Here's a timely report on our new First Family.

BY ISABELLE SHELTON



President and Mrs. Ford and family (from left): Steve, 18; Mike, 24; Jack, 22; and Susan, 17, holding the Fords' cat, Shan.

At 9 P.M. on August 8, 1974, Vice-President Gerald R. Ford and his wife, Betty, were sitting in the pine-paneled den of their Alexandria, Va., home watching President Richard M. Nixon on television. The two youngest Ford children, 17-year-old Susan and 18-year-old Steve, were lying on the floor watching the screen intently. It was a familiar scene for the Ford family, who had often assembled in that room to watch football games and TV specials. But there was nothing remotely familiar about that night.

Then the historic words were spoken by President Nixon: "Therefore, I shall resign the Presidency effective at noon tomorrow."

Gerald Ford turned to his wife of 25 years and said quietly, "Honey, this is it." It was the first time he had directly acknowledged, even to her, what he had learned earlier in the day at a meeting with Nixon: that the Ford family, which had only recently begun to adjust to the Vice-Presidency, would soon move into the White House.

Betty Ford, 56, felt various emotions. There was surprise ("I guess I knew it was coming, but I didn't really believe it") and pride ("I've always been proud of Jerry. From the very first I had a sense of his strength and character, or I couldn't have married him") and even relief ("I felt it was best for the country; it was obvious from reading the papers and watching TV that people wanted Jerry to become President").

But the news must have been somewhat of a blow, too, for Betty Ford has always been candid about the problems of being a politician's wife. Only two years before, she had wrung from her 61-year-old husband a promise that 1974 would be his last Congressional race, that they could return to the quieter life of a law practice in Grand Rapids, Mich., and have more time together than they had ever had. But she was philosophical: "Jerry did not want this [the Presidency]. I certainly did not want it, and neither did our children. But the main point was, it was best for the country."

And so, for the second time in less than a year, this little-known family living an all-American existence in its unpretentious house was swept along by the tide of history. The Secret Service had already assigned agents to guard Ford when he became Vice-President. Daughter Susan was also issued guards when her name appeared on a list reported to have been compiled by the Symbionese Liberation Army—kidnappers of Patty Hearst.

Betty Ford had been delighted that Susan would have protection, but remarked to friends, in mock despair, that she could do without the Secret Service agents who were sleeping in the garage beneath the Fords' bedroom.

As soon as it was known that Gerald Ford would be President, the Secret Service had to track down the remaining members of his family. Susan and Steve were at home, but 24-year-old Mike and his bride of one month, Gayle, were somewhere en route to Massachusetts, pulling a U-Haul truck filled with the wedding gifts and personal belongings they were taking to their new home, an apartment near Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary, where Mike is a student.

Since they were driving a borrowed car, nobody knew its make or color or license plate number, and Gayle and Mike managed to complete their 11-hour trip before the Secret Service caught up with them. Instead of setting up their apartment, the newlyweds flew back to Washington in time for President Ford's hastily arranged swearing-in ceremony.

Jack Ford, 22, was even farther afield. A forestry major at Utah State University who was spending his summer as a ranger in Yellowstone National Park, Jack had taken two days off to go on a fishing trip. The Secret Service managed to locate him in the forest vastness only because rangers are required to carry their walkie-talkies at all times. A special plane was dispatched to bring him to Washington in time to join the family, and his mother recalls that he "arrived in his fishing clothes—corduroy pants, plaid shirt and knapsack. No, he didn't bring us any fish."

With less than 24 hours between Nixon's resignation speech and the swearing-in ceremony for the new President, nobody in the Ford family had time to think about what he or she would wear. Jack made do with clothes he borrowed from his brother Steve and friends. Late that night, as her husband worked over his inaugural speech, Mrs. Ford, with Susan's help, picked out a dark gray suit, white shirt and red, white and blue tie for him to wear. Susan wore one of her mother's dresses, a black-and-white checked skirt with a solid black top, its hem shortened by a seamstress hastily summoned from Frankie Welch's boutique in Alexandria. The dress didn't fit Betty Ford anymore "because I've lost so much weight in the last year," said the new First Lady, who has been called by one admirer, "a thinking man's Rita Hayworth." Mrs. Ford lost the weight by going on a diet—confining herself to poached eggs, toast and tea for breakfast, cottage cheese for lunch, and "sensible dinners." Today, her 5′ 6″, 110-pound, size-6 figure is as slim as it was in *(continued on page 180)*

Left: The Fords enjoy an autumnal walk with their daughter, Susan.

Photographs by David Hume Kennerly



The Beauty of Sleep

If we could only package it, a good night's sleep would be the most sought-after beauty item on the market. Today, as more scientists, doctors and psychologists focus on the mysterious world of sleep, they are confirming what beauty-conscious women have known intuitively: How well and how long we sleep plays a powerful role in how well we look and feel.

For some lucky people, falling asleep is as easy as falling off a log. Others of us lose sleep just worrying whether we will ever get to sleep. In fact, acquiring a good night's sleep is neither as complicated nor as simple as most of us believe.

Each night approximately 40 million Americans toss and turn in their beds. Many resort to possibly dangerous pills to help them doze off. Most of us sleep under less than optimal conditions. We overheat and underventilate our rooms. We punish our backs with overly soft, worn mattresses. We undermine sleep's natural beautifying properties with too-heavy creams that suffocate rather than soothe the skin. We wear tightly rolled curlers to bed that torture our hair—not to mention our tranquillity.

Those dark circles under the eyes that appear after a poor night's sleep have a scientific explanation. They are caused by tired, sinking skin that reveals a dark-colored protein in the tissues called collagen. Dull hair and bad posture, too, can be the direct result of improper sleep. So are some psychological ills. An ordinary, cheerful person, say research scientists, will wake up depressed when deprived of an adequate night's sleep.

It's all enough to send anyone to bed. But, before you go, turn to our special how-to sleep portfolio on the next two pages. It's even worth staying up after bedtime to read. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Photographs by J. Frederick Smith. Nightgown by Vanity Fair; sheets by Wamsutta; baby pillow slips by Maison Henri; antique blanket [illegible] from the Spence Chapin Corner Shop.



Sleep: The Stage Setters

Making a conscious effort to wind down after a busy day improves the chances of having a sound night's sleep. Any one or several of the following can help set the stage:

- A bath—Try one in warm, not hot, water (approximately 97°). Add something sweet-smelling—scented bath bubbles that foam up around you, for example.
- A glass of warm milk acts as a relaxant. The warmth soothes.
- Massage—It should be gentle and relaxing. The masseur's hands should be covered with a lubricating oil—either ordinary mineral or vegetable oil is good. Concentrate especially on the back of the neck, shoulders and lower back areas.
- A glass of wine or beer. Taken moderately, alcohol will relax and help induce sleep. Too much backfires.
- Sleeping pills. Certainly not taken without a doctor's prescription.

Sleeping Beauty

Sleep can be the best beauty treatment of all. With a little advance preparation you'll be in a position to make the most of it.

DO clean your skin thoroughly. Make this a nightly routine. The single worst thing you can do to skin is sleep with old makeup on. It clogs pores and can be the start of various skin eruptions.

DO remove eye makeup, especially mascara. Otherwise you'll wake up with your eyes ringed like a raccoon.

DO use a light night cream if your skin is dry. Do not use an old-fashioned greasy one that suffocates the skin and soils the pillowslip. The new night creams disappear in a matter of minutes.

DON'T bother with a night cream if you have oily skin. But you might want to use a little moisturizer around the eyes.

DON'T sleep with rollers or other hard curlers. They inevitably tug on your hair as you move around and can cause breakage. Loose pincurls, if you insist, are the least deleterious. Consider audience reaction, too.

DO pin or tie hair off forehead and away from the face. Oily or dirty hair, especially, can clog pores and result in blackheads and whiteheads.

DON'T sleep in a stuffy room. Open the windows. Too much heat dries out the skin and causes puffiness.

Pillow Talk

Throughout the ages man has devised a variety of beds and pillows to make his sleep more pleasurable. The Japanese, for example, used little narrow wooden pillows on legs that resembled footstools. They fitted the neck only so as not to disturb the elaborate hairdos cultivated by sleepers of both sexes. The Egyptians, who pioneered the mattress, devised a pad stuffed with wool that could be rolled away for storage during the day like a modern camper's sleeping bag. Around the time of Charlemagne, mattresses moved up off the floor and onto a bed, a wooden structure supported by slats of wood or a network of ropes. In selecting sleep equipment, certain primary considerations should be kept in mind:

PILLOWS: A tendency toward a puffy face in the morning or respiratory problems can be eased by keeping the head slightly elevated . . . with two or three pillows. Old-fashioned customs worth reviving: the scented pillow stuffed with aromatic conifer needles; the herb bag filled with the likes of sage, dill, tarragon or thyme tucked into a pillow to soothe nerves and scent the bed.

MATTRESSES: They should be neither too soft nor too hard. A soft, hammocky mattress squeezes the spinal discs and causes internal organs to press against each other. An overly firm mattress stretches the neck and spine unduly, and gives inadequate support to the spinal arch. Our taller generation prefers queen-size beds, which provide 20 percent more room than old-fashioned double beds; the king-sized bed provides more. Watch out for aging mattresses. Such is the stuff of serious back problems. Twin beds, once the most popular, now sell best in warm climates and to older couples.

How Much Sleep?

Eight hours isn't a hard, fast rule, but it is the average most people need to feel their best. There are those rare birds who feel fine on five or six. Thomas Edison slept about two, but napped intermittently during the day. It's a matter of metabolism and activity level. At certain times in your life you may need more or less sleep. Babies and children need more because they are growing so fast. Women who are pregnant or expecting their periods seem to need more. There is a long-standing belief that the old need less sleep, but even this isn't necessarily true. One way to find out how much you need to sleep: go to bed without setting your alarm clock several nights in a row. Allow yourself to wake up naturally.

Secrets of Famous Sleepers

Some old-fashioned folks may still count sheep. But it seems that some of our contemporary celebrities have their own private formulas.

- Cary Grant watches old movies on TV. His own?
- Charlotte Curtis drinks hot milk, and if that doesn't work, she tries reading "Foreign Affairs."
- Anna Rosenberg Hoffman says: "I make new plans for my garden."
- Dina Merrill seldom has trouble sleeping, but when she does, she eats half a container of yogurt and reads something dull.
- Jacqueline Susann admits quite simply, "If I can't sleep I take pills."
- Shirley Chisholm takes a hot bubble bath before going to bed.
- Monique Van Vooren heads for the kitchen and tries out a new soup recipe.

Sleep: The Sound Barrier

Hearing is the last sense to fall asleep and the first to wake up. For sleepers who find extraneous sound a barrier to a good night's sleep, there may be hope in the form of several new sound devices.

- Syntonic Research, Inc., has done research into psychoacoustics, a field that combines acoustics, psychology and physiology. They have come up with a series of records called Environments, which can help lull you to sleep. You have your choice of the recorded sounds of the seashore, a thunderstorm, rain in a pine forest or crickets at dusk. Each record is about $6, and available at major record stores, or contact the company directly: Syntonics Research, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.
- Also on the market for sound-sensitive sleepers are the new white-sound machines. One bedside model reproduces the sound of surf and rain. Another promises to induce sleep with neutral rhythmic tones. Available from Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022. From $24.95 to $79.95.
- If you're not prepared to make much of an investment, try an old-fashioned pair of ear plugs.

What Type of Sleeper Are You?

There are four basic adult sleeping positions, according to sleep expert Norman Dine. Most people have a favorite one for falling asleep, but during the night they usually change position up to 40 times. Each position has its advantages. Ideally, in all positions the knees should be flexed for greatest comfort and relaxation.

- The Stomach Sleeper—Many tall people fall into this category because they can wrap their toes around the foot of the mattress. Possible disadvantage: a sore neck.
- The Half-and-Half Sleeper—The Sleeper lies on one side, with a large pillow, preferably a bolster, supporting the opposite side. This has the advantages of stomach sleeping with less neck twist.
- The Side Sleeper—This is the most common category of sleeper. The position has the advantage of allowing the sleeper to bend one or both legs and keeps the weight of the blanket off the toes.
- The Back Sleeper—The back sleeper is in a great position to maximize pre-sleep relaxation. It's even better when a pillow is placed under the neck and another under the thighs to raise the knees slightly. Arms should be relaxed at sides.

Why You Can't Sleep

Someone has said, "For sleep, health and wealth to be truly enjoyed, they must be interrupted." No, thanks—we'd rather sleep through. Sleep is a natural habit. No one can stay awake indefinitely. But all of us, at one time or another, are plagued with sleeplessness. The causes can be physiological, mental or environmental. Here are some of the most common:

- Mental tension—Too much of it. Try to put unresolved problems on the shelf until morning.
- Indigestion—Eat lighter and earlier.
- Drink—Too much of it. A glass of wine or beer or a cocktail before bed can relax. Too much drink acts as a depressant. It can also wake you at 3 A.M. with a burst of energy and the need for a trip to the bathroom.
- Exercise—Not enough of it.
- Sex—Ditto.
- Room temperature—A hot, stuffy room can wake you up prematurely. Keep room cool and well-ventilated. Pile on covers for needed warmth. You're guaranteeed to wake up more refreshed.
- Illness—Can wake us up because of discomfort. Can upset our internal clocks.
- Light—Darken room with lined drapes or opaque shades, especially during spring and summer when morning comes early.

Middle of the Night Wake-Ups

There you are in the middle of the night and your eyes are wide open. Don't just lie there and panic. It only makes things worse. Get up and do something:

- Read a magazine for 20 minutes, then try turning off the lights again.
- Massage your temples.
- Change the bed linens. Sometimes a cooler, smoother bed to come back to makes you want to sleep more. It may be purely psychological, but it works.
- Fix a light snack. Eating something will direct increased blood circulation to the stomach, producing a modified version of after-dinner slump. The effect can help produce drowsiness.
- Make yourself a soothing hot drink, preferably milk-based. Try the Hot Orange-Herb Milk below:

HOT ORANGE-HERB MILK

1 cup milk
1 slice orange
1 Tb. nonfat dry milk solids (optional)
1 Tb. honey
1 cinnamon stick
1 filter bag camomile flowers

Simmer first five ingredients for 3 minutes. Bring to a boil and strain into a mug containing camomile bag. Cover and let stand two minutes. Remove filter bag. Garnish hot drink with orange slice and cinnamon. Sip slowly. Makes 1 serving.

To Nap Or Not to Nap

There is no one answer for everyone to the question. If you're a light or poor sleeper, *don't.* And even if you're a great sleeper, avoid a nap after dinner no matter how tired you are. It will haunt you later at night. On the other hand, a short nap can be a blessing if your daytime activities are demanding. Even a 15-minute rest can provide a new lease on the day. *Set aside 15 minutes on a busy day and try the following:* Lie on the floor with your legs straight up, fanny against the bed or a wall. Soak two tea bags or plain cotton balls in warm water, squeeze out and plunk on eyes while you rest.

Waking to a Beautiful Day

There really are such creatures as night people and morning people. Scientifically the phenomenon translates into a one-degree difference in waking temperature between the two types. Night people have the slightly lower temperature, which accounts for their more sluggish early morning behavior. How do you combat the symptoms? Try raising your body temperature by doing *ten jumping jacks,* even though it may be the last thing you feel like doing; *take a shower*—all that water beating down on you starts things stirring; *drink a cup of coffee or tea*—caffeine is a stimulant and does help you get going. A quick beauty routine also gives a great pick-up:

HAIR: Wrap it in rollers, then put on a shower cap, turn on the hot water and let the steam set your hair. You may want to go over it lightly with a hand dryer if it still feels damp.

SKIN: Try a quick mask in the morning to stir up circulation in the skin. Smooth it on while you're unwinding your hair, post shower. Before you apply mask, make sure you've cleaned your skin thoroughly.

EYES: If they feel sleepy try an eye wash.



REMEMBERING LBJ

"I'm one of those who really like the 55 m.p.h. speed limit; I want to see where I'm going," says Lady Bird Johnson. The latest project keeping her on the go has special meaning to her; it is a memorial to her late husband, President Lyndon B. Johnson. The LBJ Memorial Grove, to be dedicated on Sept. 27, consists of 15 acres of towering white pines overlooking Washington, D.C., where the Johnsons lived and worked for over 30 years. "The Grove will be a fine place to walk, bicycle, or just sit and think," says Mrs. Johnson. "It fits the time, and it fits the man." Here, in a nostalgic interview at her Texas ranch, Lady Bird and her daughter, Lynda Robb, talk about life with, and without, LBJ.

Mrs. Johnson: There is no one object that reminds me most of Lyndon. I want to be more and more free of things, especially care- (continued on page 184)



Mrs. Johnson with the simple slab of Texas granite that will stand in the LBJ Grove. "Elaborate marble monuments are wonderful," she says, "but perhaps they belong to a different age."

THE HAUNTED CAR

For some people, it's easier to believe in a ghost than in love. A story by Will Stanton.

Every town has its haunted house. Europe is festooned with haunted castles. And last March a young woman named Casey Drummond bought a haunted secondhand car.

After a week she took it back to the man she'd bought it from—Big Hearted Al Guybarger.

"What's the beef, Casey?" he asked her. "It was running great when you got it."

"It runs okay," she said. "Only every so often a phone rings."

He nodded his head and walked around the car slowly. Big Hearted Al prided himself on never being surprised at anything.

"Phone rings, you say?"

"Under the hood," she said, "or in the glove compartment. It's hard to tell just where."

He lifted the hood and looked at the engine. "Nothing there."

"There's nothing anywhere. I looked."

He closed the hood. "What was it you wanted me to do?"

"You ever heard of anything like it before?"

Big Hearted Al took the cigar stub out of his mouth, inspected it and decided it was worth lighting one more time. "The wife gets a kind of ringing in her ears sometimes. I don't suppose—no," he shook his head, "that wouldn't be it." He had the resigned look of a man who has burdens almost too heavy to bear.

"If you could give me the name of the last owner," Casey said, "maybe he could tell me something."

Monty Nielson considered himself a shrewd judge of women, but this one was something special. Not bad looking and good figure, but no style. No make-up and clothes that looked as if they belonged to somebody else.

"You interest me," he said, "you really do."

"Great," she said. "Now if you'll tell me anything you can about the car—"

"Sit down," he said, "let me take your coat."

"I'm not going to be staying that long," she said. "I just wanted to(continued on page 156)





Illustration by Alan Magee

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

Enjoy that glorious feeling of singing in the rain—or in any kind of weather. The raincoat has become multi-purpose, with a great sense of style, adding up to one of the most versatile investments a woman can make in her wardrobe. Details such as zip-out linings, matching pants or big cuddly fur collars are enough to make a person sing. Here, four weather-wise models cavort in the shadow of that "Singin' in the Rain" song and dance man Gene Kelly. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Photographs by William Helburn. All prices are approximate. Shopping information on page 49. Umbrellas and rainhat by Mespo, Pringle turtleneck sweaters, boots and shoes by Galo, berets from Sears.



1 A chic shirtcoat with curly lamb collar and cuffs keeps you warm in rain or snow. Polyester/cotton, with plushy pile lining. By Main Street Fashions, $150.

2 It's a "city parka" you'll want to wear in the country, too. With a red fox-trimmed hood and drawstring waist, it's a winner. Regina Porter for Porter House, $100. In Dacron/cotton with quilted lining. Sears plaid pants.

3 The classic go-everywhere trench coat is updated in a new neutral—jade green. The plaid zip-out lining makes it seasonless. By Jane Charney for Drizzle, $115. In rubberized cotton and polyester with washable wool lining.

4 A jaunty short poplin tent-coat comes with woolly plaid pants and scarf that match its plaid lining. Versatile as an ensemble or worn separately from fall through spring. Raincheetas by Naman, $115.




1
2
3



READY-TO-GO GIFTS...

All you do is add love and needlepoint

Needlepointers know that the biggest (and often the most expensive) part of a project is having the finished canvas framed, mounted, or turned into a belt or handbag or pillow. Now, the JOURNAL has rounded up intriguing gift ideas that are all made except for the needlepoint. That's *your* creative contribution. The big tote bag, for example, unzips for easy working (our editor is doing the JOURNAL bag; she just traced the cover on the canvas). The belt is ready for any pattern you copy or invent. To order, see coupon on page 152. Coupon also gives alternate color selections and more complete descriptions of all items.

1. *Box-edged pillow*
2. *Plant holder/pillow top*
3. *Address book*
4. *Evening bag*
5. *Large tote with pocket*
6. *Decorative box*
7. *His-or-her belt.*

Photograph by Charles Gold







ALL THIS FOR UNDER $85

It's a minor miracle, just when we needed one most. It's an entire 11-piece wardrobe you can sew for less than $85, all made possible by our clever use of two camping blankets and other budget fabrics. The wardrobe includes a coat, pants, skirt, party dress, daytime dress, blouse, turtleneck sweater, vest, two hats and a scarf. And because they're all color-coordinated the sum total of possible combinations adds up to even more. You, your sewing machine and crochet hook put it together in time for big doings this season. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

Opposite: Patch-pocketed blanket coat worn with matching hat and scarf. Two big camping blankets (each costs about $10) provided the fabric. Golo shoes, Hanes hosiery.

Left, above: Striped sweater-vest crocheted in two rectangular pieces. Elasticized-waist pants and the turtleneck are in a ribbed knit. Echo scarf.

Below: Add a silky polka-dot shirt with a big bow and a skirt made from the blanket to the sweater and coat. Ultimate Spectacle glasses, Bagatelle bag.

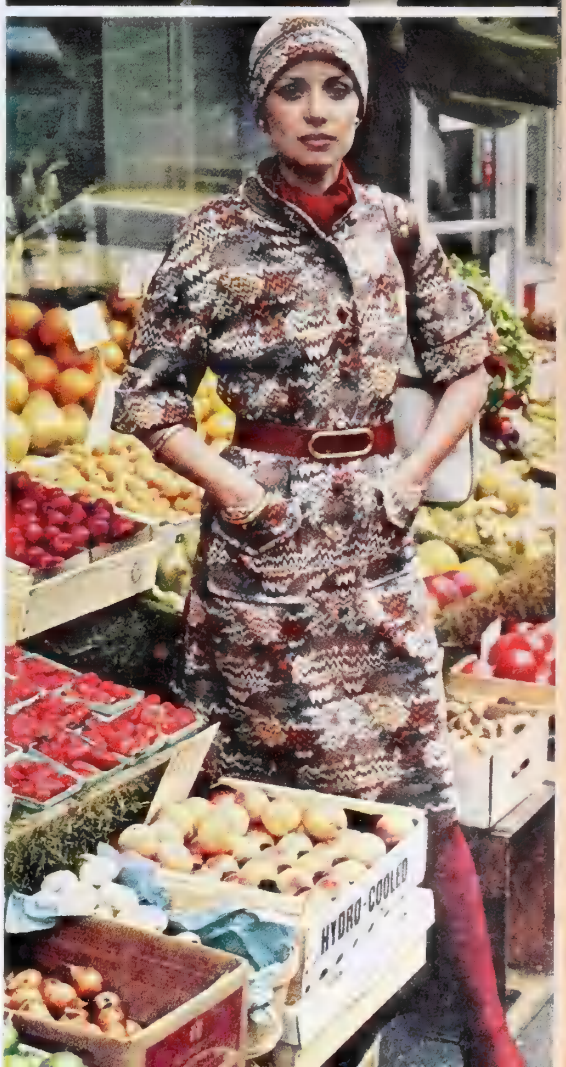
Right, above: For evening, a long romantic black dress in Qiana. Gregory & Goldberg boa.

Below: The flamestitch shirt-dress and matching hat cost about $12. Midtown belt.

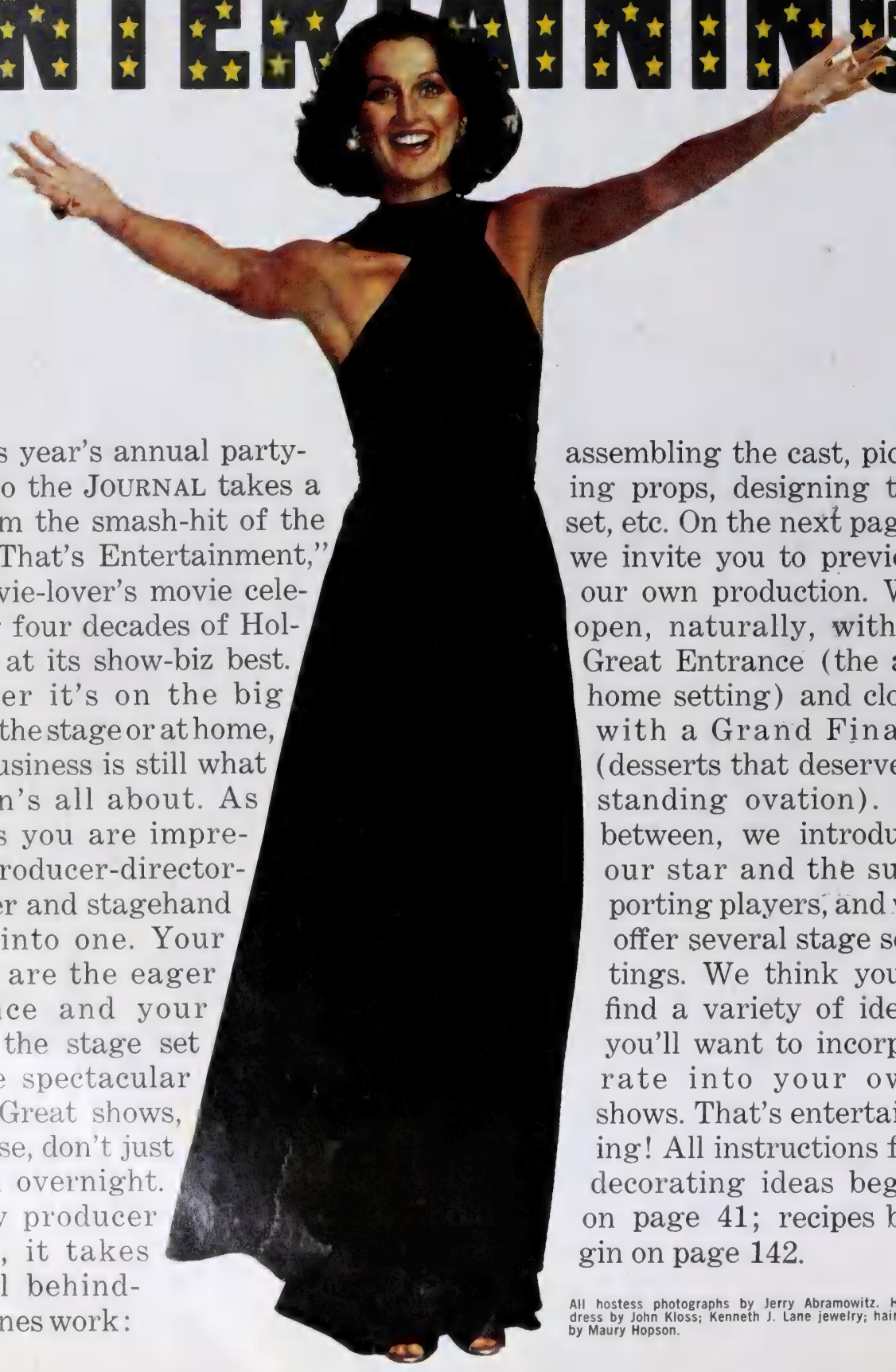
TURN TO PAGE 154 FOR MORE INFORMATION.

Photographs by Susan Wood. All fabrics from Sears; Simplicity patterns.





THAT'S ENTERTAINING



For this year's annual party-portfolio the JOURNAL takes a cue from the smash-hit of the year, "That's Entertainment," the movie-lover's movie celebrating four decades of Hollywood at its show-biz best. Whether it's on the big screen, the stage or at home, show business is still what the fun's all about. As hostess you are impresario-producer-director-designer and stagehand rolled into one. Your guests are the eager audience and your house, the stage set for the spectacular event. Great shows, of course, don't just happen overnight. As any producer knows, it takes careful behind-the-scenes work: assembling the cast, picking props, designing the set, etc. On the next pages we invite you to preview our own production. We open, naturally, with a Great Entrance (the at-home setting) and close with a Grand Finale (desserts that deserve a standing ovation). In between, we introduce our star and the supporting players, and we offer several stage settings. We think you'll find a variety of ideas you'll want to incorporate into your own shows. That's entertaining! All instructions for decorating ideas begin on page 41; recipes begin on page 142.

All hostess photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Halter dress by John Kloss; Kenneth J. Lane jewelry; hairstyle by Maury Hopson.



GREAT ENTRANCE The curtain rises on a dazzling set that warms up the audience for an entertaining evening. All entrances are made center stage through a dramatic doorway wreathed in garlands studded with Christmas tree lights. Stage front is a self-service drink table. Stage right is a buffet table decked with more garlands. Another great dramatic effect—make-believe tissue roses (see page 41) mixed with real marigolds. And now, on with the show . . .

Photograph by Charles Gold. Lenox Temper-ware and candles, International silver, Doulton crystal, Vuokko fabrics, Armstrong flooring. More shopping information ▬ page 49.

How to make sure the show will be a hit? Give the dramatic lead to a big-time star. Our choice: an elegantly decorated fresh ham –guaranteed to produce a standing ovation from your audience.



THE STAR

Fresh ham is economical for a party—this serves 12 to 16 generously—and the decoratio couldn't be simpler. Surround with stuffed apples, carrots an parsnips. Recipes, page 142.

Photograph by Charles Gold

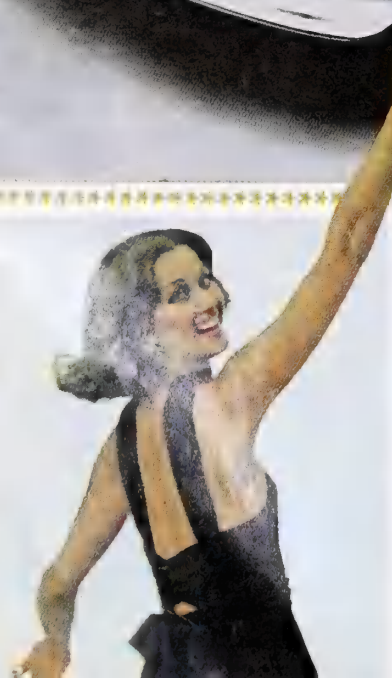












SUPPORTING CAST

1. **Cream of Romaine Soup.** An elegant soup nesting in crepe paper leaves (to make, see p. 41).
2. **Butter on the Half Shell.** Easy-to-sculpt shell.
3. **Pumpkin-Cranberry Barquettes.** Pastry shells filled with pumpkin and cranberries.
4. **Woven-Dough Basket.** Noodle dough containe piled high with assort hors d'oeuvres.
5. **Zucchini-Caviar Jewels.** Elegant appetizers served on vodka aspic.
6. **Watercress-Shrimp Mol** Goodies in gelatin. Us as a spread or salad.



They play unforgettable cameo roles in a glittering production. They are the decorative appetizers, soups, relishes, salads, garnishes and vegetables that support the leading players. (See preceding page.) Each has a role in making your next the most special party dinner yet. Recipes on page 143.















STAGE SETTINGS

1. The napkin plot unfolds. Three fancy foldings (directions, page 41).
2. Flowers play two roles: Nosegays for women, boutonnieres for men, tell who sits where.
3. Crystal cast in the role of centerpiece. A group of flowers and candles.
4. Yankee-Doodle Dandy setting receives cheers for its red, white and blue charm.
5. Brown, the Toast of the Town, mingles with white, blue and pewter.
6. Stage makeup for a pot —a wreath of vegetables and flowers.

Photographs by Charles Gold. Plaids and Stripes fabrics. More shopping information on page 49.



The well-set stage makes dramatic use of color, pattern, texture. Heirloom silver polishes the scene. More theatrics come from fabulous cloths, flowers and lighting. Above, the show-stopping table plaided with grass green and beflowered with tiger lilies, geraniums and crazy-colored napkins.



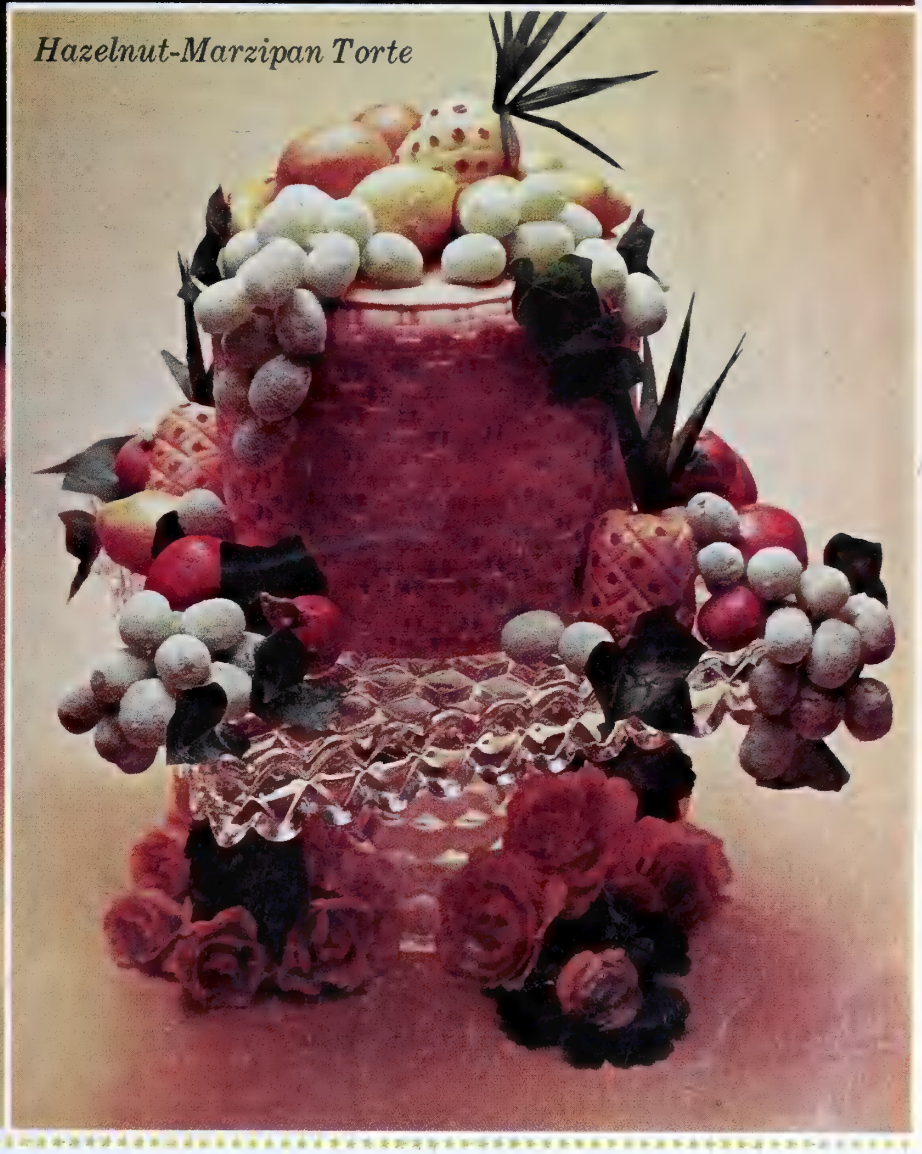
GRAND FINALE

Orange-Chestnut Cream

Recipes for these two desserts on page 140

Photographs by Charles Gold. Fostoria cake plates.

Pull out all the stops for the big Grand Finale. The audience will go wild as these gorgeously costumed desserts make their entrance: the regal Orange-Chestnut Crown, a layer cake topped by a chestnut Bavarian, and the Hazelnut-Marzipan Torte, a dazzling garden of unforbidden fruits. Now will the producer please take a bow!



Hazelnut-Marzipan Torte

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

READER RECIPE EXCHANGE



Molasses-Egg Jelly



Island Jam

Jelly with eggs in it? By all means if it's this delicious, creamy concoction sent to us by Mrs. Beatrice Burnett of Straw Plains, Tenn. "It's an old family recipe," says Mrs. Burnett, "that we traditionally eat on hot fresh bread or biscuits."

MOLASSES-EGG JELLY

6 eggs
2 cups unsulphured molasses
¼ teaspoon nutmeg, or to taste
2 cups heavy cream

In the top of a double boiler, beat eggs until light. Add all remaining ingredients; beat until well combined. Cook over boiling water about 30 minutes, stirring frequently with a rubber spatula. Dip a spoon in the molasses-egg mixture. When the mixture coats it together and slide off in a slide from the side of the spoon, the jelly is cooked and should be removed from the heat at once.

Store in refrigerator. Makes about 5 half-pints.

"I thought I would use Island fruit," says Teri L. Getschman, our winner from Honolulu, Hawaii. "So I substituted it in my favorite fruit jam." The result: an exotic jumble of papaya, peaches, bananas and citrus fruit.

ISLAND JAM

3½ cups diced, peeled papaya or cantaloupe (about 2 papayas or 1 cantaloupe)
1 whole orange, seeded and put through food chopper
1 whole lemon, seeded and put through food chopper
2½ cups peeled diced peaches (about 1¼ lb.)
1 cup mashed bananas (about 2 medium)
5 cups sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons finely sliced crystallized ginger (optional)

In a 6-quart kettle, combine papaya or cantaloupe, orange and lemon. Slowly bring to a boil, stirring frequently, and cook for 10 minutes. Add peaches and bananas; stir. Add sugar and salt. Boil vigorously for 20 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Add ginger and boil 12 minutes more until thick. To test for the jelly point: quickly chill spoonful on a saucer in freezer.

Pour into sterilized jars to within ½ in. of top. Adjust caps. Process 10 minutes in boiling-water bath. Makes 5–6 half-pints.

Send us your favorite recipe using cheese as the main ingredient. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include some mention of origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes become property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by October 31, 1974. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

With all the new gadgets on the market, it's easy to forget the good old-fashioned standbys—inexpensive and handy for a variety of kitchen tasks. We're so enthusiastic about one of these that . . . we've thrown out our electric carrot curler, our laser-beam cake tester, and our package of disposable canapé clamps. We're into toothpicks! And there's quite a variety of toothpicks available. Plain wooden ones, flat and round—the round ones are less likely to give you splinters. Rainbow-colored wood and plastic picks for canapés—but if you're making little broiled tidbits, use wooden picks and dampen them first to keep them from scorching. We asked around to find out what people are doing with toothpicks these days.

- Ilene N. uses toothpicks to unclog the top of her salt shaker. Her heirloom sterling silver salt shaker is particularly prone to clogging.
- Lillian V. solved the problem of how to wrap a whipped-cream-frosted cake. She inserts toothpicks in the top layer and "I just make a little pavilion of plastic wrap over the whipped cream. The toothpicks keep it from touching."
- "Of course," says Helen B., "I know about using toothpicks to hold things together . . . stuffed things like cabbage rolls and stuffed pork chops . . . but I found I could make fancy scrollwork decorations in frosting using a toothpick."
- We observed one cook, famous for her breakfasts, weaving bacon through several toothpicks before cooking it. "It's a little extra touch," she says. "It makes the bacon wavy." So far, we haven't run into anyone wielding the ultimate toothpick: a little $44, 14-carat gold sword from Tiffany's.

SOMETHING FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

One of the prettiest cookbooklets we've seen in a long time is called *All Time Baking Soda Favorites:* a nostalgic collection of griddle cakes, baking soda biscuits, molasses cookies, and—according to the Arm & Hammer people who produced it—the "single most requested baking soda recipe of all time"—Brown Velvet Cake. To order, send 25¢ with your request to: Consumer Services Department, Church & Dwight Co., Dept. LHJ, Two Pennsylvania Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10001.

Another booklet that helps you literally pour nutrition into your food is *Protein Power,* with recipes that show you how to add milk to soups, stews, gelatin molds and desserts. To order, send 25¢ with your request to: Protein Power, American Dairy Association, 6300 North River Road, Rosemont, Ill. 60018. *(continued)*

Sampler text by Louisa Rose

Border design by Barry Zaid; photographs by Charles Gold.



Campbell's chicken recipes for families who are tired of plain chicken.

Campbell's Soups make it easy to stir up your family's interest in chicken. And Campbell's flavorful recipes are kitchen-tested so you know they'll turn out great every time! Try these recipes this week.

GOLDEN GLAZED CHICKEN

6 chicken legs (about 2½ pounds)
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
¼ cup sweet vermouth or grape juice
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ cup pimiento strips

In shallow baking dish (13x9x2"), arrange chicken skin-side up; brush with butter. Bake at 400° F. for 45 minutes; baste once with pan drippings. Combine remaining ingredients; spoon over chicken. Bake 15 minutes more or until chicken is done. Garnish with parsley if desired. Makes 4 servings.

CHICKEN 'N HAM ROLL-UPS

3 whole chicken breasts, split, skinned, and boned (about 1½ pounds boneless)
6 slices (about 6 ounces) boiled ham
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
¼ cup Chablis or other dry white wine

Place chicken between 2 sheets of waxed paper; flatten with flat side of knife. Top each with slice of ham. Roll up; secure with toothpicks. In skillet, brown roll-ups in butter. Stir in soup and wine. Cover; cook over low heat for 20 minutes or until tender. Stir occasionally. Serve with asparagus if desired. Makes 6 servings.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.00 with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!



We've harvested some of the best sandwiches around, to start off the fall season. They're all made with Kraft Singles process cheese food slices and Kraft Natural Slices, for the big flavor that hearty fall appetites love. The recipes and the sandwich slices are all at the Kraft Sandwich Shop at your grocer's dairy case. Come on by and look around.



HAM SALAD BOATS

2 c. finely chopped ham
1 c. cooked peas
1 Tbs. chopped onion
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
6 French bread rolls
Kraft Monterey Jack Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food

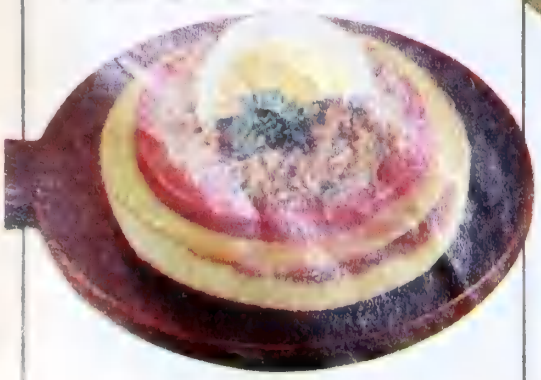
Heat oven to 350°. Combine ham, peas, onion, egg and enough salad dressing to moisten; mix lightly. Split roll in half lengthwise; scoop out center of both halves to form a shell. For each sandwich, fill shell with alternating amounts of ham mixture and cheese food; cover with top half of roll. Place rolls on baking sheet. Bake at 350°, 15 minutes. 6 sandwiches.



HAM BRUNCHWICH

1 2¼-oz. can deviled ham
2 Tbs. chopped celery
2 English muffins, split, toasted
Kraft American Rounds Pasteurized Process Cheese Food Slices
4 tomato slices
Hard-cooked egg wedges

Combine ham and celery. For each sandwich, cover muffin half with cheese food, tomato and ham mixture; broil until cheese food melts. Top with egg wedge. 4 sandwiches.





ITALIAN STYLE CHEESE SANDWICH

Hamburger buns, split
Salami slices
Pepper loaf luncheon meat slices
Kraft Natural Low Moisture Part-Skim Mozzarella Cheese Slices
Tomato paste
Oregano leaves, crushed

Heat oven to 350°. For each sandwich, cover bottom half of roll with salami, luncheon meat, cheese, tomato paste and oregano. Place sandwiches on baking sheet. Bake at 350°, until cheese is melted. Serve with top half of bun.

HARVEST TIME SANDWICH

Whole wheat bread slices
Kraft Real Mayonnaise
Lettuce
Spiced apple rings
Kraft Natural Brick Cheese Slices
Pork slices

For each sandwich, spread slice of bread with mayonnaise. Cover with lettuce, apple rings, cheese, pork and second slice of bread.

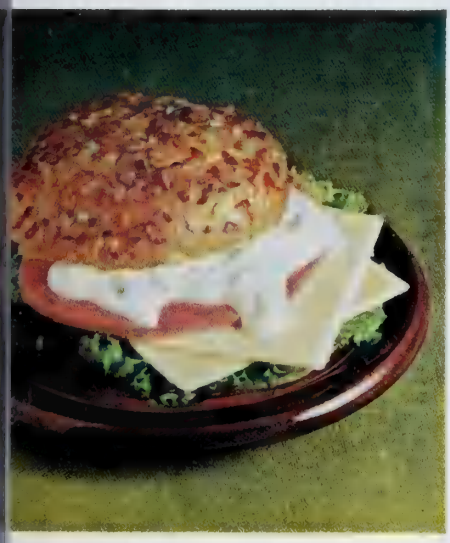




HEIDELBURGER GRILL

Rye bread slices
Kraft Natural Swiss Cheese Slices
Hot broiled beef patties
Onion slices, sautéed
Soft Parkay Margarine

For each sandwich, cover one slice of bread with cheese, beef patty, onions, cheese and second slice of bread. Spread bread with margarine; grill on both sides until lightly browned.



DILLY DELIGHT

½ c. sour cream
½ tsp. chopped dill pickle
4 onion rolls, split
Lettuce
Kraft Muenster Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food
Luncheon meat slices

Combine sour cream and dill pickle. For each sandwich, cover bottom half of roll with lettuce, cheese food and meat. Top with sour cream mixture; serve with top half of roll. 4 sandwiches.



EGG SALAD SUPREME

8 hard-cooked eggs, cooked
¼ c. chopped celery
1 Tbs. chopped onion
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
12 white bread slices, toasted
Lettuce
Cheez 'n Bacon Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food

Combine eggs, celery, onion and enough salad dressing to moisten; mix lightly. For each sandwich, cover slice of bread with lettuce, egg mixture, cheese food and second slice of bread. 6 sandwiches.

SPICY BEEF AND CHEESE LUNCH

1 lb. ground beef
¾ c. Kraft Barbecue Sauce
¼ c. chopped onion
6 Italian bread slices
Kraft Natural Colby Cheese Slices
1 3½-oz. can French fried onions

Brown ground beef; drain. Add barbecue sauce and onions. Simmer 15 minutes. For each sandwich, cover slice of bread with cheese, barbecue mixture and French fried onions. 6 sandwiches.



SAUCY CORNED BEEF DELUXE

½ c. sour cream
1 Tbs. Kraft Pure Prepared Mustard
4 Kaiser rolls, split
Lettuce
Kraft Natural Monterey Jack Cheese Slices
Corned beef slices

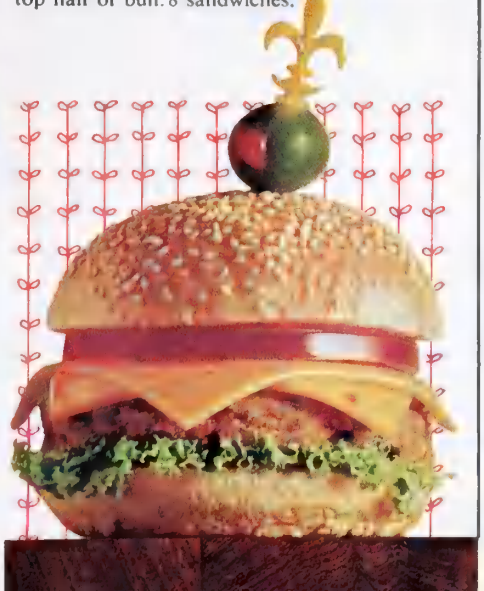
Combine sour cream and mustard. For each sandwich, cover bottom half of roll with lettuce, cheese and corned beef. Top with sour cream mixture; serve with top half of roll. 4 sandwiches.



SEAFARE BUNWICH

1 16-oz. can salmon, drained, flaked
½ c. chopped spinach
¼ c. Kraft Real Mayonnaise
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 eggs, beaten
1½ c. cracker crumbs
Kraft Pure Vegetable Oil
8 sesame seed buns, split, toasted
Kraft Pimento Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food
Tomato slices

Combine salmon, spinach, mayonnaise and lemon juice; mix well. Shape into eight patties; dip in egg mixture, then in crushed crackers. Fry patties in oil until golden brown and crisp. For each sandwich, cover bottom half of bun with salmon patty, cheese food, tomato and top half of bun. 8 sandwiches.





NUTTY CHICKEN SANDWICH

3 c. chopped cooked chicken
2 Tbs. chopped pimiento
2 Tbs. chopped green pepper
¾ c. chopped peanuts
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
12 Italian bread slices, toasted
Lettuce
Kraft Natural Muenster Cheese Slices

Combine chicken, pimiento, green pepper, nuts and enough salad dressing to moisten. For each sandwich, cover slice of bread with lettuce, cheese, chicken salad and second slice of bread. 6 sandwiches.



CHEESE 'N CHICKEN CLUB

Whole wheat bread slices
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Lettuce
Canned luncheon meat slices
Kraft Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese Slices
Cooked chicken slices
Hard-cooked [illegible] slices

For each sandwich, spread three slices of bread with salad dressing. Cover slice of bread with lettuce, meat, cheese and second slice of bread. Top with chicken, eggs, cheese and third slice of bread. Cut into quarters.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

Watch The Country Music Awards Show, live from Nashville, on October 14, 10 p.m. EST.

These recipes and others are at the Kraft Sandwich Shop at your grocer's dairy case.



FOOD SAMPLER

MEAT: THE FUTURE

During the next few years you can expect to see enormous changes in the way the meat you buy is cut, handled and packaged. Owing to rising costs in meat-handling and transportation, more supermarkets will be selling prefabricated consumer cuts of meat that have been slaughtered, butchered, and vacuum-packed or frozen at a centralized location. Spokesmen for the industry claim there are advantages for the consumer in this change: uniformity of cuts, improved quality and shelf life of ground beef, more hygienic handling. But no one is predicting what this will mean in dollars and cents. No one wants to predict the cost of steak from one day to the next. You'll buy the frozen meat in one of two ways: hard-frozen (if steaks or chops are 1½ inches thick or thicker, it is best to immerse them in vegetable oil and defrost as slowly as possible *in the refrigerator*) and partially thawed (takes about 2 hours to defrost).

Good News About Aging . . . meat, that is. The only unequivocally good news about meat is from Madison Avenue . . . and we're not talking about the dream factory, we're talking about the Lobel Brothers butcher shop on Madison Avenue. Stanley and Leon Lobel (the JOURNAL has published excerpts from their cookbook *Meat*) have invented a new piece of kitchen equipment (patent pending) that will age, marinate or defrost meat—as you choose. Says Stanley Lobel, "The thing to stress is that this is a completely *natural* process. It *doesn't* involve any kind of chemical tenderizer." What it *does* involve is placing the meat in the meat tenderizer (a box about the size of your present refrigerator meat-keeper) and—if it's a portable unit—plugging it in. A strong controlled flow of air ages the meat in from 36 to 72 hours. (It presently takes 3 weeks to age meat properly). The portable version of the Lobel inventi[illegible] probably be available in the next [illegible] months—and within the next [illegible] you may be able to buy a new refrigerator with the Lobel's Natural Meat Aging and Tenderizer as optional equipment. "The cost to operate will be pennies a day," say the Lobels. Intrigued, we asked just what the aging of meat actually accomplishes and learned that it develops additional tenderness and characteristic flavor. We also learned that most of the meat we buy is not aged longer than six to 10 days (the time lapse from packer to retailer).

Well, what about it? We took home a piece of U.S. Choice boneless sirloin steak purchased at a large supermarket. One half of the piece was refrigerated; the other half reposed for 36 hours in the Lobel "invention." We set up an Informal Home Meat Study and found the results startling. The refrigerated meat took approximately five times longer to chew. And it didn't taste as good.

We administered an eyes-shut test to a neighbor who quickly confirmed our results. A friend who dropped by sampled the two kinds of steak cold, identified each with ease, and looked around hopefully for chocolate ice cream. But there is only one conclusion to the Informal Home Meat Study. Lobel Brothers, why didn't you invent this device sooner?

SHORT ORDER

Recently, we dropped in on one of the busier mothers of our acquaintance. Ever see quadruplets all learning to walk at once? We were at a loss to account for her serene and unruffled air. And when she vanished into the kitchen and came back a very few minutes later with a tray of food—Sour Cream Veal Balls and Peach-Plum Shortcake—well, we fell back on the chaise longue in helpless amazement. "How the (expletive deleted) did you do it?"

"Easy," said our unruffled friend, "baby food." It turns out that baby food can really speed things up in the kitchen, and so we present four recipes to sweeten your temper and save you time.

Sour Cream Veal Balls. Combine 3 jars (3½ oz. each) junior veal, 1 cup high-protein baby cereal, ¼ cup crumbled blue cheese, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon dill weed, ½ teaspoon onion salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 1½-in. balls and sauté in ¼ cup butter or margarine until browned, turning with a pair of tongs. Remove to a heated platter. Stir ⅔ cup milk, ¼ cup high-protein baby cereal and ¼ teaspoon salt into pan drippings. Cook until thickened. Stir in ⅓ cup sour cream, heat only until hot. Pour sauce over veal balls. Serves 3–4.

Picker-Upper. Combine 1 jar (4½ oz.) strained carrots, 1 can (4.2 oz.) strained orange-pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 4 ice cubes in blender container. Frappé for 45–60 seconds. Makes 2 servings.

Cinnamon Apricot-Apple Salad. Dissolve 1 package (6 oz.) raspberry gelatin and ⅓ cup cinnamon red hots in 1½ cups of boiling water. Combine gelatin with 2 jars (7¾ oz. each) junior applesauce and apricots. Pour into ring mold. Allow to set. Unmold on lettuce. Fill center with 2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese whipped with ½ cup mayonnaise, ⅓ cup chopped celery and 1 teaspoon sugar. Serves 4–5.

Peach-Plum Shortcake. Divide 1 jar (4¾ oz.) strained plums among 4 packaged spongecake cups. Drizzle each with 1 teaspoon brandy and top with peach ice cream. Serves 4.

NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

We keep telling you everything we plan to do. Well, this month is different. We now present a list of places we do *not* plan to be and why not. 1. We do not plan to be in Opelousas, La., on Oct. 1, for the Yambilee. We can eat yams right at home. 2. We are not making the pilgrimage to Himeji, Japan, for the Quarrel Festival on Oct. 14. We don't know what it is, even after it was explained. 3. We have no intention of being seen in San Antonio, Fla., on Oct. 19 for the Rattlesnake Festival and Gopher Race. We're not especially fond of the snakes and—at best—we're neutral about gophers.

Does that mean we intend to be idle? Not at all. And in fact, there's so much to get done that we've been looking for a few cooking shortcuts.

One way to save time impressed us as we sped by the frozen food shelves of our supermarket—all manner of frozen potatoes: straight and crinkle-cut french fries, thin little shoestring potatoes, crinkle-cut cottage fries, hearty country-style fries (extra thick rounds of potato), shredded hashed brown potatoes formed into cakes, and potato rounds. And while we're addicted to serving large batches of golden-brown french fries with hamburgers, there's really no reason to reserve frozen potatoes for on-the-run dinners. Those crinkle-cut cottage fries make a handsome garnish, ringing a roast or platter of chops. Although the usual seasonings are salt and pepper, try experimenting with pinches of herbs or perhaps some grated cheese and butter. And what about potatoes for breakfast? The cottage and country fries, as well as the hashed brown potatoes, make a hearty autumn meal out of scrambled eggs and bacon.





Without almonds your husband would think this is just a hill of beans.

All by themselves, you can't expect green beans to grab your husband's attention. They're good alright. But not too interesting.

That's why we make Birds Eye® Combinations. Like our French Beans with Toasted Almonds, for example.

They have the look and flavor to catch a husband's eye. The same goes for our French Beans and Mushrooms.

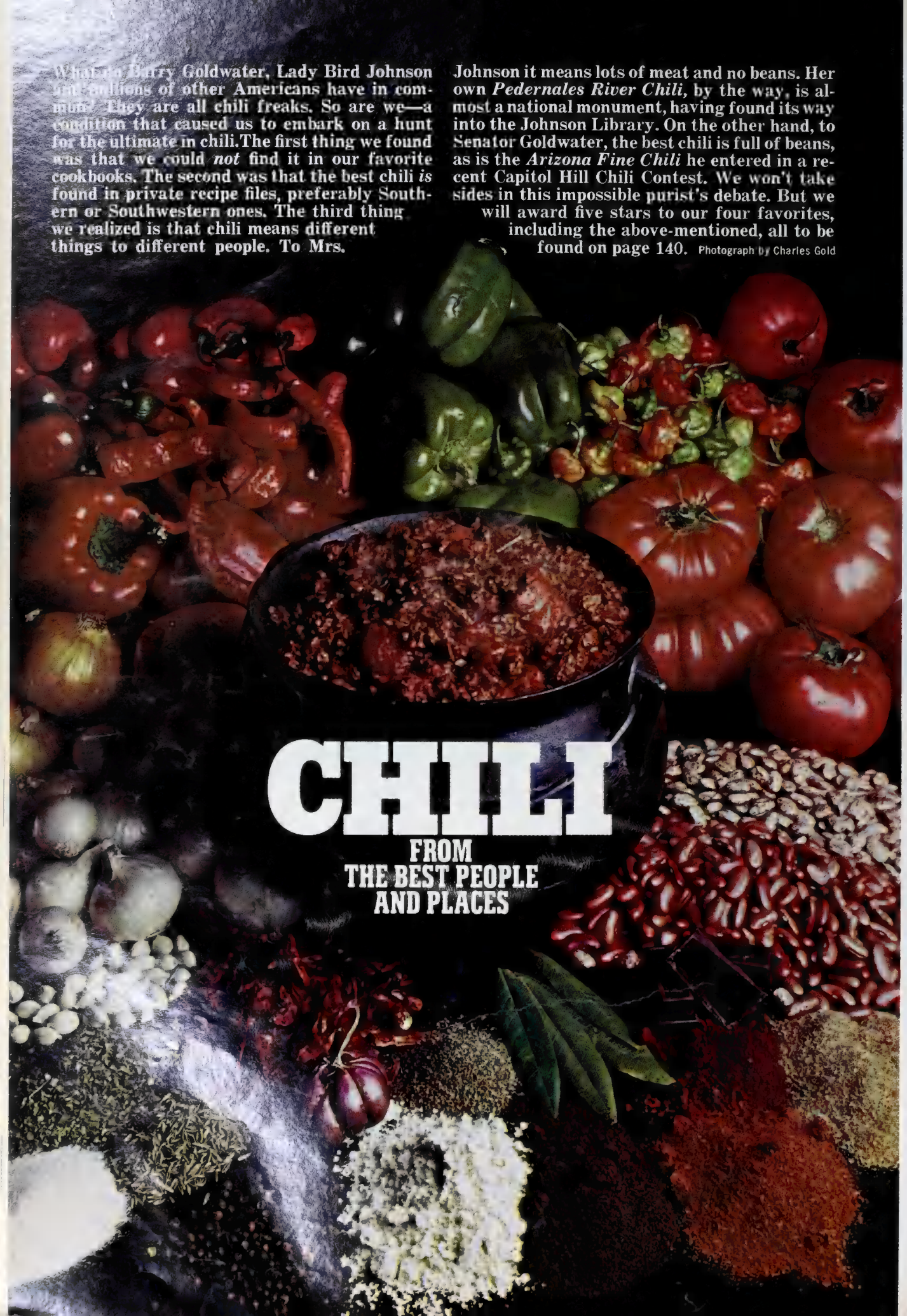
Like all our Combinations, they amount to a lot more than just plain vegetables.



Birds Eye® Combinations

The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

(Above photograph is 3 times actual size.)



CHILI

FROM THE BEST PEOPLE AND PLACES

What do Barry Goldwater, Lady Bird Johnson and millions of other Americans have in common? They are all chili freaks. So are we—a condition that caused us to embark on a hunt for the ultimate in chili. The first thing we found was that we could *not* find it in our favorite cookbooks. The second was that the best chili *is* found in private recipe files, preferably Southern or Southwestern ones. The third thing we realized is that chili means different things to different people. To Mrs. Johnson it means lots of meat and no beans. Her own *Pedernales River Chili*, by the way, is almost a national monument, having found its way into the Johnson Library. On the other hand, to Senator Goldwater, the best chili is full of beans, as is the *Arizona Fine Chili* he entered in a recent Capitol Hill Chili Contest. We won't take sides in this impossible purist's debate. But we will award five stars to our four favorites, including the above-mentioned, all to be found on page 140. Photograph by Charles Gold


No dishwasher detergent can prevent water spots.
Jet-Dry can, because it works in the rinse cycle.
This glass was washed with a leading automatic dishwasher detergent.
Any detergent, even the best, can leave water spots, because spots form in the rinse cycle, after your detergent has gone down the drain.
SOLID
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This glass was washed with the same detergent and Jet-Dry Water Spot Preventer.
Jet-Dry works in the rinse cycle, making rinse water sheet off without leaving drops behind.
No drops. No spots.
Jet-Dry comes in Liquid form for machines with dispensers and Solid for machines without. Either way, it lasts over two months in normal use. Get Jet-Dry.

CHILI

continued from page 138

MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON'S PEDERNALES RIVER CHILI

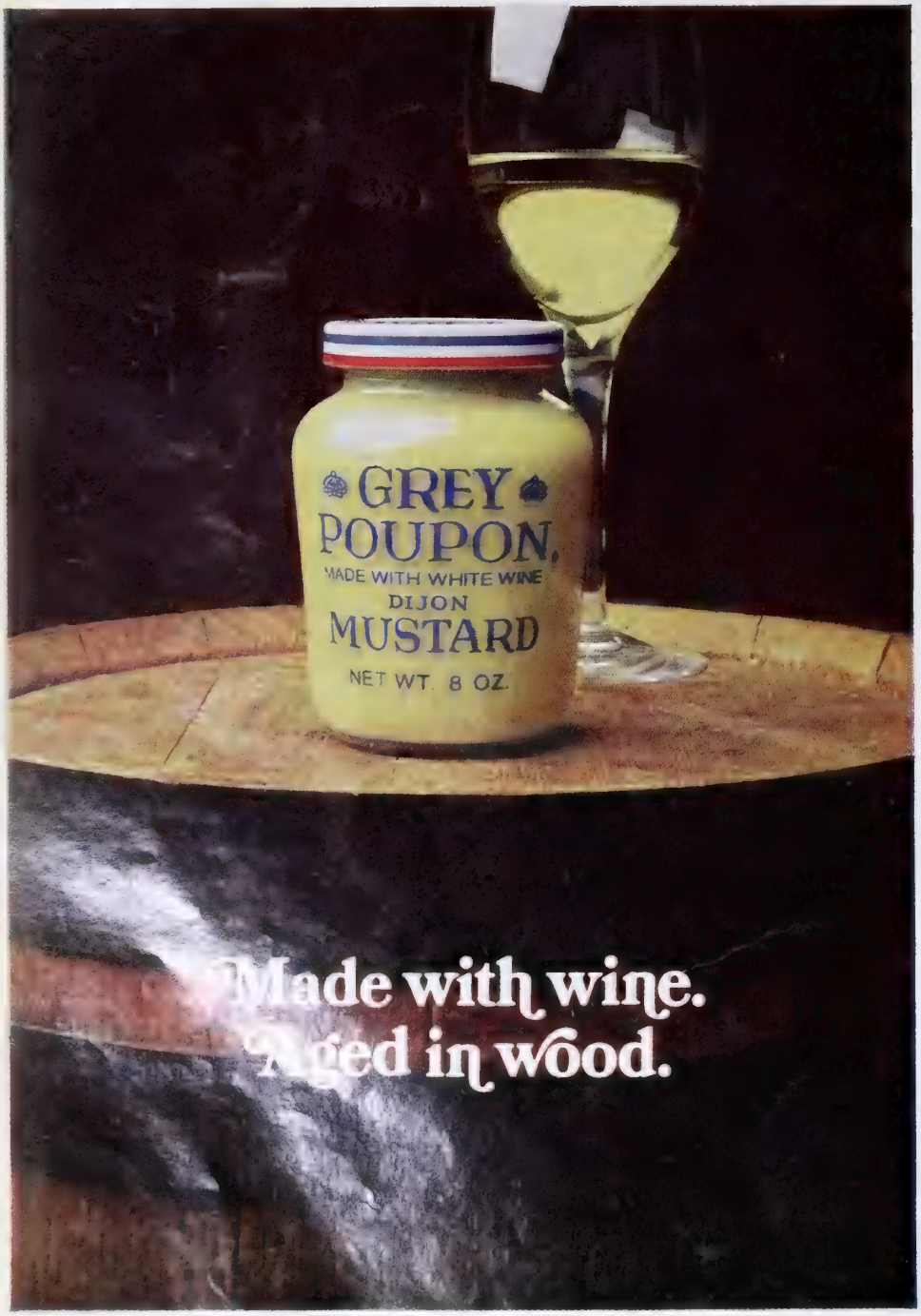
A real Texas recipe, and a winner by any standards.

4 lb. chili meat (see note below)
1 large onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 teaspoon ground oregano
1 teaspoon comino (cumin) seed
2 tablespoons chili powder (more if needed)
1½ cups canned whole tomatoes
2 to 6 generous dashes hot pepper sauce
Salt to taste
2 cups hot water

Place meat, onions and garlic in large, heavy fry pan or Dutch oven. Cook until light-colored. Add oregano, comino seed, chili powder, tomatoes, hot pepper sauce, salt and hot water. Bring to a boil, lower heat; simmer 1 hour. Skim off fat during cooking. Serves 10.

Serve with Nacho Specials: cut tortillas into quarters and fry in deep hot fat until brown and crisp on both sides. Drain and put about one teaspoon of grated cheese and a slice of jalapeño pepper on each quarter. Place in hot oven until well heated and cheese begins to melt.

Ed. Note: Chili meat is coarsely ground round steak or well trimmed chuck meat. If specially ground, ask meat man to use ¼-inch plate for coarse grind.



LOUISIANA BAYOU CHILI FROM REPRESENTATIVE LINDY BOGGS

As you'd expect, there's a Creole influence here.

½ lb. Louisiana sausage or any good non-breakfast sausage
3 lb. coarsely ground lean beef
1 can (15 oz.) tomato sauce
1 large onion, chopped fine
Finely chopped garlic to taste
Several generous dashes of hot pepper sauce
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon paprika
1 tablespoon cumin seed or powder
3 heaping tablespoons chili powder
1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1 cup dry red wine
1 cup water
2 tablespoons flour

Chop sausage in small bits. Cook sausage and ground beef together, stirring constantly, in a heavy pot or electric frying pan until meat turns gray. Skim off all excess grease.

Add all other ingredients except flour. Use enough red wine, mixed with an equal amount of water, to cover meat mixture. Allow this to simmer, stirring thoroughly and regularly, for about 1½ hours.

Make a paste of flour and a small amount of water and add to the pot. Continue stirring for another 15 minutes. Taste for doneness and adjust seasoning.

Serve with accompanying dish of pinto beans. It also goes well over rice.

RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Mr. Lea: More Mini-Meatballs, Mrs. Snodgrass?

Mrs. Snodgrass: Oh, everything tastes divine, Mr. Lea. What little culinary secret are you keeping from us?

Mr. Perrins: Hardly a secret, my dear. It's our perfect Worcestershire, the subtle flavor of which enhances so many foods—lamb, beef, ribs, chicken, fish. And, I might add, everything you're eating right now.

Mrs. Snodgrass: Oh, you must give me the recipes!

Mr. Lea: How could we deny them to a woman of such obvious good taste?

MINI-MEATBALLS IN MUSHROOM SAUCE
Mix 1½ lb ground beef, ½ c dry bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 Tbsp Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce and 1 tsp salt. Shape into 32 meatballs; brown on all sides in 1 Tbsp oil. Gently blend in 10¾ oz can condensed cream of mushroom soup, ¼ c water and 1½ tsp Lea & Perrins. Bring to boiling; reduce heat. Cover and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serves 8-10 as appetizers, 4-5 as main course with rice.

PICCADILLY CHEESE LOG
Blend ½ lb shredded Cheddar cheese, ¼ c softened butter and 2½ tsp Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce. Shape into 12x1-inch log. Roll in 5 Tbsp imitation bacon bits on waxed paper. Chill. Serve with crackers.

NUT SNAPPERS
Mix 7 oz jar dry roasted mixed nuts with 1 Tbsp each Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce and oil. Turn onto flat pan; bake in 450° oven 5 minutes. Serve warm or cold. Yields 1½ cups.

CHICK PEA REMOULADE
Combine 17-20 oz can chick peas, drained; ¼ c mayonnaise; 2 Tbsp sweet pickle relish; 2 Tbsp chili sauce and 1 Tbsp Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce; blend. Chill. Serve on small plates with fork. Yields 2 cups.



Lea & Perrins. The people who know their sauces.
For free recipe book, write: Lea & Perrins, Dept. LP, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

Grated cheese and/or chopped onions may be sprinkled over chili. Serve with French bread, crackers or corn chips. Serves 6.

NEIMAN-MARCUS CHILI

Chocolate in this recipe reveals the Mexican influence of this recipe served by the unique Dallas department store in its Zodiac Room.

¼ cup shortening
2 lb. beef round, shaved or ground
1 lb. pork, cut into small cubes
1 onion, diced fine
2 cloves garlic, chopped fine
3 tablespoons chili powder
1 tablespoon flour
1 can (29 oz.) tomatoes
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon salt
2 bay leaves, crumbled
2 teaspoons cumin seed
½ teaspoon coriander
1 square (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt shortening in a large skillet. Brown beef, pork, onion and garlic until onion is soft. Combine chili powder and flour; add to meat mixture. Press the tomatoes through a fine sieve twice; add to mixture. Add oregano, salt, bay leaves, cumin seed and coriander. Simmer slowly for about 2 hours. Add chocolate during the last hour.

Serve with Spanish rice or tamales. Garnish with olives. Makes 1 quart.

SENATOR GOLDWATER'S ARIZONA FINE CHILI

1 lb. coarsely ground beef
1 lb. dry pinto beans, soaked overnight
2 cups chopped onion
1 can (6 oz.) tomato puree
3 tablespoons chili powder
1 tablespoon cumin
Salt to taste

Sauté beef and drain off excess fat. Add beans, onion and tomato puree. Combine chili powder, cumin and salt; add to mixture. Bring to a boil. Turn heat to low and cook slowly until onions and beans are tender. Serves 4–6.

DEFEAT

By Louise E. Welch

I've laughed with you about red leaves
swirled in the wind;
I've made you casual songs to match a
bluebell's tune;
I've understood your love for ghost-lakes
hung with mist;
Captured in words for you the paleness
of the moon.

This Spring, alone, I watch forsythia
Dripping its yellowness like other
times—
Twice lovelied: once for me and once for
you
Who learned to love not me—but all my
rhymes.

ROAST FRESH STUFFED HAM GLACÉ
(picture on page 124)

Don't be put off by the length of this recipe—it's really quite simple and the results are . . . well . . . of Star Quality.

12-16 lb. whole pork leg (fresh ham)
Apricot Rice Stuffing (recipe below)
Apricot Glacé (recipe below)
Stuffed Apple Dumplings (recipe below)
Garnishes:
Parsnips
Leeks or scallions
Canned apricots
Cranberries or maraschino cherries
Mint leaves

To roast ham: Have your butcher remove the leg (round) bone from the fresh ham, leaving a large pocket for stuffing. Remove skin and trim fat to about ¼ in.

Spoon Apricot Rice Stuffing into ham pocket. (Reserve some of rice mixture for Stuffed Apple Dumplings.)

Roast ham on a wire rack in roasting pan in a 350° oven for 22-26 minutes per pound until meat thermometer registers 170°. About 1 hour before ham is done (or at about 10° below desired degree of doneness), prepare Apricot Glacé. Baste ham frequently with glaze during the last hour it is in the oven. The ham will serve 12-16 lavishly.

To prepare garnishes: Now comes the fun, creative part, turning a plain roast into a masterpiece. Garnishing your ham is as easy as arranging flowers in a vase and takes no more than 15-20 minutes if you do a small amount of preparation early in the day. Then all you have to do is arrange your garnishes on the ham after it comes out of the oven.

First make parsnip bows by paring thin, ¾-in. wide lengthwise strips with a potato peeler. Fold strips in half to form loops. Secure with a toothpick. Place 5-6 parsnip loops on each toothpick to form a bow. Make about 10 bows. Crisp in ice water.

To make parsnip curls, pare thin ½-in. wide lengthwise strips as for bows. Roll each strip up and secure with toothpick to hold its shape. Crisp in ice water and remove toothpicks before arranging on ham.

To make flowers cut leeks or scallions in long thin strips for flower stems. Thinly slice apricots for petals.

To garnish ham: Remove glazed ham from oven and place on large serving platter. The bow on the leg of the ham only *looks* difficult. It's as easy as tying a bow on a gift. Just remove the small parsnip bows from the ice water; shake off the excess water, leaving the toothpicks in place, and arrange at the bottom of the leg to form a large bow. You do not have to secure them in place.

To form the flower arrangement, place leek or scallion strips on top of ham to form stems. Arrange sliced apricots into pinwheel flowers using cranberries or maraschino cherries as the centers. Use mint leaves and parsnip curls to complete the arrangement as shown in photograph. To further enhance your platter, surround ham with Stuffed Apple Dumplings (recipe below) and cooked julienne carrots and parsnips that have been tossed with parsley butter.

APRICOT RICE STUFFING
(pictured on page 124)

We use this stuffing for both the ham and the apples (next page).

1 cup raw long grain rice
1 cup diced celery
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup thinly sliced scallions
1 can (29 oz.) apricot halves, drained and chopped, reserve syrup for glaze
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon rosemary, crumbled
¼ teaspoon crushed black pepper

To prepare apricot stuffing: Prepare rice according to package directions. In a medium skillet, sauté celery in butter or margarine until almost tender. Add scallions and continue cooking until they are translucent.

Combine cooked rice, celery, scallions, apricots, walnuts, lemon rind, salt, rosemary and pepper. Makes 5 cups.



King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

APRICOT GLACÉ

1 cup apricot syrup (reserved from canned apricots)
1 cup pan drippings from ham
½ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon rosemary, crumbled
½ teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Simmer 5 minutes.

STUFFED APPLE DUMPLINGS

2 cups all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup butter or margarine
4-5 tablespoons cold water
8 medium baking apples
1½ cups Apricot Rice Stuffing (recipe above)
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon milk

In a medium bowl combine flour, brown sugar, cinnamon and salt. Cut butter or margarine into flour mixture with pastry blender or two knives until it reaches the consistency of coarse cornmeal. Gradually stir in water with a fork. Gather dough together into a ball with hands. Divide into 8 equal parts. Roll each part out into a 7-in. diameter circle.

Peel and core apples. Hollow out a 1½-in. diameter cavity in each apple for the stuffing, leaving shells about ¾ in. thick.

Place an apple in the center of each pastry circle. Bring pastry up the sides of the apple, trim off excess and tuck it into the center core. Using canape cutter, make cutouts from remaining pastry trimmings. Brush cutouts with beaten egg and arrange around the top opening of the apples. Fill apples with Apricot Stuffing. Place apples on a baking sheet. Brush with beaten egg. Bake in a 350° oven for 30-40 minutes or until apples are tender. Serves 8.

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Something special to eat.
Nothing much to clean up.®

SUPPORTING CAST

continued from page 126

1. CREAM OF ROMAINE SOUP
(pictured on page 126)

With or without the paper flower server we show, this is a delicious soup—hot or cold.

3 tablespoons finely chopped shallots
6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
12 cups shredded romaine lettuce (about 1 lb.)
2 cups chicken broth
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons cornstarch combined with 2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup heavy cream
1 egg yolk
Lettuce leaves
Lemon rind

Sauté shallots in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add another 2 tablespoons butter and sauté romaine lettuce. Add chicken broth, water, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes.

Put lettuce mixture through a sieve. Add cornstarch mixture. Return to saucepan and bring to a boil. *(May be made ahead to this point and then reheated.)*

In a bowl, mix remaining 2 tablespoons butter, cream and egg yolk. Pour heated soup through sieve into bowl containing cream mixture. Stir until well blended.

Garnish with lettuce leaves and lemon rind rose. Surround bowl with crepe paper flower, if desired (instructions on page 41). Makes 4-6 servings.

2. BUTTER ON THE HALF SHELL
(pictured on page 126)

Our strictly "for-fun" project of the month. Once you've made the mold, it can be reused endlessly. Just wrap in plastic wrap and store in freezer.

1½ lb. vegetable shortening
10 drops yellow food coloring
Butter curls
Radishes

Using lightweight wire, make two 5-in. sea scallop forms. A real shell is useful as a guide. Add a few wires across center of wire shells to give stability. Attach both wire shells together at base with more wire.

Using a metal spatula, blend yellow food coloring into shortening until it has an even "butter" color.

Set wire shell form in center of platter. Cover bottom wire form with shortening. Using a small metal spatula, *(continued)*

form shortening into a shell shape, using wire form as a guide. If shortening becomes too soft to work with, put sculpture in freezer for a few minutes. When bottom part of shell is shaped, start building up top half of wire shell form with shortening, returning it to freezer occasionally. When wire form is completely covered with shortening and shaped like a scallop shell, use a toothpick to carve in shell design. Keep sculpture in freezer until ready to use.

Fill with crushed ice and butter curls (you'll need to buy a butter curler). Garnish with radish roses. Or fill shell with scallions, olives, pickles, whatever.

3. PUMPKIN-CRANBERRY BARQUETTES
(pictured on page 126)

Colorful and delicious as an unusual vegetable course.

Pumpkin filling:
6 cups peeled and cubed pumpkin or Hubbard squash or 2 cups canned pumpkin
1 cup water
3 eggs
1 cup whipped potatoes
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¼ teaspoon mace
Cranberry filling:
2 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon orange rind
Barquette dough:
2 cups sifted cake flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup milk

To prepare filling: In a large saucepan cook pumpkin in water to cover for about 25-30 minutes until tender. Drain off all water. Beat pumpkin, eggs, whipped potatoes, salt, cinnamon, mace with an electric hand mixer until smooth.

To prepare cranberry filling: In a saucepan combine cranberries, water and sugar, stirring until sugar dissolves. Then boil rapidly until berries pop, about 5 minutes. Put cranberries through a sieve. Add orange rind.

To prepare barquettes: Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, paprika, and nutmeg into a medium bowl. Add grated cheese. Cut the butter or margarine into the flour-cheese mixture with a pastry blender or two knives until it has the consistency of corn meal. Make a well in center of flour-butter mixture; add milk all at once and stir with a fork for about 30 seconds until just combined. (Do not overmix.)

Preheat oven to 350°. Roll dough out to ¼-in. thickness on a lightly floured board. Press dough into 30 buttered fluted barquette pans, about 3 in. in diameter. Spoon a teaspoon of the cranberry filling into each barquette. Pipe or spoon pumpkin filling around the cranberries. Bake for 20 minutes in a 350° oven. Makes 30.

4. WOVEN NOODLE DOUGH BASKET
(pictured on page 127)

In a whole portfolio of creative food projects, this is certainly one of the most creative.

6 to 7½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons salt
9 large eggs
3 tablespoons cold water
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon milk

Combine 6 cups flour and the salt in a large deep bowl and drop the eggs and water into the center. Work this well with the hands and continue working till it makes a soft ball. Remove to a floured board and start kneading as you would knead bread dough. If necessary, add more flour by the tablespoon, kneading it in, until you have a firm dough. Continue kneading another 8 to 10 minutes. Cover the dough with plastic wrap and let it rest for 30 minutes.

Place dough on a floured board and press it down as flat as possible. Then roll out into a 20 x 15-in. rectangle. Cut the dough into about 50 strips 15 inches long and ⅜ in. wide with a pastry wheel or pizza pie cutter. Separate the strips



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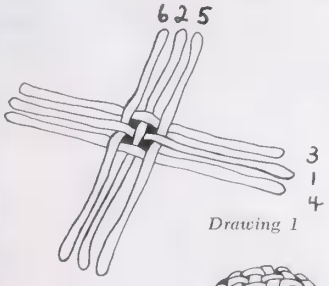


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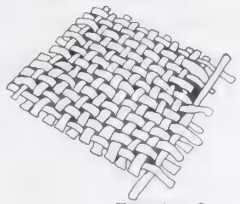
slightly and cover with plastic wrap to keep from drying out.

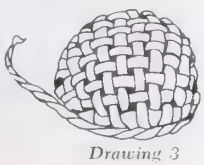
To weave basket: Lay first strip horizontally on a large flat surface. Place second strip vertically on top of horizontal strip, so they form a cross. Place third strip horizontally above first strip, and over the second. Place fourth strip horizontally below first and over the second. Place fifth strip vertically, to the right of the second strip, and over the third and fourth strips and under the first. Place sixth strip vertically, to the left of the second, and over the third and fourth strips and under strip one. (See Drawing 1.) Weave the strips as close together as possible.

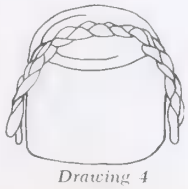
Continue adding strips and weaving, folding back the ends of the strips which are to overlap the new strip, placing the new strip atop those that are to lie underneath; replace the ends that were folded back. (Drawing 2.) When you have a square about 12-13 inches in diameter, place it carefully over a lightly greased 2½-quart ovenproof bowl, which has been inverted on a baking sheet. The weave will stretch apart so that there will be holes between the strips. Trim off the ends with a knife so that a nice dome shape is obtained.



Drawing 1


Drawing 2


Drawing 3


Drawing 4

Gather the dough scraps together and roll out. Cut into ⅜-in. strips. With these strips and remaining original strips make a three-stranded braid, about 30-in. long. Join strips together, as needed, by moistening with water. Brush the top trimmed edge with water, and place the braid around the top of the bowl on the baking sheet. (Drawing 3.)

Preheat oven to 350°. For the basket handle, make another three-strand braid, about 15 in. long. Lightly grease another 2½-qt. bowl with the same diameter. Place braid over inverted bowl to form handle for basket. (Drawing 4.)

Bake basket and handle in a 350° oven for 15 minutes. If dough has hardened sufficiently, remove basket and handle from the bowls. If the dough still seems soft, bake a few minutes longer. Set the basket right side up and lay handle flat on the baking sheet. Brush basket and handle with beaten egg. Bake another 10 minutes. If handle has browned, remove it from the oven. Brush basket again with beaten egg and bake another 5-15 minutes until it is the same color as the handle. Allow to cool. Attach handle with wooden skewers, trimming the two ends if necessary so that the handle fits well onto the sides of the basket.

Basket can be made days ahead of time. If you wish, you can shellac the finished basket so it will last all but indefinitely. Fill with hors d'oeuvres on page 148.

continued on page 148

STITCHES By Beatrice Meyer

I lose myself in silk and yarn
Or twisted skeins of thread,
In lacy curtains for the hall
And patchworks on the bed.

I lose myself in spinning wool
Of subtle shade and hue,
To make close stitches for the gifts
That find themselves in you.

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There are so many ways to use Cranberry Juice Cocktail, it may be America's most versatile juice drink.

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2 quarts of Cranberry Juice Cocktail, mixed with 1 can (6 oz.) frozen concentrated lemonade (undiluted). Add 1 qt. chilled club soda, ice cubes and lemon slices. (For a **punchier** punch, add your favorite liquor.)



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Any time



The homemad
you can't find
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Betty Crocker Ready-to-Spread frosting is actua
creamier, spreads easier than homemade buttercr
frosting. Try it and see if it isn't just the kind of
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Ready when you are, and wi

PATTY HEARST

continued from page 96

does not believe that Patty would have voluntarily joined the S.L.A.

There was a wild false hope that Patty would be freed for her 20th birthday on February 20. Emmy bought her a set of crystal glasses and even the F.B.I. brought presents. Expectations surged again in April that Patty would be released. A $4-million fund had been placed in escrow to feed poor people—on the condition that Patty would be released unharmed before May 3. Suddenly the Hearsts were thrown into utter confusion by a new tape announcing Patty's "decision" to join the S.L.A. as Tania, the name of the mistress of Ché Guevara, the late Latin American revolutionary.

"What do you think now?" Emmy asked Steve. He was all upset. "It is unbelievable," he said. "They're a bunch of crazy people, that's all I can say."

They barely had time to absorb the latest development when news came of Patty's apparent participation on April 15 in an armed robbery of $10,960 from the Sunset branch of the Hibernia Bank. She was armed, although it was not clear whether she carried the weapon willingly or if it was strapped under her coat. Two of the S.L.A. robbers appeared to have their guns trained on Patty, but bank guards testified that she seemed to be a willing participant, cursing and ordering people about, while hidden TV cameras filmed the action.

Oddly, the Hibernia Bank was founded by the grandfather of Patty's former beau, Joe Tobin, and of his sister, Trish, who was Patty's best friend. The young Tobins are also closely related to the M. H. de Young family, which founded and owns the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The irony of the holdup at this particular bank went unnoted in the San Francisco daily papers, but not by the F.B.I., which asked Trish for safety reasons to drop out of Stanford University for the semester.

A growing hostility

Weed, seemingly renounced by Patty in one taped message, often felt the brunt of a growing hostility because almost everyone in the family believed that Patty would not have been kidnapped if she had lived at home with her parents. Although the engagement of Patty and Steve was announced last December, and the wedding date set for June 29 at the Burlingame Country Club, neither of Steven's divorced parents have visited the Hearst home. Steve moved into the house after a brief hospital stay for treatment of the bruises inflicted by Patty's abductors, but Hearst told him to leave because he was making Mrs. Hearst nervous.

Steve, who teaches logic at the University of California, where he is working for his doctorate in philosophy, quietly agreed to leave. Mr. Hearst was astonished. "If I had been that young man," he told Emmy, "and my prospective father-in-law told me to leave, I would have hit him. I would have been upset. I would have asked, 'What did I do?' But he was like nothing; he doesn't have enough pepper in his body."

A few days after the six S.L.A. guerrillas died shooting it out with the Los Angeles police on May 17, Weed returned to the Hearsts' house to pick up some of his things. When Emmy told him there was also a suitcase of Patty's from their Berkeley apartment, Weed said he did not want to take that.

During that visit to Hillsborough, Steven talked to Patty's sister Anne and to Mr. Hearst. But Mrs. Hearst, angered by a magazine article Weed had written, refused to see him.

Next to Patty, Steve has taken the worst beating in the whole affair, a former roommate of his angrily charged. "Steve has a keen and analytical mind. Of all the people I know, he is the most incapable of deception." After the San Francisco bank holdup, another friend declared that it was absolutely impossible for Patty willingly to be involved with the S.L.A. "She doesn't have a blue-blood syndrome or a reaction *against* the blue-blood syndrome. She's outside her parents' lifestyle, but she didn't *reject* that lifestyle. She is bright and creative.

She is an incredibly good photographer." Although she spent a lot of time taking pictures of the cats she and Steve kept, she once also took excellent professional photographs of an automobile accident victim. The pictures were used by a lawyer friend to help settle an accident suit.

I last talked with Emmy two weeks after the Los Angeles shoot-out in which six S.L.A. members died and the L.A. district attorney charged Patty and William and Emily Harris with 18 counts of robbery, kidnapping and assault with intent to kill resulting from a sporting goods store holdup and abductions to steal cars. Contradictory reports placed Patty with two black men. The district attorney warned that the fugitives were "armed and extremely dangerous."

Emmy was wearily torn by conflicting theories and emotions. She was simultaneously convinced that she had seen Patty driving a red Volkswagen bus, accompanied by a white woman and a bearded man, on the Sunday after the Los Angeles shootout . . . wondering if Patty might really be dead and impersonated by someone, because the whole caper was so senseless from any point of view . . . sadly confessing that she thought it might have been better for everyone if Patty had indeed died in the L.A. holocaust . . . fearful that Patty and her associates might take some desperate action against the Hearsts' Hillsborough home in revenge for the death of the six S.L.A. members.

Another odd coincidence occurred on May 23, when Emmy visited a friend in Santa Cruz—four days after she thought she had seen Patty drive the red van toward San Jose. The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* that day reported that San Jose police were investigating the possible sighting of the three fugitives. "A woman answering Miss Hearst's description and a man resembling William Harris were reportedly seen with another female in a red Ford van. The woman answering Miss Hearst's description was either loading or cleaning a gun."

In both cases, F.B.I. agents indicated that the reports didn't check out, but Emmy remains skeptical.

At home, Emmy said, Mrs. Hearst, who had borne up bravely until the Los Angeles episode, now says she doesn't want to go on living and no longer knows what to think about her daughter. Mr. Hearst, Emmy believes, has suffered outwardly even more than his wife. He still thinks that Patty has undergone some form of brainwashing. "He cries and he is very sad," says Emmy. " 'I think we'll never get her back,' he said, but I told him, 'Don't give up hope. If you can prove she was brainwashed, you'll get her out.' "

Emmy asked Mr. Hearst if he would have given the $4 million to the S.L.A. if they had wanted the money just for themselves and not for food for poor people. He said yes.

"What I can't understand," Emmy said, "is this: they let $4 million go through their hands, then rob a bank for $10,000 and steal a pair of socks [in Los Angeles]. It makes no sense. Sometimes I think somebody is fixed up to look like Patty. Something is really wrong in this case. What is wrong?

"I was thinking, if Patty had been in that house in Los Angeles, it would be better for the Hearsts and their friends and a lot of people deeply involved. We would feel she died like a hero. It would be an awful death, unbelievably hard to lose a child that way. But if she goes on, on, on . . . never know, never know where it ends. . . ." **END**

I LEAVE YOU

By Christie Lund Coles

I leave you
as moonlight
leaves the water's face;

as winds forsake
the fragile willow's
brief embrace.

I leave you
as autumn sun
molts into gold,

With all the things
we meant to say
still untold.

Any way



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SUPPORTING CAST

continued from page 145

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD STICKS
(pictured on page 127)

These are so good and so easy. Can be made weeks ahead and stored in an air-tight container in freezer.

1 package active dry yeast
1 cup warm milk (105°-115°)
2 tablespoons salad oil
½ teaspoon salt
3 to 3½ cups whole wheat flour
1 tablespoon coarse salt
2 tablespoons caraway seeds
2 tablespoons poppy seeds
2 tablespoons sesame seeds

Sprinkle yeast over ⅔ cup warm milk in a large mixing bowl. Stir until yeast is dissolved. Combine remaining milk, oil and salt. Alternately, stir in flour and milk mixture to make a stiff dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 to 10 minutes. Place dough in a greased bowl; cover with towel and allow to rise in a warm (85°) place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ to 2 hours.

Separately combine 1 teaspoon coarse salt with each of the 2 tablespoons caraway, poppy and sesame seeds, making three mixtures.

Punch dough down, divide into thirds. Cut each third into 16 equal pieces. Roll each piece out into a rope about 4 in. long. Roll 16 of the strips in each of the seed mixtures.

Place sticks on greased baking sheets. Cover; let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk, about 20 minutes.

Preheat oven to 350°. Bake sticks for 15-20 minutes. Makes 48.

BABY BRIOCHE
(pictured on page 127)

Vary the filling as you wish; guests are sure to eat these first.

Brioches:
1 package active dry yeast
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup warm milk (105°-115°F)
3 eggs
½ cup butter, softened
2 to 2¾ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
Filling:
1 cup chopped cooked chicken
½ cup grated Gruyere cheese
2 tablespoons blue cheese
2 tablespoons snipped fresh chives
½ teaspoon dill weed

To prepare brioche dough: Sprinkle dry yeast and sugar over warm milk in a large mixer bowl. Stir to dissolve yeast. Blend in eggs and butter with electric mixer. Beat in 2 cups flour. Beat at moderate speed for 3 to 5 minutes until dough is elastic. Scrape dough out onto a lightly floured board and work in additional flour, as needed, until dough is smooth but still very soft and slightly sticky.

Place dough in a lightly floured bowl; cover and allow to rise in a warm place until double in bulk, about 2 hours.

To prepare filling: In a small bowl combine chicken, cheeses, chives and dill weed.

Butter 48 miniature brioche tins about 1-in. in diameter. Place ½ tablespoon of dough in each pan. Press ¾ teaspoon chicken filling in the center of the dough in each brioche pan. Divide remaining brioche dough into 48, two-teaspoon sized pieces. Roll into balls and press over chicken filling. Allow to rise 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 400°. Bake baby brioches in oven for 10-12 minutes. Serve warm. Makes 4 dozen. Can be made ahead and frozen. When you are ready to serve, defrost and reheat in slow oven (300°).

BACON PINWHEELS
(pictured on page 127)

Like all puff pastry type recipes, this one has a flaky consistency that is always a hit.

1¾ cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
6 tablespoons cold water
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ lb. sliced bacon
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper

Place flour and salt in bowl. Cut butter or margarine into flour with two knives or pastry blender until it has a consistency of corn meal. Gradually add cold water, tossing with a fork to mix. Gather dough together into a ball with hands.

Roll dough out on a sheet of aluminum foil to a 10x6-in. rectangle. Spread cream cheese over the center half of the dough. Fold over both ends of dough until they meet in the center. Place in freezer for 20 minutes, leaving it on the foil.

Remove from freezer and roll dough out to a 10x6-in. rectangle, being careful not to allow cream cheese to seep out. Fold over the two ends until they meet in the center. Place in freezer for about 20 minutes.

Repeat the rolling out and the chilling of the dough three more times.

Fry bacon until crisp; drain on paper towels and crumble. Sauté onion in remaining bacon drippings. Drain onion on paper towels.

Combine bacon, onion, parsley and cayenne pepper.

Roll dough out to a 10x6-in. rectangle. Spread bacon-onion mixture over dough. Roll up jelly-roll fashion, starting on the long side of the dough rectangle. Place roll in freezer for 30 minutes. Cut roll into ¼-in. slices.

Place pinwheels on cookie sheet. Place back in freezer for another 20 minutes to chill. *(Can be made ahead to this point and frozen.)*

Preheat oven to 400°. Bake pinwheels in oven for 10-12 minutes.

Makes 36 to 40 pinwheels.



RATHSKELLER STYLE GROUND BEEF.
3/4 pound ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt • Dash of pepper • 1/4 cup water • 1 teaspoon lemon juice • 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Bavarian Style Beans with Spaetzle with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown ground beef with salt and pepper in skillet. Add water, lemon juice, lemon rind, and vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Garnish as desired. Makes 3 servings.

SEE COLUMN FOR MORE RECIPES.





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MORE INTERNATIONAL DINNER RECIPES.

GROUND BEEF SHANGHAI
3/4 pound ground beef • 1 medium onion, chopped • 1/4 cup water • 2 tablespoons soy sauce • 2 teaspoons sugar • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Chinese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown beef well with onion in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Combine water, soy sauce and sugar; add to skillet. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork and stirring frequently until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Makes about 3 cups or 3 servings.



BAVARIAN PAPRIKA CHICKEN
1/4 cup unsifted all-purpose flour • 1 teaspoon salt • 1 teaspoon paprika • 1/8 teaspoon pepper • 2 pounds frying chicken pieces • 3 tablespoons salad oil • 1/2 cup water • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Bavarian Style Beans and Spaetzle with a Seasoned Sauce

Combine flour, salt, paprika, and pepper; dredge chicken pieces. Heat oil in large skillet; add chicken and brown well on both sides. Turn chicken skin-side up, and add water. Bring to a boil; cover and simmer 30 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Sprinkle additional paprika over chicken, if desired; place on a platter and keep warm. Add vegetables to skillet. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork, stir frequently until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Serve over chicken. Makes 3 servings.



ITALIAN BEEF SUPPER *1 pound ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt • 1 cup water • 1 medium tomato, cut into wedges • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Italian Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce • 1 cup MINUTE Rice*

Brown beef well in skillet; sprinkle with salt. Add water, tomato and vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork and stirring frequently until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 2 minutes. Bring again to a boil. Stir in rice. Cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Makes 5 cups or 4 or 5 servings.



HAWAIIAN HAM *3/4 pound boiled ham, diced • 1 tablespoon salad oil • 1/4 cup water • 1 tablespoon brown or granulated sugar • 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger (optional) • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Hawaiian Style Vegetables with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sauce*

Brown ham in oil in skillet. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork and stirring frequently until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



5. ZUCCHINI-CAVIAR JEWELS WITH VODKA ASPIC
(pictured on page 126)

We don't like to play favorites, but this was everyone's first choice here.

Vodka aspic:
3½ cups chicken broth
1 egg white
1 egg shell, broken
1 cup white wine
1 tablespoon vodka
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
Radish bows:
4 white radishes
3-5 lemon rind strips
Hors d'oeuvres:
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
⅓ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1½ teaspoons fresh dill
1½ teaspoons lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
4 small zucchini, 1½ in. diameter
2 tablespoons red lumpfish caviar
2 tablespoons black caviar
Chopped parsley
1 hard-cooked egg yolk, sieved

To prepare aspic: Beat together chicken broth, egg white and egg shell. Simmer 10 minutes. Set aside for ½ hour. Put through cheesecloth to clarify. Add white wine and vodka.

Sprinkle gelatin onto 1 cup cold water to soften. Place over low heat, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Add gelatin to chicken broth. Pour into a 15½x10½ in. jelly roll pan. Refrigerate until aspic is set.

(continued)

SUPPORTING CAST
continued

To prepare radish bows: Cut strips from white radishes lengthwise using a potato peeler. Fold strips in half and secure ends with a toothpick; place about 6-8 strips on each toothpick. Make 5 to 8 radish bows and place in ice water until serving time.

To prepare hors d'oeuvres: Beat cream cheese and sour cream with electric hand mixer. Blend in chopped onion, dill, lemon juice and pepper. Chill.

Cut each zucchini crosswise into five 1-in. circles. Diagonally flute sides of zucchini circles with a knife. Parboil for 5 minutes in salted water. Place in cold water immediately to stop cooking.

Fit a pastry bag with a No. 6 star tube. Fill bag with cream cheese mixture. Pipe cheese mixture on top of zucchini circles. Top one-half of circles with red caviar and the other half with black caviar. Sprinkle red caviar with chopped parsley and black caviar with egg yolk. Arrange zucchini hors d'oeuvres on serving platter.

Cut aspic into ½-in. cubes. Use to garnish platter. Cluster radish bows in center of platter. Garnish with 3 to 5 strips of lemon rind. Makes 20 hors d'oeuvres.

6. WATERCRESS-SHRIMP MOLD
(pictured on page 127)

Cocktail spread, salad, or luncheon dish —this is a winner

3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2 cups cold water
1 lb. shrimp, cleaned and cooked
1 cup plain yogurt
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup chopped watercress
6 tablespoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons sliced scallions
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon basil, crumbled
1 avocado, peeled and puréed
1 cup chopped peeled cucumber
Boston lettuce
***Crudités:* assorted scallions, celery, parsnips, turnips, red pepper, cucumbers, cherry tomatoes.**

Sprinkle gelatin onto the cold water to soften in a small saucepan. Place over medium heat, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Place gelatin in freezer for about 20 minutes until it thickens to the consistency of egg whites.

Reserve 4 shrimp for garnish; chop remaining shrimp.

In a medium bowl combine shrimp, ½ cup each yogurt and mayonnaise, watercress, 3 tablespoons each lemon juice and scallions, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon basil. Stir in 1 cup of the thickened gelatin. Set mixture aside.

In another medium bowl, combine avocado, cucumber, remaining ½ cup each yogurt and mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons each lemon juice and scallions, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon basil. Stir in remaining thickened gelatin.

Oil a 6-cup mold (we used a tiered mold). Spoon in one-quarter of the watercress-shrimp mixture, then all of the avocado mixture and the remaining watercress-shrimp mixture last. Chill in refrigerator for 3 hours or until set. *(Can be made ahead to this point.)*

To prepare crudités: For scallion flowers, cut off green tops, leaving about 4-in. white parts. With a sharp knife, slice ⅛ in. wide strips through to center of scallion and down to ½ in. from root end. Continue cutting similar strips all around scallion. Place in ice water.

Cut celery sticks in ⅛-in. strips down to about ½ in. from root end. Place in ice water.

With a potato peeler, cut parsnips into thin strips lengthwise. Roll into curls, fasten with toothpicks and place in ice water.

Cut turnips into thin slices. Using canapé cutters, cut turnip slices into hearts, diamonds, etc.

Slice red pepper into strips and cucumber into thin slices.

Unmold watercress-shrimp mold on Boston lettuce. Arrange 4 shrimp on top of mold. Add a scallion flower for garnish. Arrange crudites along with cherry tomatoes around mold or on bottom part of tiered platters. Serves 6.

GRAND FINALES
continued from page 130

ORANGE-CHESTNUT CROWN
(pictured on page 130)

We won't say this is the fastest dessert we've ever made, but we will say it's one of the most spectacular. And it's really very easy.

Chestnut Bavarian:
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 can (15½ oz.) chestnut purée
¾ cup superfine sugar
1 tablespoon orange liqueur
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Pastry Decorations:
¾ cup flour
3 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
1 egg, beaten
Cake:
8 eggs
1⅓ cups sugar
2 cups flour
¼ cup grated orange rind
Garnish:
2 cups water
1 cup sugar
3 oranges
¾ cup strained apricot jam
3 cups heavy cream, whipped
1 candied chestnut

To prepare chestnut bavarian: Sprinkle gelatin onto ½ cup cold water to soften.

Combine chestnut purée, sugar and orange liqueur with an electric hand mixer. Measure out ¼ cup of this mixture and set aside.

Place gelatin over low heat, stirring until dissolved. Stir into chestnut mixture remaining in bowl. Chill in refrigerator until it reaches the consistency of whipped cream about 30-40 minutes. Fold in whipped cream.

Pour into 1 quart crown mold or other decorative mold. Chill in refrigerator 4-6 hours.

To prepare pastry decorations: Put flour on a pastry board. Make a well in center; put in water, butter, sugar and orange rind; slowly work into the flour using fingertips. When crumbly, bring dough together to form a ball. Cover with plastic wrap and let rest about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350°. Roll out dough to ⅛ in. thickness. Make cutouts using a 1½ in. decorative diamond shaped leaf cookie cutter. Place cutouts on a greased cookie sheet and brush with beaten egg. Bake in a 350° oven for 15-20 minutes until golden.

To prepare cake: Beat eggs and sugar in top of double boiler, placed over hot water on medium heat, until thick and lemon colored.

Preheat oven to 375°. Pour beaten eggs into a large bowl and fold in flour and orange rind. Grease and line with waxed paper one 8 in. round cake pan and one 9 in. round cake pan. Divide mixture between pans. Bake in a 375° oven for 25-30 minutes until cake tester comes out clean. Turn cakes out onto cooling racks.

To prepare orange garnish: Bring water and sugar to a boil in a wide saucepan or skillet; lower heat to a slow simmer. Cut oranges into slices obtaining 14 large center slices; cut slices in half. Make 6 orange rind strips, using remaining orange ends, for garnish on top of mold. Poach orange slices and strips in the sugar syrup for 20 minutes. Set aside to cool in the syrup. Drain, *(continued)*

I HAVE LEARNED

By Julia Collins Ardayne

I have learned, as days fall
One upon another as the seasons turn,
To love tranquility of quiet things:—
Little streams that have forgotton how to flow—
That lose their need to hurry
To some sea.

I have come to love the lift of hills
That bear the turbulence of rain and storm;
And in the pause of Indian Summer
I have tasted of the wine of living
As the days grow short.

From my garden I have saved a few choice blooms
Whose colors burn the brighter
For the season's change.
Within my room they make a little song
Of summer gardens sleeping, winter long.



If you ever needed a good reason to try Chunky Soups ...here are 8.

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reserving ⅓ cup of syrup. Brush orange slices and rind with apricot jam. *(Entire dessert can be made the day before to this point.)*

To assemble dessert: Sprinkle reserved ⅓ cup orange-sugar syrup on cake layers. Put the 9-inch layer on cake platter and spread cake top with reserved ¼ cup chestnut mixture. Top with 8-inch layer. Dip chestnut mold in warm water for just a few seconds, then quickly invert and unmold on top of cake. Tap with fingers to release chestnut mixture. Cover the sides of cake layers with about one half of the whipped cream. Put orange slices around layers as shown in picture. Fit a pastry bag with a No. 2B star tip. Fill bag with remaining whipped cream. Pipe rosettes around mold as pictured. Arrange orange rind strips in a flower design on top of mold. Pipe whipped cream in center of flower. Place candied chestnut in center of whipped cream. Arrange pastry cutouts in the shape of a crown around orange flower and chestnut mold, as pictured. Serves 10.

HAZELNUT—MARZIPAN TORTE
(pictured on page 131)

Depending on how creative you feel, marzipan can be shaped into any form you wish. Whatever, the whole thing is edible.

Cake:
14 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups sugar
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup ground hazelnuts (filberts)
½ cup dry bread crumbs
Butter Cream:
2 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
Marzipan fruits and covering:
4 cans (8-oz. each) almond paste
4 cups confectioners' sugar
¾ cup light corn syrup
Food coloring
½ lb. seedless grapes
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
Palm or ivy leaves

To prepare cake: Preheat oven to 350°. Beat egg yolks and ⅔ cup sugar with electric mixer until thick, creamy and lemon colored. Add lemon rind.

Beat egg whites in another large bowl until foamy. Gradually add remaining sugar. Continue beating until stiff and glossy peaks form when beaters are lifted from bowl. Fold egg whites into egg-yolk mixture. Alternately fold in flour, hazelnuts, and bread crumbs.

Divide batter into two greased 7-inch springform pans. (If you have only one springform pan, recipe can be divided in half and made twice.) Bake in a 350° oven for 50 minutes or until cake tester comes out clean. Remove from pans and set aside on racks to cool.

To prepare butter cream: Place eggs and sugar in top of double boiler set over hot water on medium heat. Beat eggs with an electric hand mixer until light, creamy and triple in volume. Set aside to cool.

Cream butter and add lemon rind. Slowly blend cooled egg mixture into butter, using an electric mixer, until smooth and creamy. Refrigerate.

To prepare marzipan fruits and covering: Knead 1 can almond paste with 1 cup confectioners' sugar and 2 tablespoons corn syrup together until smooth. Wrap marzipan in plastic wrap. Repeat procedure with each of remaining cans of almond paste.

Use 2½ cans of prepared marzipan to make fruits. Add yellow food coloring to one third of marzipan. (*Warning:* Always start with one drop, mix, add more, drop by drop for deeper color.) Form into 5 lemons and 1 banana.

Form another third of marzipan into 3 pineapples, reserving a small piece of marizpan. Add yellow, red and green food coloring to this small piece to obtain a toast color. Use to decorate pineapple as shown in picture.

Use last third of marzipan to make oranges, adding yellow and red food colors. Cover fruits with plastic wrap and set aside.

Use remaining 1½ cans of prepared marzipan for cake covering. Knead in yellow and red food colors until an apricot color is obtained. Roll out one third of marzipan to ⅛-in. thickness. Cut out a 7-in. circle, using bottom of 7-in springform pan as a guide. Roll out remaining marzipan to a 22½x5½-in. rectangle. Cut off uneven edges, using a ruler and knife. Make a basket weave design, using a basket weave rolling pin if desired. Make peaches with scraps.

To assemble cake: Cut tops of hazelnut cake layers off evenly to make a flat surface. Spread butter cream between the two layers. Coat sides of cake with remaining ¼ cup corn syrup. Wrap rectangular strip of marzipan around the cake layers, tucking marzipan in at top of cake. Cover top with marzipan circle. Brush fruits with a slightly beaten mixture of 1 egg white and 1 tablespoon sugar; arrange on top of cake as pictured. Dip grapes in remaining egg white, then in sugar, to frost. Arrange frosted grapes, using toothpicks to hold them in place. Garnish with palm leaves and ivy, as pictured. Serves 8-10. *(Entire cake can be made a day ahead and refrigerated.)*

Ready-to-Go Gifts
continued from page 118

1. *Pillow,* 12 inches square and box-edged, unzips all around so design can be worked easily and pillow form (not included) inserted. Complete pillow includes canvas screened in color, all yarn and instructions.
2. *Plant Holder* is a ribbon design needlepoint around a large can to create a dry vase. Stenciled canvas measures 9 x 20 inches, but work as much as you like. Alphabet and instructions included; choose your own wool and color combinations.
3. *Address Book,* 6½ x 9 inches in leatherette, is complete with pages, canvas and alphabet sheet. Select your own yarns.
4. *Evening Bag* is 9 x 6 inches, in black tissue faille and complete with chain. Design for canvas flap, stitch guide, and color chart included, but choose your own wool.
5. *Roomy Tote,* 14 x 12 inches, is made of leather-look polyurethane and unzips s needlepoint may be completed. Large zip pered safety pocket inside. Includes colo chart for design shown but no wool so yo will be free to vary as you wish.
6. *Decorative Box,* black acrylic, 5½ inche square by 3 inches high. You may insert 5" square canvas in top as we have done, or favorite photograph.
7. *His-or-Her Belt* is ready for any patter you may invent, or copy our charted desig Wool selection is left to you. 1¾ inches wid makes up to 45 inches long, vinyl trimme

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___# 91006 Evening Bag @ $16.99 ea. plus $1.50 post. & hdlg. ..... $_____
Tote Bag—specify color @ $24.99 ea. plus $1.50 post. & hdlg. ..... $_____
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UNSAFE NUCLEAR PLANTS

continued from page 44

to produce atomic bombs from plutonium derived from its civilian nuclear power program.

In the United States, the problem of theft and sabotage has been so neglected that prior to 1972 it was possible for a large amount of special nuclear material to be stored for shipment in a locked building that was checked only once every four hours by an unarmed guard.

The AEC says that none of its containers has been breached in transport, but the General Accounting Office has found that reporting procedures required by the AEC are so vague that casks of nuclear material may arrive leaking and neither the AEC nor the public would know it. Does anyone outside the nuclear establishment believe that perfect controls can be established over the movements of so vast a quantity of deadly poison? And can we believe that regulations and laws, inspectors and operators, machines and equipment can achieve the level of perfection that this technology requires?

Congress, the AEC, and the nuclear power industry view a catastrophic accident as probable enough to warrant the unprecedented action by the federal government of providing liability insurance to compensate victims—a burden the private insurance industry was unwilling to assume. The Price-Anderson Act establishes a ceiling of aggregate liability at $560 million, although a nuclear accident could cost billions more. Eighty percent of this is covered by the federal government and the rest, about $95 million, by private insurance, thus absolving nuclear power companies of financial liability in case of accident.

A final consideration is whether nuclear power is necessary at all. Even with 1,000 reactors operating by the turn of the century, the nuclear power industry will supply only 25 to 30 percent of U.S. energy. Many people believe that total energy needs can be met in the short term by pollution-controlled fossil fuels, together with a reduction of the vast energy waste in our economy, and for the longer future by solar, geothermal and other clean, inexhaustible forms of energy.

The decision on nuclear power should not be left to a handful of people on whose assurances alone the public safety must depend. Action to reverse the nuclear power blunder can be taken by Congress, and citizens should make their positions known to their representatives. This is one issue that will be decided in the next few years by the citizens.

For clear and accurate information on nuclear power hazards, write to Professor Henry Kendall, Department of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. **END**

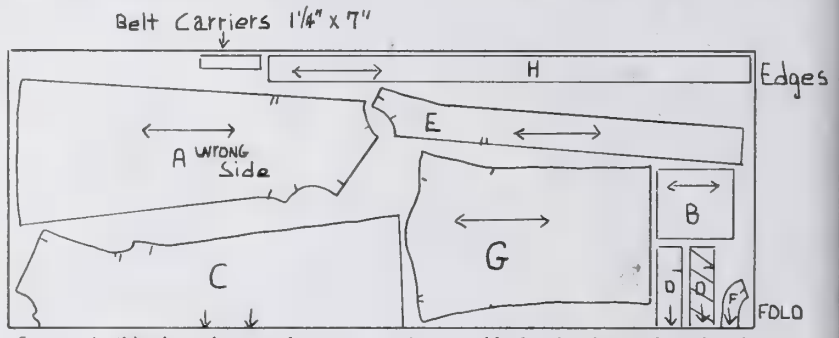
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Sewing instructions for pages 120–121

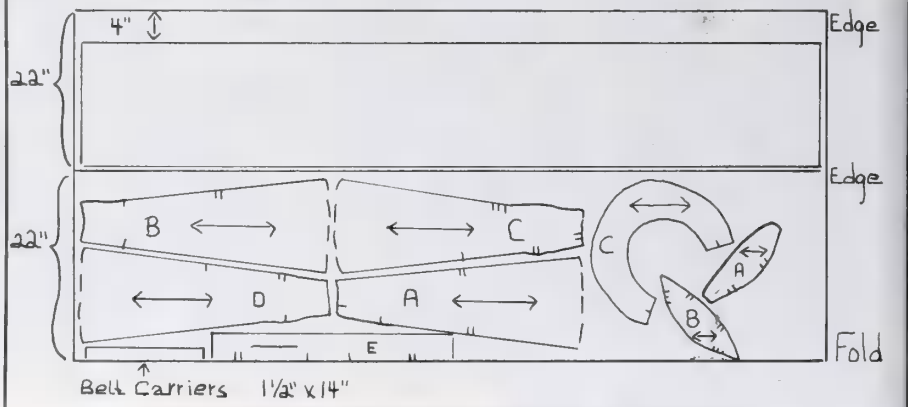
All yardages for size 10



1. *Patch-pocketed coat*, made from one blanket 66 X 90″ (see layout A below). Simplicity pattern #6633, 10–18; $1.25.
   Hat was cut from same blanket as skirt (see layout B below). Simplicity #6650, one size fits heads 21½ to 22½″; $1.
   Stole was cut from same blanket as skirt (see layout B below).
2. *The striped sweater-vest* is crocheted (see instructions below).
   Elasticized-waist pants require 2¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap and are made from Simplicity pattern #6503, 10–18; $1.25.
   The turtleneck top requires 1⅛ yards of 58/60″ fabric without nap. Pattern used is Simplicity #5185 (view 1), 8–16; $1.
3. *Polka dot shirt* with bow was made from 2⅛ yards of 44/45″ fabric without nap. Simplicity #6625 (view 1), 8–18; $1.
   The skirt was made from a blanket 66 X 90″ (see layout B below) and the pattern Simplicity #6521, 8–16; $1.
4. *Long evening dress* requires 3¼ yards of 58/60″ fabric without nap and Simplicity #6654, 8–16 (also Junior Petite 7jp to 13jp); $1.35.
5. *Flamestitch dress* can be made with 2 yards of 58/60″ fabric without nap and Simpicity pattern #6503, 10–18; $1.25.
   Matching hat is made with ½ yard of the same material and Simplicity #6650, one size fits heads 21½ to 22½″; $1.



Layout A—this shows how to place pattern pieces on blanket for the patch-pocketed coat—pattern 6633.



Layout B—this shows pattern pieces on blanket for skirt, stole and hat.

SWEATER-VEST KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Sizes: Directions are for small size—medium and large are in parentheses.
Materials: H crochet hook, 1 skein each of colors A (blue) and B (white). 2 skeins of color C (maroon).
Gauge: 6 sc = 2″ 2 rows = 1″.
Note: to attach new color, make the last loop of the last stitch in the new color.
Sweater:
Rectangle (make 2): With A ch 113 (119-125). Row 1: One sc in 3rd ch from hook and in each ch across, ch 1, turn.
Note: for remainder of garment work in back loop of each sc st to make the rib st.
Row 2: One sc in each sc across, at end attach B, ch 1, turn.
*Next 2 rows: One sc in each sc across, ch 1 to turn. At end of 2nd row attach B, ch 1, turn. Repeat from * until you have 6 stripes of color A and 5 stripes of color B. Attach C, ch 1, turn. Next 4 rows: Repeat as before. At end break yarn, fasten.
Center Seam: Lay the 2 pieces side by side with the right side facing you. Thread tapestry needle with C and sew 42 sts together for the back—27 sts for the front, leaving sts free in between for the next opening.
Side Seam: Fold sweater in half. With C sew sts together until sleeve opening is the right size.

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THE HAUNTED CAR

continued from page 115

know if you ever heard a phone ringing in the car when you had it?"

"Sure, all the time."

"Really? You heard it ring and there was no phone there?"

He looked at her unbelievingly. "Are you simpleminded or something? Of course there was a phone."

"Well, then, you're no help."

He stepped over and slid his arm around her. "And I thought I'd heard every approach there was."

She put the heel of her hand under his chin and pushed. "Approach to what?"

He took a couple of steps backward and grabbed hold of a chair to steady himself. "I don't even know that," he said.

She pulled up in front of her house and sat looking at it. The porch steps would have to be fixed, and one of the shutters had come loose again. Always something. But then if it hadn't been a wreck she would never have been able to buy it. And someday she was going to have a great little house.

A car pulled up in back of her and a man got out. He was a slightly built fellow of about thirty with ears that stood out a little and a substantial nose. He came up to the car and looked down. "Miss Drummond? I'm Howard Beemis, and I'm interested in psychic research."

She looked at him coldly. "Bug off," she said. She started to roll up the window.

"Now wait," he said. "You'll tell your story to some chowderhead like Al Guybarger and then somebody comes along who might be able to help—"

"Yeah?" she said. "You serious about this?"

"Sure I'm serious."

She motioned to the door. "Get in."

He got in beside her and slammed the door. "You don't think the neighbors will think it funny—sitting in a parked car with a strange man?"

She shrugged. "I haven't done anything since I moved in that they didn't think was funny."

"I wouldn't want your boyfriend to get the wrong idea."

"I don't have one," she said.

"Or your folks."

"Look," she said, "if you want to go in the house . . ."

"Then if the phone rang I wouldn't hear it."

"And I thought I had problems." She started the engine. "We'll drive somewhere."

He took a notebook out of his pocket. "Now, you do hear a phone ring when there's no phone?"

"I do," she said.

"Any special time, or are you just driving along and it rings?"

"Usually driving along," she said. "Once it rang in the parking lot at work."

"And always when you're alone in the car? Nobody else has heard it?"

"You're the only passenger I've had."

"Really? You don't drive anybody to work? Give some neighbor a lift? Take your friends bowling? Go out—"

"I don't like bowling," she said.

"I see." He closed his eyes as she passed a car on a blind curve. "Why don't you turn onto Fairmont? There's not as much traffic." She drove with almost complete indifference to other cars.

"Why all the dopey questions?" she said. "All I want is to get rid of the phone."

"A psychic investigator is like a psychiatrist," he replied. "You don't go barging in telling everybody what's what. You sit back and listen—ask questions."

"Yeah?" she said. "How do you know? You go to one?"

"You don't have to go to one. Haven't you ever seen one on TV?"

"I don't watch much," she said. "Most of my spare time I work on my house."

"Will you watch what you're doing?" he said. "You went right through that stop sign."

"There wasn't anybody coming," she said. "What makes you so jittery?"

He took a deep breath. "Turn right up there at the corner."

Casey drove along the narrow blacktop until they reached the shore. He directed her to a small, deserted parking place on a bluff overlooking the water.

"You're not worried about what people will think?" she asked.

"Nobody comes here," he said, "except me."

"Oh," she said, and after a moment "I see."

"No, you don't," he said. "You don't see a damned thing. I come here to relax, to look at the water and the gulls and think. That may seem strange to you."

"Beemis," she said, "I couldn't care less."

"Why don't you call me Howard?"

"Okay," she said. "Howard, I couldn't care less."

"I'll call you Casey if that's all right."

"Sure." She reached down absentmindedly and scratched her thigh. "That would be great. Now, about the phone?"

"I'm going to leave you my tape recorder," he said. "Keep it on whenever you're in the car, and then when the phone rings we'll see if the recorder picks it up."

"And then what?"

He thought for a moment and then shrugged.

"Supposing it doesn't?" she insisted.

He shrugged again. *(continued)*



"I'm glad *I lost it! I* hate *it!"*



When I look at myself at 220 pounds, I wonder why my husband Cecil even wanted to put his arm around me.



Now that I'm down to 138 pounds, Cecil loves to take pictures of me – and with my new figure I love to have him do it.

Now that I've lost 82 pounds, my husband needs an electric blanket.

By Janie Goff — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

When I weighed 220 pounds, I was my husband's warmth in winter and his shade in summer. But now that I'm 138 pounds, Cecil says there'll be a lot of cold days ahead, even in our home town of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, if we don't get ourselves an electric blanket.

I weighed nearly 170 pounds when we married some 11 years ago. Cecil used to say then that I was pleasingly plump. But as I ate myself out of shape, he began saying I was unpleasantly fat. Only he would say it a lot of different ways.

Like once he joked about putting chalk marks around my middle to show where his embrace stopped. And I'll never forget the time I threw a pail of water out the back door. I was so top heavy that I went right with it into a tree. Cecil and his brother had to pull me upright and, I'll tell you, they never let me forget it.

Wonder what finally jolted me into losing weight? My brother showed a home movie, and I couldn't believe what I looked like, because mirrors sure don't tell you like a movie does. Right then, I made up my mind to go on the Ayds plan as soon as I could get to a drug store and buy a box of Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy. Since Ayds contain vitamins and minerals, but no drugs, I didn't need to worry about getting jittery or nervous.

One other thing. I just concentrated on taking off 10 pounds at a time. That way it didn't seem so hopeless. And you know what? It worked. I took one or two vanilla caramel Ayds before meals and they helped curb my appetite. At the end of the first three weeks on the Ayds plan, I'd lost 10 pounds.

When I'd taken off 30 pounds, I found that I could wear a girdle on a hot day, eat, and not get indigestion. And when I'd finally lost 82 pounds on the Ayds plan, I threw the girdle away and haven't worn one since.

There's one last thing I want to say for anybody who's struggling to lose weight. You can't get in a hurry to take it off. If you do, you just wind up looking like you need to go to a convalescent home. But on the Ayds plan, you lose weight gradually, so your skin kind of takes care of itself. And you get healthier looking. Believe me, that Ayds plan has made me into an entirely different person. And I would not go back like I was before, for anything. Even though it means buying an electric blanket to keep Cecil warm.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5′5″	5′5″
Weight	220 lbs.	138 lbs.
Bust	42″	36¾″
Waist	36″	27½″
Hips	44″	35½″
Dress	22½	13

Delfen* Contraceptive Foam helps eliminate 6 real worries about birth control.

Side Effects Delfen is a "natural" form of birth control that doesn't have to be introduced into your system to be effective. (It can't change your hormonal balance.)

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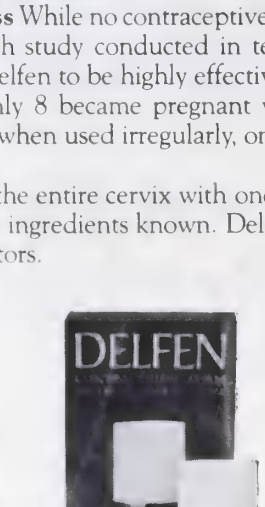
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Confusion The reason so many women use Delfen is that it's such a simple, unconfusing form of birth control. There's nothing to be measured and no prescription. There's only one step. The only device is the applicator. There's nothing to figure out, no days to count and nothing to wonder about. Just use it every time. If you follow the instructions, it's hard to make a mistake.

Effectiveness While no contraceptive is guaranteed foolproof, a research study conducted in ten separate centers does indicate Delfen to be highly effective. Out of a total of 857 women, only 8 became pregnant when using Delfen regularly. Even when used irregularly, only 10 more became pregnant.

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THE HAUNTED CAR
continued

"Well, do you think it will?"

"I don't have any idea," he said. "Can't you get tha through your head?"

"I was only asking. What are you so crabby about?"

"I'm not crabby. I believe in getting the facts and the drawing conclusions. I'm a scientist," he said.

"You call chasing ghosts a science?"

"It's a hobby," he said. "Actually, I'm a chemist."

"All right, I'm not asking for a conclusion, just an opinion Based on past experience, what's it all about?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't say."

"You couldn't say?" she asked. "I might as well have asked for a conclusion." She started the engine and turned onto the road.

"Went through that stop sign again," he observed. She didn't say anything. "What do you mean, you work on your house? Doing what?"

"Whatever needs doing. Painting, patching the plaster, fixing the roof—well, you can see for yourself."

He put the tape recorder on the table and looked around the living room. The wallpaper was a little lumpy, the floor sander had left marks, the hall door wouldn't close all the way. Still, there was a kind of old-fashioned homey feeling. You could tell someone had cared very much—someone had tried hard.

"You know," he said, "I can't figure you doing this all by yourself. It's so much better working with somebody. How come you haven't got yourself a boyfriend?"

She took off her coat and dropped it on the sofa. "That's not always easy to do."

He wandered around the room, straightening a lampshade, opening and closing a door. "You know you're asking to be haunted. A woman living alone in a house this size. That's pretty spooky to begin with. No dog, no cat, not even a canary."

"I know," she said. "I've never wanted a pet. How can you let yourself become attached to something that's going to die so soon?"

"The telephone," Howard said. "I don't see that as any great puzzle. But this room, this house, you—"

She brushed the hair back from her face. "I grew up in apartments," she said, "always moving from one town to another. I envied kids who had real homes—brothers and sisters—"

"Okay, you've got a house. You think that's going to get you brothers and sisters?"

She shrugged. "I never expected to have everything, but I've got the one thing I've always wanted, all my life—a real home."

He shook his head. "You haven't got a home, you've got a hiding place."

She got up and went over and opened the door. "Beemis, get out."

He got up. "I thought you were going to call me Howard."

"Howard, get out." It wasn't until later that she saw he had left his tape recorder.

He came back for it the next day. "Sorry to bother you," he said. "I guess I talked out of turn yesterday."

She held the door open. "Come in."

"I'll just pick up the recorder," he said. "Be on my way."

"Don't you want to listen to it?"

He stared at her. "You mean you tried it?"

"I thought that's why you lent it to me."

"Yeah, but I thought you were sore at me."

"So what? I wasn't sore at the machine."

"I don't know," he said. "You're different." He switched on the tape.

In the quiet room there was the sound of *(continued)*

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THE HAUNTED CAR
continued

a car engine and muted traffic sounds. An automobile horn sounded and the phone rang, sharp and insistent—unmistakable. It rang six times and stopped. "I'm on North Main crossing Quincy," Casey's voice said. "It's 10:13 Saturday morning." Howard turned it off.

"Interesting," he said. "Nice and clear."

"Nice and clear," she said. "So what now?"

"Right," he said, "what now? Now you're fixing up this house but you're not married. You don't even have a boyfriend."

"Just fix the phone, will you?"

He held up his hand. "Will you let me handle this my own way? Now, you're not bad-looking at all . . . if you'd fix yourself up a little. Just—"

"You married?" she broke in. He shook his head. "Got a girl friend?"

He held his hands out to the side. "I go out with girls," he said. "Movies, concerts, basketball—"

"Well," she said, "rah, rah, rah."

His face started to redden. "I'm sorry, Howard," she said. "I didn't mean that."

He waited a minute, then continued. "When you hear the phone ring what do you think? What impression do you get?"

"Nothing special, it could be anybody. The phone company about my bill, the woman who keeps calling to see if you want awnings and storm windows. Could be a wrong number."

"Sure," Howard said, "it could be the Governor to see if you'd like to put a new roof on the mansion. What it comes down to is you'd rather not talk."

"All right," she said. "When it rings, I see a girl who's giving a party and nobody shows up."

He stared at her. "You what?"

"Just like I said. She's not very pretty, but she's got on a party dress and there're favors and decorations and she's phoning to see why nobody has come."

"Casey," he said, "I'm not just being nosey, but there must have been some man, wasn't there?"

She hesitated. "Oh, sure. His name was Wayne Dickenson and he was a TV news director. Channel 7. And he was great. Good-looking, tall, sweet—and so on and so forth."

"Et cetera," Howard said.

"Yes, et cetera," she said. "Sense of humor . . . well . . ."

"Don't tell me," Howard said, "let me guess. You told him to get lost."

"We were engaged," she said, "about four months. Then he was offered a job in Seattle. And that was that."

"Naturally," Howard said, "you couldn't go with him. They don't have houses in Seattle."

"He'd only been here a year. And before that Detroit and Pittsburgh—it was a pattern. You can't have a family with that kind of life."

"Sure you can," he said. "Gypsies have been doing it for years. And they're happy as can be. Dancing and playing the tambourine."

"Children are so darned vulnerable," she said. "They can be hurt so easily."

"Nonsense," he said. "My sister has four and they're hard as nails."

"You find fault with everything I do. Will you please stop trying to run my life?" She was glaring at him.

"Somebody better start trying," he said. "A groundhog could do a better job than you."

She went over and opened the door. "Get out."

"All right, I will," he said. "You sure do have a one-track mind."

His car was parked in the same spot by the water. She parked and got out and got in beside him, slamming the door.

"You couldn't stay out of it, could you?" she demanded. "You thought you were going to patch up an old romance. Asking the station for his address was real cute. Only it backfired. They didn't have his address and one of the girls called to see if I had it."

He put up his hand, slowly rubbing his forehead; his eyes looked out at the water. "Oh, boy," he said softly.

"Oh, boy," she said, "is that the best you can do?"

After a minute he said, "Your friend Wayne had already quit a couple of jobs before this one. You knew he was a drifter—that's why you went with him. You didn't want anybody permanent."

"You're trying to tell me you're not the one who was asking for his address?"

He sighed. "Casey, I'm not trying to tell you anything. Nobody can. It's the biggest waste of time since the yo-yo."

They sat there side by side looking out through the windshield. Finally she said, "You're a great one to talk about wasting time. Messing around with other people's ghosts."

"When you don't have ghosts of your own you've got to use other people's." The way he said it made it sound sort of forlorn. She didn't know much about him, she realized; maybe he was forlorn.

"Look," she put her hand on his arm. "I do appreciate what you've done. Every time we get together we start yelling, but I know you've tried to help."

"Yeah," he said. "The funny thing is, I know how you feel about that idiot house of yours. I've got a cabin about two hours from here and I go up weekends." He gave a kind of self-conscious laugh. "Restores me or something."

"It's beautiful, I bet."

"I was going up next week." He hesitated, clearing his throat. "It just

ccurred to me—maybe you'd like to o along."

She waited for a second, trying to hink of just the right words. "Well, if ou want me to . . . I don't care."

"You don't care," he said. "Isn't that reat?"

"Oh, Lord," she said. "What did I do ow?"

"If you don't want to go, you can ıy so. That would be OK. But no, you on't really care—one way or the other. s if I'd asked you to go for a walk."

"That's the way you did ask me," she ıid. "Like going for a walk." She cleared er throat. She was determined not to y. "You expect me to come up to your ıbin and you don't even bother to kiss ıe. Why don't you go away and let me one?"

"For one thing," he said, "you're in ıy car."

She got out, closing the door without amming it. As she started toward her ar, Howard drove away. Usually when he was troubled her first thought was o run for home. Not this time.

She decided she wasn't mad at Howrd. Sometimes people who yelled a lot ere actually shy. In spite of his awful anners, he had meant well. She might ven miss him. She turned and walked own to the beach. The only sounds ere the call of the birds and the wash f gravel in the gentle surf. She had never been one to feel sorry for herself —still, if she was ever going to, this was the place. She turned and started walking along the water's edge.

Casey, she told herself, man-wise you are doing great. You had a tall, good-looking one and you lost him. Then you lost the short, homely one. Two up and two down. It looks like a great series.

She almost stepped on the gull.

It was coated with some kind of oil or tar and moved awkwardly in short, broken steps, dragging one wing. "Ah, God," she said, suddenly furious with the people who had caused this, and dimly, in the back of her mind, furious with herself for not being somewhere else.

She knelt in the sand and stretched out her hand. The gull struck at it savagely and she jerked back. "Look," she said, "I don't want to hurt you. I'm your friend, and I'd give anything to make you well. But I can't—I don't know how to get the tar off your feathers and fix your wing."

The gull pulled its wing in closer and watched her defiantly. It would fight anything that came toward it. It would stay there and die.

"Ah, hell." She whipped off her scarf and moving quickly to one side got it over the bird, wrapping its legs and wings securely. She tucked it under one arm and headed back for the car.

When she got to the house he was sitting on the steps. "Where the devil have you been?" he asked. "I've been waiting here for an hour."

"Don't yell at me," she told him. "I'm not going to be yelled at any more." She started up the steps.

He nodded at the gull. "What are you going to do with that?"

"I don't know." She cradled it to her. "I was hoping you'd know what to do, being a chemist and all."

"Naturally, I know what to do." He stood up and took the bird from her. "You take it to a vet." They started for the car.

"Howard," she put her hand on his arm. "There's something you should know. The phone in my car has stopped ringing."

"Yeah?" he said. "That's about what I figured." He got into the passenger side of her car and slammed the door.

She got in behind the wheel. "How did you figure that?"

"Well," he said, "it's started ringing in mine."

She started the engine and pulled out. "Howard," she said, "some day you should try answering it." **END**

Those who do not complain are never pitied. —Jane Austen



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Lady

continued from page 104

on the west side of the Green, and we were in and out of it at all times and seasons during the years we were growing up. The Green was that locally renowned plot of New England earth that in Colonial times had been the village common, where our Pilgrim ancestors once skirmished with the Pequot Indians. In my youth the Green was populated not only with strollers and game-players and children and dogs, but with the ancient elms that were the pride of Connecticut, one of them being the largest in America. Visitors would go out of their way to drive by and take pictures of it, and of Lady's house, and if they could, the automobile that went with the house, a custom-built Minerva landaulet—the talk of Pequot Landing.

His darkly lustrous face freshly shaved, Jesse Griffin, the Negro houseman, presented a spruce and natty figure, liveried in brass-buttoned gray, with a black-visored cap and puttees, as he handed his passenger up into the car. Gray within and without, the car had coffin-tufted upholstery, with little silver-and-glass vases on the uprights behind the chauffeur's panel, and over the rear compartment a top that lay back for riding in fine weather. Off they would go, she in the back seat, talking into the speaking tube, he in front, listening and nodding.

Mrs. Harleigh would often have nasses of flowers in her arms to take to her husband's grave in the cemetery. I was sure that a word my sister, Ag, was always using must have been invented for her: exquisite. Always with a warm nod that made you feel important—which is to say, happy (sometimes calling out to admire your Colonel Tim McCoy badge); always with a smart hat and spotted veil tilted over her brow, waving to us as though a bunch of knockabout kids were the delight of her life. I thought her the most exciting and splendid-looking person I had ever seen.

What impressed me most about Mrs. Harleigh in those days was her laughter, gay, light, utterly feminine, like her step. She appeared to enjoy life more than most, for all that she lacked a husband, and that people talked about her under their breath and behind church programs on Sunday. They said it was to cover the fact of her tragedy, a scrim of laughter behind which she hid her broken heart. Mrs. Sparrow, our next-door neighbor, spoke with such authority you were compelled to believe her, but Mrs. Harleigh's laugh was so real you felt it came from the depths of her being.

The fact most apparent to all was, of course, her widowhood and her admirable constancy to the memory of her beloved. But though she mourned him, she was more interested in the living. Perhaps her greatest trait was consideration for others, and her ability to *feel* for people. She was compassionate, generous, unselfish, and concerned. I never tumbled but she picked me up and kissed the hurt place, was never despondent but she tried to cheer me, never bored but she contrived some diversion; how nice she was, how kind and good.

Why wasn't Lady like our mothers? Why was she always Lady?

But then, see her—altered. For, with no apparent reason, the gaiety would disappear, her behavior would become odd, she seemed scarcely to know if she saw you, and she seldom did see you, for invariably at these times she would shut herself away upstairs in the big house. Our neighbor Mrs. Sparrow called these periods "retirements" and said that Mrs. Harleigh "wasn't feeling herself." Whatever they represented, these manifestations of her malaise seemed to me unreasoning; but then it was not I, but Lady herself, who was living with a ghost.

These manifestations of her malaise seemed to me unreasoning; but then it was not I, but Lady herself, who was living with a ghost.

The private and personal facts of her unhappy situation were frequently made public (and thus gained local currency) by our next-door neighbor, Ruthie Sparrow, forever ensconced in her bay window observing proceedings around the Green.

Wielding a pair of Seiss-Altag binoculars, Mrs. Sparrow kept a weather eye out for any doings, scandalous or otherwise. The pertinent details of Edward Harleigh's wooing of Adelaide Strasser, their marriage, and its tragic conclusion were continually bandied about by Ruthie Sparrow.

"Oh, yes, Edward was a regular rake in those days. When he came back from Yale on holiday, was he ever to home? Always with his cronies at the taproom at the River House. Edward was a rip! But I *like* a rip, don't you? Lord, wasn't he handsome? Even at my age it was plain that Mrs. Sparrow had been enamored of Edward Harleigh, and believed he could do no wrong.

"But, meeting Adelaide Strasser, didn't he change his tune? Oh, Lady. . . ." (Here a tender sigh for the maiden Lady Harleigh, who had been Adelaide Strasser, the town's fairest beauty. Which, like many another of Ruthie Sparrow's notions, was not strictly accurate. Lady Harleigh could never have been considered a conventional beauty. Her nose had a bump in it just below the bridge, and several small moles marred the perfection of her features. Still, beauty being in the eye of the beholder, she was to me the most beautiful, and I will concede to Mrs. Sparrow the fitness of the term.)

It is true that Edward's was one of the oldest and richest families in Pequot Landing. The Harleigh bastion was over near the Center, where the awful Spragues now lived, and for generations there had always been a male member of the family on the Board of Selectmen. To this long-accumulated wealth Edward was the sole heir.

Ruthie again:

"Now, the Strassers lived over on Knobb Street, at the *wrong* end, just where the railroad tracks crossed. Mrs. Strasser—her who got so high 'n' mighty later—back then she was nothing but a seamstress. Used to do her sewing for better-class ladies.

"But don't think she didn't know what sort of daughter she had over there on Knobb Street, scrubbing the linoleum. So she arranges for Lady to come by the Harleigh house to bring her a pattern she 'forgot,' and it happened Edward was to home, this being over a holiday. He takes her for a sleigh ride, let me tell you, *lots* of sleigh rides. I seen 'em myself, whizzing around the Green here in that little one-horse sleigh Lady's got over there in her carriage house right now. Poor dear, she's sentimental about such things, like she can't bear to part with them. Can't bear to part with Edward's chifforobe, nor don't let anyone sit in Edward's chair.

"Quick as a wink, there was an engagement on Saint Valentine's Day and Edward and Lady were married that spring."

It had been late August when the bridal couple moved into the large brick house on the Green.

And so the years went by, until, hostilities having broken out in Europe and America about to go into the war, Lady discovered she was pregnant. Lady's pleasure was matched by Edward's, and, bon vivant that he was, he announced the coming event in church, then went home and had one or two too many at the celebration

luncheon. He never *was* known among the country-club crowd as being able to hold his liquor well. "But when Edward was sober you'd see him and Lady making their rounds about the Green, for their health. She was awfully weak then. Miss Berry from two doors down, she was a nurse, and she was to look after Lady and the baby.

"Wasn't any baby, of course. About five months along, Lady slipped and fell. The baby miscarried; she never had another. Affected her brain somehow—couldn't talk at all.

"Next thing, Edward gets his commission and is off to France. We'd gone into the war that summer of 'seventeen."

Lady's malady, hitherto undefined, was diagnosed as a nervous breakdown. Between Miss Berry and the senior Harleighs, arrangements were made for the patient to be sent to a sanitarium outside of Washington, and by degrees, it was learned, Lady's responses showed a marked improvement.

But while Lady's affliction abated, so did Edward's fortunes. He was gassed in the Meuse-Argonne offensive late in September, and was hospitalized. The Armistice came in November, and when he recovered sufficiently, he was awarded a medal for distinguished service during the battle. The following spring he was released from the hospital and he returned home.

Lady had come back only weeks before Edward—a little anxiously, Mrs. Sparrow thought, watching her alight at the station. And they resumed their married life on the Green and were, according to Mrs. Sparrow, the picture of domestic bliss, which is to say that, enjoying their fine house, they kept to it. In was during this period that Edward's parents died. "Lady still wasn't feeling too well, so Miss Berry continued looking after her. Nice as pie, Miss Berry, she gave Lady one of her little dogs to keep her company. Then tragedy struck again. . . ."

The autumn had seen a cruel epidemic of Spanish influenza, and when Lady came down with it Edward moved from their bedchamber to another room to avoid infection. Attended by Miss Berry, Lady battled a dangerously high temperature. But she recovered, now arising to help Miss Berry tend Edward, who had meantime fallen ill.

His lungs already impaired by the siege of gas, he lay wasted upon the pillow while Lady remained constantly at his side.

"Then," Mrs. Sparrow would continue dramatically, "just when it appeared certain he was getting well, he suffered a relapse. There wasn't nothing anybody could do, not Lady nor Miss Berry nor the doctor. I seen him come and I went over and held that poor shivering girl in my arms, and she frantic as could be, crying for the priest, and Edward a good Protestant—well, not so *good*, but we all have our faith, I expect.

"And who could keep Lady from blaming herself? All them weeks nursing that man. But blame herself Lady did, and bitterly. After the funeral, Lady went home and locked herself up all that long winter. Not even Anna, her mother; wouldn't have her in the house. She let the servants go, and only the priest come—Lady was still Cath'lic then—almost every day, and then he went away and didn't come back.

"And nobody saw poor Lady for months. Finally I was so worried I took over a covered dish. Lady herself come to the door, was dressed in widow's weeds head to foot, and asked me into the front room, the parlor—you can't believe how dusty and frumpy it had got, and her being such a particular housekeeper. I says, 'Lady, you're just incarcerating yourself in here, when you should be out in the air. And where's your dear little dog that Miss Berry gave you?"

"'I don't care for the air,' says she, 'and the little dog is no longer here.' 'Dog or not,' I says, 'you'll never regain your health thisaway.' Not only that, she'd made a shrine! Right there in the living room on the gateleg table. Pictures of poor Edward in uniform under small crossed flags, with his medal for bravery in a velvet-lined box.

"So I says, 'You've got happy memories, Lady, you must dwell on them, not the sad ones,' and she sort of smiles and says, 'Yes.' And I says, 'You must start looking forward again,' and she says, 'Yes' again. 'Yes, I shall.'

"Well, that gave me a feeling of hope, so I says, 'What you ought to do is get another little dog.' And she opened the door, she threw her arms around me and cried and cried, Lord such bitter tears, but it was a woman's heart that shed 'em and I told myself that now she's going to come out of it.

"And she did. Lovely, brave Lady, on the first day of spring she come to church, not her Cath'lic one, but Edward's. And then they came, Elthea and Jesse Griffin, all the way from Barbados in the West Indies, as clean and good-looking a housekeeping couple as you could hope for, and not one whit shiftless like some of them colored couples can be. Well, they moved into the attic—and *my!* didn't the dust fly around that house, and in no time the house just shone."

Her mother, Mrs. Strasser, died that summer, and after observing a discreet period of mourning, Lady began entertaining in the fall. Elthea Griffin, an excellent cook, introduced to Pequot Landing a number of Caribbean dishes. It was all people could do to remove themselves from the table, so interesting was the talk, so merry the laughter.

"And everyone present always pretended not to notice that their hostess would never permit anyone to occupy the place at the head of the table where the dead Edward had sat."

As in your small town, or anyone's, there was nothing much to do in ours back then, no place to go or anyone to see. Pequot Landing was a place whose today was unimportant and whose Colonial yesteryear, if historically remarkable, seemed, at fifth remove, dull and bookish; the town was only in our childhood emerging from the Icebox Age into that of the General Electric Refrigerator.

We had moved to Pequot Landing only that spring, just after our father's death. Our house was on the less fashionable east side of the Green where the trolley tracks went by.

Pa hadn't left much insurance when he died, but Ma, a dauntless woman, found employment at the Sunbeam Laundry. Things were never easy for Ma. She was away from the house more often than she was there, and when she came home she was tired and sometimes cross. But she tried hard to bring us up decently and intelligently. A simple woman, she never attained to the chic or "quality" of the country-club wives, nor did she have Lady's color and elegance, but she had her own style and humor.

Our house was ramshackle and tired, with tan printed paper on most of the walls, a furnace that clanked heroically but never sent up much heat, a kitchen that was barely adequate, and crayoned yardstick marks on the door jamb which recorded our heights at every stage. The other rooms were small and chopped up and it seemed you were always meeting yourself coming and going; if not yourself, then Nonnie or Lew or Harry or Aggie.

With Ma working at the Sunbeam, it fell to our eldest sister, Nonnie, sixteen, to look after us and the house. Old beyond her years, she tried to see to it that our mittens were threaded on strings through the sleeves of our windbreakers, that our rooms were straightened, that we didn't fight. Hopeless tasks, all.

My two older brothers, Lew and Harry, were twelve and ten when I was eight, and I didn't see them much, except at mealtimes. They had a gang of their own, and I wasn't included.

There was Aggie, of course, but though I loved her I didn't want to be with her all that often. Ag came between Harry and me in age and was "a walking romance," as Ma called her, because she spent so much time holed up in her room, reading mushy stories. True, Ag *was* romantic, soft, and sweet;

o doubt of it, she was shy, she blushed l the time. But Ag had ideals and rinciples; she believed in things, pas- onately, profoundly, energetically.

I would go to my bunk on the sleep- g porch and hang my chin on the iling, looking over to the Harleigh ace, wondering what it must be like live in *that* house, and secretly heming how I might one day storm e castle across the Green.

As we came to know her better, the vo sides of our new neighbor's per- onality were made clearer to all of us. he was gay and bewitching, both in- resting and interested; she charmed here she went, never connived or gos- ped—nor would tolerate it in others— elped where she might, lived her life enerously and nicely, and was, we all lt, lonely.

Lonely, and—strange. When at last e were made at home in her house, was often difficult to ignore the fur- ve looks, the abstracted lapses suc- eeded by a sudden waking as from a ream, the fugitive pain that came and ent behind her eyes.

But all of this became disclosed to he by gradual degrees, for at that time he was still merely "the lady across he Green." It was only after the first isit of Mr. Ott, the mysterious man vith red hair, that I realized how deep- y troubled she was.

It had snowed briskly all morning, ut had stopped by the time school let ut. When we arrived home, Lew and Harry started arguing about who was o have the lucrative task of shoveling Mrs. Harleigh's walks, because whoever lidn't would shovel ours for nothing or Miss Berry's for not much more.

A board fence enclosed our property t the two sides, and over this fence to he right were the Sparrows, and to the eft Miss Berry. She had pets aplenty— a dozen small dogs and a canary—but ot a man in sight. She always saved us empty boxes so we could send the tops away for radio premiums: Coco- malt for Buck Rogers, Ovaltine for Little Orphan Annie, Wheaties for Jack Armstrong. Miss Berry, formerly a pri- vate nurse, was practically an institu- tion in the town.

Lew and Harry had come to fists and punches, until finally Lew swore and said the hell with it and slammed down into the cellar. Harry's nose was bloody, and he said he didn't care, either, so I got to do the job.

I took a snow shovel and headed for Mrs. Harleigh's. I began shoveling at the front door and worked my way down the flagstone paving to the street. The Griffins, Elthea and Jesse, came out the door to catch the streetcar. They usually took Thursday and Sun- day afternoon and evenings off—gener- ally the case with household help in Pequot Landing—and they often went upstreet for dinner and the movies.

I waved them off when the trolley came, and as they climbed aboard I saw Blue Ferguson, the Pilgrim Market delivery boy, pulling his truck into the Piersons' next-door drive. Mrs. Pierson was nice, but a little strange. Her hus- band traveled on business a lot, but she never went anywhere or did anything. Her face was forever pale under her heavy makeup. She lounged around all day in a Japanese kimono, and Mr. Pierson complained that she was always forgetting her lighted cigarettes.

There was a snowball fight in prog- ress out on the Green. Pretty soon, here came Rabbit Hornaday, with a rusty, beat-up snow shovel. He watched the fight but wasn't asked to join, and after a while he trudged across and hung about at the end of the drive, peering at me through his thick glasses, which had practically steamed over.

What can I say about Rabbit Horna- day, except that he was a jerk? Nobody

"Everyone present always pretended not to notice that their hostess would never permit anyone to occupy the place at the head of the table where the dead Edward had sat."

liked him much, and we all tried to avoid him. I didn't like him watching me, so I suggested that if he wanted to make a lot of money, he should go and shovel out Miss Berry. He blinked, licked the run from his nose, and si- lently trudged over to Miss Berry's where he fell to work with a will.

I took up my shovel, and worked my way up the drive. Finished, I looked behind me. It was snowing again!

Tired, I tramped over to the dusty, cobwebbed sleigh I had discovered sit- ting opposite the Minerva in the car- riage house and flopped down in it. At my feet I found a heap of sleigh bells. They were tarnished, but they rang, and I sat shaking them in my two hands as if they were reins, looking at the Minerva landaulet and pretending I was engaged in a race; if I'd had a horse between the shafts, no car on earth—

"It's better in July."

I dropped the bells and turned at the sound of Mrs. Harleigh's voice. Wrapped in fur, she stood in the door- way, and I had the idea she had been watching me for some time.

"What's better?"

"A sleigh ride. You know, 'sleigh ride in July'?" She walked toward me.

"How about a sleigh ride in Jan- uary," I hinted. "It's snowing again."

"I *know*. All your work. Are you cold?" She put her hand to my fore- head. The feel of her fur sleeve against my cheek was an inexpressible thrill. "Come along, let's make some hot cocoa.

"Brr! It's chilly!" she said when we had stamped our feet on the mat and come through the back entryway. Soon she had a pan of milk simmering on the stove.

"I was going to put out cookies for us," she said, "but I have a better idea. I wondered if perhaps you might join me for a little supper of veal cutlets."

It remains the most elegant invita- tion I have ever received, and I ac- cepted it with alacrity. I had stormed the castle at last.

The "little supper of veal cutlets" was a feast. We ate in the dining room at a big mahogany table. The armchair at the head of the table remained empty and Mrs. Harleigh placed me on her right because, she said, I must be the guest of honor. She liked, she told me, a little wine with dinner, and I was allowed a glass too. We clinked glasses, and she said, "To present company and absent friends." I thought that was a very handsome toast.

I asked if she ever used the sleigh in the carriage house.

She had been bright and animated all evening, but now her light voice suddenly took on a soberer tone. "We— I used to ride in it. When I was a girl. Edward would come. All the way to Knobb Street and we'd sleigh down here and go round and round the Green. . . ." Her voice trailed off for a moment. Then she went on as though suddenly capturing a long-lost memory. "I remember one Christmas Eve. We went sleighing. Afterward there was a party at the old Harleigh house. The whole town was there, it seemed. Ev- eryone was—waiting, you know. For my answer. I said, 'Yes, I will marry you, Edward.' But he already knew. He'd even arranged a surprise for the occasion. Carolers came to the door and sang. The last song they sang was 'Good Night, Ladies.' Only they changed it. They sang—'Good Night, Lady.' Extraordinary, I haven't thought of that song for—for years."

Surely it was a happy memory for her; and yet the way she spoke of it seemed tinged with sadness. It wasn't difficult to understand: she had loved Edward and she had lost him. Would she ever love another? Would she one day marry Colonel Blatchley, as Mrs. Sparrow was forever predicting? I im- agined her: young, in a hooded cloak,

with Edward's arm around her, muffled in furs, behind a prancing horse, sleighing past a pine wood.

The urge became irresistible and I asked, "Can we go for a sleigh ride sometime? You and me?"

"Oh, darling, who can sleigh anymore? The streets are plowed as fast as it snows. Besides, where would we find a horse?"

"Colonel Blatchley has horses," I ventured.

"Sleigh rides *are* nice for children," she said. "On a 'Snow Queen' sort of night. . . ."

" 'Snow Queen'?"

"Yes—have you never read it? Hans Christian Andersen? It's a fairy tale. 'And the wind sang old songs'—I always loved that line."

She looked at me thoughtfully as she served me coffee. Coffee was another first for me; at home we got Ovaltine. As she poured, she made more inquiries. What did I do with my afterschool time, who were my friends? I had the idea that she had observed me as closely as I had often observed her.

As Mrs. Harleigh drew me out on the subject of my family, I found it was easier for me to voice things I would not ordinarily have disclosed; small private thoughts that I was sure must interest me alone, but all of which seemed to interest her, too.

When I mentioned that Nonnie had wanted to be a teacher but had to give up college for us all, it seemed to strike a chord. "Yes," she said, "I know how that is. Poor Nonnie, chained to a sink and stove. And Lew plays the banjo, you say?"

I said we all played an instrument of one kind or another, part of the money from the Sunbeam Laundry went weekly for music lessons. Ma was adamant.

"Do you play together?"

"No." We never did much of anything together.

She didn't say anything just then, but I knew what she was thinking. She lit a cigarette and streamed smoke through her nostrils. "What instrument do you play?"

I confessed I went to Mr. Auerbach up at Packard Lane every Tuesday afternoon, lugging a French horn.

"The French horn's a noble instrument!" Lady said enthusiastically. "You have a musical family. We must have a musical evening one night soon."

"You mean it? I can come back? All of us can come?"

"Of course, all of you," she said gaily. "Larks, my darling, we must have larks." Her smile vanished like a ghost and she looked at me with a grave expression. "It's been very nice, having you here. There have never been children in this house since I have lived in it. It's—as it should be."

She was at the dishpan, I was drying, when the doorbell rang.

"Darn, who can that be out in all this snow?"

"I can go," I said.

I walked down the hall and peeked through the curtain of the window next to the door. Waiting on Mrs. Harleigh's stoop was a dark figure. The coat collar was turned up around the face. It wasn't anyone I had ever seen before.

"Is Mrs. Harleigh at home?"

The voice was hoarse, and its owner seemed to be making an effort to keep it at a whisper. His pale skin was splotched with pinkish freckles and his reddish, slightly curly hair was slicked back, wet with snow. He carried a leather briefcase, on whose battered flap was stamped the name "OTT."

"Tell Mrs. Harleigh someone would like a word with her, please."

"Yes, sir."

I left him on the stoop and let the door swing while I ran back down the hall to the kitchen.

"Please," I entreated her, "who was he—Mr. Ott?" She thought for a moment, then smiled a strange, bitter smile, but the single shake of her head told me she had no reply.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Harleigh asked, rinsing a goblet.

"It's Mr. Ott."

"Ott? Ott? I don't know any—"

"He has red hair—"

The goblet crashed against the porcelain sink and shattered. She quickly left the room.

While I gingerly picked the fragments of crystal out of the sink, the murmur of voices drifted up the hallway. It was all unintelligible to me; presently the conversation stopped and the door closed. I heard a low, muffled moan. It came from the dining room.

She was standing in front of an antique mirror on the wall, staring at her reflection in the glass. She seemed unaware of me as I came in. I watched as long as I could in the mirror as a tear trickled down her cheek, then threw myself against her.

"Don't, please, Mrs. Harleigh, please!" I hugged her and tried to think how I could make her stop. It made me furious that a red-headed man in a snowstorm could cause such pain.

Then she wiped her eyes with the napkin in her hand, and as if to hide her image she hung the napkin on the mirror. Then she disengaged herself and removed the mats from the table and put them away. "If we are truly to be friends," she said over her shoulder, carrying the saltcellars to the sideboard, "you must call me 'Lady.' "

Perhaps it should have been a thrill, her asking me to call her by the name all the grownups used, but I could think of nothing else but the man at the door. I could not then say "Lady," but "Please," I entreated her, "who was he—Mr. Ott?"

"Mr. Ott?" She gave a wry twist to the name as she repeated it. "Who was he?" She thought a moment, then smiled a strange, bitter smile and, without looking, removed the napkin from the mirror and put it in a napkin ring. "Mr. Ott," she murmured with a trace of amusement, but the single shake of her head told me she had no reply to my question.

I did not see her again for some time. No one did, and Mrs. Sparrow gave out the news that Mrs. Harleigh was going through one of her "retirements." Each day I eagerly awaited a glimpse of her, but in the brick house across the Green, behind the drawn shades, all was silence.

In school and out, I languished like a lover and, like a lover betrayed, I thought all the worst, the unkindest things. How cruel she was, after having led me on, promising me "larks," and then nary a wave or a hello, let alone a musical evening. What was wrong with people like that? Didn't they know they hurt people's feelings?

Still, it was only my feelings I was concerned with, not hers. I gave no thought to what might have occasioned her "retirement," or what she might be suffering in consequence. I knew grownups had a habit of forgetting things they had promised, things important to children, and I decided she, for all her specialness, must be no different.

But then the time came when I almost stopped thinking of her, and of her mysterious visitor. The river was frozen and we couldn't think about anything except skating.

After school we would hurry home to get our skates from the back porch and make our way down through the snowy fields behind Mrs. Harleigh's house to the cove. And you could depend on it, there would be dumb four-eyes Rabbit Hornaday, sliding around on the soles of his shoes and cutting in everyone's way. Secretly I gloated that he didn't own skates.

Rabbit Hornaday was a curious case. He lived up by the railroad tracks near

he Rose Rock soda pop works. His ister Dora "wasn't all there," and she nd Rabbit had come to town to stay vith their aunt, after their mother was ent to the women's correctional insti- ution at Middlehaven. Rabbit showed off by eating worms, alive or dead, but hat wasn't why he was called the Scourge of Pequot Landing. The very day he arrived, he spent the afternoon opening Colonel Blatchley's rabbit hutch and committing mayhem on several of the Colonel's prize Belgian hares. It was not difficult to imagine how Harold Hornaday was rechristened Rabbit, nor how he earned the contempt of every kid in that part of town.

When it got too dark to see, we would hang our skates over our shoulders and hike back up the windy hill to the Green.

Once, skating back to shore, I looked up to Mrs. Harleigh's house on the crest of the hill. At a second-story window I could see that the shade was up and I was able to make out a face behind the glass.

Next day she came out. She wore a long flannel skirt and a little black fur jacket. I watched from a distance as she sat and laced up her skates and with graceful strokes floated out onto the ice. When she had cut several figures, as though testing her strength, she skated over to me.

"Isn't it glorious!" There was the familiar laugh, but no indication of remembering our last meeting. She looked pale and there were dark places under her eyes. I could feel her hand tremble as she took mine and we skated together.

Before she left, she spoke with Rabbit Hornaday, who helped her off with her skates, then walked up the hill with her. She even took his hand! The green-eyed monster dwelled in my breast, and I was furious. More furious shortly thereafter, for the next time Rabbit appeared he had a brand-new pair of skates slung over his shoulders, the latest kind. I was sure I knew where he had gotten them.

She came often after that.

But though I waited for another invitation to the house, none came.

All this changed, however, one day later in the same month, when I suffered an accident which, had Lady not come to my rescue, might have ended my life. It was a bright, breezy afternoon and I had the river to myself.

After nearly an hour of skating I was prepared to call it quits when I saw, some distance downriver, the familiar black-jacketed figure. I waved but she didn't see me. I gathered speed, hollering to Mrs. Harleigh as I approached.

She raised her head and smiled when I sped past her. Thrilled by my speed, and wanting to show off for her, I kept going and so failed to notice the ice thinning as I approached the opposite side of the cove.

When I heard the first fierce crack of ice, it was already too late to save myself. Mrs. Harleigh cried out. Oozing cracks appeared all around me, the ice parted, and I sank into the river.

Mrs. Harleigh skated up to a neat stop a safe distance away. Quickly she spun around and scooped up a skating sail that had been left nearby. She threw it in front of her, then lay flat on the ice and slid the bamboo frame so that by reaching I could grab the tip. In another moment she had dragged both it and me to safety.

When we got to the shore, my corduroy knickers were frozen stiff. She helped me take off my skates, then pulled off my soaking windbreaker, substituted her fur jacket and hustled me home to bed.

The consequence of this damp adventure was twofold: first, on the following day it was discovered I had contracted what was then called the "grippe," and was confined to bed; second, and best, for the term of my illness Mrs. Harleigh became my nurse. Every day she came across the Green to sit by my bedside while Ma was at the Sunbeam, freeing Nonnie to perform her usual household duties.

During the two weeks I remained in bed my every wish was granted, accepted by Lady as the law of the land. Already I sensed a strong feeling between us, a power we had over each other. Though I did not know what I could give her, I was selfishly aware of what she could give me, and how easily I could exercise my smallest tyranny on her. My slightest whim might be indulged. I could be read to or played games with, or listened to; my choice of menu was holy writ.

How nice it was to know those cool, capable hands feeling my forehead and chest, my pulse. How nice, and painful, for—in my flannels, under the sheets, the thermometer in my mouth—I was falling in love all over again.

She continued coming every day, both morning and afternoons. When Lew and Harry and Ag came home from school, they would hurry upstairs to the sleeping porch, drawn like nails to the magnet of Mrs. Harleigh, whom they also were now to call "Lady." With her in the house, Lew and Harry had never seemed less interested in their gang, or Aggie in her magazine stories, and when Nonnie came, it seemed we were much more a family than we had been before. Now when she came home, even Ma seemed to have left her problems at the Sunbeam and hurried upstairs to join the circle around my bed—and around Lady.

In early April I returned to school, and the first of Lady's planned larks was the promised musical evening.

Then, as the weather became warmer, there were larks galore: an Easter-egg hunt in Hubbard's meadow; an outing to Pope Park to see some daredevil pilots; birthdays celebrated with trips to the movies. Once she took us all in the Minerva to see Rudy Vallee in person at a vaudeville-movie house; Jesse drove us, and saw the show, too. Lady loved it when Rudy sang "Good Night, Sweetheart," albeit through his nose, and I thought of Edward's carolers. I watched as her hand slid inside her pocketbook on her lap, and then dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

Once, I remember, we piled in the Minerva and drove to Holiday Lake, an amusement park some distance away, where we rode the roller coaster and the merry-go-round, and saw the midway. Later, we were in the fun-house, prancing around in front of the crazy mirrors, making our heads disappear and our sides widen. Lady was hanging back with Jesse, who'd come in with us, and I tried to get her to stand in front of one. She was politely reluctant while I, taking advantage of my new position of prominence, got smart and was overly persistent. She flung my hand away and stamped her foot angrily. "No! I don't want to see. They're horrid!" Jesse didn't say anything, but he gave me a look. I felt hot with shame, that I should have made Lady lose her temper. I never tried a trick like that again.

We got into the habit of watching Jesse Griffin's face, as a sort of bellwether that we could read to tell how the atmosphere really was around the house across the Green. If he was frowning or otherwise looking dour, I wouldn't go in, knowing that Lady had been seeing Edward's ghost again, or that she'd been having bad dreams. Elthea, too, would touch her finger to her lips, saying Missis wasn't feeling well. We soon learned that if you wanted to get on with Lady Harleigh you got on with Jesse and Elthea first.

Porter Sprague made a remark to Mr. Pellegrino, the barber, and somehow it got back to Lady. Mr. Sprague said, watching Lady go by in the Minerva, with Jesse driving, that she was too familiar with her inferiors, and that servants should be kept in their place or there'd be a Communist revolution in the country.

But Lady didn't care. She only laughed and said that Porter Sprague was the sort of man who drops his cigar ash on your rugs and says it's good for moths. "What Mr. Sprague is afraid of is that the Griffins are superior to *him*. Which, let me add, darling, they are."

I knew what she meant. When you got to know Jesse and Elthea, you realized they were, in fact, a most special couple.

There was something in their looks and manner that called up a mixture of the best of the races, African and Caribbean, black and white. To me the sound of their voices had the whisper of ginger and honey; imprecise but lilting cadences that spoke of palms and beaches and ever-sunny skies. They had their own way of expressing things that was unique. Before running the vacuum Elthea would say, "I'm going to make a noise in your ears, now." Any irritation or complexity Jesse deemed to be "stupidy," and I lived in fear of his judging me so. In their soft accents our commonplace words changed and sounded more beautiful—"man" became "mon," or "family" "fahmly"—and altogether they made me want to run away and join the Navy, to see those sparkling islands they had left, where women carried baskets of fruit on their heads.

Elthea never seemed to mind having us underfoot or trooping in and out of her kitchen, her special domain.

She had the biggest, widest smile—how different she was from the grave and dour Jesse. But, as Ruthie Sparrow said, opposites attract; we supposed she was right. Elthea's high humor kept her well in Lady's grace, Lady enjoying people's fun as she did; they were good friends, Lady and Elthea. Once I asked her how long she and Jesse had been married.

"Oh, long time. Just the longest. He's a fine man, my Jesse."

"Does he like me?"

"Jesse? You? Sure, hon, he likes you just fine." She laughed at the thought of Jesse not liking *any*body; that was just his way, she said. "Only thing Jesse doesn't like is my laundering."

"Why?"

"I like to do a shirt nice and soft, so it's comfortable-wearing. But that Jesse, all he wants is for me to do him a shirt with enough starch to stiff a corpse. That's what he says: 'Elthea, stiff me a corpse with that shirt.' "

"Do you miss the island?"

"Sure, hon, folks always misses home. But this is my home now, me and Jesse, looking after Missis. I must confess it, I like being with rich folks. Back home's nothing but poor folks mostly. Take Daddy—that'd be Jesse's daddy—he lost his work and he was poor, I mean dirt poor. Till Missis helps him out."

"Lady?"

"Yes, hon. She sends money all the time to Jesse's daddy, and Jesse's daddy's family."

Sometimes I'd tried to get Jesse to talk about his island, but he'd just hunch his shoulders and say, "Oh, that was a long time ago, I forget." But little by little, from conversations such as these with Elthea, I gleaned certain facts and put them together. His people had been fishermen, and earned their living from the sea. Jesse's father was a sort of island patriarch and had had many children. Somehow he'd had an accident and couldn't sail anymore, and Lady, learning of this, had been generous with funds, and for this she'd earned the Griffins' undying devotion.

But for all his uncommunicativeness, Jesse Griffin was hardly a man to be taken for granted.

To me he had the look of a corsair, a strong, hawklike face, with prominent nose and cheekbones, the lips chiseled, almost etched, with an outline around them. His short-cropped hair (Elthea used hand clippers on it on the back porch; Mr. Pellegrino at the barbershop would never cut a black person's hair) was like a woolly cap, and we wondered what it was like to touch it.

He never did care much for our New England winters. He was always bundled up in sweaters and scarves and caps, but in the warm seasons his blood seemed to thin out and rise like sap in a tree. He was the hardest worker.

The pride he took in that house, the zeal with which he looked after it! We used to say he was Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief, he did so many things—gardening, plumbing, building, repairing.

He was large and lean, and strong, but for all his size you never heard him coming and going: as soon as he got home after driving Lady somewhere, he would remove his good shoes and put on his old ones, with X's cut in to ease his corns, or a worn pair of carpet slippers. He could tell the weather by those corns.

We were afforded ample opportunity to observe his dignified if somber ways, his never subservient but almost courtly demeanor, his flashes of wry humor, his intelligence. As he became more familiar to me, I saw him not simply as Lady Harleigh's Negro houseman, but as a human being, as individual and particular as any white person, even though, as we knew it, it was the whites who'd inherited the earth.

There were six of us: Lew, Harry, and I; the Harrelson brothers, Jack and Philip; and Rabbit Hornaday; and we were on a summer camping trip on Hermitage Island. The island was situated some four miles below the town. Nobody ever went there much, except an occasional hunter or fisherman, but in our hot month of July the Hermitage was like a small secret pocket of the world.

The first day Rabbit Hornaday cut himself a pole, to which he hitched a line and hook, and went off fishing. Though we had invited him along, we regarded his presence among us as something of a curiosity; he was such a strange fellow. But, having harkened to Lady, we now were offered instances of his handiness. Everyone said he'd never get any fish with that old pole, but an hour later back he came with four catfish on a stick.

Along about noontime Blue Ferguson appeared with his gun. He'd docked his boat at the tip of the island and was out to see what he could shoot. He spent part of the afternoon swimming with us, treating us not like kids but as if we were his friends. Blue Ferguson was our hero, but I think he was more than that, a kind of demi-deity.

Later, as we sat around the fire, it grew dark; the entire sky had filled with stars, and the moon had risen. Our talk continued meandering and desultory when suddenly we sat up, hearing the soft slip of oars in the darkness. Soon we recognized the low sibilances of Jesse Griffin's voice, and then the light sound of laughter that could be only Lady Harleigh's!

We all jumped up and halloed, and soon we could make out the prow of the skiff.

"How are all the Huckleberry Finns doing?" she called gaily as, with a final lunge on the oars, Jesse beached the craft. I waded out and helped her from the bow onto the shore. Shipping his oars, Jesse carried onto the shoal an enormous wicker hamper.

Lady seated herself on the log near the fire.

"What have you boys had for dinner? Jesse, open the hamper."

And he did, to a feast. Passing the plates around, Jesse chuckled and said in his husky voice, "Missis and Elthea been cooking. The day long."

Lady was in her element, playing hostess there on the riverbank as she so often did at home.

"How are things up at the high school, Blue?"

"I'll be a senior next year."

"And then college?"

"*If* I get my scholarship. I've got to earn more money somehow, though." His voice flattened out slightly. "It's tough, making a dollar these days." Lady asked him what he wanted to do. "The future's in aviation," he said. Like the rest of us, Blue was a bug on flying. "What I wouldn't give to fly a China Clipper! With planes like that, America could win any war that comes."

There always seemed to be talk of war these days. Along with our baseball bubble-gum trading cards, there was now a series depicting The Horrors of War.

"If there is a war, America'll be in it, one way or another," Blue continued. "And I'm going to fight, you bet."

"I'm going to join the Navy," I loudly boasted.

"That so?" Jesse darted an appraising look at me. "A good life, a sailor's. You ever read Bowditch's?"

"No, sir."

"You'll never be a sailor worth his salt without Bowditch's. That's the sailor's bible."

We all knew Jesse to be a reader. He seemed to read everything, history, biography, mythology, philosophy, religion, even medical books from time to time. If the truth were known, he was probably one of the best-educated men in Pequot Landing, and we often speculated on why he'd settled for being a butler.

"We've got the finest ocean in the world," Jesse went on, "our Caribbean Ocean, no finer sailing or fishing anywhere." And he spoke of the casual life of island fisher folk.

Though Jesse had lived in Pequot Landing longer than any of us could remember, still he never really got used to it; not only did he view our New England extremes of temperature with dissatisfaction, but viewed with equal dissatisfaction our small-town Puritan ethics and folkways.

"Lordy," he said, with a woeful shake of his head, "hereabouts folks burned witches, isn't that so, Missis?"

"Indeed, yes, Jesse. It's part of the New England ethic, which, even after centuries, still hangs on. We are guilt-ridden and fearful of impropriety. Narrow lives make for narrow minds. Or perhaps it's the other way around? But one day it may change."

"Change how?" Harry wanted to know.

"Well, today our population is around five thousand in the town. But it will grow, what with the new highway, and the factories being built. There will be more houses—but the people living in them won't necessarily be of English stock, or Protestant, or even white."

Continuing the conversation, Lady said, "Blue wants to fly, Woody wants to sail; how about you, Harold," Lady asked, "what do you want to be?" Rabbit came up with the astounding information that he wanted to be a veterinarian. I suppressed a laugh, thinking it funny that he wanted to take care of animals, after how he'd treated Colonel Blatchley's prize hares.

"The way I figure it, you can always find a doctor if you have to, but when a dog gets runned over who's around to put it back together?"

He said it so soberly and so earnestly, you couldn't doubt him.

Then Lady, in her gently inquiring way, asked questions about Rabbit's mother and how she was getting on at Meadowland. I could tell that he didn't like talking about it. As for Dora, part of her trouble had something to do with her ear canals, and that was why she wasn't right in the head.

Lady seemed to be paying particular attention to the recital of these woes, and when she reached and tousled Rabbit's hair I felt the Green-Eyed Monster rising in me again in spite of myself.

But it was as this subject ended that Lady told us that in September our sister Nonnie was going away to college. I glanced at Lew and Harry, wondering where Ma had managed to come up with the tuition, but however it was to be arranged, I was happy that Nonnie was finally going to realize her dream of becoming a teacher.

Lady stood up. "Jesse, Elthea's going to be wondering where we are if we don't start back." She smiled around the circle. "It's been a gorgeous night, boys. Thank you for letting us share it with you. Can someone put the hamper in the boat?"

Later, Blue left, the fire dwindled, and we bedded down. Lying in my sleeping roll, I looked up at the moon at its zenith. I thought about Blue, wondering if there would be a war and if he would go to fight, or if he'd end up stuck in Pequot Landing, driving the Pilgrim Market truck. A twelve-horsepowered boy in a one-horsepowered town, trying to make an honest dollar in a day when, as Blue had pointed out, a dollar wasn't easy to come by.

Lady had a West Indies housekeeping couple, Jesse and Elthea Griffin. We soon learned that if you wanted to get on with Lady, you learned to get on with Jesse and Elthea first.

Not that we were really aware of the Depression, and the fact that people elsewhere were suffering through hard times. At home there was always food on our table, even if it was shepherd's pie or goulash.

But of soup kitchens and bread lines and alphabetized relief programs, we were ignorant, except what we heard on the radio or read in the papers or saw in the movies. We all knew what we wanted to be when we grew up, which was to be better than our antecedents, to make more money and be more famous, and at all costs to get out of Pequot Landing.

I wondered if any of us would ever get to do what we thought we wanted to, and I was conscious of yearnings I couldn't define, vague yet distressing, and the realization of how hard it was to grow up, and what an unnatural process it seemed. I couldn't wait for it to happen, to be grown up and away, away from Pequot Landing. What I didn't realize then, and perhaps never thought about until much later, until Blue Ferguson was dead, and my brother Lew, when all the war casualties were counted and we really were grown, was that we were living in a time of peace, and that that was a most valuable thing.

Then, after Hermitage Island, August came and went, September was here, summer had gone, and it was back to school again. I was in the sixth grade.

It was Halloween night, and, as it happened, Jesse and Elthea's day off. After supper we all carried our stamp albums over to Lady's, to spend the evening.

She was at that time doing some needlepoint which proved to be a pair of slippers, red and black, with handsome gold designs on the toes. The slippers were to be a Christmas present for Jesse; she couldn't stand his old carpet slippers any longer, or the shoes with the cut X's for his corns. And the corns, as we knew, were prognosticating a winter of heavy weather. I deftly turned the moment to remind Lady of her promise that if there was enough snow we would have a sleigh ride, earning only the usual response, "We'll see."

It was then that I heard the trolley car stop, and a few moments later the doorbell rang. Lady put aside her work, and went into the hallway. Presently the sound of low voices rose from beyond the door. We all exchanged glances, then the front door closed, and Lady came back.

She ran her hand along her forehead saying, "Well, children, I'm a bit tired, so perhaps we'll say good night now. You all just go along. Don't forget your stamps." Well, I thought, she sure was in a hurry to have us out of there.

She led us into the hall and opened the front door for us. When Lady bent to kiss me, I glanced over her shoulder into the dining room and saw the dark figure of the man, half hidden behind the doorjamb. It was the red-haired Mr. Ott. The front door closed and, suppressing a gasp, I hurried down the walk after the others.

I waited until I had gotten to the Great Elm, then stopped and looked back. The carriage lights had been turned off and the shades pulled. Seeing me stop, Ma began urging me to come in before I caught my death, so I left the tree and followed the others in, trying to act as if nothing had happened. Later, when everybody had retired, I sat up in the darkened sleeping porch where I could see every move that was made across the Green.

I had only a half hour to wait for further developments, for when the next trolley came by, Elthea and Jesse got off.

The church bell rang ten o'clock, and it was just after that the gun went off. We recognized immediately the blast of a shotgun. It was only one barrel, but enough to wake the neighborhood.

"What's happened? What was that gun?" Ma called. A light went on in Ruthie Sparrow's bedroom, then we headed for the stairs. Ma appeared in her nightgown at her door. We all raced pellmell down the stairs and out in front. Ruthie Sparrow was already on her porch with her Seiss-Altags.

Then, over at Lady's, the lights went on, the door opened, and Elthea came out, laughing to beat the band. We hurried to her, meeting halfway across the Green, where she explained that Jesse had thought maybe he'd seen a prowler out behind the carriage house and had fired at it, but it turned out to be only a bush.

This explanation accepted, all retired to their respective houses, and the Green fell silent again. We went upstairs. When everyone had gone back to bed I sneaked back down to the sleeping porch for further observation.

Shortly thereafter the trolley car was heard returning from Talcottville. A brief glimmer of light showed at Lady's front door as it quickly opened and closed, and someone hurried down the walk. There was just time for the figure to catch the trolley, and as the car passed I got a closer glimpse: the figure wore an overcoat with the collar turned up, and a wide-brimmed hat.

So much for the visit of the red-haired man.

Except for one thing: when I'd seen Mr. Ott in the dining room he had been carrying a pair of gloves in his left hand, and a briefcase. But when he had gotten on the trolley his hands were empty.

Why, I wondered, would Mr. Ott leave his briefcase behind?

The winter of 1935–36, as the local prophets had foreseen, was a humdinger. The first snow flew before Thanksgiving, always a robust sign. But with all the snow there came no sleigh ride as promised, for Lady Harleigh did not appear. She had gone into "retirement" again.

When queried, Elthea and Jesse volunteered no more information as to Lady's state of health other than that she was "doing well."

School let out for Christmas. Remembering Lady's story of Edward Harleigh courting her, I came up with an idea I thought foolproof in effecting her reappearance, and on Christmas Eve we gathered on the stoop, and began singing "Good Night, Ladies," but changing the word to fit Lady, just as the carolers had when Edward had asked Lady to marry him:

"Good night, Lady, Good night,
Lady,
Good night, Lady, we're going
To leave you now . . ."

But I knew it was not we who were leaving her, but she who had left us, for Lady would not come out.

It was a sad Christmas that year.

The weather continued bitter, not only because of the snow, but bitter mostly because of never seeing Lady. In February we spent hours making valentines for her.

I dropped the envelopes in her box, rang the bell, ran down the walk, and hid behind a snowdrift. Jesse appeared in a wool sweater and picked out the cards.

I lay back against the drift, and, glancing over at the Piersons' house, I felt a sharply rising thrill: smoke was pouring out from behind one of the living-room storm windows!

I dashed back up Lady's walk, grabbed at the doorknob, my momentum carrying me into the hall. I ran to the telephone table, shouting for Jesse and Elthea at the same time. When Elthea came through the kitchen door, I handed her the phone, told her to call the fire department, and ran out again.

The thought had entered my head, and it stayed there, buzzing around my brain like a bee. I was sure murder had been committed. . . .

When I got to the Piersons' front walk, I rushed up on the porch, flung the door open, and ran in. The hall was filled with smoke. "Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Pierson!" I called. Then, through the haze, I saw her come to the banister above, clutching her kimono across her chest.

"Oh, my God, the damn house is on fire!" I blinked as Blue Ferguson appeared. Then he leaped behind Mrs. Pierson, but not before I saw that he was stark naked.

A moment later Jesse came through the front door, followed by Elthea. I ran and slid the living-room doors partly open, then slammed them again as I became engulfed in smoke. Jesse was moving Elthea out onto the front stoop and in the distance I could hear the whistle blowing at the firehouse. Without thinking, I started up the stairs two at a time, grabbing Mrs. Pierson's arm; Blue Ferguson was nowhere to be seen. I pulled Mrs. Pierson down the stairs. Seeing Elthea just outside the door, she drew back, but I clung fast and got her through the doorway where Elthea took her down the steps.

Running to the kitchen to look for a pail, I found one on the back steps, an empty Pilgrim Market basket beside it. Filling the pail at the sink, I saw something dark flash by the window. I stood on tiptoe and saw Blue floundering in the deep drift by the drainpipe, trying to make it to the driveway where his truck was parked.

I was reasonably certain no one had noticed the truck slip out of the driveway, for the fire engine was coming in the opposite direction, and there was a great deal of commotion. There was no need now for my pail of water, so I set it down and when no one was looking I returned to the back steps. I took the market basket out behind the garage and buried it in the deepest drift I could find.

Fire, and then—a judgment from on high?—flood, though I doubted that there were any so foolish as to call the devastation that lay in store for us that spring a mark from heaven, for there befell our town a disaster whose effects were as far-reaching as they were famous: the Great Flood of 1936.

But before this major event occurred I had been afforded ample time to dwell on that last appearance of the red-haired man. I had spent endless hours of speculation regarding his mysterious visit at Halloween. The thought had entered my head, and it stayed there, buzzing around my brain like a bee. I was sure that murder had been committed; that in fact, Lady Harleigh had shot Mr. Ott, and that Jesse had disposed of the *corpus delicti* somewhere on the premises, though what happens to *corpora delicti* in a state of decomposition hardly came to my mind.

My theory was put to the test several weeks later at the height of the flood. For weeks, now, with the sun growing warmer, the snow first turned to slush, then melted altogether. The ice in the river had begun breaking up, and the current carried it south in a steady and speedy flow, and the river day by day rose alarmingly. The boys from the nearest CCC group began working around the clock, sandbagging the dike northeast of the town but these labors proved fruitless as the water level continued to increase.

For days excitement ran high around the Green with rumors of evacuation.

One morning the National Guard was called out, and we awoke to find our back yard knee-deep in water. The dike had gone. The radio told us that the schools were closed. If the river continued to come up, we would be flooded

out before nightfall. Lew said we must start packing, and get Ma and Ag.

There was no sign of life over at Lady's, and I wondered if they had all left, though there seemed to be no reason to; her house was on higher ground and relatively safe from the rising water.

We started wading away from our house. Then I saw the front door open across the way, and Lady appeared, bundled up in Jesse's old sweater.

"Where are you going?" she called, and we answered to the Masonic Hall.

"Nonsense," she returned in a tone I remembered. "Lew—Harry, come this way—this way, boys. Hurry before your poor mother gets all wet. Hello, Agnes. Nice weather for ducks, isn't it?"

There she stood, the laughter in her voice suggesting that this was all some marvelous adventure. She called back to the house for Elthea and Jesse, saying guests were coming and to make ready. Half an hour later, grouped around the fire Jesse had built, with hot coffee and tea or cocoa, Lady's laughter floating about us as she talked about the house party we were going to have—"Larks, my dears, we'll have such larks"—I openly rejoiced, knowing then that she had come back to us again.

Had, in fact, never left us; or so it seemed. She was the Lady of old, brimming with fun and plans, and unable to do enough for us, our whole family scattered helter-skelter about her house. We stayed five days, and they were among the best I can recall. Never was there notice taken of Lady's latest and longest retirement. Nor was the last visit of the red-haired man spoken of. It was as if she had blocked out all the unpleasant things that had happened since that Halloween night.

The matter remained a mystery as the flood tide continued to recede and the water edged back from the Green. But, the water line dropping, I knew that each inch brought us nearer to the day when we must leave and go home. It was at this point that Lady announced that she was going to give a party—an end-of-the-flood party. The house now being accessible, she would invite all the neighbors, and we would have a high old time.

The party preparations were well underway in the kitchen, and there were wonderful smells coming from the oven. Ma told me to go ask Lady for a tablecloth. I found her on the wicker chaise in her bedroom, having a cup of tea. She said the tablecloth was in the linen closet at the end of the hall.

In the linen closet, hidden behind the square tin cakebox Lady kept her sewing things in, I made an exciting discovery: Mr. Ott's briefcase! There it was, pushed all the way to the back of the shelf, and, realizing I had been right all the time, I pulled it toward me. I was trying to undo the straps when I heard footsteps on the stairs. It was Elthea coming up. She went into Lady's room, and I quickly replaced the briefcase, grabbed the tablecloth, and ducked out, shutting the door. As I came along the hall, I heard Lady's voice.

"I don't see why, dear."

"He thinks it'd be a bit more tactful," Elthea replied. "With so many people coming."

"But those things have always been there. Why should I rearrange a room—*my* room—to please others?"

"It's just really pleasing him."

Colonel Blatchley, I decided, had suggested the removal of her shrine for the party, a request Lady took exception to.

She paused, and I heard her moving the things around on her vanity table. "All right. If you think so."

"Thank you. Have a nice nap."

"Thank you, dear. I'll try."

When I think of her now, I see her, most often, as she was that night: never lovelier, never more elegant or exquisite, never more shining or alive. I remember her, seated in her favorite wing chair by the fire, the black velvet skirt of her dress spread around. And from the chair she greeted her guests.

When people had heaped their plates at the buffet, Jesse filled the wine glasses with champagne, and Colonel Blatchley led the toasts. Lady proposed one of her own.

"To present company," she offered, moving her glass in a semicircle and taking in the gathering, "and absent friends. . . ." Her glance went to the gateleg table where the champagne cooled in a large porcelain bucket filled with ice, beside a bouquet of hothouse flowers, these things replacing the familiar shrine to Edward Harleigh, the photographs, the war medal, and other mementos. Earlier I had realized this must have been what Lady and Elthea were discussing in the bedroom.

The toasts honored, Lady sat again, the rugs came up, and there was dancing to the radio in the living room, card games in the back parlor, and the stairway was dotted with sitters and watchers, eaters and drinkers. Lady maintained her chair through the evening, and I kept close to her side. Seeing how Lady was loved, I loved her more.

And then, too soon, it was over. In spite of floods risen and abated, group by group the guests departed.

The next night found us returned to our own house: damp, musty, and all too common in its familiarity.

It was then that I suddenly remembered the Pilgrim Market basket I had buried in the drift behind the Piersons' garage on that fateful day.

To me, it had been an awesome fall from grace, Blue Ferguson's. I knew now why the Pilgrim Market truck had so often been parked at the Piersons' kitchen door, hidden behind the screen of fir trees from Mrs. Sparrow's prying eyes. He was no different from anybody else, just one more of the common mold, a god with feet of clay. But if I had thought that the secret lay buried with the market basket I was mistaken. In some way the news had leaked out, and the next thing we heard was that Blue had left town. But who, besides myself, had known? I thought immediately of Dora Hornaday, Rabbit's sister, whom I'd often seen lingering at the Pierson home. I was right—she'd been spying. The talk that subsequently went around was that Mrs. Pierson, in a fit of remorse, had confessed her sins to Mr. Pierson, who made all sorts of threats against Blue. Then we learned that Blue had run off, nobody knew where, and his mother was sick with worry.

In no time the story was all over town. People talked of nothing else. Blue Ferguson—the fair-haired boy, profane and sullied, skulking out of town, tail between his legs. He was to have been graduated from high school in June, and his scholarship arranged for in the fall.

People had said Blue Ferguson would go far, and they were right. Far had he gone; but where?

When I thought of Blue, as occasionally I did—not without meanness, for I felt some sort of personal betrayal—it seemed incomprehensible to me that he would have just sneaked off and not taken the consequences as I thought someone like Blue ought to have done.

The more I dwelled on it the deeper the funk I got into, and as the last of the snow melted away and the weather warmed, what I considered to be my old world seemed to melt, too; I would have gladly had winter come again, narrowing my horizon and imprisoning me with its familiar white boundaries. Spring was lurking, and I became fearful of it.

Perhaps it was nothing more than spring fever, but my desperate mood was altered by a chance but memorable encounter, in which existed the opportunity of a greater understanding of myself and of others, and a realization of what we so often forgot, the fact that my bones were lengthening, confirming the measuring marks on the kitchen doorjamb, that I was that most average of creatures, a boy growing up.

This meeting came, in that time of kindest April when, the flood having devastated and then receded, the whole Connecticut River Valley was drenched with a picture-book sort of spring. It was on a Saturday after lunch, with a sky bright but scudding with clouds. Alone, I walked down toward Talcottville and climbed to the top of Talcott Hill; I cut diagonally down and across the pasture to the pond behind the old Paulus farm.

When I got there I followed the course

of the stream that it made into the woods, where little pockets of clean snow still lay sloped against some of the tree bases. I flopped down in a sunny dry spot, taking in all the spring sounds and sights around me.

"Am I interrupting you?" asked a voice I knew. I opened my eyes and looked up at Lady Harleigh. She was dressed for walking, with heavy shoes and her old flannel skating skirt, and the wool cardigan sweater that hung in the back porch and that Jesse sometimes put on. "I thought perhaps you were asleep. Just thinking? May I join you?"

She took a place beside me, as she explained that she, like me, was out for a walk on this day of days, and had been following me as I came into the woods from the pond. From her talk and her manner I could tell that she was feeling the magic of the day, glorious as if all the things that had gone before, all bad things, might be forgotten.

Still, within me I felt that surge of things not understood, of wishing—what? Wanting—what? Needing—whom? I turned away, staring down at the stream where it rushed fast over some rocks. Presently I felt her light hand on my collar, and the finger touching my ear was warm.

"What is it?" she asked gently. She cupped my chin and turned my head. "You can tell me if you want to."

"Blue Ferguson's never coming back."

"How do you know?" Her voice was gentler still.

"I just do." I became suddenly angry at the thought of Blue's having put everything behind him, of having struck out on his own, of having gotten out of Pequot, of having left me there, abandoned, frittering away my time. "Blue Ferguson can go to hell," I added hotly.

"Let's hope he's not gone quite that far." She continued her gentle probing.

"There's more, isn't there? More about Blue? About Blue and Lilah Pierson?" The words came out so unexpectedly and with such frankness that I pulled away. I felt a flooding of embarrassment, that she of all people should have brought up the subject.

"I saw it all, you know." I stared in surprise, and she nodded. "From my hall window. You were getting a pail on the back steps. Blue's market basket was there. He came out of a snowdrift, and drove away. You took the basket out behind the garage." I silently concurred in her recollection of the events.

"Did you tell?" I demanded.

"Heavens, no, not I. His secret was safe enough with me." She smiled at the thought, then grew suddenly grave, as she often did. "Whom do you feel badly for? Blue? Mrs. Pierson? How do you feel about Blue's being in the house that day?"

"It wasn't just that day! It was lots of days. Lots and lots. When Mr. Pierson was away. Upstairs with her, in the back room. Everybody knows—at the barbershop, the firehouse. They're laughing at him. It must have been Dora Hornaday who told—everyone's laughing and—and—"

"And it's dirty."

I blinked at her in shock. Surely she wasn't going to—

"Is it?" she insisted, reaching for my hand. "Is it dirty?"

"Sure, it's dirty."

"And you're disappointed in Blue, that he could do dirty things."

"Yes."

"And you can't forgive him."

"I hope he never comes back, I hope I never see him—"

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't use that word."

"Why not?"

"Because never is a long, long time. Come, let's sit a minute."

Taking my hand, she brought me to a pile of timber and we sat side by side on the sawed logs, our fingers entwined together in her lap. I could not possibly reconstruct the words she used in this troubled moment, but whatever hurts I had suffered—the disappointment in Blue, and the contempt I felt for his having been caught doing dirty things with Mrs. Pierson—were salved and the thoughts that were causing me turmoil lay where they could be examined and, possibly, understood.

She talked about the incalculable differences between men and women, not only the physical, but those others that are harder to analyze. She talked of love between them, and of how there was a vast difference between what Blue had been doing in the back room with Mrs. Pierson, and the love a man may have for the woman he sets his heart on, and she for him. It was not at all like that—firehouse smut and beerhall jokes.

Never did she employ such pat triteness as "One day, when you are old enough . . . you will understand." I was old enough on that day, and if I chose, she told me, I could understand it at that precise moment. And though she spoke of serious matters, of things I had never talked or scarcely thought about before, she did so with such warmth and humor, that I realized that the circumstances of the Ferguson-Pierson intrigue were no more than the joining of two forms for immediate release and profit.

"This you must believe," she said, holding my gaze with an intent and profound expression, her eyes searching mine, "this you must absolutely believe if you will ever believe anything I shall ever tell you. It is not the coming together or the parting of two people that counts, or where or when, but those two people themselves, and in what manner they are joined. And if it is not with hate but with love, not with impatience but with understanding, and never with boredom but with interest, then nothing can be wrong with their being together, no matter how wrong it may seem to others. But those others, they do not count, they must not be permitted to count, for it is only between the two persons themselves that it must have meaning. It is not so difficult for people to arrange their lives sensibly if they behave sensibly, but to arrange their lives happily, that is a far, far different thing. Can you understand this?"

It was a lot to understand, but I tried, and she saw that I tried, that I knew somehow it was in that moment most important that I should understand.

"You cannot hope to do it all at once. It can only come with time. But if you will try to start believing this now, when you are just so old, it will be easier and more profitable to you when you are ready."

"What will I be ready for?"

"You will be ready to love someone in the way that you can hope to love someone, with all of yourself."

She plucked a leaf from my sleeve. "You see, life is hardly ever one thing or another, and things don't ever stay the same. Perhaps that's one of life's tragedies. But who knows, perhaps it's one of life's blessings as well. And blessings, as we know, always come mixed. But meanwhile—isn't it a beautiful world? Look at that sky, doesn't it make you feel *good?*"

Later, we walked back up Talcott Hill together, and standing at the crest we looked back upon the scene, the pond and the Paulus farm, the woods where we had walked, where winter had become spring, where the whole sense of change was apparent to the eye.

"It could all be so beautiful," she said as we turned to go, "if people were just kind." I said I thought she was very wise. She laughed and tugged my ear. "Ah," she said, taking my hand, "what is more wise than to be kind? And what is more kind than to understand?"

It seemed a new beginning, but perhaps it was only an old ending, the end of innocence merely, not a beginning at all. I had thought I had learned something, had advanced a stride or two in the painful process of maturing, but in this I was to be proved wrong. Understanding does not necessarily come with the accumulation of years, but with a willingness to understand, and when my chance came I was unwilling; and through this stubborn unwillingness a breach opened between us that was to alter our relationship forever.

But, for the moment, Lady's reappearance in our lives was a sort of epiphany, for like the spring itself, she in her full-flowering way had shone

forth again, once more to establish herself as the center of our lives, and for a time all proceeded in what appeared to be our normal fashion.

That August we learned of Blue Ferguson's whereabouts. We knew that his mother had received some letters, postmarked New York, but with no return address. Now the *Hartford Times* had a story that he was listed as leaving for Spain with members of the Lincoln Brigade, who had volunteered to fight with the Loyalists. Porter Sprague took up his post in front of the barber shop, insisting that the Lincoln Brigade was nothing but a pack of Communists.

I was happy for Blue. In my mind the tarnish of previous events had worn off. Somehow I knew that he was going to redeem himself, and that he'd come back to town a hero.

One evening Miss Berry called over the fence from her kitchen steps, and I went to see what she wanted. It was cereal boxes, about six months' worth, stacked on her back porch.

"Gee, Miss Berry, we don't send box tops anymore."

She peered at me through her spectacles with a dubious expression. "Aren't they any good?"

"Oh, sure, but that's for kids."

"Goodness, no more Tim McCoy. Well, I guess you're growing up." She sighed.

I liked Miss Berry; everyone did. I suppose everyone more or less took her for granted. She had for years been part and parcel of the community. Hers was the blood of her Puritan ancestors, and the sturdy fiber of the New Englander, hewed and strengthened since the days of the Pequots. Miss Berry had the virtues of the Yankee, without his vices. She was no bigot, no horse-with-blinders, and if she had her prejudices she kept them well to herself.

She could recall much of the town's history and was full of stories. In her great-grandfather's time, cattle and sheep had grazed right there near the Great Elm. Over there, at Colonel Blatchley's house, there'd been an inn, for the first Boston Post Road had gone right past our doors before George Washington's time. Miss Berry herself had once attended the "little red schoolhouse," a one-room antique which still stood at the corner of Valley Hill Road and Welles Street.

It was presently used as a police station, and was close to the house that Lady's mother had lived in when she moved from Knobb Street. I mentioned the fact, and asked what she had been like.

"Old Mrs. Strasser?" Miss Berry said, "she had a mind of her own, I expect." I suspected Miss Berry was being tactful; most people who'd known her didn't care for Lady's mother.

"She sewed well enough," Miss Berry added. "But she didn't make Adelaide's life any the easier, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"She sent Lady out to bring home the bacon for her, so to speak. Lady has always been too generous a soul. A dear one if ever there was."

"What was Mr. Harleigh like? Her husband?"

"Edward?" She considered for a moment. "Edward was like any man who has too much of one thing and not enough of another. He expended himself very quickly. He was a prodigal, Edward Harleigh."

"Why does she see Edward's ghost?"

"Pshaw, ghosts are just the workings of a vivid imagination. What she ought to do is clear all those things out and put them away; such reminders aren't healthy for a person."

"And she did. I guess Colonel Blatchley got her to put the photographs away for the party—and the medal, all of it."

"Ah," she said, taking my hand, "what is more wise than to be kind? And what is more kind than to understand?"

"Why, good for Colonel Blatchley, then. Lady's mind is elaborate, I can say that. Like most thinking folks. Trouble is, hers won't let her rest. Won't let Edward rest, neither."

"But why is she so sad sometimes?"

"We all have hurts. Some are harder t'heal, some never do. A dog licks its wounds in the thicket. Adelaide Harleigh was never one to show her sorrow. We will be her friends and let her come to us if she chooses, or chooses not, however. Let me include myself, for I am always her friend. And another thing"—here she peered at me most gravely from behind her spectacles—"it is not good to expect too much from people. They give what they can. Sometimes it is all they can give. Ayuh." She confirmed her words with a precise nod. "We all ask too much of one another anyway, I think. But," she concluded, "it's good when one feels the affections of the past. They are among the lasting things—they will never leave us."

One Sunday, Jesse, who had been taking down the awnings, fell from his ladder. Lady found him among the rhododendrons, and had gotten him to bed. Just before Sunday dinner the doctor's car pulled up and he got out with his black valise. That afternoon we heard that Jesse had had a stroke and was confined to bed.

Though no one would admit it, least of all Elthea or Lady, it was a serious matter. Jesse's heart had been weak for a long time, and the doctor had cautioned him against overdoing.

By Thanksgiving, he was up and around again, but he shuffled, rather than walked, as if by some inner instinct he were purposely shortening his stride to lengthen his life. He seldom spoke unless spoken to, but was constantly making growling sounds in his throat, as though in protest against some unseen hand. And if the hand were unseen, still we knew whose hand it was he feared: the hand of death. He appeared grateful for any little attention, or the slightest display of affection.

One day I found him sitting alone in the kitchen, and sensing that he was grateful for the intrusion, I pulled up a chair and sat with him to keep him company. Once he caught my eye and the corners of his mouth twitched in a reluctant smile.

"You've grown some, son."

"I'll be twelve."

"Twelve's old enough." He nodded, more to himself that to me, I thought. "You goin's some, mon?"

"I'm sorry—"

"You going 'way from this place or you goin' stay round, like some folks do?"

"Well, I'd like to get away, yes."

"You come back sometimes. You'll have to look after Missis. She a fine lady—*fine* lady. Reckon how long it's been. Mean, reckon how long I been hyere. I been hyere eighteen year come Easter. Long time to live in a house that ain't your own. Well, I guess old Jesse c'n just do some settin' and a-rockin' now. Never will see next Easter."

"Sure you will—"

"No, mon. Reckon they'll put me in the ground 'fore then. . . ."

After a while, taking notice of his slipper toe, he said, "Reckon how many stitches in such a slipper? Misses does fine needlework, agreed? Sewin' such a pair of slippers for Jesse." He drew in a breath, then expelled it wearily, as if the next would be more tiredly drawn.

"Son, whatcha gonna do with yourself? Still goin' to be a sailor? Read your Bowditch's, you want to be a sailor. But you got to get your schoolin', that's the thing."

"You're always reading medical books. Why didn't you get to be a doctor?" I asked.

He scratched, rubbed his back against the chair slats like a luxuriating animal. "Why-y," he drawled at last, "things . . . intervened, reckon. Sometimes there's things more important than just being something."

"Like what?"

"Like? Oh, like folks. Other folks can be more important. Anybody can be a doctor if they want to bad enough. Trouble with me. . . ."

"Yes?"

". . . was a woman. There's a thing; a woman surely can be the downfall of a man, surely can. Upfall—no such word, of course, but sometimes she could be the upfall. The making of a man. Certain women make a man more a man than he'd otherwise attain to. But that's a rare creature indeed. A woman can be a good deal of trouble. There's sinning, and then there's *sinning*. Lord *God*, there's sinning!"

And then he was down on his knees, his hands clasped and lifted to the steam pipes above, while tears rolled down his cheeks and he mumbled an anguished prayer, "Lord God, help this poor sinner, help me, Lord," and his plea was fervent and I saw that he suffered. Then, still on his knees, without looking, he groped for my hand. I gave it to him and he clasped it hard, still mumbling to God, squeezing my fingers together, and I relished the pain of it.

His tears made two silvery lines down the deep creases beside his nose. He looked at me with the same frantic expression he had offered to God.

"Son, listen—God's going to turn his back on me. He's going to look away from me, won't take me, won't ever take me, but when I'm gone you got to look after Missis. You do that for old Jesse, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't have to 'sir' me. You just make me that promise and Jesse'll die happy. Shake, son?"

"Shake, Jesse."

Then he sagged, and before he could topple I caught him in my arms.

Holding him, I thought, Who is he, this sleepy dark man? He had been a part of all our lives, but he was a stranger in our midst. What did we know of him, really, any of us? He was a person who in some indefinable way I could say I loved. If he died, I would be sad. I would miss him. But who was he, really? When he had gone, what would I remember about him? A trip in the Minerva landaulet to hear Rudy Vallee, some Christmases and Thanksgivings, and him in his slippers. Perhaps that was all I would remember of him, a pair of slippers padding in the halls, on the stairs, through the kitchen.

Winter came on, if not apace, then by degrees, and if not with the harshness of the previous blizzard year, then with enough snow to give the semblance of winter. But what fell soon melted and by the time school let out for vacation all signs pointed toward no white Christmas.

Jesse had good days and bad. One afternoon I heard him make a remark that I found odd, he who had never cared for cold weather.

"Wish it would snow," he said hopefully as I came in through the kitchen with an armload of evergreen boughs for Lady's mantel. All of us had been over through the afternoon helping with the usual preholiday decorations. Earlier we'd gone to pick out the Christmas tree, one for our house and the larger one for Lady's.

"Why, Jesse?" I asked.

"Why? Christmas comes, ought to be snow, oughtn't there?" He was bundled into his old sweater, and wore his needlepoint slippers. But as he replied his dark eyes had a twinkle in them, a light that I had not thought to see again, and I knew him well enough to realize there must be something behind his comment that I should be able to decipher.

As always, he had his reasons, whose source was revealed when in fact snow did fall two days before Christmas Eve. This seemed to offer him satisfaction, and though he chose to remain upstairs that afternoon, Elthea said he was sitting by the window watching it come down.

That evening I heard a sound out in front, one unmistakable to my ear. I rushed and flung open the front door.

"Anyone for a sleigh ride?" Lady called, bundled up beside Colonel Blatchley, whose chestnut mare was hitched between the shafts, the sleigh twinkling in the street-light gleam.

And so I finally got my sleigh ride, and having come so unlooked-for, it was the more memorable. The sleigh could take only four at a time, and I let the rest go first, one load, then another, while doors opened around the Green and neighbors waved. At the end of each trip the sleigh deposited the passengers at Lady's doorway, then came around to ours for the next load, and when it came my turn Lady arrived in the sleigh alone. The Colonel, she said, had gone in to mix the punch, and did I mind if just we two went?

I didn't mind.

If a sleigh ride in July is merely being taken for a ride, a hoax of sorts, my sleigh ride that December eve was none.

We rode along Main Street, talking now and then, but mostly feeling the spell of the moment. I thought what a handsome town we had, how elegant the fronts of the houses, their lighted doorways and windows and green wreaths over the knockers' fluttering red bows.

"Where would anyone live but here, if they could?" Lady said. If her feelings toward the owners of these houses was soon to alter, and theirs toward her, tonight all was as it should be.

When we got to the cemetery drive, Lady turned the horse from the road and we glided in. She drew gently on the reins, slowed, then stopped the horse and, handing the leads to me, got out.

"Just for a moment," she said lightly. She walked across the white space toward the stone marking Edward's resting place. In the flurrying snow and the pale light, I could just make out the dark shape of her figure as she stood motionless, looking down at the snow-blanketed grave.

I helped her back into the sleigh and we continued along the snowy aisle between the graves, passing out into the street again.

"Jesse looks better this week, don't you think?" she asked in the child's tone she sometimes fell into. Yes, I said, he definitely looked better. "He's dying." No, I said. "He will not last the year." But I said Jesse was a tough nut, hard to crack. "Dying," she persisted; "and he's so patient about it."

We continued along to the Green, and when we pulled into her drive she started to get out, then drew me back against the seat and took my hand. "It's true that you'll be going away. Sooner than I could hope for, and one day there is something I should like you to know."

"About you?"

"Don't be a great booby, of course about me."

Aha—the, as I thought, defunct Mr. Ott. "Is it a deep terrible secret?"

"All secrets are dark and terrible. It's the way of the world."

"I think," I said, "I know something."

"Ah," she returned, with that mischievous look, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." She laid my hand against her cheek and I could feel the cold through my mitten. "But it can wait. Come, we must make a merry Christmas. I'll send Lew and Harry out to help you unharness Colonel Blatchley's horse." She donned a mask of lightness, forcibly putting aside her earlier morbid thought, and went in, all gaiety, disappearing through the brightly lighted doorway where Elthea answered her ring, the sound of her laughter rising as she went to greet her guests.

The door closed behind her. I did not know it then, but it was the end of all the Christmases of my childhood, for the closing of that door really marked the end of Lady Harleigh as I had known her. Later, when the party was the merriest, we sneaked out through the kitchen, reappearing at the garlanded front door to sing "Good Night, Lady," and this time she did come out to hear, with tears and smiles, and was touched; but after that it was never the same, never could have been, for within months I had made my terrible discovery. And after all, Lady had told me, never is a long, long time.

The concluding part of "Lady" will appear next month.

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

continued from page 58

The work need not be identical. But the jobs must be essentially similar.

Hospital pay scales

Our daughter is going into training this fall to become an X-ray technologist. When she graduates she will probably work in one of the big hospitals in Chicago, where we live. Would she do better so far as pay is concerned to work in a publicly owned city hospital or a private hospital?

According to the latest figures available, she would do about the same in either institution. To document this, here are state and local government hospital pay scales as a percentage of private hospital pay scales in nine major U.S. cities in 1972 for radiologic technologists—and also for general duty nurses and licensed practical nurses.

Location	Radiologic (X-ray) technologists	General duty nurses	Licensed practical nurses
Baltimore	100%	109%	119%
Boston	104	102	140
Buffalo	123	107	117
Chicago	100	108	106
Los Angeles–Long Beach	111	110	119
Minneapolis–St. Paul	101	99	103
New York City	78	94	85
Philadelphia	116	105	121
San Francisco–Oakland	100	103	99

Handicapped workers

I am a paraplegic as a result of an automobile accident 10 years ago. I have undergone extensive government-subsidized physical-social-occupational rehabilitation and am now fully trained and certified as a laboratory technician. But two years of wheeling over the pavements of two major cities have failed to land me a job—in a hospital or a private company. I know a paraplegic is no pretty sight, but that's no excuse for not hiring a fully qualified person in a field in which there has been tremendous demand for workers.

I couldn't agree with you more. And on your side now is a new Labor Department regulation, effective this past June, requiring employers (federal contractors with contracts of $2,500 or more, and extending more than 90 days) to take "affirmative action" to seek out, hire and promote handicapped workers such as you. You need not look very far to find a federal contractor doing that relatively small amount of business with the government. And if you feel you have been turned down for a job opening solely because of your handicap, consider formally charging such employer(s) with discrimination under the 1973 Rehabilitation Act.

To bring such a charge, you need only be certified as handicapped by an appropriate agency (such as the state rehabilitation office). For details, inquire at the nearest office of the Labor Department's Employment Standards Administration. This provision could benefit as many as 12,000,000 men and women handicapped as you are.

Jobs for journalists

Our daughter graduated from a highly respected journalism school last June but still hasn't managed to get a job on a newspaper or in the other news media. The only openings seem to be in public relations firms and for technical writers. You're a journalist, so maybe you can shed some light on this dim picture.

The estimate is that this year's graduates from journalism schools outnumber actual job openings by nearly three to one. And "job openings" *include* advertising and public relations jobs as well as jobs on newspapers and magazines, in TV and radio, and the wire services.

But if your daughter is dedicated and determined, tell her to take a job in a "less desirable" (to her) field, to learn as much as she can and keep trying for a job in the area she really loves.

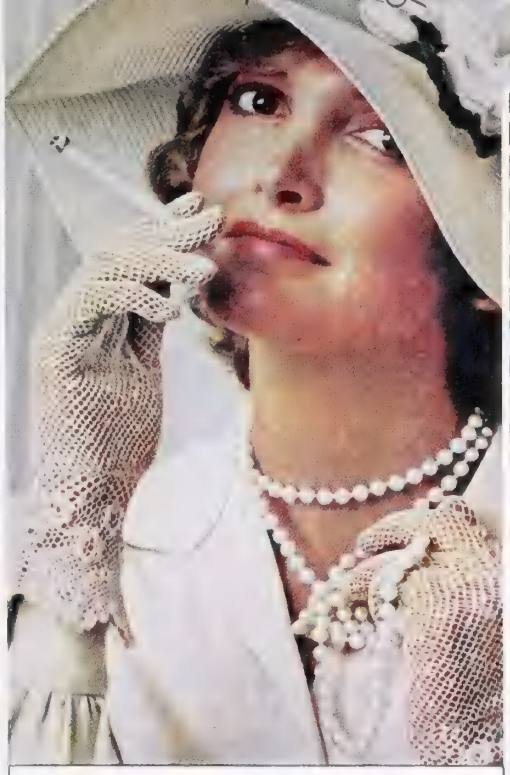
Journalism has *never* been an easy field to crack. But if she has what it takes, she'll make it.

Phantom at the supermarket

On top of all 1973's and 1974's food price rises, I have been noticing occasional overcharges of $1 or even $2 when I recheck my supermarket register tape. I can't figure out how the mistakes are made since all of the individual charges are correct and there are no charges for items not bought. The extra dollar or two seems to be just a "phantom" charge which doesn't appear separately but only in the total. How do you explain this?

It could be that an "adding machine jockey" has been working on your register tape. This cheater, at some point during the checkout, rolls the tape ahead and a couple of inches below the total you will see, and he or she rings up the mystery dollar or two. Then the cheater rolls the tape back to where the honest charges were. The addendum, thus, is counted in the total although it does not appear in the list of charges apparent to you. The clerk rips off your tape just below the total, but still above the extra charge. You don't know you have paid a premium unless you recheck and re-add your receipt against each item purchased with the utmost care—just as you did. Watch any clerk you suspect of adding phantom charges—and if you catch the cheater in the act, press charges without delay. **END**

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Cuticura - the medicated beauty soap.

MAKING IT IN SPORTS

continued from page 64

years." Yes. And men have been practicing since the Hellenic era.

BASEBALL AND SOFTBALL: From Connecticut to California, women's softball fills the ball parks and crowds cheer wildly for shut-out pitcher Joan Joyce (of the Raybestos Brakettes) or All-American fast-pitch hurler Charlotte Graham (of the Santa Clara Laurels). More than 80,000 spectators watched the 1973 Women's National Softball Championships in one week.

Hardball (baseball) has had two major breakthroughs for women: the Court decision that put eight- to 12-year-old girls into the Little League for the first time; and the Court of Appeals ruling that allowed a woman, Bernice Gera, to work as an umpire in organized baseball. After winning her five-year struggle to break the sex barrier, Ms. Gera quit umpiring at the end of her first game, citing the "cool resentment of the other umpires" as well as anonymous threats. "I wasn't scared off," she said. "I was just disgusted."

BASKETBALL: The potential of women's basketball is clear. Just look at rural Iowa. There, girls' high-school basketball runs on a $600,000 budget—most of it raised by gate receipts. More than 86,000 enthusiastic fans paid to see the state finals, and the games were telecast to nine states. Out of this Iowa hotbed came Denise Long, whose lifetime scoring average is 69.6 points a game. Basketball's number-one woman was thrilled to be the first female ever drafted by the men's National Basketball Association—until she discovered that the Golden State Warrior coach had chosen her only as a publicity stunt.

Ray Blake, basketball coach at San Bernardino Valley Junior College, was serious when he added Sue Palmer to the men's team. In one game against San Diego City College, with three minutes and 12 seconds left to play, Coach Blake's team was ahead, 114–85. He then put Ms. Palmer in. The San Diego boys walked off the court rather than be "humiliated" by a woman.

SKIING: In this country, women skiiers get most of the awards and least of the *rewards*. Women have won 11 of America's 13 Olympic ski medals and two thirds of the U.S.A.'s points in World Cup competition. Yet it is the male skiiers who make a living in the International Ski Racers Association, where they earn over $50,000 in winnings and as much in fees for endorsements of ski equipment.

There were no professional women skiers until January, 1973, when the Hang Ten Company, a sportswear firm, did for skiing what Virginia Slims did for tennis. They put up a purse and staged a women's race in Snowmass, Colo. In 1974, the second annual Hang Ten Cup races yielded a total of $12,400 in prize money, plus two tickets to Hawaii. It's a good start.

FOOTBALL: Yes, football! In 1970, Pat Palinkas came to the sport the way women used to come into politics: through her husband. She held the ball for his place-kicks and, briefly, both wore the uniforms of the Orlando (Fla.) Panthers, a minor league pro team. On a more modest level, eight women's football teams (owned by Syd Friedman of Cleveland) play a 12-game season (with salary) and attract average crowds of 2,000. But when lawyer James Eagan tried to start the N.Y. Fillies in 1972, he found he had almost more players than spectators. New York probably reflects the prevalent cultural attitude: football is simply considered too rough for women. (Shouldn't women make that decision for themselves?)

MOTOR SPORTS: Both major sanctioning groups, The Sports Car Club of America and The U.S. Automobile Club, claim they have no restrictions against women—but they have no women drivers nonetheless. Is this a function of female disinterest in motor sports, or of the lack of sponsorship which in turn limits women's chances to gain experience?

In amateur club events—like the Solo-2 obstacle course—plenty of women drivers compete, at their own expense. Judy Lilly, now sponsored by Chrysler, earns $20,000 a year as a champion drag racer. She estimates that fewer than 500 women are involved in motor racing at all levels, and she blames the sponsorship problem, not the women. "It took me three and a half years just to find a sponsor who would come up with $300 a year," she recalls. "And $300 a year doesn't even keep me in gasoline." Ms. Lilly says the sponsors accused her of going into racing "to meet guys."

SPORTS FOR ALL SEASONS: There are women cyclists, swimmers, squash players, rowing crews, mountain climbers, fencers, soccer players—even an all-female rugby team called "The Gentle Women of Aspen." Across the board it seems that the greatest resistance and discrimination come from team sports and the most conventionally "masculine" sports.

For example, in Hayward, Wisc., the annual U.S. logrolling competition distributes $10,000 to its winners—but the women's prizes are half that of the men's. In pocket billiards, the 1974 U.S. Open posted $40,000 worth of prizes, of which women were only eligible for $10,000. Table tennis awards men seven times more money than women—and shiny trophies triple the size of those given to women.

So, you see, if you're a spirited, skilled and motivated athlete, it's clear the biggest prize you can win in any sport is equality. **END**



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*We guarantee your Ah-h Bra underwire will not poke through the lining of the garment, or a return may be made for repair or replacement

MRS. THWAITE

continued from page 90

ity of her interest is hard to convey. She did not look at me as I spoke. If she had, I think the burning eyes might have disconcerted me. But there was an absolute, rapt stillness about her, broken only by an occasional sigh or a murmured, "Of course," or "Ah, yes!" or sometimes a "No!" of amazement or shared indignation. If she had so much as a stray thought apart from what I was telling her, no irrelevant sound or flicker of motion betrayed it.

Whenever Ursula told me about herself, it was always related to some problem of my own. This was how I heard the story of her marriage.

"Ah, yes, the quarrels!" she would say, after I had recounted one of my awful arguments with Phil. "I could never reason with Ashley. He simply roared right over what I was saying." Her voice would turn fond. "He was so big, you know, and did not realize the noise he made."

Ashley Thwaite. He had been British and a sea captain until he met Ursula, became an American citizen, and opened a real estate office. A huge, handsome, black-haired man who could pick Ursula up, as big as she was, and whirl her around as though she were a child. Violent, demanding, loving, generous, he had made her life difficult and wonderful, and she treasured every moment they had had together before he died.

At the time, Phil somewhat resembled him. Phil was black-haired and handsome too, and though of only average size, big compared to me. Like Ashley, he was loving and generous. He had, it seemed to me, a better sense of humor, but he could be difficult and unreasonable, and when he was angry he roared.

"I prefer a roarer," Ursula said. "One is never left in doubt about the issues. If I let Ashley roar himself out, he often came around to my view in the end."

He was, it appeared, less stubborn than Phil. At any rate, he stopped bugging Ursula, which Phil never did me, to suspend her career, and have a baby.

"I want a baby," I told her, "but I'm young. I have time. If I quit my job now to have one, I may never get it back. Later, when I've made myself indispensable, I won't have to worry."

"Ah, yes," Ursula said. "I know." She looked off into space as though letting my words seep into her and settle down. "It took Ashley a long time to understand that one cannot stop painting in midcanvas. Not when one has just begun to have shows and cause a little stir. Even a brief absence at that stage could be fatal. The public is always ready to take up somebody new."

"And Ashley," I said (by that time I felt I knew him as well as I knew her, and called them both by their first names), "finally agreed?"

"Well, what I suppose he did was let *me* roar myself out." She sighed. "At least I had my little stir. It has had to last me."

I did not want to ask about a baby, and I had no recollection afterward of doing so. Still, she answered me.

"By the time I had finished, you see, Ashley had died."

Now when I went to see Ursula in Williston, Miss Newell no longer disappeared before I arrived, but stayed to chat a few moments. Miss Newell, like so many others, had been transformed by Ursula. She had not become fascinating, but she was not the bore she had been. She even developed a kind of hammy wit that might have been caustic if she had been less good-humored.

"Little Miss Big Shot," she called me, her black monkey eyes smiling. "How's that handsome husband of yours, Little Miss Big Shot?"

The handsome husband was still working hard and roaring loud and bugging me to quit my job and relax and have a baby. One tense businessman in a household was enough, he told me. Not that he would not gladly let it be me, he said, but since he knew no way that he could have the baby, we would have to begin, at least, with me at home.

"Once I start," I said to Ursula, "I'll be stuck for good."

She said, "Yes. That's what I told Ashley."

It was the day I decided to quit that the thing with my boss, Eric, began. I suppose it had actually begun long before, but that was when it came out into the open. It may seem preposterous that I should have discussed such a matter with Ursula, but at the time it just did not occur to me to do anything else.

She met me in town after school. I did not feel it was proper to bring a problem of this nature to Williston, or to talk about it in the apartment I shared with Phil. We met in the appropriately dim cocktail lounge of a hotel.

"In my case," Ursula said, "the man was an artist. I do not, you notice, say another artist. I am not to be mentioned in the same breath with him. If I told you his name, you would know it."

"In your case?" I repeated. "Do you mean that you, with your wonderful marriage . . .?"



"Ah, yes, it was a wonderful marriage. It was," she said. "But it had its low moments, as you know, and I met him, the artist, during one of them." She looked off across the room in that way of hers, as though reading some distant sign that no one else could see. "That thing about time not withering and custom not staling somebody's infinite variety—that is utter nonsense. Nobody has infinite variety, not even Ashley." She shook her head faintly. "Certainly not my artist."

I waited for her to finish reading her sign. When she turned back to me, there were tears in the burning eyes. This had never happened before, even when she spoke of Ashley's death, and why it should have shaken me as it did, I cannot say.

"All the sneaking and subterfuge, Laurie," she said. "All the lying to Ashley, when everything had always been open between us. And in the end, time withered and custom staled just the same, only sooner." She gave one of her soft, faint sighs. "The artist and I had no common life, you see. Love has to be lived."

"Did Ashley ever know?"

"I knew," she said.

It may be that Ursula was only echoing what was in my mind, and that I would have left the job and Eric even if I had never known her. I cannot tell. If so, it was no less remarkable. How could she see so clearly what others wanted to do and be, when they could not see it themselves?

The School Board did not give her tenure at the end of her three years. Times were bad, they said, and the community could no longer afford an art teacher. There were other, vaguer rumors. Not everyone in Williston loved Ursula Thwaite. She had not been able, in three years, to spread herself that thin.

The most persistent story had it that she was not a teacher at all, that she had somehow bamboozled the Board, maybe even forged the certificate and references. The day we demonstrated to have her retained, we had not heard the rumors. We did not know she had already left Williston. The principal finally came out on the field and told us.

I could not believe she would have left without saying good-bye to me. I had grown large and awkward early in my pregnancy, as small women do, but I ran all the way to Miss Newell's house.

"She told me to give you this painting," Miss Newell said.

Ursula had always declined to show me her paintings. Misplaced modesty, I had thought. This was a small oil in a wide frame. What it was meant to represent, I could not have said, but to me its bold slashes of white and brown and dark red were Ursula, strong and life-giving.

Miss Newell offered me tea. I would not put the painting down while I drank it, but kept it on my lap.

"Are you sure she didn't say where she was going?" I asked for the third or fourth time. "Maybe she went back to where she lived with Ashley. I don't know where that was. I don't believe she ever said. Do you know?"

Miss Newell's head was bent over her tea. When she looked up there was a liveliness in her monkey face that I had never seen before.

"There was no Ashley," she said. "Ursula was never married. She was plain Miss Thwaite, a spinster like me. Until she came here, she'd never been away from where she was born. Just like me."

"I don't believe you."

Miss Newell smiled. "She said you wouldn't at first."

"She said—?" I picked up the painting and cradled it in my arms. "Do you mean she knew you were going to tell me?"

"Oh yes, she said I should. She said there was no need for Mrs. Ashley Thwaite any more and I should tell everybody." Miss Newell frowned a little. "She said I could dine out on it for a long time. I don't know what she meant by that. I never dine out."

A long while later, a friend of Phil's who was having dinner with us remarked that the frame on Ursula's oil was too wide and spoiled the painting. When we had it reframed, the artist's signature showed in the righthand corner. It was not Ursula's signature.

I had a little placard made to cover that corner again. URSULA: SELF-PORTRAIT, the placard says.

A less sensitive man would ask me about it, but Phil never has. **END**



WAITING

By Julia Collins Ardayne

I watch a seagull make its dusk-borne flight
As night bends slowly to a stubborn sky.

Until one loves
No one is ever lonely,
However much in solitude.

It is the single ship
Upon the blue—
The solitary winging gull
Against the sky
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THE GERALD FORDS

continued from page 107

the days when she studied dancing under the famous dancer Martha Graham.

For the ceremony, Mrs. Ford chose a pale blue jacket dress with white trim designed by Jim Baldwin, which she purchased last spring. "I wouldn't have bought anything new even if I'd had time," she says. "You know, this was not a joyous occasion. The Nixons have been good friends of ours for twenty-five years. We are very fond of them. I love Pat, and Jerry is a great admirer of hers. You can just weep for them."

She and Pat Nixon walked together to the helicopter that took the Nixons away from the White House the next day, Friday, August 9. They walked with their arms around each other. Talking about that farewell on Saturday, tears came to Betty Ford's eyes. "It was a terribly emotional time," she said. "Pat looked at me and said, 'Well, they even rolled out the red carpet! You'll be seeing a lot of that, Betty.' "

In a normal transition of Presidential power, the outgoing First Lady would have shown her successor around the White House. But there was neither the time nor the spirit for this pleasantry. The Nixons' younger daughter, Julie Eisenhower, provided the only personal link between the families. "I'm especially fond of Julie," says Betty Ford. "After her parents left the White House she told me, 'Now, I'm going to be here in Washington. Don't hesitate to call me; I'll be glad to help with anything I can.' "

In the same spirit, President Ford invited Julie and her husband David to sit in the House gallery with his four children when he addressed a joint session of Congress a few nights after he was sworn in.

"She will be a lovely First Lady"

But Betty Ford had scant time to grieve for her departed friends. The fast pace of White House life quickly overtook her. Even before the Fords had moved into the White House, they had to preside over their first State Dinner, for Jordan's King Hussein and his wife. An experienced White House staff was on hand to help, of course, but it still fell to Betty Ford, with only a few days' notice, to co-ordinate the guest list (more than 100 for dinner and at least another hundred for after-dinner dancing), the entertainment and the menu. In choosing after-dinner dancing instead of the customary professional entertainment in the East Room, Betty Ford gave the first clue to the kind of White House atmosphere she will create. She herself loves to dance, and has been known to keep her husband up at night to practice a tango. She is devoted to the performing arts and says she hopes to provide "a high caliber of performers at all White House occasions."

Washington observers predict that Betty Ford will not be as activist as Eleanor Roosevelt and Lady Bird Johnson were, but that she will be more accessible than the very private Jacqueline Kennedy and Pat Nixon were. "She will be a lovely First Lady," one friend says, "somewhat shy, but thoroughly nice and totally honest."

Her candor is already happily familiar to a White House press corps accustomed to a less outspoken First Family. Betty Ford herself hopes she will not lose her ability to be frank in the white heat that surrounds Presidential families. She talks freely about making weekly visits to a psychiatrist several years ago, when the family doctor thought a troublesome pinched nerve in her neck might have emotional origins. The pain from the pinched nerve persisted, but Betty Ford believes the psychotherapy "helped me work through tensions and resentments" that grew out of the burden of raising four children almost alone because of her husband's busy

chedule. Because she didn't like to o out without her husband, she fre-uently stayed home alone when Ford vas busy. "But the psychiatrist per-uaded me that I shouldn't give up verything for my husband and chil-ren," she says. "I have to think about vhat matters to me."

Her visits to her psychiatrist fig-red in reports that Ford himself had een seeing a psychiatrist—reports hat circulated at the time he was ominated for Vice-President.

"Jerry only went because my psy-hiatrist asked to see him a few imes," Betty Ford announced at the ime. "He didn't need a psychiatrist. t was just his dumb wife." She rarely ees her psychiatrist now, and says, nterestingly enough, that she felt nuch less discomfort from the pinched erve during the hectic eight months er husband was Vice-President. But he still takes the daily dose of Equa-esic, a combination drug prescribed y her doctor, "so it can take effect efore pain sets in and a muscle oasm develops."

"Mom did the dirty work"

Her oldest son, Mike, thinks his nother blossomed during his father's idden elevation to prominence, and nat this was why she was less both-red by the pinched nerve. "She's a elebrity in her own right," he says roudly. "I see *her* on TV and in the ewspapers now. All those years Mom id all the dirty work, cleaning up fter the four of us, taking us to ap-ointments and fixing our meals, and nen when Dad got home we'd be so xcited to see him we'd just crawl all ver him, ignoring her. I know I was fault for just assuming that's the ay things were, and not showing my ppreciation for all the love and care e had for us."

The Fords are a close family, and hen it looked as if they would be oving into a temporary Vice-Pres-lential residence in Washington, the ildren were consulted about what to with their Alexandria home. They l loved the pleasant, four-bedroom, rick-and-clapboard house ("the only ome the children have ever known," ys their mother) that had been built their parents' specifications. They l decided to rent instead of selling e house, and stuck to the decision hen their destination became the hite House.

They will miss the backyard swim-ing pool, added in 1961 at a cost of ,500, where their father was so fre-uently photographed taking his daily vim during their last week in the ouse. ("Jerry's disposition suffers hen he doesn't swim," his wife con-les. Unfortunately, the White House ol was closed over by President Nixon to make way for a $500,000 press room.)

The four Ford children had little time to accustom themselves to their sudden fame. When their father was sworn in as President, Richard Keiser, the Special Agent in Charge of Presidential Protection, visited the family to explain why his men were needed. "He explained it very well, very diplomatically, to the children," Mrs. Ford said. "He told them that naturally their lives will be changed. What they do reflects on their father, and that reflects on the whole United States. The agents don't want to get in their way, but protect them from people who might want to bother them."

Susan Ford had more time to get used to Secret Service protection, and after her original resistance came to welcome it. "I thought it would be a hassle," she says, "but Dad said, 'Look, you've got to give them a chance.' Now I think it's great. They drive me everywhere. When I go on a date the agents follow in a separate car. If my date and I go into a restaurant they come, too—and sit at another table. It's usually a man and a woman agent, so they act like they're having a date, too."

Their friends do not expect the Presidency to change the Fords any more than the Vice-Presidency did, which is to say, not at all. Before she moved into the White House, Betty Ford was asked by a reporter whether she and her husband would share a bedroom or, like most Presidents and their wives, maintain separate sleeping quarters. She answered that she would share the President's bed, adding, "We've been doing it for twenty-five years and we're not going to stop now. I think it's silly not to; besides, it's such a long walk."

Their children seem equally level-headed. Says Susan, "People used to say to me, 'Susan, I can't believe you haven't changed. What's wrong—you're the Vice-President's daughter." I ask them, 'Well, what's the Vice-President's daughter supposed to be like? You tell *me*.' "

When Ford was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, Susan says she was told by her mother and her secretary, Nancy Howe, "You kids are going to have to throw out your blue jeans now. You can't run around like that anymore." Susan protested, "That's not fair—we're kids. You can't expect us to wear skirts and expensive pants all the time." Mrs. Ford and Nancy finally relented, and Susan reports happily that blue jeans will be permitted in the White House.

In truth, the Fords are a bunch of "squares." The First Lady says so, using the word as a term of endearment. They could have walked right off a *Saturday Evening Post* cover of a generation ago.

The boys are all six-footers who learned a love of sports from their sports-buff dad, who played on the University of Michigan football team, and coached the Yale team while attending law school there.

"One thing Dad has taught us is to pride ourselves on being good stewards of our bodies," Mike says. "Whether we excel in a particular sport or not, it's for staying physically fit and mentally alert. He's not only preached it, but he's lived it."

The family's annual Christmas skiing vacation meant so much to them that they went to their $50,000 condominium in Vail, Colo., during the energy crisis last Christmas (when the government was urging citizens to forego such trips), despite scowls from President Nixon. "We're a close family, but we're scattered now, and Dad's so busy; this get-together at Christmas means an awful lot to all of us," Susan explained at the time.

Tall, lissome Susan, a dancer like her mother, has long, tawny blond hair. Although she inevitably will be the focus of White House wedding speculation, as everyone loves a White House bride, there is "no one boy" in her life now, she insists. *(continued)*

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Their parents brought up the young Fords to go to church and Sunday school (where Mrs. Ford once taught) each week at Immanuel-on-the-Hill Episcopal Church in Alexandria. Susan still goes every Sunday. "Jack says he now is an agnostic," his mother reports. The senior Fords have not always gone Sundays in recent years "because Jerry was away so much making speeches," Mrs. Ford explained. "Sunday was often his one chance to rest." But the President, deeply religious, always attended weekly prayer sessions while in Congress. And Mrs. Ford devotes half an hour a day to spiritual reading.

They also encouraged their children to work during their summer vacation, from the time they were in their early teens. Ford gave them an incentive for saving their earnings by promising to match every dollar they put in the bank. "When all four children started working we had to quit—we couldn't afford it," Mrs. Ford says.

Doing their own thing

While they grew up in an era of youth protest, the Ford kids seem curiously untouched by it. They never marched against the Vietnam war (although "I could identify with parts of it," says Jack, the family iconoclast).

Mike says he thinks his brothers missed the protest movement "because they are very independent. The counter-culture scene is peer pressure. Jack and Steve do their own thing."

All the young Fords say their father probably influenced them somewhat, in shaping their viewpoints on this and other matters, by expressing his own pro-Vietnam war and generally conservative views around the dinner table, but also by encouraging them to make their own decisions.

"Dad is liberal with us. He lets us use our own judgment," Susan reports. "He says, 'Go ahead and do it if you think it's the right thing.' We've all learned our own lessons."

Susan is a senior this fall at Holton Arms, a private girls' school in nearby Maryland. She switched to Holton a few years ago and was the first Ford child not to attend Alexandria public schools. Her mother hopes Susan will pick a college in the Washington area next year. If she were to go anywhere else, "I think she would feel she was missing center stage, which she likes."

Susan may know the White House better than any of the other Fords. Last summer she worked there, selling White House guidebooks to tourists in the main front lobby. But she never saw the Nixons, because "a buzzer went off whenever one of them came around, and we were supposed to hide behind a big red screen."

When he gets his forestry degree in about a year Jack plans to get a master's degree in watershed management, and then go to law school.

After two more years at the seminary, Mike plans to "go into full-time Christian work—not necessarily as a pulpit minister. I feel that the Lord is kind of directing me into work with young people."

Steve is "at the age where he keeps changing his mind about what he wants to do," Mrs. Ford notes fondl
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dent, Steve decided to spend a ye
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to study agriculture in college.

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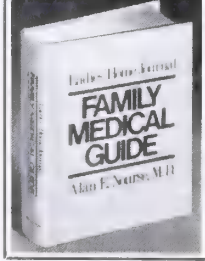
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needing things. So if I tried to think of just one vivid reminder of Lyndon, it might be the view from the dining-room window. It's a panorama of the long, expansive fields rising gently to the north, a small portion of the land he loved so much. He was determined to improve it—planting native grasses where the soil had eroded, filling up ditches, trying new fertilizers and strains of grasses and impounding water in a "tank," which is the Western word for a small pond. He was locked in a lifelong embrace with this land. So perhaps that view from the window reminds me most of him.

LYNDA ROBB: There are marvelous little reminders for me, as I look around. The first time I stayed in Daddy's old room was this past Christmas. You know, he fought a constant battle to keep his weight down—I can't say he always won it, but he tried. And when I went into the adjoining bathroom, I noticed his handwritten notation taped to the wall. It was his daily record of how much he weighed at various times. To me, that was very tender and sweet; he probably thought of that place as a private, inner sanctum. Of course, it also reminded me not to write my secrets on any walls! And then, there's Daddy's chair. . . .

MRS. JOHNSON: Oh, yes. In 1952, when the moving van arrived with the furniture I sent to fill up this big old house, there was a rather beat-up executive-type chair on a swivel base. It came to rest, presumably temporarily, in the dining room. Well, that night Lyndon pulled it up to the head of the table and sat down in it. He found it made a very nice host chair. He could lean back, turn around, and talk in all directions. So it became his chair for the next 15 years or so. Eventually I replaced it with a somewhat handsomer version, and there it sits to this good day. It must puzzle newcomers who wonder "Why on earth do they have a swivel office chair at the head of the dining room table?"

Q.: A lot has been written lately about the difficulties of being a politician's wife. Did you ever feel that you had subordinated your own identity, that you were an appendage to Lyndon Johnson?

MRS. JOHNSON: Well, I certainly was! Because I'm by no means as aggressive a character as Lyndon was. But I never felt cheated—and I began with as little talent and liking for the political life as it's possible to have. In the beginning, when he ran for the House of Representatives in 1937, all I did was tend to the clean-shirt and late-supper details, trying to take care of him. But by 1941 or thereabouts, I was going everywhere with him, and beginning to make innocuous little statements like "Thank you for inviting me to this barbecue." I began to see myself as a part of a big mosaic, with the potential for doing good things, and I loved my years in it.

But, yes, sometimes I certainly did feel divided and pulled, especially when the children were growing up. Because my daughter Luci was bound and determined to go to school in Texas, though Lynda was fairly agreeable about where she went. We had to be in Washington January first, when Congress met, and couldn't leave until it adjourned, which might be anytime from July to October. This resulted in a divided school year, and meant there were times when I had to leave Lyndon to be with the girls, and vice versa, which put a great strain on family life. It was especially hard for Luci, because she's a great one for family life; she would have liked a father who came home at six o'clock on the dot every evening.

"He was his own man"

Q.: Did you ever feel that your opinions influenced the President?

MRS. JOHNSON: I think my own interest in the environment, that all-inclusive word of which "beautification" is just one little facet, helped push Lyndon further along in his own natural interest in that area. I think he respected my judgment, and every now and then I would hear him say something to a group of people that I remembered having said to him first. He always sought any wisdom and help he could get from anybody he thought had more knowledge than he did, but from the beginning of his life to the end, he was his own man.

Q.: When the President retired, the media painted a picture of a man who went to Texas to lick his wounds, still smarting from the injustices he felt had been perpetrated on him by his critics, like a lion in winter. Was it that way?

MRS. JOHNSON: Oh, no, those were very happy years—I've called them the years of milk and honey. It was a good thing that he retired—good for him. We left in January of '69, and by March the angina, his heart pain, was a recurring event. He'd pretty much spent his health, but not his love and vitality and spirit. He felt, deep in his bones, that increasing health problems were coming, and they did. So there were no more 18-hour days, just spurts of work when he felt like it, which was much better for him.

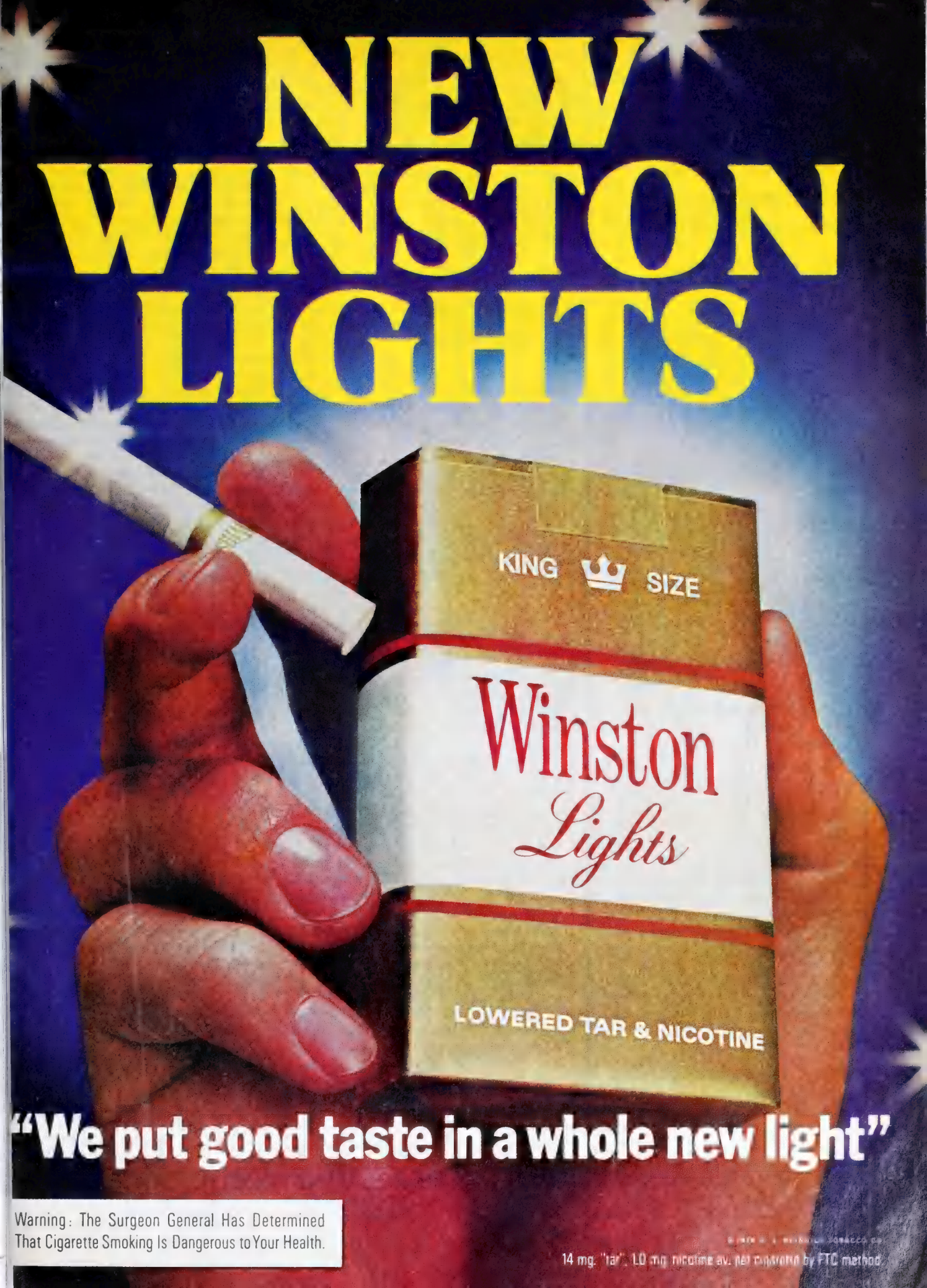
But you're right about the picture painted by the media. Perhaps we could have corrected that by bringing journalists into our lives more, letting them see that times were good for us. But by then he felt he didn't owe anybody anything as far as exposing his private life, and he chose to keep it a private life.

LYNDA ROBB: Everybody seemed to decide in advance that he would retire feeling bitter. So even I was surprised to find he wasn't. I very seldom heard him complain about how things were going in Washington, or what somebody wrote about him. Now *I*, in my youthful dislike for some people I thought had wronged him, sometimes would have liked to go into battle for him. He was much kinder to his enemies than I would have been—than I am, even. He left a lot of his hate behind, and he forgave some of those people. *(continued)*



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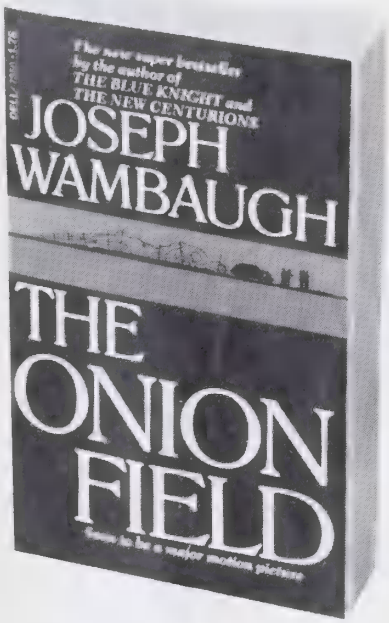
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Since Daddy died, some of his critics have said publicly, and also to me, that their feelings about him have changed. Of course I'm sad that Daddy didn't get to hear that, but I'm happy that these people came to like him better.

But you know, he retired with no intention of running for another office again, and he didn't try to manage anybody's life. Except my life and Luci's a little [Lynda laughed], as he always did. Those retirement years were marvelous years; my children got to know him, and I think that's a blessing. He had a much more serious heart attack than we realized the spring before he died in January, 1973. So we had a marvelous Christmas with him—all those extra months were free, months that maybe we had no right to have.

Q.: Looking back, Mrs. Johnson, is there anything that you would like to have done that you haven't done?

MRS. JOHNSON: Oh, plenty—sure. But that would have required more energy, more drive, more hours than I had. And, well, gosh—within the capabilities the Lord gave me and the years we had, I think I crammed them just about as full as I could. But of course your reach should exceed your grasp, and ours did.

Down the Mississippi

Q.: And what about the future?

MRS. JOHNSON: There are so many places I'd like to take my grandchildren—the great wild game preserves of Africa, the magic country of the redwoods in California. And there's no country more beautiful to me than the Smoky Mountains. I get a sense of *déjà vu* there; I must have lived there as another person, long ago. And I've always wanted to go down the Mississippi on one of those old steamboats; that would be a fun trip for the children. Of course, they'd have to learn to play bridge first!

Q.: Lynda, what do your children know about their grandfather?

LYNDA ROBB: I really haven't told them anything about what he did for a living. When I was in school, we used to fill in those forms that asked for father's occupation with "federal employee" or "government worker," something like that. But last year, when we were taking the Amtrak to Washington, Lucinda saw the Capitol out the window and said, "That's where they took Boppa." I said, "Yes, that's right," and then she asked me "Does everybody go there who may die?"

I wouldn't have thought she'd remember; she wasn't even five when she went to the funeral service. But Lucinda remembers him in personal terms, as any child would. She remembers they took walks together, and she misses him. She also remembers that he used to correct her language by telling her "Pi say 'yup.' Little girls say 'Yes,' sir.' "

Q.: Mrs. Johnson, both you and Lyn talk about your memories of Washin ton, D.C., with great zest. But it see that few people living and worki there now feel such enthusiasm.

MRS. JOHNSON: I'm thinking about t Washington I knew. And I think it w be there on and on. Now is just a s time. Now is temporary. I just can't b lieve that we'll see the decline and fall the United States or, indeed, of civiliz tion. I think there's too much ingenui and determination and love of life—ju too much joy for that. I do think we all going to have to realize that we ha been eating up our natural resources a vastly wasteful way, and we're goi to have to live more carefully in th limited world.

But that could bring some go things in its train. Perhaps I'm just natural optimist, but I'd rather be th than a natural pessimist.

Q.: If you were asked to run for pub office, or accept an ambassador's po would you?

MRS. JOHNSON: I haven't been asked do any of those things on any serio basis, but my feeling is that I've ha my years in politics. I now intend spend my sixties and seventies, if I' fortunate enough to have them well a active, doing things I had to put asi in those other years. I want to travel good deal. I even want to explore m own home state of Texas, in dept more than I have. I want to learn mu and do some about several conservati projects I'm committed to, most esp cially the LBJ Memorial Grove. A first and foremost, and over and over. want to spend the kind of time I li with my family, to take a walk with m grandchildren, and point out trees a animals and wildflowers and tell the what the names are. I once read, "Ne er the sun rises but what I take noti and give thanks." That's a quality think I'm fortunate enough to hav and which I would like to encoura in them. Because there's great joy getting to know your own small, pa ticular portion of earth.

For years, my time was not my ow it belonged to Lyndon and his job. loved that, but I have spent that part my life. My time is my own now. **EN**

LBJ MEMORIAL MEDALS

The LBJ Memorial Grove will be funded by private donations. The Hamilton Mint is striking a commemorative medal to help raise funds. For information about this limited edition medal ($15 in silver; $20 in gold on silver), write the Society for a More Beautiful National Capital–LBJ Grove, Box 5557, Washington, D.C. 20016.

PETS: TAKING PICTURES

continued from page 84

the picture, Maria quickly takes her hands away, then I make a noise or hold up a treat to get an alert, happy expression from the pet I'm photographing."

Chandoha generally prefers to have the subject look directly into the camera. "Eye contact with the viewer is very important," he says. "And don't be afraid to get down on the floor with the pet and shoot it at its own level, so the pet can be seen as it should be seen, instead of shooting down at it from above."

Shooting outdoors

One obvious advantage in shooting outdoors, says Chandoha, is that it eliminates the need for a flash. "But then the photographer must often deal with the problems of harsh sunlight. The best policy is to shoot in the shade, or to work on a cloudy day."

If the sun is out, face the pet away from the sun, then adjust the camera setting accordingly. It's very important to read the instruction sheet that comes with packaged film—even memorize the directions if necessary to avoid needless mistakes."

Indoors or out, it is still important to predetermine your setting. Says Chandoha, "Try for as unobtrusive a background as possible: the sky, perhaps (shoot up from a hollow), or an expanse of green grass (shoot down from on top of a hill, or against one)."

When photographing children and pets together, Chandoha recommends bringing their heads close to each other. Otherwise, unless you own a very big dog, the size relationship between pet and child is completely lost. You end up with a picture of your child holding a tiny, unidentifiable animal in his lap." Another good technique is to get the child and pet engaged in a play activity. One good pose is to have the child on his knees, holding up a treat, and the dog sitting up begging."

If, in spite of these pointers, the resulting photographs are still disappointing, the only solution is to try again. The problem may be a technical one. Maybe you're jamming down the camera trigger instead of squeezing the shots gently. Or perhaps you're not holding the camera steady.

"Most people just don't shoot enough," says Chandoha. "The more you shoot, the more expressions and poses you capture—and the better your chances of coming up with a really good shot." As for the other photographs, get rid of them. Says Chandoha, "What you ultimately keep and show to others should always be the result of severe self-editing. The rest should be kept strictly between you and your garbage collector."

END

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ROBERT REDFORD

continued from page 82

book she is writing. This is not a family of slouches. Jamie is carefully writing Greek letters with a felt tip pen. He is a student of Greek, he says. Shauna is copying faces out of *Love* comics. The stewardess, who knows the Redfords from previous flights, compliments them on having such well-behaved, mannerly children.

Finally, dinner is served and the deep concentration broken. Redford swills two bloody marys and then polishes off his wine, along with an entire duck dinner, rolls, butter, salad, the works. When he finishes his lemon cake he asks for seconds. He gets two more pieces. "And if you don't want yours, I'll finish it," he tells me. How does he stay so trim? "I jog. Five miles a day if I gain a pound. It's hard. I'm always hungry."

The conversation veers into trivia. Jamie, a carbon copy of Redford, has strawberry blond, almost red hair. Was Redford's ever that color? "Yes. It changed when I was about fifteen. No, I don't color my hair. It's very affected by the sun. If I'm in the sun two days it just bleaches out. In the summer it gets white. I have to wear a hat." A question about a face-lift brings an expression of disbelief that dissolves into blue-eyed horror. "I don't go for that. I'll age naturally. I have up till now."

What qualities does he like in women? "I like a very 'feminine' woman with a certain independence of thought, who doesn't act too aggressive. Like Gloria Steinem; she has certain ideas, and she's trying to carry them through, but she's not clubbing anyone over the head. She's doing her thing in a sane, rational way. The rumors of me and Mia Farrow fighting on the *Gatsby* set? Pure bull," he storms. "We got along fine. I'm suing over that one." (He won.) He then launches into a story about "punching out" a photographer who trailed him on Park Avenue.

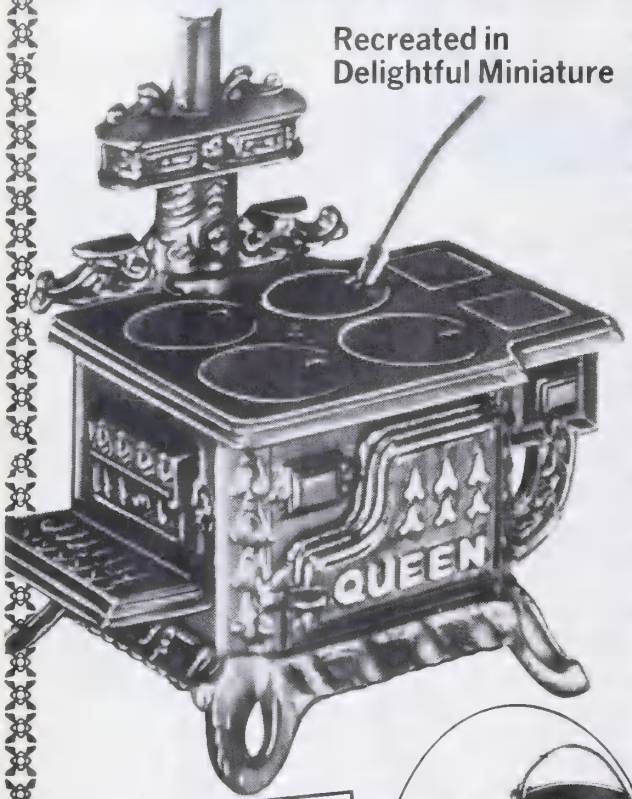
"What I look for in a man is independence, too—someone who isn't going to ask a lot of time from me or make false demands on the relationship. Someone I can pick up with three years later without having written a letter."

There are a few friends like that around when we reach Salt Lake at ten o'clock. Old pals seem to surface, chat with Redford as he walks through the terminal, then vanish into thin air. "I'm so happy to be here," sighs Lola. Small gaggles of teen-agers spot Redford, point and titter. He is oblivious. As the luggage is loaded into the station wagon, Lola draws me a map of my motel in Provo. Just as there was no hello in New York, so there is no good-night from Redford in Salt Lake; as soon as possible, he speeds his family off to Sundance at 70 m.p.h. Later I learn *(continued)*

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ROBERT REDFORD
continued

he once lost his license for speeding along Utah in h cobalt-blue Porsche.

The next morning, I joined Redford on a six-seater Wa ner Brothers' jet to Cody, Wyoming. There, he was sche uled to act as pallbearer and star attraction at the reburi of Jeremiah Johnston, the mountaineer he portrayed in th movie of the same name. Despite the media hoopla surroun ing the ceremony, Redford remained solemn and aloof, r fusing autographs and dodging the outstretched hands eager fans.

Safely back in a car after the ceremony, Redford sighe "What a moving experience." Then we sped off to th Buffalo Bill Museum to see their collection of Freder Remington paintings. Redford positively freaks out ov western art. He scrutinizes every Remington, Russell a Bierstadt, hooting "fantastic," or "look at this detail," to n body in particular as he clomps along in his caramel cov boy boots. He dwells on the impressionistic ones, lik "Cowboys in Moonlight," and the glowy mountains at suns by Bierstadt. "I love Bierstadt. We used his paintings as su gestions for the atmosphere I wanted to capture in *Jeremia Johnston*." In the museum's costume wing, he borrows a pe and sketches Wild Bill Hickok's hat. He says he sometim designs his own costumes. The sketch is rough. "I gave u painting ten years ago," says the former artist.

Solar heat, famine, and Ralph Nader

That night, over a dinner of beef stuffed with rice, hom made breads, and strawberry shortcake at his rustic lods restaurant in Sundance, Redford, purple shirt open to mi chest, was a gregarious, pleasant host. He did not like th house wine, so he made a special car trip up the mountai side to his wine cellars for a bottle of his own. He keeps th glasses filled, passes the bread. Lola and the children join the talk about the new home the Redfords are buildin "It's going to be heated with solar energy, and we'll have woodburning stove in the kitchen as well, in case we r out of fuel. We're planting our own vegetable garden twenty acres. We've put in a whole basement for vegetab storage." Redford monologues for awhile about solar hea the famine he thinks is coming, and Ralph Nader. But he reticent about discussing his 15-year marriage to Lola. "Ye I believe in commitment to one woman, but I don't want talk about it. I don't know what it is that's working for m but it is, and I'm working for it. Why do Hollywood ma riages fall apart? Basically, selfishness and laziness on th part of people who don't want to work hard at anything Three-year-old Amy is now asleep and has not eaten a mors of food. Shauna and Jamie are straining to go. We all get u

Sheepishly I ask if I might drive out to the Redford ranc in the morning before leaving Utah for a look at their lif style, and at the house they built. Redford instantly recoil throwing up both hands like a man held at gunpoint. "N That is the last bastion. The last bastion," he says, the word echoing as he leaves through the kitchen. And he is gon The Mountain Man never says goodbye. **EN**

MY SUPPLY

By Beatrice Meyer

I gather memories
Like a wren,
Who darts to save
The tiny twigs
That make her tree a home.

I store up,
Like an ivy,
That drinks and drinks
The quiet rain
That seeps through forest moss.

I hold fast
And put away
Each touch, each smile,
To keep as mine.
Until I hold your hand again.

ACHOO!
ACHOO!
ACHOO!
ACHOO!



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FRIENDS IN MARRIAGE

continued from page 103

soon, and that these moments are very rare.

MILDRED: I love the way you say that. I can feel your trust in me—and it increases my trust in you. I just want to take the time here to define something: When we talk about how to be your own best friend and still be a good friend to your partner, we mean *any* two people who are living together intimately. Another thing that occurred to me as you were talking is how often one person will feel the feelings for the other person he or she is living with. What I mean is, if one person is terribly angry, there's no room for the partner to feel angry, too.

BERNIE: I think I know what you mean, and perhaps I can think up some examples that everyone can recognize. If one person in a partnership is very stingy, the only thing the other person can be is generous. If one person is very adventuresome and loves to go to strange and exotic places or eat strange, new foods, there is only one role left for the partner—and that is to be the cautious one, to say, "Wait a minute, is that a good idea?" The same thing is true on a more profound level. It's possible for one person in a partnership to usurp all the anger—isn't that your point?

MILDRED: Yes, but what I was particularly thinking of was a case in which the woman was the sick person in the marriage. By comparison, the man seemed strong and healthy. But as the woman began to get healthier, the man's neurotic problems began to come out. What was happening in the relationship was that she was actually being sick for the two of them.

The sexual arena

BERNIE: That reminds me of that couple we knew who couldn't travel because Mrs. X was so afraid of taking trips. Mr. X led us to understand that he had to give in to his wife's phobic weakness. They were divorced not too long after we met them, and we were amazed to discover that the formerly phobic Mrs. X is now traveling from one coast to another in her new life, while Mr. X was refusing out-of-town assignments for unexplained reasons. It was very clear that he had been hiding his own fears behind hers, and she was carrying that feeling for the two of them. In a very general way, if one person in a partnership is all "yes"—the other person has to be all "no." This is very often manifested particularly in the sexual arena.

MILDRED: Sounds like a big battle—"The sexual arena." What else can we call it?

BERNIE: The sexual "realm"? A realm is a royal. . . .

MILDRED: Arena! I guess I just want to go back a little and say that the best thing you can do to be your own best friend and still be a good friend to your partner is to be your own person, to be sure of what it is you want and to approve of yourself. That's because the stronger your own sense of self, the less afraid you are of losing yourself when you get close. You can't be anyone else's best friend until you are your own best friend. After all, your partner will treat you the way you treat yourself.

BERNIE: Yes, and too often the fear or the feeling of being swallowed up by another person is what some would call a cop-out. Instead of knowing your own mind and saying it, one will give in to the other rather than make a responsible contribution to a mutual decision. That way, they can blame the other for what goes wrong. If you know what you want and if you say it, there's much less chance of your being stampeded into doing something against your will.

MILDRED: I wanted to say how important it is to recognize that your partner is a separate person, a person who doesn't necessarily think and feel the way you do, a person who has ideas of his or her own. It is important to respect the differences, to appreciate the differences and to appreciate your own differences. You are *not* a bad person if you don't feel the same way your husband or wife or friend does, and the interesting thing is that each of you learns after a while what is basic, and what is very important to the other person, what is not so important and where it is easy to compromise. When I know what you really like, Bernie, it is easy for me to do those things. By the same token, you know there are things that I feel strongly about, and if you don't feel as strongly about them, you'll still say "OK, let's do it." We are willing to talk about the basic things so we don't feel so far apart by the time we understand each other's feelings.

BERNIE: If we arrive at some kind of decision that has to be made when we can do it only *one* way, I know that we can talk it over and avoid the trap of making one partner the scapegoat, so that the other partner can place blame. I like the jingle—"Claim, don't blame." In other words, state your position in advance, have your own ideas, say what they are, and don't blame anyone later on.

MILDRED: Couples seem to have a great deal of difficulty when each one needs babying—mothering or fathering—at the same time. Someone has to be willing to give in a little, and then perhaps be able to get something in return. Trouble starts when neither one is ready to give in. Someone *always* has to give in between two people, but it can't always be the same person.

BERNIE: I know what you mean. The classic situation is when the husband comes home from work tired and needs some understanding and *(continued)*

THE LEAVES FALL

By Marcia Cohen

The leaves fall, love . . .
Float to my door
gold and red
Gleaming with autumn news
gold for laughter,
red for love,
They turn in my hands like letters
Turn and wither brown.

Soon, when the trees are bare
Soon, when the snow blows
white against the door
Soon, when the colors all
have deserted my eyes,

Will you return?

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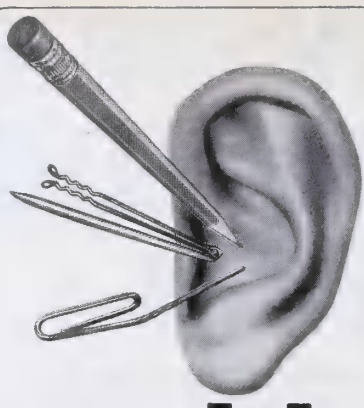
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FRIENDS IN MARRIAGE

continued

some love and some comforting. The wife's had a bad day and she needs the same love and comforting and understanding. Both of them feel "Well, why can't someone give me something right now!" Who steps aside? There is no formula. In our little vignette, the rights of both are equal, but somebody has to be big enough to put his needs aside for now. And one of the few things I feel comfortable about guaranteeing is that if you can be big and let the other one be little, your turn will come soon.

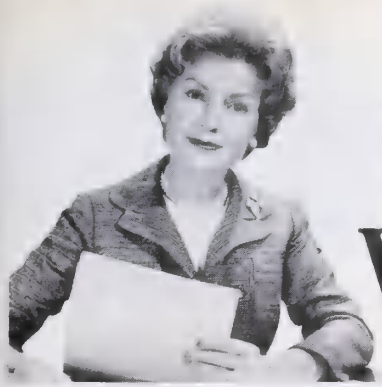
MILDRED: Absolutely. I was also thinking that you happen to be the kind of man who understands that I have feelings, just as you have feelings. But there are a great many men who don't. Because of the women's lib movement, a great many men will say to their women, "OK, you can have your feelings now." They say it but they don't really mean it—and they don't really understand it. Some women exaggerate feelings, but they have to because they are with men who simply don't understand that women do have these feelings. Can you say something about that? Maybe you can help some men to understand what it is that you feel—or what it is you
BERNIE: I think it really goes bac
the idea that in a close relationship e
person is able to feel the security,
warmth and the love of childhood.
like "coming home again"—home t
almost ideal parent. Yet neither ca
all parent all the time. Many men
women unconsciously assume tha
marriage partner is going to be
same person who didn't object to
ting up in the middle of the night w
you had a tummy-ache or a nightm
the person who is never too tired, n
too busy, never too preoccupied. T
person's name is spelled "mommy."
is the person who has no needs of
own as far as a little child knows—
person who has infinite patience,
finite wisdom and infinite strength.
course, that's not the person you m
—that's no human being at all. C
"mommy" (and even mothers fall s
in all these wonderful respects) ca
so selfless.
MILDRED: I think that's going to be
helpful to a great many people. In
cessful marriages, the husband un
stands that his wife has feelings jus
he has feelings. On the other side,
wife understands that her husban
not her daddy and that he, too,
needs and that he, too, needs un
standing.

Now if two people can get toge
and really be with each other, and
have the ghosts of good and bad
ents and parent substitutes living
the house with them, I think
chances of their having a succes
marriage are better.

A wonderful resolution

BERNIE: Would you mind if we
everyone that simple but wonde
resolution we made when we marri
We decided that we would *take*
of each other. I can't think of a be
basis for a marriage.
MILDRED: There's a great deal that
into taking care of each other. We
need some babying sometimes.
BERNIE: It is important for me to k
that if I put aside my own needs f
moment, that once you feel a bit bet
you will turn around and take care
me. I have no feeling of being exploi
I know you will take care of me, on
have looked for your needs.
MILDRED: And you know if you for
I'm here to remind you.
BERNIE: Yes, there's no danger wha
ever that I could ride roughshod
your feelings. You are very much
own person, and I think you must
somewhat the same about me.
MILDRED: Yes, Bernie, I do.

*Nothing is more significant of mer
character that what they find laug
able.* —Goetl



I believe that my MINK OIL will make your WRINKLES VANISH!

By Billie Ann Bender

You can find out for yourself without risking one penny! Here's what I did about my wrinkles . . . I always pampered my skin . . . Special creams, lotions, exotic balms . . . I used them faithfully. Yet nothing helped. I was ready to give up. You see unsightly premature wrinkles are caused by changes in climate, temperature, humidity, dryness, pollution even soaps and detergents.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about them all that day. In my opinion it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil my complexion looked fresher, clearer, smoother. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! The little lines had been eased away. Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it. My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Emlin®Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for. These reports make me say "I believe that my mink oil will make your wrinkles vanish."

And mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals? I'll bet you don't). Just apply Emlin®Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin replacing lost natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you never dreamed possible.

I'm so confident my Mink Oil cream can do marvelous things for your skin. I offer it to you with an unconditional guarantee. Just try it. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how it helps ease away unwanted dreadful lines. Many women wrote of gratifying results after only two weeks. Some take longer. But I want you to understand this. If, for any reason, you are not pleased with Emlin®Mink Oil Essential Creme just return the unused portion to me, and I'll mail you a full refund, plus postage with no questions asked.

Now it's up to you. Here is your chance to have beautiful, attractive skin at no risk. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

Billie Ann Bender, P.O. Box 29, Skokie, Illinois 60076

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I WANT TO BE YOUTHFUL-LOOKING

Billie Ann Bender, c/o B & B Sales LH-104
P.O. Box 29, Skokie, Illinois 60076

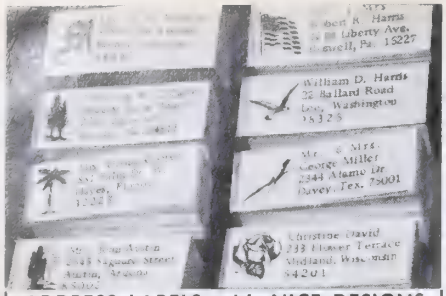
Please rush Emlin®Mink Oil Essential Creme to me. I must be completely satisfied with my results or I may return the unused portion in jar for full refund plus postage.

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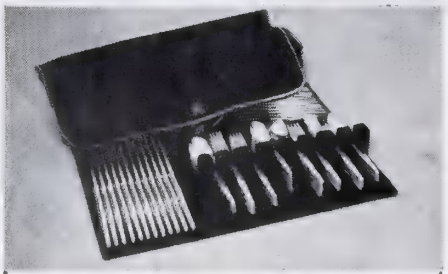
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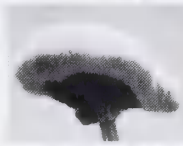
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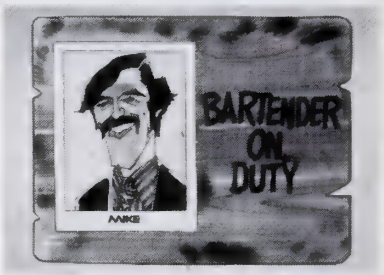
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The JOURNAL STORE

LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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"They said I could never have a full bustline."

An interview with Claudine Warren of San Francisco, California.



"They just didn't know about Mark Eden..."



"And until I found out about Mark Eden I believed they were right— that I could never have just the figure I wanted. But once I discovered the Mark Eden Developer, everything changed and very, very quickly. I could hardly believe it! Every time I looked in the mirror I could see that something great was happening with my bustline. I actually gained three inches in less than two weeks and kept right on gaining until my bustline had gone from 33 to 38½ inches."

Q. "You have a really stunning figure, Claudine, with your tiny waist and trim hips and the full bustline you have now. How do you maintain these proportions?"

A. *"This is what is so remarkable about Mark Eden. I used to be slightly plump and every time I would lose weight to get my waist and hips down where I wanted them, I would also lose whatever size I had in my bustline— and I think this is true of many girls who reduce. The first place they lose is through the bustline. But now, with Mark Eden, that is no longer a problem. I can stay slim and trim through the waist, hips and thighs and still have my bustline as large and full as I want it to be."*

Over two million Mark Eden Developers have been sold to women who, like Claudine, want fuller, shapelier bustlines. For thousands Mark Eden has transformed flat bustlines into firm, shapely fullness. For many others it has reshaped the drooping look to a tauter, smarter, younger silhouette.

Q. "Along with the great increase in size, did the Mark Eden program affect the shape and firmness of your bustline?"

A. *"Besides being small, my bust was somewhat saggy and the very first thing I noticed when I started the Mark Eden program was an incredible lifting up and firming and the whole bustline taking on a much, much prettier shape and contour. In fact, now, even though my bustline measures 5½ inches larger than when I started it is so high and firm that I can wear sweaters and shirts without a bra and people have a hard time telling whether or not I have one on."*

The Mark Eden Developer is not an artificial stimulator or a cream. It is an exclusive exerciser that employs special techniques safely and effectively. Mark Eden is the world's most successful bustline developer. Over two million Mark Eden Developers have been sold and every one covered by a complete Money Back Guarantee.

Q. "Claudine, do you know why the Mark Eden does what it did for you?"

A. *"No, I only know that I have tried many things to increase my bust size; went to gyms, did exercises, and nothing worked at all until I found Mark Eden. And with the Mark Eden I could just feel it— my bustline— everyday, becoming larger, fuller, higher and firmer. Several of my girlfriends were so impressed with my new figure that they immediately sent off for the Mark Eden Developer for themselves."*

For years Mark Eden has carefully documented and published the actual photographs of women who have achieved dramatic new bustline size and beauty and while we do not state that every woman will achieve results, thousands of women report that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline they've always dreamed of.

Q. "Claudine, did it make a difference to you knowing that the Mark Eden had a Money Back Guarantee?"

A. *"Well, at first it was nice to know that if it didn't work you could get your money back, but now, after what it has done for me I wouldn't give up my Mark Eden for any amount of money and I enthusiastically urge any girl who wants a larger and prettier bustline to get a Mark Eden and see what it can do for her."*

The Mark Eden Guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.

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Mark Eden

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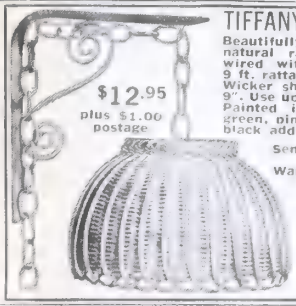
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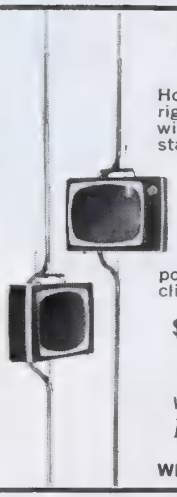
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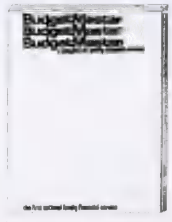
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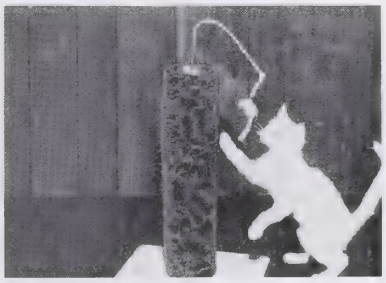
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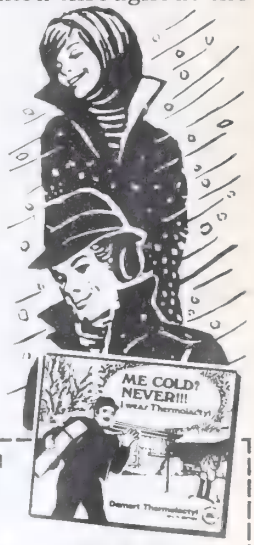
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TODDLERS AND PARENTS

by T. Berry Brazelton, M.D.



Chief of the Child Development Unit Boston Children's Hospital

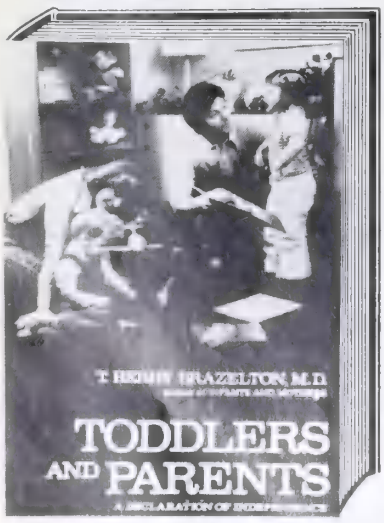
The turbulent period between one year and two and a half is the critical age when children struggle for independence, challenging the patience of everyone around them. Fear of separation, anxiety with strangers, and a need for firm limits set by adults are the universal problems Dr. Brazelton explores, as well as those of language, discipline, toilet training, and learning through play, fantasy and identification.

His earlier book, *Infants and Mothers*, is a penetrating and delightful portrayal of a baby's first year. In *Toddlers and Parents*, Dr. Brazelton again helps parents understand and enjoy the individual personality and growth of their child. He also addresses with tenderness and humor the special problems of working parents, single parents, large families, disturbed families and day-care centers.

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IS GOD YOUNG?

continued from page 100

Congregational church of an affluent New York suburb. "Then I joined Youth Fellowship through twelfth grade. Religious questions now seem irrelevant. I'm beginning to feel that things happen because they happen. It's as though the whole concept of a traditional God has just lost meaning for me. I'm coming to some understanding now and I feel no need to probe whatever is at the center of existence."

Last, I asked the students, "Does a God help or inspire you to lead a more satisfying and fulfilling life?"

"I *have* a God," Ben said. "You might as well make it a big 'G' God because the small 'g' god is just a different word for a visceral feeling you get about people or life. I have a conviction that there's an overwhelming meaning to the whole thing. But it doesn't help with my own life. I live a fragmented life."

Susan stressed that she took the idea of a God quite seriously. "I don't like the concept of 'God' idolized as a person with hair down to here," she said, smiling and gesturing with her hands. "In high school, I became very idealistic. Now I'm just waiting it out, not sure what direction things will take. I turn inward to alleviate pressure and pains. I do this by moving outward with people, talking to good friends and listening to music. But I have so little control over what God does to me. I can only live on a one-to-one basis. Maybe if people could learn to love themselves, they could learn to love others."

What did I learn about the students as I listened to them speak? First, I learned that the traditional concepts of God hold little meaning for them. The name "God," with its childhood, Sunday school connotations, sometimes stands in the way of honest and intelligent discussions of faith. Although "God" has frequently been a hauntin presence in some of their lives, the neither fear nor love the God of orgar ized religion. Traditional prayer has li tle or no meaning for them. Neithe does morality based on rules and roote in guilt.

Second, organized religion has faile to give these students a sense of realit or hope. Some churches act as if gim mickry could miraculously fill the pre ent spiritual vacuum. Hopeful cleric offer up folk masses, strum guitar affect a hip image and confess that the yearn for a "religious revival." But t day, students and countless others a asking the church itself: "Do you hav a God?" And, if so, "*Show us.* Show God!"

"What are we living for?"

Third, professional cynics and di hard anti-religionists have failed grasp how profoundly spiritual this st dent generation is. "The question guiding force jumps out at me eve day," said one college senior. "Wh are we living for? What are we doi anything for?"

Despite the existence of war and sta vation, racism and urban decay, the students maintain a vision that t struggle toward a better world is t number-one priority in human lif They feel a presence of goodness in t world that is more powerful than ev But they make a sharp demand of tho who profess a faith: They must pra tice their beliefs. **EN**

Editor's note: While Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal priest, feels that the col gians he interviewed were typical, t JOURNAL *invites comment from oth young people—and their parents—w may hold differing religious views, a other attitudes about churches and sy agogues. Write: BELIEF,* Ladies' Hor Journal, *641 Lexington Avenue, N York, N.Y. 10022.*



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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY LENORE HERSHEY

As anyone who hasn't been buried in a sealed tunnel for the past ten years must know, the two Bouvier sisters featured on our November cover now bear other names. Lee is Lee Radziwill, ex-princess, mover and shaker in both social and intellectual worlds, actress, TV interviewer and now author. Jacqueline, of course, is Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, widow of a President, wife of an international magnate, and one of the most famous women . . . if not *the* most famous woman . . . in the world.

In this issue of the JOURNAL, we present a charming excerpt (page 107) from *One Special Summer*, a book written 23 years ago by both sisters, which will be published this month by Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede ($7.95). It is a reminiscence of a trip the sisters made together to Europe in 1951, largely handwritten in script by Lee and illustrated by Jackie. *One Special Summer* has been selected as an alternate choice for December by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and is considered to be one of the hot gift book items of the year.

Lee and the Journal

It was almost two years ago that our literary relationship with Lee Radziwill began. She had just started to work on her memoirs, tentatively titled *Opening Chapters*, and in our January, 1973, issue we published the first of what we hope to be two installments. At that time, we gave Lee a literary party at the Four Seasons restaurant, and sister Jackie dropped in (see photo at right).

A few months ago, when we heard about *One Special Summer*, we went up to Lee's Fifth Avenue duplex. Recently divorced from her husband, Prince Stanislas Radziwill, she now lives there with her daughter, 14-year-old Anna Christina. Son Anthony Stanislas, 15, whom we also met, will be in boarding school this year in England.

What is Lee Radziwill really like?

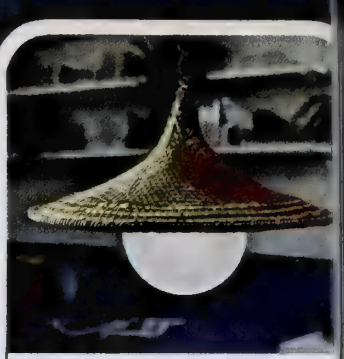
She is ecstatically slim: in her usual garb of pants and shirt, she looks more like a teen-ager than a woman of 41. Her voice has the familial quivery softness, with the timbre of tempered steel somewhere below. She wears her deep brown hair shoulder length, with only a touch of makeup on her suntanned face. She is a busy woman, but not an inaccessible one—and she is quick, bright and aware. What about the relationship between the two sisters? Jackie and Lee see each other often, are concerned about each other's children and activities, and are both very proud, and wistful, about *One Special Summer*, which recaptures a special period in their lives.

Other items of the month

First, a correction. In our story, "Inflation Fighters" (September, 1974), we stated that there was no Florida sales tax. We should have said there was no sales tax on groceries, produce or medicines. There *is* a 4 percent state sales tax on most other items. There is, of course, no Florida state income tax on individual incomes; such a tax is prohibited by the Florida Constitution. Incidentally, this inflation-fighting story seemed to cause a great deal of reaction, mostly favorable, much of it from families who are managing on even lower incomes. We'll have a follow-up report in a future issue. See you next month—with a great, exuberant Christmas issue. Meanwhile . . . Happy Thanksgiving!—L.H.



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WHAT'S HAPPENING BY GENE SHALIT



Terrific paperback values—for the upcoming gift lists? Advance word on some truly impressive TV specials this month, including "Brief Encounter" with Loren and Burton. Movies? A mixed bag.

Marvelous paperbacks

The way everything's been going up, some readers have feared that Christmas might be increased from Dec. 25 to the 27th or even 28th. But holidays are holding the line (I wish the phone company would hold the line), and Christmas will arrive as it has since time memorial. Still, prices are high so the trick is to give gifts that invite admiration without inviting bankruptcy. One of the nicest gestures: make something yourself. It's especially appreciated if you know how to make a yacht or Rolls Royce. But you *can* buy and give something marvelous and modest: in a word, books. In two words: paperbacks. This season they're definitely in. A paperback gift? Sure. Some folks confuse cost with value. They're also uneasy about packaging. Okay, here's a combination that fills the bill and keeps bills low: boxed paperbacks—price down, value up, package keen. Recommended: *The World of Hermann Hesse,* the six major works in six volumes, including *Siddhartha* and *Steppenwolf* ($9) . . . . The Novels of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—a four-volume set: *August 1914, Cancer Ward, First Circle,* and *Ivan Denisovich* ($6.50). . . . *History of the English Speaking Peoples,* 55 BC to 1901. I wonder what kind of English the peoples were speaking in 55 BC? ($9—money talks.) Each of those sets is published by Bantam. Yes, sets are snappy, but singles swing in stockings stuffed at holiday time. Your favorite daytime vidiot should be turned on by *The Wonderful World of TV Soap Operas* by Robert LaGuardia ($1.50 Ballantine). A history of the soaps, the stars of the soaps, and the stories of the soaps. (One of my offices is just a few steps from *The Doctors,* and most of the people on the program call it a soap, although the networks refer to "daytime serials.")

World Without End, Amen by Jimmy Breslin ($1.75 Avon), one of the finest American novels in recent years.

How to Be Your Own Best Friend ($1.50 Ballantine) a runaway in hardcover and now about to deplete *more* forests.

Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman ($1.95 Berkley). Merle Miller's lively tapes.

Leave it to Erma Bombeck to come up with a smiling title for her new paperback: *I Lost Everything in the Post-Natal Depression* ($1.25 Fawcett). Lots of people imitate Erma. Unsuccessfully.

Fear of Flying by Erica Jong ($1.95 NAL), the best-selling novel that has been liberating women while raising consciousness and eyebrows.

Pentimento ($1.95 NAL) proves the self-evident: Lillian Hellman is just about the most stylish memoirist we've had in our time.

Hardcover books are naturally nifty, and here are some that are bound to be read with pleasure by their lucky recipients: *Callas: The Artist and The Woman* (Holt) is big in size, big in ambition, big in subject, and big in the hug you'll get when you give it to the right person. Maria Callas requires a thesaurus—fiery, tempestuous, supreme, stubborn, incomparable, volcanic. . . . From the sublime to the silly, and what's wrong with silly? Here's one for everybody who enjoyed the hurly-berle-y nights of early television: *Milton Berle: An Autobiography,* written mostly by Haskel Frankel (Delacorte). This book takes Berle from his silent movies with Mary Pickford (can you believe that? Berle silent?) through nightclubs to TV super-dooperdom. . . . Readers write for advice about a book for a football fan. An answer: *Quarterbacks Have All the Fun,* written and edited by Dick Schaap. . . . Surely you've got a friend who collects something, even if it's only unemployment. But really, *something.* So why not add to your friend's collection a copy of *The Random House Collectors Encyclopedia?* On the other hand, why? Well, for 600 things, the pictures, of which there are 600, to say nothing about the 3000 entries which I'll say nothing about except that the book is exhaustively cross-referenced. Warning: $25. . . . As I was saying, paperbacks.

The small-screen scene

If you wait long enough, the movie shows up on TV. Two biggies make it small this month: *The Godfather* and *Godspell.* Marlon Brando's Sicilian saga is spread over two nights (Nov. 16/18). NBC paid $10 million for the rights. The network can't make it all back with commercials, but that's okay: it'll be a hit, man, so they'll make it up in ratings, which should slam through the top of the Nielsons, and that's *(continued)*



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WHAT'S HAPPENING
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worth a pretty penny. Make that gorgeous. Since *The Godfather* was so rough and reeky, it's being laundered for TV. A rare case of the mafia coming clean. Consider *Godspell*: the off-Broadway hit, the Broadway hit, the on-the-road hit, the movie hit, and now the movie hits home: a heavenly musical with an exuberant young cast (ABC, Nov. 27).

New expectations

If it weren't in the public domain there'd be the dickens to pay when *Great Expectations* arrives on your NBC home screen Nov. 22. Remember the super version of this Dickens classic, starring John Mills, Martita Hunt and Jean Simmons in 1947? A new version has been filmed for the telly, with Michael York as Pip, Sarah Miles as Estella, James Mason as Magwitch, Margaret Leighton as Miss Havisham (dear *dear* Miss Havisham,) and Robert Morely as Uncle Pumblechook.

Hal Holbrook has been introducing the Sandburg Lincoln to America in his six-hour television series, and now we'll meet Ben Franklin. But instead of entrusting him to a single actor, CBS has tapped four—each to portray Ben in one part of the series; the first part is called *The Ambassador*. Eddie Albert buckles down on Nov. 21, followed by Lloyd Bridges, Richard Widmark, and Melvyn Douglas.

Last year's special, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, starring Cicely Tyson, won so many prizes that I'm happy CBS is bringing it back Nov. 3. It's a program worth re-running to see.

Loren and Burton

Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter* is a movie that dwells in many memories. Now it's been done again—this time for television, with Sophia Loren and Richard Burton. See it on NBC's *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, Nov. 12.

Cutesie Title of the Month: *Annie and the Hoods* (ABC, Nov. 30). But don't be put off: Annie is Ann Bancroft, a whiz of a woman, and the hoods include motherhood, parenthood, womanhood, childhood, adulthood. Good show, in all likelihood.

Moving to movies

That appealing actor Lino Ventura is on the run in a new action thriller, *Escape to Nowhere*. Ventura plays a Russian scientist kidnapped by British intelligence on a mission to London. In return for his life, he sells out the Russians, is given a new passport, a new name and lots of francs for the memories as he goes on the lam in France. There he's hounded by Russian agents—chiller kill-

(continued on page 12)



The sunny floor that shines without waxing:

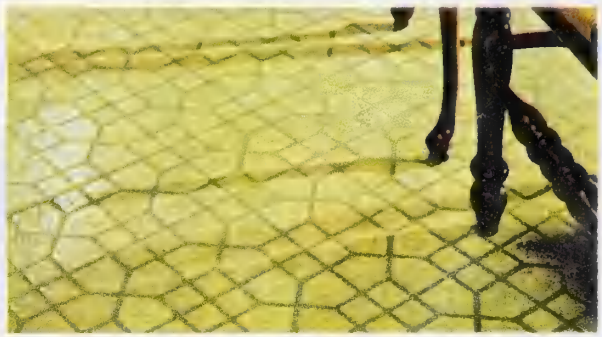
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Eventually, heavy-traffic areas may begin to show a reduction in gloss. So, if you need it, your Armstrong retailer can supply a special Solarian Floor Finish for use occasionally to touch up the shine.

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The furniture is from Founders which, by the way, is now part of the Armstrong Indoor World.





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Come to Touch & Glow. The makeup with more shades than any other makeup.

(33 natural skin colors, from ivory to ebony.)





'MOISTURIZING LIQUID MAKEUP'
The makeup with the totally natural look. It blends easily, to give you as much (or as little) coverage as you like, and a dewy, all-over glow.

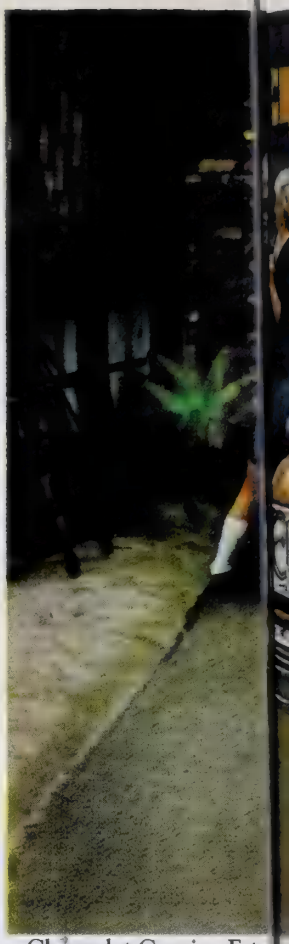
'EXTRA-MOISTURIZING CREME MAKEUP'
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TOUCH & GLOW Revlon

The world's leading color authority.

1975 CHEVY WAGONS.

ALWAYS PRACTICAL, NOW MORE EFFICIENT.



Chevrolet Caprice Esta

This year Chevrolet brings a new efficiency to the much-beloved station wagon. Our regular and mid-size wagons have a new Efficiency System. Vega, which has always been an efficient performer, also uses some of the engineering features of the System. Because Vega has its own approach to efficiency, we'll talk about it separately.

The Efficiency System.

It's a series of significant engineering improvements that are designed to give you improved fuel economy, more miles between recommended maintenance, and a better performing wagon in many ways. On regular and mid-size wagons, the System includes catalytic converters, High Energy Ignition, Early Fuel Evaporation and GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

Regular and mid-size wagons run leaner, run cleaner.

Now, what's that mean? When businesses *run leaner*, they run more economically. Since that's what these wagons are designed to do, we've adopted the phrase. By *run cleaner*, we mean these wagons are designed to meet Federal emissions standards with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel. So th run leaner, run cleaner and save you money every mile.

Improved fuel economy.

Regular and mid-size wagons are designed to bring you improved fuel economy, thanks to the new Efficiency System, which permits new engine tuning and includes eas rolling radial ply tires. (Becaus of its high-performance capability, our 454 V8 will show limited improvement.)

Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Chevrolets, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than the spark of conventional ignition systems. HEI's designe to give you surer starts on wet or cold days—not the kind of weather to keep the family waiting. The hotter spark also gives you efficient fuel combustion at all engine speeds

About Vega.

Vega has many of the features that are in the new Chevrolet Efficiency System —like the new High Energy Ignition. Vega families get all its benefits of surer starts in the wet or cold, and efficient fuel combustion when you're on your way.

Vega also has the catalytic converter, so you'll notice smoother engine operation than the past few years. And because of the catalytic converter and the use of unleaded gas, we're able to offer the same extended maintenance recommendations on Vega as on our larger wagons.

Because of these improvements, we think you'll find a 1975 Vega more efficient.

Vega Estate





Faster warm-ups.
Early Fuel Evaporation
n regular and mid-size wagons
designed to reduce stalling
nd chugging when you start
ıt. It also helps save a little gas
ı short runs in cold weather.



evelle Malibu Classic Estate

Better performance.
Clearly, all *regular* and
d-size wagons with their surer
ırts, faster warm-ups and
ɔtter ignition are designed to
noticeably better performers
an cars of the last few years.
With catalytic converters
w taking over most of the
ıission control, all of our engines can do what Chevy engines have long been famous for: Deliver smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.
With High Energy Ignition, there are no points or ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs should now last up to 22,500 miles (used to be 6,000 miles).

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.
For 1975 we've been able to extend our recommended maintenance: Oil change and chassis lube—every six months or 7,500 miles (an increase of two months or 1,500 miles). Oil filter change—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 (an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change, 3,000 miles for each later one).

Automatic transmission fluid change—every 30,000 miles (an increase of 6,000 miles).

All that and cleaner air, too.
With Chevrolet's catalytic converter, we've met the new Federal emission reductions: Exhaust hydrocarbons down 50%, carbon monoxide reduced 46% from 1974.

Come down and try a Chevy wagon on your family for size.
This year we can all breathe a little easier, and drive a little happier, too.

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Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



There's slimming-power in our Ribbed Control-Top with Lycra® spandex, to firm and support you better than ever. Just one long, smooth line from your toes to your tummy!

SUPP-HOSE®

Pantyhose and Stockings.
We make ordinary legs look good...
and good legs look great!

WHAT'S HAPPENING
continued

ers reverberating with realism. Ventura's only hope of survival is to expose a Red agent. Through concerted effort he traps a symphony conductor who has been stealing notes from the French. This is an intelligent film, and *Escape to Nowhere* is topflight entertainment.

Shining Harry

Harry and Tonto is one of few endearing movies of 1974—a real winner. Art Carney infuses the film with a shining performance as a retired teacher living in Manhattan on his monthly check. When his apartment house is torn down to make way for urban undevelopment, Carney sets off on a serendipiter's journey across America by bus, jalopy and thumb, hitching into adventures that are funny, touching and teary. The screenplay by Josh Greenfeld and Paul Mazursky proves again how important a screenplay is. How often must we discover this (although lots of Hollywooden people still don't understand). I was reading Ray Milland's entertaining autobiography the other day (it's called *Wide-Eyed in Babylon*), and he writes: "A good movie inevitably has the one indispensable element, a good story. When you have that, you don't n stars, just good actors." *Harry and T* has good actors, including Tonto, wh Harry's orange cat, and Ellen Burs Geraldine Fitzgerald and Herbert ghof. *Harry and Tonto* is a hit. If it a box office success, it will still be a it's the public that will be a flop.

Goldie Hawn and Hal Holbrook together for the first and last time. I dict. Goldie is a Russian girl witl papers in Moscow and Hal Holbroo in Moscow with a Chicago pape foreign correspondent. She's *The from Petrovka*, who occasionally sp with an unidentifiable accent. Hal brook is required to speak lines suc "I took a master's at Harvard and a tress at Radcliffe." This nonstory m at such a glacial pace that it's like r ing a serial in an annual magazine.

Mexican misfortune

Sam Peckinpah has gone to Mex Unfortunately, he has come back—v the movie *Bring Me the Head of Alfr Garcia*. Alfredo has been naughty to daughter of a Mexican land baron. so upsets the baron that he offers million dollars for the head of Alfr No other highly publicized movie year has been as tedious.

Bring me the head of the studio.

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Animal Crackers. The Marx Brothers in their 1930 classic in which Groucho is Captain Spaulding, the African explorer who wonders how that elephant got into his pajamas.

The Black Windmill. Michael Caine of British intelligence tracks down his little boy's kidnapper. Donald Pleasance is outstanding as the man who gets in the way. *Black Windmill* may give you quite a turn.

Chinatown. Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway and John Houston in an evocation of 1930s Los Angeles. Filled with mystery, murder and mood, *Chinatown* takes the starch out of everyone who says they don't make 'em like they used to.

Chosen Survivors. Bats and selected Americans in a post-atomic subterranean shelter that looks like a Miami Beach lobby. The truly chosen are those who skip this movie.

Claudine. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll are winning as a couple in this black movie about a boisterous garbage man and a suburban maid who try to make it despite her six kids and his abhorrence of welfare. Rated PG but the language and incidents are rough.

Conrack. A Southern white teacher in a black shack-of-a-school off the coast of the Carolinas. John Voight is brilliant. It will melt the heart of everybody in your family. See it, see it, see it!

Daisy Miller. Fatuous film based on Henry James' novel. Cybil Shepherd is Daisy and Peter Bogdanovich is Daisy's petal pusher.

For Pete's Sake. Barbra Streisand misused in a comedy that alternately doesn't work or works too hard.

A Free Woman. A compelling drama about a divorced woman trying to make an independent life for herself. First-rate direction and performances.

The Gravy Train. Not much. Stacey K and Frederick Forrest are a couple of V Virginia miners trying to make it in W ington as crooks. An overcrowded fiel

Herbie Rides Again. Disney's Volksw steered an independent course in *The Bug*, so he's back in a new adventure ring Helen Hayes. Herbie saves the da coming through in the clutch.

The Mad Adventures of "Rabbi" Jacob explosively funny farce for every mem of the family. Louis De Funes is an spired comic actor. Don't miss it.

My Name Is Nobody. Henry Fonda sq dered as he wanders through a tu western.

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat. On the year's worst movies. Worth going of your way to miss.

The Parallax View. Warren Beatty flawed but headlong thriller about a tional conspiracy that assassinates p cians on assignment.

The Seduction of Mimi. Rich and ri social comedy, filled with fun and tir with sadness. Perfect for adults; imper for kiddies.

S*P*Y*S. Elliott Gould and Donald S erland loafing through a Paris caper. seen japer.

The Tamarind Seed. Julie Andrew West and Omar Sharif is East and twain meet in Barbados. A romantic n tery to take off your shoes by.

That's Entertainment. Some of the production numbers from some of the MGM musicals. All singing, all dan all talking, all together now, *let's go!*

The White Dawn. Timothy Bott Warren Oates and Lou Gosset rescue Eskimos. Brilliant performances. Rate because of occasional bare bosoms, that shouldn't keep intelligent high sch ers from joining you. A superior film.

Winter means a lot of indoor living...

People need what Lysol® Spray does.



Washes odors out of the air actually cleans the air of smoking odors. Doesn't just cover up odors.





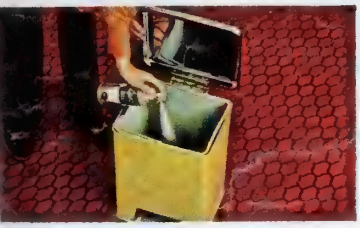
Kills germs on things including germs that cause odors like in the diaper pail.



Takes trapped odors out of fabrics gets rid of stale smoke odors in drapes, upholstery.

in kitchens

Kitchen odor problems can be caused by germs. Lysol Spray Disinfectant eliminates the problem by killing germs where they grow.





Lysol Spray eliminates cooking odors fast. Smells fresh, never lingers.

in bathrooms

Spray it at least once a day.



Kills germs on bathroom surfaces.



Kills mold, mildew and their odors on shower curtains, tiles, wherever you have a problem.

in pet areas

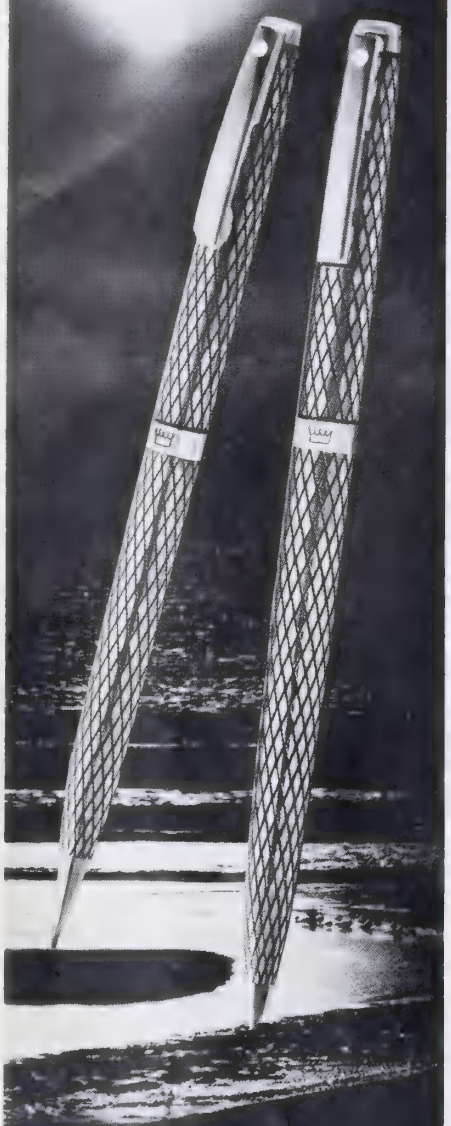
Eliminate odors in the dog bed—or wherever you have a "doggy" odor.





When you change the kitty litter, spray the box to kill germs that cause odors.

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VOL. XCI, NO. 11

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



LADIES' HOME Journal®

NOVEMBER 1974

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All menthols promise a fresh, cool taste. But there's only one menthol with a dash of lemon freshness. So it tastes fresher than the others and gives you a smoother cool. Twist. The one and only lemon menthol.

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Most everything you d
dries your skin.



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Everything we do moisturizes it.

Now Moon Drops creates 'Multiple Moisture-Action' Skincare.

'Multiple Moisture-Action' is our entirely new concept in moisturizing! It's a unique combination of 12 vital ingredients found in your own skin.

This exclusive 'Moon Drops' formula works two ways:

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2. Sets up an invisible 'moisture barrier' that helps prevent moisture loss 24 hours a day – yet never feels heavy or greasy.

'Under Makeup Moisture Film' for normal to slightly dry skin. In the morning it helps makeup stay fresh, at night it smooths away dry lines.

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New! 'Discovery Night Cream' Exciting news for every skin type. An essential for dry to very dry skin. A luxuriant yet light concentrate that liquefies on contact, helps fight dry skin wrinkles all night.



'Moon Drops' Revlon

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? FOOTLOOSE STAN, UPTIGHT KATHY



Why did both Stan and Kathy find sexual satisfaction in extramarital affairs—but not in the marriage bed? It took them months of grief, a separation—and wise counseling—to find out.

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Each year it seems as if the population of this continent is worse prepared than ever before to make a success of marriage and parenthood! Think it over—see for yourself how little sound and comprehensive information and training you had to meet all the responsibilities that you would encounter after you became the head of a family. The situation has become steadily worse during the last 10 or 20 years. There are many possibilities for getting help in advance, and even more for getting help after the wedding and for as long as you live. Don't take anything for granted. Some of the marital "help" offered does more harm than good, but on the whole, America has more assistance available to promote sound marriage and family life than does any other part of the civilized world. But it is up to us to take advantage of it.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Mary Jane Hungerford.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the
Board of Trustees,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

Kathy talks first

"I used to think there was something wrong with me because my husband wants sex three or four times a week—but I don't want any," began 30-year-old Kathy, an attractive ash blonde who for the last ten years has been married to Stan, owner of a small plastic parts firm. "I thought there was something wrong with me because I got no satisfaction from Stan's lovemaking. I thought perhaps I wasn't a real woman. But then I had an extramarital affair—and sex was marvelous. So I figure that if I'm normal, it must be Stan who's at fault.

"There are so many things about Stan that I resent—he's messy and lazy and gets wild, nutty ideas. He drinks too much and he's a hypochondriac—about two days every month he just stays in bed all day. He also lies to me; he swore he wasn't seeing another woman when actually he was with her almost every night."

Kathy's mouth twisted bitterly as she continued. "After our first child, Jerry, arrived, I was constantly depressed. The baby took so much of my time that I was bewildered. I've always been a good organizer and kept an immaculate house—and I wanted to be a super mother—but there I was, falling apart.

"We were then living in a dilapidated old house for $50 a month because Stan was in a management training program and earning very little. One day, feeling restless, Stan said he wanted to give up his job and drop out of society. I told him it was a ridiculous, irresponsible idea for a man who had a wife and baby to support. I thought he should stick it out for at least five years.

"Instead, he quit after two years and took a job as a salesman. Because he's quiet and ill at ease with strangers, I was sure he'd be a washout at selling. But to my surprise, he was quite successful. He loved the freedom of the salesman's life—keeping his own hours, driving a flashy new car and living it up on an expense account.

"By the time I was pregnant with our third child, Stan was making good money so we decided to buy and remodel the house we were living in. That was three years ago—the year our troubles really began.

"I was three months pregnant, and feeling terrible, when hordes of workmen began to descend on me. One of the first things they did was to tear the kitchen apart, and for months I had to cook on a stove in the bathroom. They made an unbelievable mess, and I was cleaning up all day long. By the time Stan got home at night, I was so angry I could hardly speak.

"The baby was due in June. Stan was out late most evenings, entertaining customers. About 8 o'clock one night in March he phoned me and said in a funny voice, 'I'm coming right home. I have something to tell you. Remember, I love you.' After he hung up, I began to worry. Had he lost his job? Were we being moved? It never crossed my mind it would be another woman—but it was. She was young—only nineteen—a free spirit, he said. He made it sound as though he'd had a few dates with her, and he promised never to see her again.

"I wanted to believe him, but for the next few days I walked around like a zombie. I blamed myself for neglecting him. Stan seemed to want sex every night and I never refused him, although I felt nothing. It seemed I was giving, giving, and he was doing all the taking.

"Stan and I were attending classes in natural childbirth, which helped draw us together. When the baby arrived three weeks early—a beautiful little girl—Stan was thrilled to be with me in the delivery room. I was disappointed that the house remodeling wasn't finished and we still had to paint the entire place, inside and out. My father hired a painter for us, which helped, but I did most of the inside work while the baby slept. By nighttime, I was so exhausted I could barely crawl into bed.

"As far as I knew, Stan had stopped seeing that girl, but I still felt angry about his flirtation. Then one evening we went to a neighbor's party and I had a little too much to drink. There was a big, husky, black-haired man there named Joe, to whom I felt very attracted. I've really never had many male friends in my life; my father avoids any intimacy, I never had a brother, and until college I went to a series of private girls' schools.

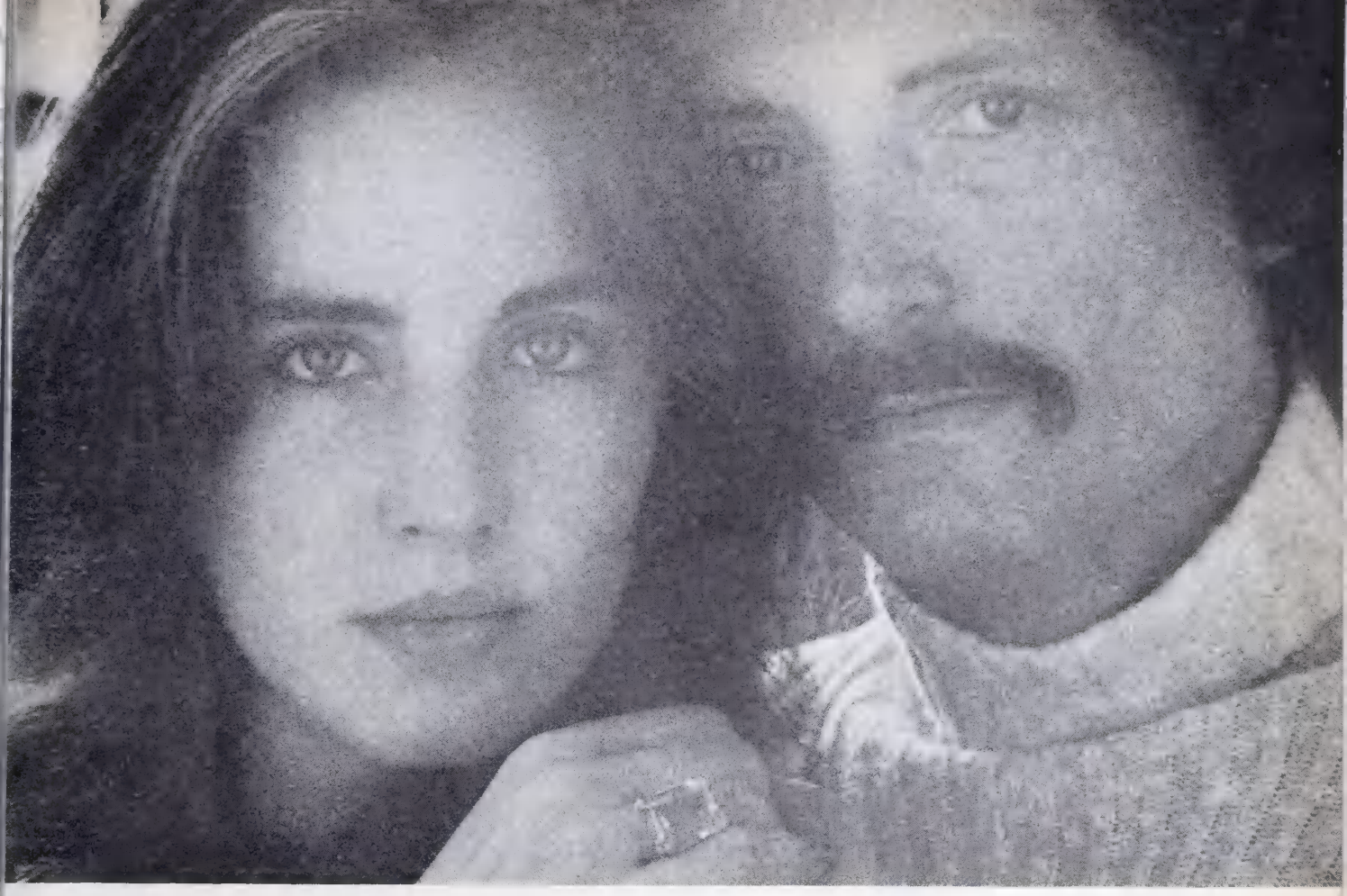
"I began meeting Joe for lunch and sometimes in the evenings while Stan baby-sat. Pretty soon Joe and I were meeting in motels. I get turned on to sex when it's illicit or forbidden, and for the first time in my life, I achieved complete satisfaction. I felt I was at last finding myself as a woman.

"One weekend Joe told his wife he was going away fishing and I told Stan I had to get away by myself for several days of rest. I took a stack of books out of the library and bought some knitting yarn for my weekend of solitary relaxation. I even gave Stan the telephone number of the motel in Santa Barbara where we planned to stay—and just in case he telephoned, I registered in my own name.

"Stan *did* telephone the motel on Sunday and asked for me. The room clerk answered, 'Oh, *they've* just checked out.' Unaware of the phone call, Joe and I drove home in separate cars, and he bought fish at a market to show he'd caught something.

"Stan had already had about four drinks by the time I got home, and his first words were, 'You've been with Joe!' At first I denied it, but finally I admitted the truth. I even told him what a great lover Joe was. This infuriated Stan, and after a few more drinks, he told me what great sex he had had with that young girl right up until our third child was born. Then he stormed off to find Joe and beat him *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.



If there's anybody who really knows me, it's Michael.

He says he loves the smell of my skin, and he likes my perfume because he says it brings out what I am to him.

More of a woman. More honest. More open. Less helpless.

I used to think being more of a woman meant acting hard to get.

Today I think it means not acting at all.

Want him to be more of a man? Try being more of a woman.



Emeraude by Coty.

© Coty, New York

up. Stan had never been in a fight in his life, so I wasn't really worried about what he might do—and, sure enough, they just talked.

"I wouldn't promise not to see Joe any more, so after much turmoil, Stan and I separated and Joe and I began discussing marriage. I had begun to hate the house we had remodeled at such expense and pain. It represented nothing but work and mess and unhappiness, but because Stan couldn't afford to let it go, I agreed to live there until I filed for divorce.

"So I was stuck all day alone with three demanding children who were driving me nuts. Joe moved away from his wife into a small apartment, but he was working at two jobs to keep financially afloat and was also going to night school—so I only saw him every other weekend.

"I told my parents about Stan's infidelity, but I didn't mention Joe. I knew they'd disapprove and I couldn't bear that. As a child, I used to hide in a closet in terror when my father punished my sister, who was a troublemaker. I did everything I could to please my father—straight A's in school, president of my sorority, cheerleader and all the rest.

"During the time I was separated from Stan, I felt as if I had no support from anyone; all my friends seemed to be against me. Joe was gone a lot, or studying, and he kept me away from his children, which hurt me. And so my feelings toward him began to cool.

"Jerry, our oldest child, was a devil about playing one parent against the other. When he was home with me, he'd say, 'Daddy's much nicer than you are; he took me to the roller coaster'—and, of course, I'd feel guilty and try to compensate for everything. Later, I learned he was playing the same game with Stan.

One day Jerry asked me, 'Why can't I have a Daddy all the time?' I started to cry. A few nights later, I invited Stan over for a Halloween party with the children. Afterward, we sat and talked quietly, and I invited him to spend the night. It seemed naughty, somehow—although he was still my husband—and our relations that night were great. By the time Thanksgiving rolled around, Stan and I were talking about a reconciliation. Joe took it badly, but eventually, he went back to his wife.

"All this happened about a year and a half ago. At first, it was exciting to be back with Stan. Lately, however, our marriage is getting humdrum again. Especially in bed. I'm afraid I might meet another man someday and be tempted again. Is there some way to make Stan a better lover?"

Stan's turn to talk

"Keeping the house clean comes first with my wife," said Stan, "then come the children, and finally, me." He slumped dejectedly forward in his chair, a slender young man of 33 with dark, expressive eyes and a neatly trimmed beard.

"Fun is high on my priority list," he continued. "I've worked since I was fourteen, but I want to enjoy life, too. Kathy measures all men against her father, who is the loyal, unimaginative type who's been with the same company forty years.

"When I first met Kathy at college, two of my fraternity brothers were chasing her. She seemed flighty and irresponsible, spontaneous and very attractive. After we were married, she changed. Her philosophy was: 'First we clean the house, wash all the clothes, polish the car, and *then* we have fun.' The work was unending.

"One day when I was feeling low—regulated on the job and regulated at home—I started to drive to work. But four blocks from home, I started to cry. I turned around and drove home. As I came in the front door, with tears running down my cheeks, Kathy looked up from her vacuuming, but kept right on working until she'd finished.

"I could feel a terrible despair in my gut. I resented my life and the control I'd given Kathy. I just wanted to drop out of society and become a beach bum. I tried to explain my feelings, but Kathy just cut me off.

"As a bed mate, Kathy is mechanical and dutiful. Her lack of response makes me feel inadequate and guilty, so I pretty much let her determine when we should have sex, which isn't often enough for me.

"When she decided it was time for a third child, however, she suddenly wanted sex every night. I felt like a stud. When we went away one weekend, we practically never got out of bed. This has always been one of my fantasies, but I couldn't even enjoy it because I felt it was not pleasure but impregnation that Kathy wanted. Then she got pregnant and, wow!—back to the old routine of sex once a week.

"Next Kathy wanted to remodel the house. But she couldn't stand the mess and somehow it became all my fault. It got to be a drag to come home at night, and that's when a friend introduced me to Becky.

"When I told Kathy about Becky, I had only seen her a few times—and we'd never slept together. I really intended to quit seeing her, but I was feeling terribly low. One weekend I took Becky away camping. We had sex then and it was great; we began seeing each other regularly.

"Kathy is a sound sleeper; it would take an earthquake to awaken her. So I'd get up at three A.M., go to Becky's apartment and spend the rest of the night with her. Kathy sleeps through and never wakes up until the alarm goes off at eight.

"After a while, though, things began to improve at home. I took part in the birth of our daughter and found it a

(continued)



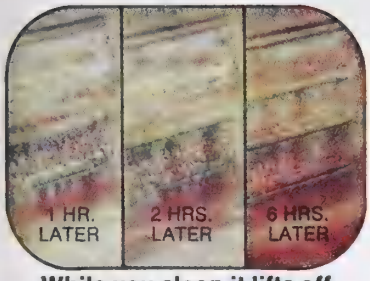
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deeply moving experience. At that point I decided to dedicate myself to my family and I broke off with Becky.

"Things went along pretty well for the next six months—until Christmas. I was moping around the house one day and I could tell Kathy was annoyed. That night at a party we met Joe. He made a play for Kathy, and right away I suspected that she was turned on by him. She began to go out in the evenings, saying she was going to visit her cousin who lives about thirty-four miles away. One morning I checked the milage on her car and found she had driven only twenty miles the preceding evening—so I knew she was lying. Still, I said nothing. When she brought up the idea of a weekend alone at Santa Barbara, I half-believed she needed to get away from me and the children. But after she'd gone, I phoned Joe's wife and learned that he, too, was in Santa Barbara.

"After Kathy and I separated, I moved in with a male friend but spent most of my time with Judy, a woman I'd met the night I left home. Sex was marvelous with Judy, which was good for my ego because I'd become impotent with Kathy. But eventually I got tired of her. Kathy and I began having dinner together on a regular basis and found we enjoyed each other's company. By Christmas, I had moved back in with her.

"Kathy seems to enjoy sex after she's had a few drinks or when I can get her away from home responsibilities. The children are fine and my business is booming, but I still feel trapped and depressed at times. I get these overwhelming urges to break loose, to have some fun and enjoy life."

The counselor's turn

"Both Kathy and Stan did a lot of growing up during their separation. They had a chance to think and compare. However, there was a real problem of sexual adjustment. It had to be surmounted in order for their marriage to survive; the relationship was just too vulnerable to outsiders. After several months of private counseling, Kathy and Stan joined a sexual adjustment group with four other couples, led by a male therapist and me [Dr. Mary Jane Hungerford].

"In any marriage, the relationship between a man and wife is primary; sex is secondary. Very few couples can enjoy a good sex relationship for long if they don't like each other and have good rapport. This was certainly true of Stan and Kathy's affairs; the extramarital sex was great, but the relationships lacked depth.

"Kathy was an extremely hostile, dominant, nervous, emotionally blocked woman. Stan was passive, impulsive, irresponsible—and also emotionally blocked. He gets restless and wants to kick over the traces; Kathy takes things too seriously and gets uptight.

"In the group therapy sessions, it became clear that Kathy felt that as a girl she'd had to live up to impossibly high standards. Her father was often stationed abroad for his company, and before reaching the tenth grade Kathy had attended thirteen different schools in a variety of foreign countries. She'd had to pick up different customs, languages and learning systems at a bewildering rate, but always there was pressure at home to do well and to conform. She and her sister responded differently to the over-control and anxiety of the mother: the older sister rebelled and became the "black sheep," while Kathy distorted herself into a goody-goody and became highly compulsive and orderly.

Letty Cottin Pogrebin is on vacation. Her column, "The Working Woman," will appear next month in the JOURNAL.

"The only acceptable way for Kathy to express her feelings as a child was by slamming cupboards and doors. But when she used this technique with Stan, who would rush to discover what was the matter, Kathy's anger devastated him. During counseling, he learned to accept the banging as a healthy release of tension.

"During his first visit, Stan said he had been sickly as a child. His mother worried constantly over his skinniness and illnesses, and until the fourth grade, he often had slept between his parents. His brother was a super athlete and student and Stan's teachers made disparaging comparisons. The family was undemonstrative, quiet and low-key. 'I was never supposed to raise my voice or get into arguments," Stan said. 'I was supposed to behave myself: I was afraid to make waves.'

"Stan's first sexual experience was at the age of eighteen, with a girl about whom he cared deeply. She moved away, however, and for a year they wrote each other every day. He was shattered when she suddenly announced that she was married, and perhaps some of his lack of confidence as a lover stems from this.

"Stan needed to become more assertive at home. Kathy was counseled to detach herself and stop *(continued)*

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it.
—G.B. Shaw

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feeling responsible for him—to release him to make his own choices and to take the consequences for them.

"One of Stan's recurrent problems was what he called his 'stir-up-the-pot' feelings. Periodically, he would be seized by a great restlessness. But his impulsiveness was threatening to his family. During counseling, he got the urge to move the family to a small cabin in the wilderness of northern California. Instead of acting parental and vetoing the notion immediately, as she would have done in the past, Kathy accepted the possibility and suggested that he explore it. Because she was not controlling, he was not rebellious. He visited the area and fantasized about living there. But he realized how inconvenient it would be and decided against the move. Both Kathy and Stan felt the situation had been well handled.

"Kathy finally recognized that Stan must have more spontaneity in his life. She became willing to leave household chores undone while the family spent weekends camping, skiing, sailing or houseboating.

"Like many couples, Kathy and Stan were too inhibited to discuss their sexual idiosyncracies; they were proceeding on guesswork. To open up communication in this area, I asked them to undertake a series of 'sensate focus' sessions, based on the sex research of Masters and Johnson. The purpose of these sessions, during which coitus is forbidden, is to find out which caresses arouse the other person, and which do not. For the first time, Stan learned which lovemaking techniques pleased Kathy, and she made similar discoveries about him.

"We also discovered that Kathy had a nutrition problem that caused her to be unreasonably fatigued at night. A clinical evaluation of her eating habits showed that she needed vitamin and mineral supplements and more high-protein foods. She complained that the children irritated her in the late afternoon. When she found that their blood sugar is low at that time, and so is hers, she decided to feed them earlier. Their dispositions improved markedly—and so did Kathy's endurance, her general emotional resilience—and her sex life.

"Kathy and Stan still have to fight old habits, but through group counseling they have achieved increased independence, self-assurance and sensitivity. They are more mutually nourishing emotionally, are coping more easily with work and family responsibilities, and having lots of fun besides." **END**

Dorothy Cameron Disney is on vacation. She will resume writing Can This Marriage Be Saved? *next month.*

A DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT COOKIE HOUSE IN A KIT.

Remember those happy Christmases when the whole family joined in making holiday decorations? Recapture that old-fashioned spirit of Yuletide togetherness with a cookie house project that can be just as exciting as trimming the tree. Our kit supplies an easy-to-assemble white-coated cardboard house, and for decorating it, a variety of delicious cookie recipes. Make your own, or select packaged cookies and candies. Use the frosting recipe in the instructions for decorating and attaching cookies. Assembled house measures 11"x10¾"x12". Do some magic landscaping with confections and evergreen snips. Try all sorts of combinations. Use your imagination and creativity. Friends as well as family can join in the fun. Your storybook house will add to the joyful holiday mood as a party centerpiece to delight children and grownups alike. No matter how you choose to decorate it, it will star as a most original work of edible art at Christmas, birthday or any party time. And after the festivities, you'll still enjoy nibbling the sweet treats that went into making it. Have your house, then eat it, too!

By Ann B. Bradley



Here's another delightful version. Accents of candies and licorice strips add notes of sweet fantasy.

Photographs by Victor Scocozza

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SPENDING YOUR MONEY BY SYLVIA PORTER



What do men like for Christmas? Where do the food dollars go? What does giving cost? When should one start to buy life insurance—and when is it time to stop?

For the men on your list

All the gifts to the men in my family this Christmas are going to be as far under $20 each as I can manage. With prices the way they are today, I know this limits me, so can you tell me now what the most popular gifts for men in this price range are?

Here's a start: Golf or tennis balls; inexpensive but often really needed and wanted clothing accessories such as gloves, mufflers, golf or tennis shirts, socks, etc.; gourmet cookbooks and fondue accessories for husbands or other relatives who are experimenting with cooking, as so many millions are; jewelry such as cuff links; wallets and credit card holders; male cosmetics.

Minimum wage law

Because we live in the deep south where wages have always been lower than in the north, I pay my day worker $1.50 an hour, and this is more than most of my friends pay their domestic help. But I hear that household workers have just been covered by the federal minimum wage law and that I'm paying too little. Is this true? If so, what must I pay? It doesn't seem fair to penalize me when I'm paying more than my friends now.

Domestic workers are now covered by the minimum wage laws and you should have been paying a minimum of $1.90 an hour as of this past May 1. You *must* pay your day worker this minimum—or you will be in violation of the law. Moreover, *she* has the right to demand back pay equivalent to the difference between the amount she has been getting since this past May 1 and $1.90 per hour. And, under the law as it reads today, the minimum wage law will be increased to $2.00 an hour beginning January 1, 1975; $2.20 beginning January 1, 1976; and $2.30 beginning January 1, 1977.

Investment decision

My brother-in-law is deep into speculations in oil and gas ventures and, according to him, he's making a killing. My husband (they're twins, both age 30, but my brother-in-law is unmarried while we have two young children) is now planning to take the money we have invested in savings certificates and a few dividend-paying stocks and go into a new wildcat oil and gas deal that he must sign up for before the end of the year. I'm scared stiff, but my husband says we'll never get anywhere investing the way we are.

Maybe you won't get very far with your investments for a while, but you won't lose every penny of your savings, either. As the sole breadwinner in a family of four, including two babies, your husband must invest much more conservatively than a swinging bachelor of 30. Your brother-in-law can afford to lose his stake and, at his age, shrug it off and begin again. Your lifestyle demands entirely different investments for entirely different goals.

Life insurance—how long?

My husband has two big life insurance policies on which he has been paying premiums since we were married 40 years ago—and I think it's ridiculous for him to be doing this when we are comfortably off, our children are grown and married and he'll reach retirement age in 1975. I doubt that we would get an honest opinion from any life insurance agent . . . what do you think about his dropping these policies?

I think you are right. And I think there are millions of other older Americans who should be asking this identical question and taking several important, money-saving and money-earning steps immediately.

Retirement age is the latest date for reviewing and re-evaluating all your life insurance policies in terms of their need and your personal goals—for you are only typical if ordinary life insurance no longer fits into your drastically changed way of life now. You no longer need an "instant estate" to protect your young dependents in the event of your premature death. It's all wrong for you to deprive yourself of a single dollar to finance this protection.

Cash in your policies and put the funds released to work earning far more money for *you*—in highest-rated bonds or top-grade common or preferred stocks or even simple savings certificates.

Contrary to your suspicions, you will find that your insurance company couldn't care less about what you are doing, for responsible insurance executives recognize the validity of your moves. Only if you are in the wealthier income brackets—in which life insurance could be an excellent way to pass on an estate—might it be wise for you to keep your policies at this stage of your life.

Good intentions—bad idea

A charity organization for which I do volunteer work is mailing out adorable identification tags to be worn on key rings. I'm helping with the mailings, and we're hoping for a big response in donations. But suddenly, the thought struck me: is this a good idea?

It's a very bad one, for if you lose your house keys (or if they are stolen along with your pocketbook) and the key ring identifies who you are and where you live, you're inviting a burglary.

Don't keep any identification of any sort on your house-key ring. Adorable tag or not, if you have attached it to your key ring, remove it at once. Tough as it may be for you to do this, inform the officials of your charity organization of their inadvertent error.

Food prices: going up

I simply cannot understand where my food dollars are going. No matter whether farm prices go up or down and no matter what the indexes reported in the paper say, my food bill just goes in one direction and you know that this direction is up. Can't anyone tell me the story in simple language?

I can try. Your food dollars are going into the middle between the farmer and the retail counter—into climbing marketing margins reflecting rising wage rates, rising energy and materials costs, rising transportation charges and rising costs of many other items that are included in "margins."

What's more, you and I will continue to get the short end of the food price deal until the challenging obstacle of inefficiency in the marketing middle is attacked head-on and with courage.

Life insurance—how soon?

Our oldest son is a college freshman this year on a large campus and he writes that he has been approached by several high-pressure agents selling life insurance. He says the companies offer to finance most of the first two years' premiums ("only 75 cents a day"), making the policies seem next to free. One of them claimed it was a student organization and tried to get our son to "endorse" the life insurance offer. The company then intended to send the bills to us. Our son has no idea whether he needs to have life insurance, much less the policies these people have been trying to sell him. Personally, I think this type of thing should be banned.

As a matter of fact, quite *(continued)*

Times are changing.

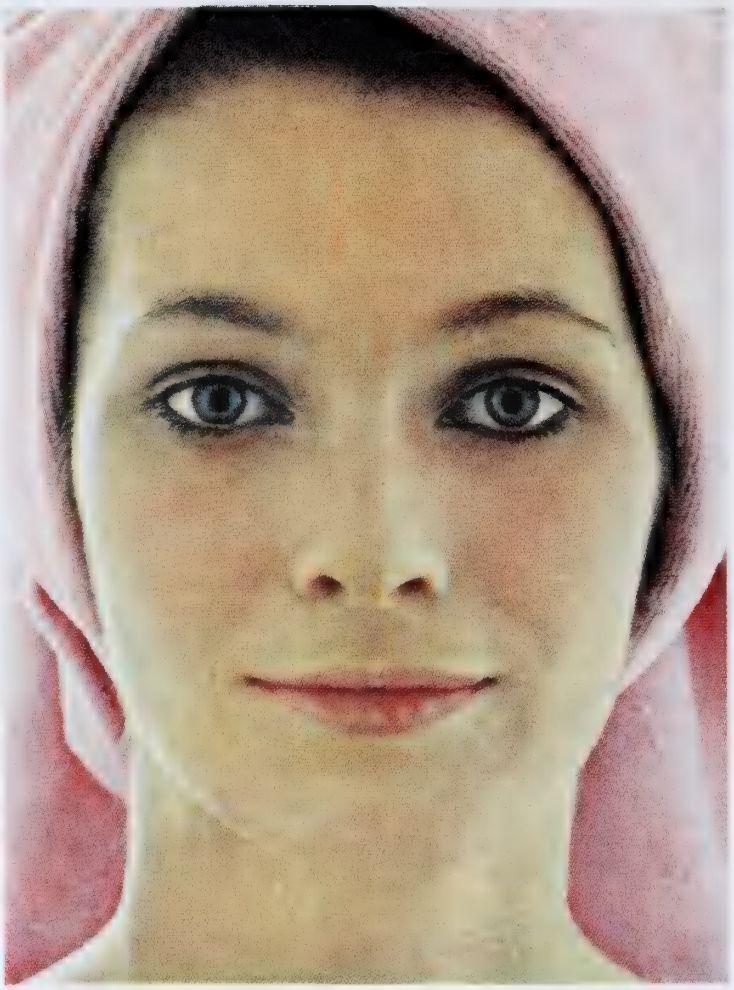
Of all the snacks children love, one is now a natural cereal. No artificial colors, flavors, or preservatives. Just a mixture of nine* fresh fruits, nuts and grains sweetened with honey and brown sugar and toasted in a warm, Quaker oven. The No. 1 natural cereal.



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The Mary Kay Basic Skin™ Care Program. It's a beautiful beginning.

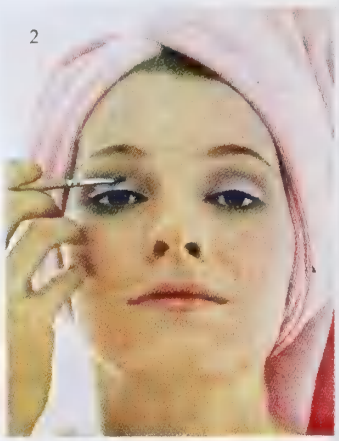
Whether you host it or attend it, the Mary Kay Home Beauty Show can change your looks and change your life. First you discover the benefits of our Basic Skin Care Program—a combination of products that leaves your skin clean, clear, fresh and soft as velvet. Then your Consultant provides individual instruction on how to make the most of your natural beauty. (1) How to apply rouge in the most flattering manner and how to form the perfect eyebrow. (2) How to apply eye shadow and eyeliner that brighten your eyes. (3) How to apply mascara to accent the eyes and prevent the tips of your eyelashes from fading. (4) How to apply lip makeup that's exclusively designed to provide a "mix'n'match" wardrobe of five lip colors.

But all this is just the beginning.

1

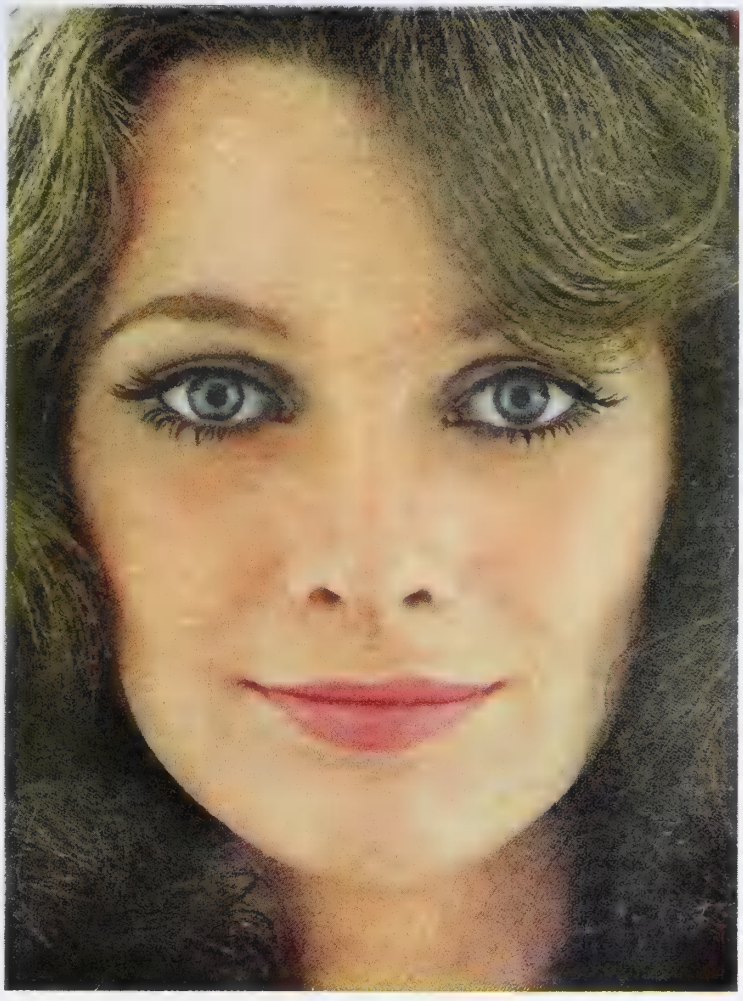


2



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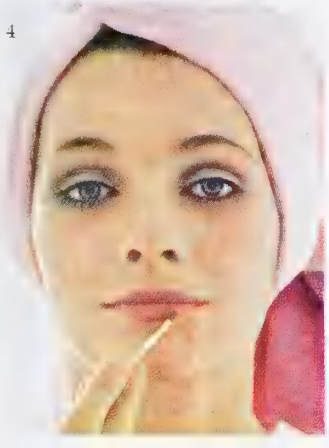
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4



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Mary Kay Cosmetics, Inc.

a few states have clamped restrictions on these selling techniques, especially the premium loans. The colleges also have been frowning on the solicitors—but they have not so far been able to control them.

The hard-sell continues. Tell your son to pass up life insurance until he knows quite a lot more about where—and with whom—he's headed.

Investing in bonds

We are finally following advice we've been given for months and we're buying bonds for income. But we want to buy only the very best grades, because we don't want to take any chances at all. How do we find out about the quality of bonds?

Judgments on the creditworthiness of various bonds are made by such independent services as Moody's and Standard & Poor's—with the quality of the bonds rated by these agencies ranging from the very highest to the riskiest.

Starting from the top, the ratings are: Aaa (Moody's) or AAA (Standard & Poor's); Aa or AA; Baa or BBB; Ba or BB; B; Caa or CCC; Ca or CC; C.

If you are as anxious to avoid any risks of default as you say you are, you will not buy any securities below the ratings of A.

Eligible grandchildren

I am aware that young children get Social Security benefits if one parent on whom they are financially dependent dies or becomes disabled. But my husband and I have custody of two of our grandchildren whose father, a widower, died last year.

We are worried about what would become of our charges financially if anything should happen or if my husband dies. As things stand now the children are completely dependent on his earnings.

As of January, 1973, dependent grandchildren whose parents are deceased or disabled become eligible for Social Security benefits through their grandparents if they were living with the grandparents and dependent on them for at least one half of their financial support during the year before the grandparent died or became entitled to benefits (for example, through disability).

Important note: Although probably relatively few children qualify for benefits under this provision, the Social Security Administration suspects that many who *are* eligible simply don't know that they are entitled to benefits.

Shares as gifts

I am a widow and hold a large portfolio of stocks on which I have both paper profits and losses. I'd like to give my children and grandchildren some shares as Christmas gifts. Does it matter which ones I give?

Yes! Give your children some of the shares you own at paper profits because you'll get a big tax break by so doing. To explain: since you're giving away the shares, you won't have to pay the capital gain tax you otherwise would owe on the difference between your lower purchase price and today's market prices. Do not give your children shares you own at losses because, having given away the shares, you'll forfeit any tax deduction for the difference between your higher cost and the market value of the stocks now.

And here's another point: do not give them shares selling at around the same prices as your original cost because then you'll forfeit tax breaks on either gains or losses.

What does giving cost?

I think I remember reading in your JOURNAL column last year some fascinating figures about how much less a charitable contribution costs than the dollar total you give. Is my recollection correct?

Do you have the figures at hand? I'm sure millions of others would be as fascinated as I am, particularly at this giving season of the year.

Your recollection is correct, and here is a far more complete calculation than I gave you last year of out-of-pocket costs of charitable contributions. The chart was prepared by the Research Institute of America in New York City and shows net after-tax cost of a $100 contribution in 1974 (disregarding the earned income ceiling) if you itemize your deductions and are a married man filing a joint return.

If your taxable income is:	*A $100 contribution costs you:*
$6,000	$81
8,000	81
12,000	78
16,000	75
20,000	72
24,000	68
28,000	64
32,000	61
36,000	58
40,000	55
50,000	50
70,000	45
95,000	40
110,000	38
130,000	36
150,000	34

If you are single or a head of household, the net after-tax cost to you of a contribution at any income level is less than to the married man—but the overall point is still true. **END**



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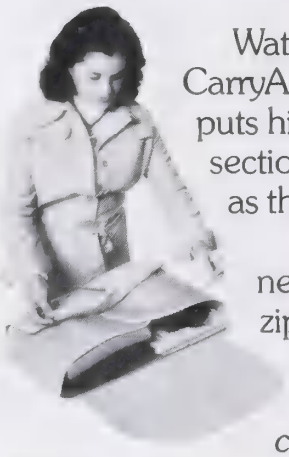

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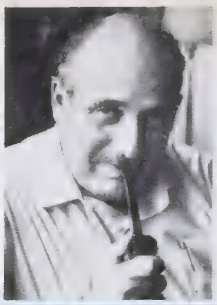
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Arnold Palmer

PEACE WITHOUT PILLS



Tranquilizers have become almost an American way of life. In this column, Dr. Rubin tells why this is so—and suggests ways to relieve daily stress and strain without drugs.

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

America is a nation of pills—pills to make us calm, to give us energy, to make us sleep, to make us feel good. Sometimes these pills are prescribed by doctors, sometimes by psychiatrists and, sadly, sometimes they are dispensed by well-meaning non-medical friends.

I am not totally against the use of pills. Chemicals or drugs have a place in medicine; they can control or cure certain sicknesses. The key words here are *a place in medicine*, because the constructive use of pills ends when medical expertise ends.

Unfortunately, some doctors have been so inundated by our cultural pressures that they prescribe pills carelessly. This is especially true of psychiatric drugs, which are being taken far too indiscriminately today by the general population.

Psychiatric drugs do have their place. Psychiatrists and qualified psychotherapists can prescribe them to alleviate the distress of severe depression, anxiety and even emotional disturbances. Used correctly, these drugs can aid in the long-term goals of psychotherapy; they can save lives and can curtail the need for more drastic treatment, such as electroconvulsive (shock) therapy. But psychiatry is a specialized field—and so is the use of psychiatric drugs. This does not mean that a general practitioner should not prescribe these drugs, but he should do so in consultation with a psychiatric specialist—just as he would consult with any other specialist in other medical areas.

I'm not going to go into a technical description of the biochemistry or the physiological effects of psychiatric drugs, but I want to describe their effect on emotions.

Before today's modern drugs came into being, sedatives and hypnotics were used to control anxiety and insomnia. Many of these drugs fell into the category of barbiturates. They are still in use today, and today—as in the past—users are becoming addicted to these drugs or are taking overdoses that sometimes prove fatal.

Barbiturates are helpful, but their use must be limited and their intake carefully controlled. The doctor must keep a close watch on the patient's mental state, and the patient's intake of alcohol must be forbidden, because the combination of alcohol and barbiturates can be fatal. Habitual use of these sedatives, called "downers" (because of their calming effects) can lead to experimentation with amphetamines ("uppers"), which counteract the effects of "downers." The experimentation often does not stop there, and the user can go on to hard drugs (heroin, morphine, Demerol, etc.), to which a patient can easily become addicted.

One of the main drawbacks of these old drugs is that they have—in addition to a tranquilizing effect—a tendency to make the patient sleepy. This unwanted side effect led to the discovery of more up-to-date drugs which, when used in proper dosage, relieve tension and anxiety but still allow the patient to function.

Possible side effects

Modern psychiatric drugs are divided into two categories: tranquilizers and energizers. Both are used to combat anxiety, depression and psychotic symptoms such as hallucinations (hearing or seeing imaginary things) and delusions. Some drugs are mild, some are potent. Some have an immediate effect; others must be used over a period of months, even years, and their effect depends on a constant level of the drug in the patient's bloodstream. The pills can have side effects, including psychological dependency on the drug, which could be harmful. However, deaths from overdoses seem to be less common than with the older drugs, as is the patient's tendency to become involved with hard drugs.

Despite the real psychiatric properties of these modern drugs, millions of people are turning to them without proper prescription and without real medical need. Millions take these pills simply for peace of mind. Why?

Americans seem to be geared to extremes. We regard various aspects of the human condition in extremes, especially when it concerns peace of mind. Subconsciously, many of us refuse to accept any feelings other than total inner peace and harmony. The slightest stress, frustration, tension or anxiety produces the quest for immediate relief. All too often our greatest anxiety is created in response to the discovery that we are anxious in the first place. In other words, we become afraid of the slightest inner turmoil—and we respond to that fright with panic, which in turn creates even more anxiety.

Subconsciously, we all make an impossible demand on ourselves: we want inner peace to reign supreme at all times. Since this desire is constantly thwarted, we feel cheated, angry and frightened. We feel frightened because feelings of disharmony are completely opposite to the ideal peace we seek.

The fact is that human moods are like the ocean—they are constantly changing and can never be pinned down to any one form. We are not vegetables, we are sensitive, complex creatures who are constantly subject to stresses arising from ourselves, those around us and the world in general. Changeability measures aliveness and vitality. Taking pills in an effort to find pure peace is killing the most alive aspects of being human. Aliveness is composed of all kinds of feelings. We can't be anesthesized within without giving up the joys and beauty involved in aliveness. And we can't be fully alive without feeling some turmoil as well as some peace, some frustration and some satisfaction. Inner peace is inner deadness, and inner deadness is an unwillingness to face personal issues, to confront problems and to make decisions. In many cases, men and women use tranquilizers as a substitute for the healthy struggle that leads to free choice and inner growth. Yet without the ability to make choices, painful as these choices may be, there can be no freedom. Furthermore, escaping from choice obliterates one of the most valuable aspects of being human. Pure peace is death.

Why people use pills

Why do so many people use pills to deaden feelings and conflicts? There are as many reasons as there are pill-takers, but basically these people are afraid to face the fact that life lacks perfection. They can't give up anything; they can't make a choice because choice involves some surrender.

Some of these people fear feelings of love and anger. Many have come to rely on the mistaken belief that we are too weak to tolerate frustration, struggle or anxiety when, in fact, we are not that fragile. Anxiety can't be avoided in making choices, in establishing personal values, in growing *(continued on page 192)*

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal, marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of SHRINK! *(Popular Library). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*


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AMY VANDERBILT: QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE



What about husbands who wear inappropriate clothing combinations? Should you ask who's coming to a dinner party to which you've been invited? The world's most respected authority answers reader inquiries.

Children at the wedding

I'm 13. I want to go to a wedding reception but my mother says I can't go unless my name is on the invitation. Is she right?

I believe that you are old enough to have your name on the wedding invitation (on the inner envelope) if the bride's family really wants you to go to the reception. That is the intention of the bride's family when the inner envelope reads: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown," and, beneath that, "Ann and Byron" (children under 18). You don't ask to go to a wedding reception without an invitation, but you may certainly go to the church ceremony without any special invitation.

House guest's hostess

If I invite someone's house guest to go out, must I also invite her hostess?

Yes, but she is not required to accept your invitation. Sometimes the hostess is grateful to have the house guest taken off her hands by kind friends.

A matter of religion

We have friends who are fundamentalists. When we entertain them in our home for dinner, they recite long prayers over every meal. Our family is not religious and never observes any ceremony before eating. Are we obligated to listen to their prayers in our home because of their children, even though our child is present and we don't want to subject him to religious ideals we do not believe in?

You must like these people since you do entertain them. Their prayers before meals are evidently most important to them and to their children. I cannot see that they will harm you or your child, even though you do not subscribe to these particular beliefs. I suggest that you ask your guests to say the grace. Undoubtedly your child will grow up to have the beliefs—or lack of them—that you have yourselves.

Shower and wedding gifts

I am going to my cousin's wedding. Is a wedding gift required if I take a gift to a shower for her?

Usually, shower gifts and wedding gifts are separate. But in some communities the shower gift, if it is elaborate, is expected to serve as a wedding gift as well. Ask others going to the shower if this is going to be their solution. If you accept an invitation to a wedding reception, a gift is expected. If you regret, it is not necessary to send a gift.

Husband's clothes

My husband wears what seems to me an inappropriate combination of clothes. For example, he'll wear a short-sleeved shirt under a suit or jacket, light-colored socks with a dark suit, or boots or loafers with a suit. Are these combinations correct?

It is not considered fashionable to wear a short-sleeved shirt under a suit or jacket. A dark suit calls for dark socks. Boots or loafers (except dress loafers) should be restricted to sports clothes. Short-sleeved shirts are usually sport shirts worn under informal circumstances with light-colored socks, boots or loafers, perhaps depending upon the part of the country in which you live. However, very much depends, I think, on your lifestyle. The late Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas wore boots under all circumstances, even with evening clothes.

Who's coming to dinner?

Is it in bad taste to ask who will be present at a dinner party to which one is invited?

Such a question is maddening and quite incorrect. The hostess can always counter with, "Why do you ask?" And any answer to that question makes the asker look foolish indeed.

Awkward introduction

How should I introduce the person with whom I am living but to whom I am not married? It seems awkward to use "boyfriend."

You don't need to use any descriptive phrase. You can say "my friend"—or just "Mr. Jones" is sufficient.

Eating crackers

When one is eating crackers that are wrapped, where do the wrappers go?

They go on the table.

Little brats

My sister-in-law lets her kids do whatever they like in my house. They go through drawers and jump all over furniture. What can I do?

If their mother doesn't know enough to tell these children how to behave, you should do so quietly and privately. You should explain to your husband that you must do something about this intolerable situation.

Tipping at buffets

What is the customary tip when eating in a buffet-style restaurant where you serve yourself? The waitress serves only the beverage and dessert.

Waitresses tell me that the tip should be the same as it would be when the entire dinner is served, because so much work goes into the preparation of a buffet.

Bar mitzvah guest

We are Christians, but there are many Jewish families in our area, and my son has been invited to a friend's bar mitzvah. Is money considered an appropriate gift? If so, what is a proper amount (our finances are limited), and how is it given?

Money is considered an appropriate gift, and five dollars is usually the minimum amount. It should be enclosed with a card and given either at the reception following the service or mailed beforehand.

Baby shower

My mother wanted to give a baby shower for my first baby, but my in-laws were against it. We did not have the shower, and my mother was hurt. Now I am expecting again. Is it proper to have a shower for a second baby?

A shower is not wrong for the second or subsequent babies. However, except in some ethnic groups, it is not right for anyone in the family to give a shower for the mother-to-be. It should be given by friends.

Music for guests

When you have a couple in, should you play music they like or music you like?

(continued on page 54)

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, house warmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send $1 for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

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Breakfast Americana

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Mexi-Taco Hash Browns

In a large skillet, brown 1 lb. GROUND BEEF and cook ½ cu fresh frozen ORE-IDA CHOPPE ONIONS until tender. Spoon off fat. Add 1 can (8 oz.) TOMATO SAUCE, ½ tsp. SALT, ½ tsp. CHILI POWDER or more to taste 1/8 tsp. GARLIC POWDER and 1 tsp. HEINZ WORCESTERSHI SAUCE. Boil; reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, in another skillet, prepare 1 packa (12 oz.) frozen ORE-IDA SHREDDED HASH BROWNS according to package directions season with SALT and PEPPER. Place hot hash browns on bakin dish. Top potatoes with meat mixture and 4 to 8 TOMATO SLICES, sprinkle with shredded CHEDDAR CHEESE. Broil 3 to 5 minutes until cheese is melted Serves four.

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lico Potato Salad

e a bag (24 oz.) of frozen RE-IDA POTATOES O'BRIEN. ok with 1 to 2 tbsp. SALT in ts. BOILING WATER, covered, til fork tender. About 5 minutes. ain. Blend together ½ cup AYONNAISE or cooked salad essing*, 1 tbsp. MUSTARD, bsp. SWEET PICKLE JUICE d ¼ tsp. CELERY SEED. Add cup chopped HEINZ SWEET CKLES, ½ cup chopped CELERY, 2 or 3 hard-cooked EGGS, coarsely chopped, and the warm potatoes. Toss lightly. Adjust seasonings, adding SALT and PEPPER if necessary. Cover and refrigerate for several hours. Garnish, if you like. Serves six to eight.

*For variety, you can substitute ¼ cup dairy sour cream for ¼ cup of the mayonnaise.

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AVA

At 51, Ava Gardner remains an elusive legend. Here, in a rare interview, this most liberated woman talks about her past, present and future. By Vernon Scott

Ava Gardner offers almost no resistance to the inevitability of age. No face lifts. No young husbands. No excuses. Her chief defense against the erosion of time is seclusion. She is rarely photographed, seldom on public display. Neither has Ava attempted to play younger women in films. She is a stranger to television.

At 51, Ava is a beautiful woman. Not as breathtaking as a quarter-century ago, to be sure, but magnificent nonetheless. She continues her self-imposed exile from the United States. She is outspoken and nonconformist as she dares to be. She is unremittingly at war with the press, which she is sure has an organized vendetta against her, a conspiracy to print only unflattering pictures.

On her most recent visit to Hollywood for her role in *Earthquake*, she made only one public appearance. And, as a concession to Universal Pictures, she allowed only one press interview—her first in years. Lunch was arranged in a darkened corner of a Beverly Hills café.

Ava's blue-green eyes were at once defensive and tinged with apprehension. She sipped the remains of a fortifying cocktail. When the studio public relations man produced a tape recorder she recoiled.

"Take that thing away!" she cried.

With an apology, the press agent set the recorder on an adjacent table. "No," Ava said. "Take it entirely out of the room. I can't stand those things. I can't say a word when they're around. I choke up."

Ava bit her bottom lip anxiously and ordered another drink. She was a lioness at bay, alert and prepared to lash out in self-defense.

"I hope you have a good memory," she said, her voice still smoky and sensuous. "I don't even like to have anyone take notes."

Ava sipped her drink slowly. For years she drank a great deal—publicly and privately. Friends and acquaintances say she imbibes far less these days. She prefers white wine to hard liquor, probably as much to watch her weight as anything else. She is perhaps 15 pounds heavier than she was 20 years ago. The additional weight, however, is not altogether unattractive. It has filled out her bust and hips. However, the additional pounds embarrassed her on the set one day, while she was shooting a scene in an underground garage ruined by the earthquake. The men had drilled a hole through the concrete and were lifting the women survivors through the opening to freedom. When it was Ava's turn, the muscular men lifted her by the arms to propel her through the opening.

Alas, the rounder Ava was caught about halfway through the *(continued)*

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CO 11-4 LHJ

aperture, about three or four feet off the ground. Actio stopped. Director Mark Robson called, "Cut!"

A moment's uneasiness followed. Ava extricated herse from the awkward position, laughing.

"Let's try that until we get it right," she said, to the relie of her co-workers, who were braced for a temperamental ou burst.

But sitting at a restaurant table, one-to-one, is an altogethe different situation. A different Ava Gardner.

Ava looked trim enough in a white blouse, blue denim pant and flat heels. Her dark brown hair was hidden beneath white cap from which a blue and white polka-dot scarf flowe to her shoulders. Her eyes were clear, her skin lustrous. Sh wore only a hint of eye makeup and a suggestion of lipstick

"You must understand," she said. "I have had some terribl experiences with the press. I put my trust in several columnists and reporters. I discussed all sorts of things—subjects shouldn't have touched on—and then they were twisted o changed to infer things I didn't mean or say at all.

"Rex Reed is an example. I listened to him pour out hi personal problems for an hour. Then when I talked openl he misconstrued everything I said."

Not since Frank

Neither does she feel at home in the United States. Sh hasn't lived in Hollywood since her divorce from Frank Si natra 20 years ago.

Ava makes sporatic trips to Hollywood to visit her elder sis ter Beatrice (whom she calls "Bappy"). But she makes n bones about her disdain for the film capital, the studios an most of the people who live here. On this occasion she ha been lured to California by producer Jennings Lang to play languid, alcohol-prone housewife trapped by the earthquak to end all earthquakes while losing her husband to another younger woman.

Producer Lang flew to London last winter to persuade Av to take the unsympathetic role in *Earthquake*. She agree reluctantly.

"To be honest," she said indifferently, "I needed a pai vacation. It wasn't Jennings Lang or the script. And it wasn for a large salary, either. I wasn't paid that much. I was jus ready for a change of scenery.

"Now that I've been here for two months I can hardl wait to get the hell back to England. I absolutely adore Lon don, but sometimes the winters seem a bit too long."

Ava ordered cold poached salmon for lunch. She discusse the years and labels of wine at length with the waiter befor deciding on a vintage French chablis. She was undemanding on her best behavior.

"You have to put up with a few discomforts in England, she said. "For instance, I didn't know my apartment was sup plied with electric hot water heaters until the energy crisis When electricity got scarce I didn't have enough hot wate to take a bath. So I'd slip into a robe and, with my hair look ing a mess, steal across the street to a friend's house to bathe He had a gas heater. God bless the English. They'd preten not to see me on the street when they walked by."

Ava, always footloose, became an expatriate after her di vorce from Sinatra, living in Italy and Spain. She has live in London for four years. Recently she moved from a five story house in Park Street to Ennismore Gardens where sh bought a spaciously elegant, second-floor flat. She has mad it a breathtaking Edwardian home, very regal, and, as on friend described it, "terribly Regency looking." The furniture reflects her travels through Europe, with antiques from France, Spain and England. Her bed is an exquisite relic from the Napoleonic era. Her close friend, hair stylist Sydney Guilaroff, says her home is the most elegant he has seen.

(continued)

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Ava is one woman in Hollywood and an entirely different one in London. In California, she wears denim. In London, her wardrobe is chic, distinctive and expensive. Surprisingly, she is less visible in England than in this country.

For more than 30 years Ava has been haunted by public recognition. She fled the United States to seek privacy. She loathed being recognized in public. She still abhors the clamor of fans, but now she is disappointed when passersby fail to recognize her.

"It's lovely to have people recognize me in the street," she said. "They may not know or remember my name, but my face is familiar to them and they smile and nod their heads. That's sweet."

Once Ava is safely surrounded by long-time pals, she pulls out all the stops. On the eve of her departure from Hollywood, she attended a party at the home of Joan Cohn Harvey, widow of Harry Cohn and one-time wife of the late actor Lawrence Harvey. Escorted by Guilaroff, Ava romped through the evening, singing and dancing a flamenco.

While she was in Hollywood, her only major public appearance was for the premiere of *That's Entertainment*, a collage of clips from old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musicals. There was even a glimpse of Ava as Julie in *Showboat*.

"I was terrified at that premiere," she said. "I've always been that way. All my life. Whenever I have to make a public appearance I'm frightened to death."

Several thousand fans congested the approaches to the theater and when she stepped from her limousine they chanted: "Ava! Ava! Ava!" She went pale with alarm.

"I've never seen Ava so frightened," said Guilaroff, who again escorted her. "She gripped my arm so tightly it hurt. Ava was never born to be exposed. She's shy. No one gets to her anymore because she's been burned so many times."

In *That's Entertainment*, Ava saw two of her former husbands: Mickey Rooney and Frank Sinatra. "I enjoyed watching them," she said without enthusiasm. "Mickey's talent never fails to impress me. And Frank, singing and dancing with Bing Crosby, was fantastic. Nobody could have done it better."

Ava was thoughtful for a moment, perhaps recalling a dozen stories quoting unflattering observations she had made about Rooney, Sinatra and her second husband, musician Artie Shaw.

Of Rooney she once said, "We were children. We never had a chance."

Hell on the top

After her divorce from Sinatra, Ava observed, "When he was down he was so sweet, but when he got back to the top, it was hell."

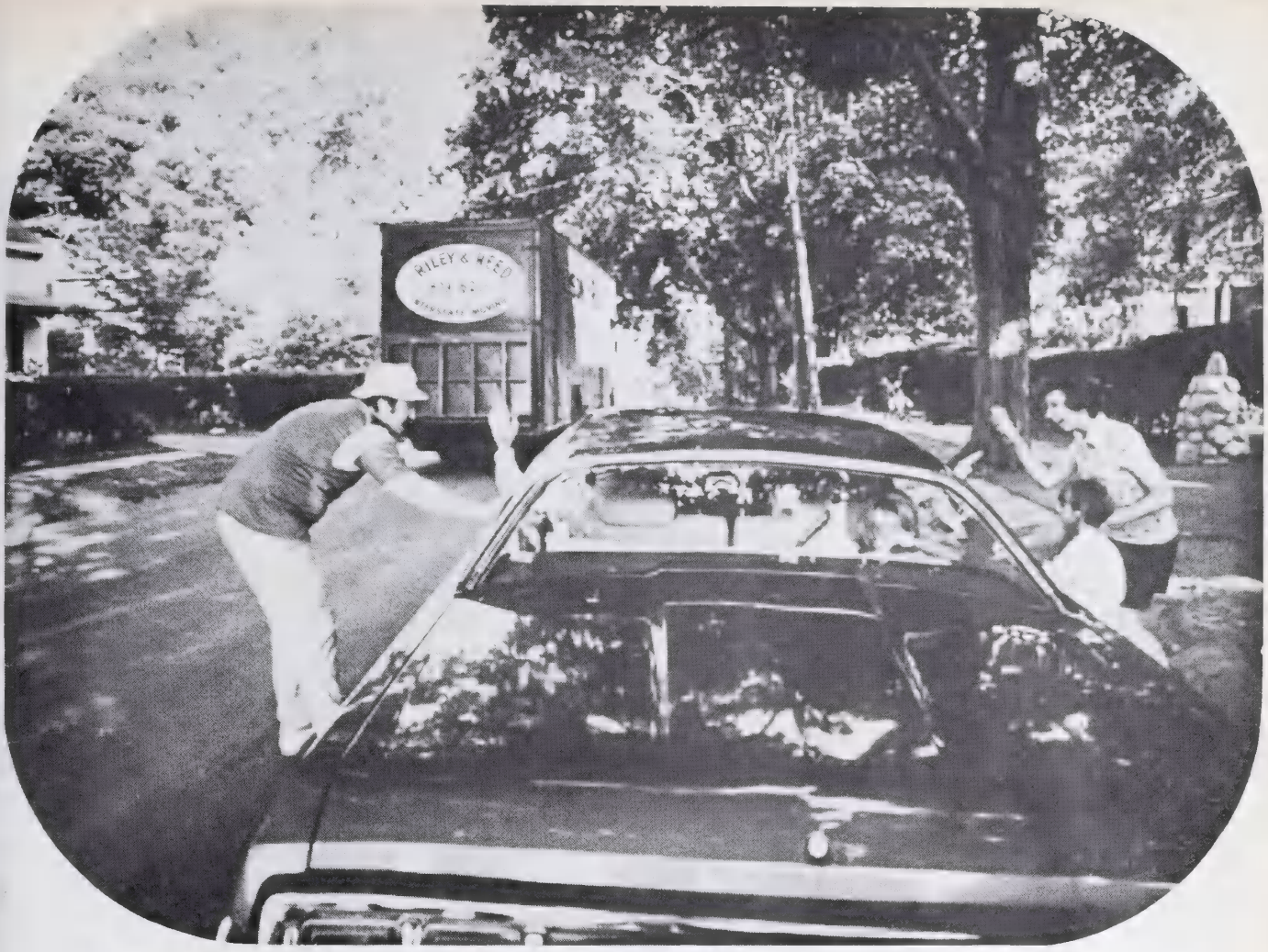
A dozen years ago, Ava said, "Artie Shaw was so godalmighty I never stood a chance. Frank Sinatra was supposed to be all through when I married him. I didn't believe it—and I didn't steal him from Nancy. I stood beside him when things were the roughest. Then he got big again and became his old arrogant self."

Now she is more circumspect. "All three of my husbands were extraordinary men," she said, a faraway look in her eye. "Each was a genius. I have happy memories of each of them. I don't regret my marriages for a moment."

If Ava regrets never having children, she keeps the thought to herself. Shaw once said, "Ava would say, 'I want to have a baby.' Mickey wouldn't give me a baby.' But she never felt our marriage was secure enough to risk having a baby."

Now there is another man in Ava's life. In London. He is Freddie Davies, 30, a black singer with whom she is frequently seen but rarely photographed. Earlier this year she was quoted as saying, "I'm in love with Freddie."

During lunch, Ava would admit *(continued on page 54)*



"It's not easy leaving here..."

Moving away can be an adventure for children—the trip to the new home, the excitement of meeting new friends. When one gets older and learns how rare true friends really are, the parting isn't so easy.

But moving away doesn't have to mean the end of a friendship. Not when you can keep in touch by Long Distance.

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MERLE NORMAN COSMETICS

I-114

MEDICINE TODAY: A GUIDE TO WHAT'S NEW



News about "test-tube" babies. What to do for a bloody nose. When should you start to guard against heart disease? And news about that strange "lockjaw" diet.

By David R. Zimmerman

Infertility. Important news for barren women has come from England, where three women with blocked or missing oviducts have become pregnant through an experimental *in vitro* (test-tube) fertilization—and have delivered apparently normal babies. (Blockage of the oviducts, the tubes where ova meet sperm, is the major cause of female infertility.)

In the experimental technique used by obstetrician Dr. Douglas Bevis, ripe ova are extracted from the ovary with a thin instrument passed through a tiny incision in the woman's abdominal wall. An ovum is then united with a sperm in a lab dish. A week later, the still-microscopic conceptus is gently taken from the dish and placed in the womb, where it attaches itself to the wall, and, hopefully, grows normally to term. The problems have been enormous, and Dr. Bevis says the success rate is still low.

More research might improve this technique. However, Dr. Bevis, angry over the furor that his limited announcement provoked in the press, has threatened to stop his work—and may even have been ordered to do so by medical authorities. In the United States, comparable research is frowned upon by organized medicine and federal agencies.

Bloody nose. A child whose nose is bleeding should not lie on his or her back, says otolaryngologist Thane Cody, M.D., in his parents' guide, *Your Child's Ears, Nose and Throat* (Macmillan). Lying back, he says, lets blood run back into the throat and down into the stomach—where it may cause nausea.

Seat the child, head forward, so the blood will run out the nostrils. Squeeze the tip of the child's nose between your fingers—gently—to stop the bleeding.

Start young. The time to prevent diseases of the heart and arteries—including heart attack, arteriosclerosis, hypertension and obesity (a contributing factor to these conditions)—is not in middle age. Presidential nutrition adviser Dr. Jean Mayer of Harvard says many of these ills are seeded in infancy or childhood. He recommends:

- Breast-feeding and/or unsalted foods for babies, instead of salt-rich baby foods, which may predispose an individual to high blood pressure.
- Fewer eggs and less fat for childr who should be given low-choleste substitutes to avoid atherosclerosis.
- Less time indoors watching TV more time outdoors exercising—one to prevent obesity.
- Less reliance on high-fat, high-su foods, which Dr. Mayer says are hazard to us all.

Cancer clue? The smallpox vaccine developed when an 18-century Engl physician, Edward Jenner, noticed t milkmaids suffered from a related mild disease, cowpox—but *not* smallp He infected his son and others with animal pox—and when they remair well, the smallpox vaccine was born.

Dr. Doris White, a poultry farm and science professor at William Pat son College in Wayne, N.J., noticed t no one in her family suffered from c sores. These are caused by herpesvir which can lead to cancer. People w handle chickens are exposed to two lated herpesviruses, which kill chicke but are harmless to humans.

Dr. White polled 300 people—so who work with chickens and others w do not—regarding cold sores. Few people who handle chickens had c sores (11 percent) than people who not handle poultry (30 percent). So D White tentatively concludes that "pe ple who handle chickens seem to ha greater resistance to cold sores."

If this observation is confirmed, t way might be open to a vaccine agai herpesvirus cold sores. And such a va cine just *might* prevent some cance

Lockjaw diet. The hardest—or easies way to lose weight appears to be catc ing on. *Medical World News* repo that Trenton, Mich., oral surgeon G bert Klieff, M.D., has wired shut t mouths of approximately 100 ove weight patients, thereby restricting the to liquid diets sipped through straw Weight losses up to 100 pounds ha been reported. But Daniel Laskin, M.D of Chicago, an oral surgeon, worri about this procedure. Locked jaws, h says, do not a wiser eater make. Loa of calories can be sipped through straw. Wired-shut teeth may shift, r or produce gum disease. And, Dr. La kin warns, vomiting behind closed jaw can prove fatal, with food and gastr juices being sucked into the lungs. EN

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RELIEVES PAIN FASTER THAN PLAIN ASPIRIN AND WITH LESS CHANCE OF STOMACH UPSET.

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BEAUTY JOURNAL

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Q. *I have long admired your beauty makeovers. The reason I'm writing is that I think my mother could use your advice. She has just started a new full-time job and has bought some new clothes. But I think she also needs a new beauty look, too. Her hair is badly cut and sort of a mousey brown color. What should she do?*

–S.D., N.J.



A. Your mother will probably look best in a hair style that is all one length, cut at about chin level. She will need occasional trims as her hair grows to one length, but avoid having it cut into layers again. Once the hair has grown, a blunt cut will give her hair more body and a better line. Try a part that runs diagonally from center top, ending at the hairline above the eyebrow. This type of part will add body to her hairstyle and so minimize the length of her face.

Judging from the pictures you sent, another idea to improve her looks is to thin and shape the eyebrows. If you take a look at the sketch you'll be able to see the difference thinner eyebrows would make. To finish up, she could add some color to her makeup—eyeshadows and blusher would be the best bets.

Q. *I've been using a lanolin-enriched cleansing cream for my combination oily/dry skin. It works OK on the dry skin, but it leaves the oily part with clogged pores. Is there a better cleansing routine for me? –F.E., Pa.*

A. Switch to something lighter, like a simple lotion cleanser. After cleansing thoroughly, use an astringent in the strategic T-zone area—forehead, nose and chin. These are the oil-prone areas and an astringent will help to tighten and tone the pores. Use cleansing grains at least twice a week. And on the T-zone area only, apply a mask made especially for oily skin. See p. 112 for more help.

THE WINTER BATH

The extreme weather conditions of the winter have some extreme effects on our body as well. Here are a few winter bath-shower tips that will help you combat dry, flaking skin for a smoother, softer look.

- Never use hot, hot water when taking a bath or a shower. Hot water dries out your skin, which causes itching and scaling. Warm water is better because it helps preserve precious oils.
- Always drop a capful or two of bath oil into the tub. After a shower, try some of those pads soaked in oil, or try one of the new oil sprays that you quickly squirt on.
- Consider using one of those natural sponges instead of a washcloth. Squeeze a bit of a liquid soap on the sponge and *gently* (remember, gently) smooth it over your body.
- The best thing to remember in the winter is *moisture*. Lavish your entire body with moisturizers after baths.
- Treat yourself to your favorite fragrance in bath oil and body lotion. You'll love the way the scent lingers.

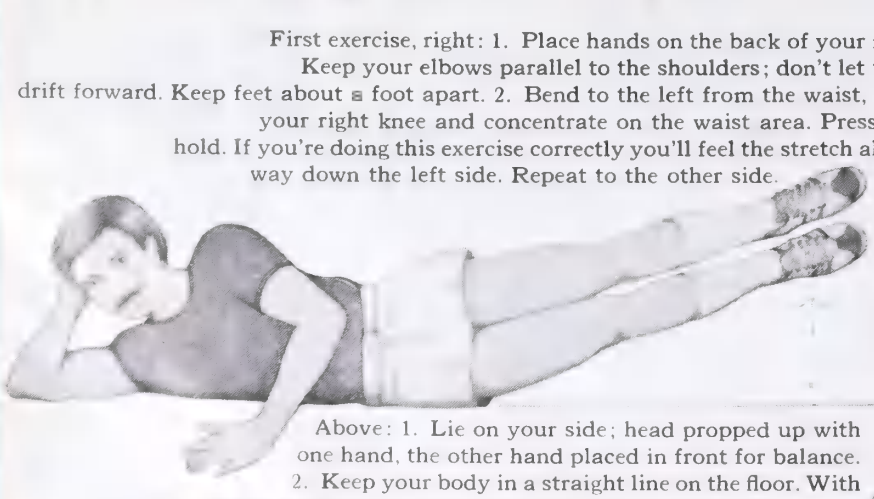
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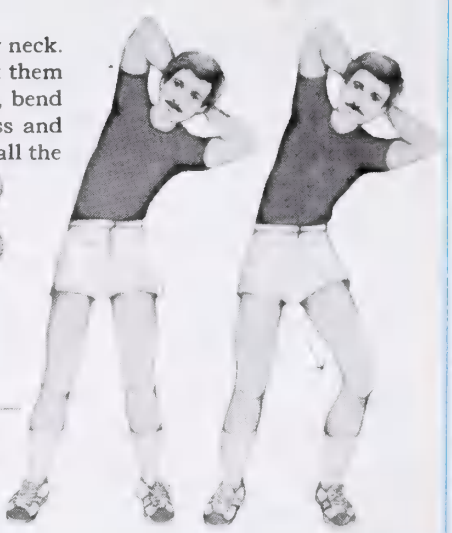
- With all the talk this month about skin types (here and on page 112), a new collection of cosmetics called Fresh & Lovely from Maybelline is right on target. Within the complete line are two foundations—one oil-based, for dry/normal skin, and another water-based, for oily skin. Prices run from $1 to $2.35.
- We've had a lot of fun with the new holiday nail polishes from Max Factor, called Ultra Lucent Glitter and Glow. Five colors are all very star-spangled with glitter dust. Our favorite effect was worked out this way: apply a clear base coat first, then one coat of Starlight Blue, and then another clear top coat. $1.30 each.

Q. *Being a man, I feel a bit silly asking a women's magazine for help. But I really need it and would appreciate your advice. I'm 5'8" and weigh 136 lbs., I'm fairly trim, but I have fat accumulated at the sides of the waist right above the belt line. Is there an exercise to reach this problem area?—W.D., Fla.*

A. Midriff bulge is fairly common and (in moderation) perfectly natural for both men and women. If it's a problem, try these two exercises starting out with five and working up to 15.

First exercise, right: 1. Place hands on the back of your neck. Keep your elbows parallel to the shoulders; don't let them drift forward. Keep feet about a foot apart. 2. Bend to the left from the waist, bend your right knee and concentrate on the waist area. Press and hold. If you're doing this exercise correctly you'll feel the stretch all the way down the left side. Repeat to the other side.





Above: 1. Lie on your side; head propped up with one hand, the other hand placed in front for balance. 2. Keep your body in a straight line on the floor. With knees straight, bring both feet up. Hold for 5 seconds. Lower. Repeat. 3. Lie on your other side and repeat.

Illustrations by Jacqueline Adato



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The breakthrough news: those tiny, strawberry-colored 'isolates' we call 'ferments lactique'—our exclusive pure milk protein. This new Skin Dew can truly improve your skin's appearance, really protect you against the drying effects of your environment.

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Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

AVA

continued from page 48

only to loving Senator Sam Ervin from her native North Carolina.

"I don't know why my romantic life interests so many people," she said. "I've never met Sam Ervin, but he's my man. Let someone make something of that! Why do writers and editors take such pleasure in picking on prominent people? I can understand a critic tearing apart a performance, but not someone's private life. Look at what they're doing to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. My personal life is something I've always tried to keep to myself. Not too successfully, I might add. But that's what I've hoped to do. Publicity on a personal level has never been attractive to me."

Ava has an aversion to questions of any kind. Ask her the time of day and she winces. She is most responsive when discussing her career because she doesn't take herself seriously as an actress. She never has. Neither has she felt confident about being a great beauty. How, then, does she account for her durability as a star?

"I don't know the answers," she said. "I'm insecure about my work because I don't think I'm an actress. I'm not an actress at all. I never thought I was."

She reeled off titles of some of her pictures, looking skyward as if seeking forgiveness: *One Touch of Venus, The Great Sinner, Lone Star, Ride, Vaquero, Knights of the Round Table.*

"If studios and producers are willing to pay me to appear in their pictures, that's their business," she said. "And I enjoy the people on the set. I like other performers.

"In *Earthquake*, Charlton Heston and I play a scene in the middle of a raging torrent. At one point the water actually ripped off the wig I was wearing. It was realistic enough. God knows. I felt the bruises for a week. But I don't think you could call that acting. No," she said with finality, "I'm not an actress."

Co-star Heston demurred. "I worked with Ava a dozen years ago—on *55 Days at Peking*. I hadn't seen her since. In this picture she has a difficult part, and she was very good in it."

Ava may profess to hate the movie studios, but she is more confident in them than elsewhere. Studios are safe, protected. On stage at Universal, Ava felt at home. She was a great favorite with stagehands, makeup specialists and the rest. She disregards the ancient caste system of superstars and mingles freely with everyone. As in the old days, she was punctual, knew her lines and seldom displayed a sign of temperament.

Since her champagne days at M-G-M, movie-making has changed, a fact that did not escape Ava. At Universal she

(continued on page 170)

AMY VANDERBILT

continued from page 40

Usually you play the music that *you* like, but if you have in your record or cassette collection music that you know your friends like very much, it would be courteous to play it.

Anniversary wedding ceremony

My husband and I will soon celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary, and he has asked me to marry him again. On that day, he wants a wedding mass, new rings and a reception at which we can stay as long as we want, enjoying our friends. What part could our three daughters take, what about invitations, and how can we say "no gifts, please"?

He can't ask you to marry him "again." You are married. I don't approve of this kind of anniversary celebration.

However, where there are reenactments, or reaffirmations, of vows, children do not take part except as onlookers. A new ring may indeed replace a well-worn one—or, better still in my opinion, the original one may be incorporated in a new setting. A completely new ring could be blessed, I am sure. Talk this over with your clergyman. I hope he will agree with me.

Sweet sixteen

Would it be proper to have my sweet-sixteen party at a catering place not far from my neighborhood (the girls would have to wear long dresses and the boys suits)?

Often sweet-sixteen parties are held in restaurants with the girl's parents there—but usually not at the same table with the young people. Sometimes couples are paired at sweet-sixteen partie Sometimes the party is merely for gir

Lipstick at the table

After dining in a restaurant, is it prop to touch up one's lipstick at the tabl without a lot of fuss?

It is quite all right in this country. foreign countries, when in doubt in nice restaurant, it is preferable to conservative in the matter.

Damaged table

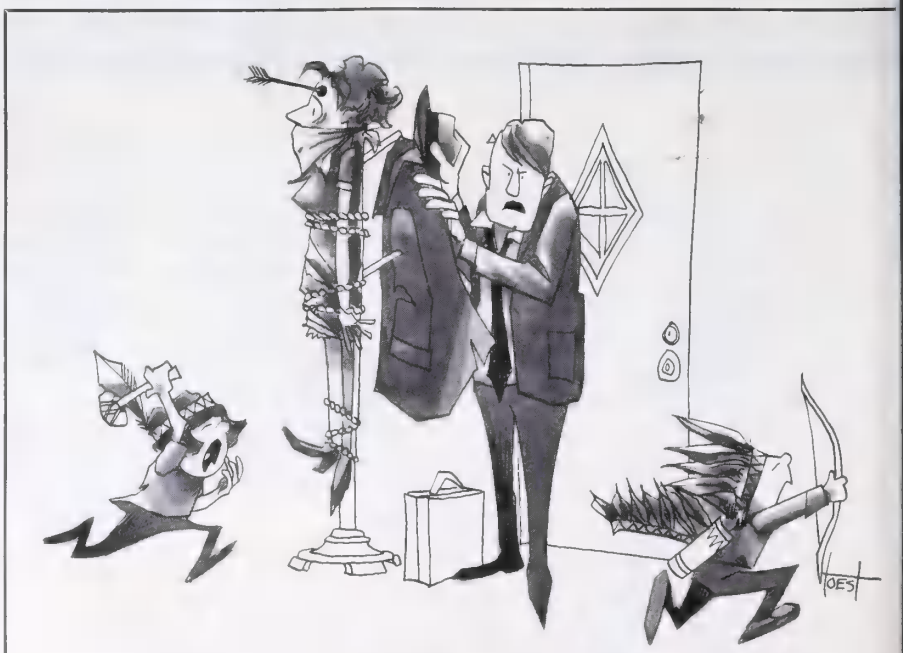
The top of my Duncan Phyfe dini table is damaged. What do you thi of my using a velvet, fringed runn to cover the damaged area?

It seems a shame to do this to a Du can Phyfe. I suggest that you have t top refinished. You or your husba may even be able to do it yourse There are many good books that gi directions on the procedure. Incide tally, if the top was burned, perha your insurance will cover the refinis ing. Many people never think of tha

Bedroom decoration

On one wall in my bedroom I have beautiful arrangement of family phot graphs, many of which include my la husband. I am remarrying and wond if I should remove any pictures of hi

I think much depends on the feelin of your husband-to-be. He might n mind the collection if moved elsewhe in the house. It might be better to r decorate your bedroom so that it do not remind you of your former marriag One might think that a new husba could not be jealous of a deceased on but this is not really true. EN



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18 mg "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74



Biographers have written reams about F. Scott Fitzgerald and his wife, Zelda. But now, for the first time, their only child tells her side of the story. A very personal interview with Frances Fitzgerald Smith by Winzola McLendon

SCOTT & ZELDA



No American writer has enjoyed as many "revivals" as F. Scott Fitzgerald. And each revival has renewed interest not only in Fitzgerald's works, but in his tempestuous personal life and that of his wife, Zelda—a life of madcap adventures during the Roaring Twenties, an era they helped to shape. The latest revival, prompted by the film based on Fitzgerald's novel *The Great Gatsby*, was the wildest ever: hairdos, dresses, men's clothes, liquor ads—even a line of pots and pans—were "Gatsbyized" to entice the public. To complete the Fitzgerald fad, Scott and Zelda's personal lives once again became news.

From her homes in Washington, D.C., and Montgomery, Ala., Scott and Zelda's only child, daughter Frances Scott Fitzgerald Smith, has watched with pride and bewilderment as the world went "Fitzgerald crazy." Scottie, as her friends call her, has through the years granted a few interviews about her father, but has steadfastly refused to talk about her mother—Zelda Sayre, an Alabama beauty who married Scott in 1920, dabbled in writing and dancing, and lived recklessly across two continents before a series of breakdowns sent her to mental institutions off and on for the rest of her life. Scottie has left it to others to talk not only about Zelda, but about her father's open affair with writer Sheilah Graham.

Scottie knows she has been an "ostrich" about her parents, but says she has remained silent not to hide anything, but rather to avoid giving herself the tag "professional daughter of. . . ." Now, at last, Scottie has decided to talk about her father—and mother.

The public image of the Fitzgeralds, based on hearsay and frequent biographies, is that of a wild, alcoholic writer and his eccentric wife who lived to the hilt, personifying the excesses that made the twenties roar. "But," says Scottie, "that description is a vast oversimplification. My father always said, 'No one could write a satisfactory biography of an author because authors are many different people *(continued)*

Top left: Scott, Zelda and "Scottie" in 1925 at Salies-de-Béarn, France, where Scott finished "Gatsby." Left: Scottie and her father on a Roman holiday the year before.

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if they are any good at all at their craft.' There were many sides to my mother and father—the sides that involved drinking and insanity were the ones I was least exposed to as a child. While those disasters did come when I was a teen-ager—and it is true that life then wasn't much fun for me—I cannot emphasize enough what a golden childhood I had."

Scottie's memories of life with mother and father begin one summer at Antibes on the French Riviera, where the Fitzgeralds lived off and on during the pre-Depression twenties: "I first remember playing on the beach—I must have been three or four years old—with my mother, a great swimmer, and my father, who spent a lot of time carrying me around piggyback."

She remembers a big house, Villa Marie, and a large garden where they had *en famille* lunches: "I can still see the nasturtiums on the table. Nasturtiums were my mother's favorite flower."

Another summer in Antibes, when Scottie was six, she wanted to be married, so her parents staged a wedding for her. Scottie wore a white dress and veil and carried a bridal bouquet and Scott gave his daughter away to the groom—one of Scott's peers. The ring came from a five-and-dime store. "Not a real diamond," Scottie complained. After sampling her wedding cake, Scottie went on a brief honeymoon—a short ride along the Mediterranean coast in a car decorated with streamers and fresh flowers. The "bride" remembers it as an impressive occasion.

No spoiled child

"My childhood was so romantic that the real wonder is that I'm not the most rotten, spoiled person I know," says Scottie. She thinks the counterbalance for being the only child of parents who adored her was her series of English nannys and French mademoiselles. "They were never unkind to me," she says, "but they did impose a definite discipline. I was taught manners very thoroughly. I had to curtsy to older people, do my lessons, go to bed on time, and eat what was put in front of me. Once I had to sit at the table for two full hours until I ate rhubarb—which, incidentally, I still cannot abide."

Her least pleasant memory about life in France was her father's insistence that she go to catechism classes every Sunday. "French catechism classes were as hard as school—you really had to work and learn all the epistles by heart. Daddy made me go even though he no longer believed in the Catholic faith, but his family did and he feared that they might be offended if I wasn't brought up in the Church. I still have all my catechism exams. They're so formidable I can't believe I ever passed them."

Scott's discipline broke down, however, when it interfered with something he thought was good for his daughter—such as good books. She remembers being in bed one day as punishment for something when "Daddy walked in and found me reading when I wasn't supposed to be doing anything at all. He took the book away from me and started reading it himself. He decided it was good literature, and gave it back to me to finish."

His determination that Scottie absorb good literature almost amounted to a fetish. When she was little, he carefully selected her reading material. As she got older, he constantly recommended books and authors, and then would "test" her in person—or by mail. When Scottie was 17 and a student at Vassar College, she wrote him about a letter he had written to her, saying that she hadn't understood two questions he had asked about books she had been reading. Scott replied that she couldn't possibly have misunderstood the first question "unless you skipped pages 160 to 170 in *Farewell to Arms*. The [other] question is based on the Book of Ecclesiastes in the Bible . . . remember when you're reading it that it is one of the top pieces of writing in the world."

Fitzgerald also loved to teach his daughter riddles. As a result, she says, "I learned to entertain people with: 'Do you know the story of the three eggs? Two bad!' 'Do you know the story of the three holes in the ground? Well! Well! Well!' Or, 'Do you know the story of the dirty shirt? That's one on you!' "

Sometimes, he wrote little playlets for her puppets and acted out the various characters himself; or he made elaborate card games for her: "Daddy would make little poker sets out of pictures of kings and queens of France, or poets; he loved playing with them."

Zelda was just as imaginative. "My mother loved to make paper dolls and doll houses. Once she made an elaborate doll house in which everything was a miniature of the house we were living in at the time, Ellerslie near Wilmington, Del. Some of her paper dolls were works of art, and I still have almost the whole court of Louis XIV. Inside his carriage were Louis and all his mistresses, the Three Musketeers, Cardinal Richelieu, all in gorgeous costumes. These weren't to play with, but she made fairytale scrap books and lots of other, more domestic, paper dolls I wish I still had."

Dolls of all kinds were Scottie's favorite toys, and she still has the one she liked best—a gift from Scott. It's a two-foot-tall cloth doll named Monique.

"Maybe it is unwise of me to change the image people have of my wretched childhood," Scottie continues. "Maybe there is a sympathy vote there that I will lose . . . but the fact is that I never fe lonely, neglected or abandoned, on loved and protected, and I cannot pr tend otherwise."

Even with her "golden" childhoo Scottie realizes that her parents' ma riage wasn't made in heaven. In fac she suspects it was a disaster: "Mo than anything, I think my father neede somebody who was eminently practica someone with her feet on the groun someone with an inward calm and st bility—someone perhaps like Sheil Graham, whom daddy met later in lif A genius needs peace and quiet to b inventive, a balance to his own inn turmoil.

A Southern belle

"Another factor in their marriage w that mother was from the South. I mother's time, Southern girls had 'belle' complex, and were given ver little training for life in the real worl So when she married my father she ha almost no preparation for living witho her beloved family behind her, witho old friends, without any support excep that of her husband.

"In the South, life was so cozy an full of love that it formed a cocoon. T step out into the world of New York an Paris, to be constantly exposed to partie where mother was supposed to be th witty and glamorous companion to famous, difficult and demanding ma was something she was ill-equipped t cope with. Maybe she would have mad out all right if she had stayed in th South. My purely amateur view is tha if such strains had not been put on he she would probably not have cracked But who knows?"

Scott once told his daughter that Ze da "might have been happy with a kin simple man in a Southern garden. Sh didn't have the strength for the big stag —sometimes she pretended, and pre tended beautifully, but she didn't hav it. . . ."

Scottie never witnessed the violen quarrels her parents reportedly had, bu says, "They must have had some fearfu fights, but I guess either I have a rotte memory or they were late at night, afte I'd gone to bed. I don't think the fought as much as they are supposed t have, because in my opinion they staye in love until the day they died. I don think it was fighting in the sense of peo ple who are hostile to each other . . just fighting over conditions of thei lives which frustrated them both." Proo of their love, she points out, is the wa Scott looked after Zelda when she wa sick. "The whole thing broke his heart, Scottie says.

Although Scott and his friends wer concerned about Zelda's behavior muc earlier, Scottie first became aware of he mother's illness when they went back t France in 1929. *(continued*

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ets me be me.* An honest-to-goodness redhead.

I've got a redhead's complexion. And a redhead's temperament. But the reddish gold hair I was born with has faded into ordinary brown. Now, thanks to Nice 'n Easy, I'm a redhead again. And it's so easy. There are three Nice 'n Easy reds to choose from. From light red to deep auburn. Nice 'n Easy gives healthy-looking and honest-looking color. Best of all, it's made me feel like myself again. Nice 'n Easy. From Clairol.



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SCOTT & ZELDA

continued

That year the Fitzgeralds made their headquarters in Paris and spent the summer months on the Riviera. Just as Scottie later was to meet the important stars of Hollywood, she was exposed then to the outstanding literary figures of the twenties, including Ernest Hemingway and Gertrude Stein. Scottie claims, "I don't remember Hemingway at all, and I doubt that he and my father were as good friends as they have been imagined to be. Hemingway was downright nasty to my father in print and that hurt him deeply, so naturally I don't feel sentimental about him, though I admire his writing. When Gertrude Stein came to call I made my appearance, curtsied as I'd been taught to do, and left the minute I was excused. I found her terrifying."

Everything crashed

Zelda had her first breakdown, in Paris in 1929, at the same time the stock market crashed. Scottie points out the parallels between her parents' lives and what was going on in America: "They were young and successful at the time of the boom, and then the stock market crashed at the same time everything was crashing for them personally. That's when my mother went off to the sanitarium, first in France and then in Switzerland, and at the same time my father began to feel that America's taste in literature had changed. During the Great Depression, nobody wanted to read about the quote glamorous unquote life of the rich any more. Everybody wanted to read about the sharecroppers and the poor. Daddy had been getting $4,000 for his stories from the *Saturday Evening Post*, but during the hard times his subject matter went out of style."

Was she aware of the seriousness of her mother's illness? "I knew she was ill because she was in a hospital, but I didn't know why." Scott tried to keep life as normal as possible for Scottie.

In 1931, Scott Fitzgerald brought his family back home. He thought Zelda was cured, but he wanted her to be in a quiet environment, so they returned to Montgomery, to be near Zelda's parents.

Scottie clearly remembers her first Christmas back in Alabama. "Weeks before Christmas the sun porch of our house was shut off. When it was opened on Christmas Eve the tree stood in the center of the room and around it my mother had constructed the whole history of mankind, with a little electric train that started its journey in Egypt and went on to Greece, Rome, the Crusades, the War of the Roses and so forth. She had made the Alps out of papier-mâché and there were little palm trees sticking out of real sand, boats on a mirrored lake, and soldiers marching and fighting their way across deserts and over mountains."

Scott, who needed to make money for Zelda's hospitalization, left Alabama for Hollywood. Scottie stayed in Montgomery with her mother and went to Miss Margaret Booth's school, remembering it as a delightful year. "But unfortunately," she says, "after my mother started her book, *Save Me the Waltz*, she got sick again and we moved to Baltimore so that she could be at Johns Hopkins hospital. At the time, the Phipps Clinic there was considered one of the best places for treating a mental illness. In the 1930's, psychiatry was still an infant science, and nobody really knew what was wrong with her.

"My father rented a large Victorian house not too far from the hospital. We went to see her often. It was a strain, and so sad, because she began to look different—as most people with mental illness do. I suppose you are under such a strain that you begin to show the intense fatigue in your face. Mother was not pretty anymore. Sometimes she would seem very normal, but her mind would drift away into some world of her own and we'd all feel the tension.

"I felt sorry about it, but I had lots of friends and loved school and daddy took good care of me. A nice person named Mrs. Owens, his secretary, was sort of a substitute mother—so it wasn't terrible at all. I think I was too self-centered to worry much."

When Scott felt nothing more could be done for his wife in Baltimore, he took Zelda to the Highlands Sanitarium, a part of Duke University, and he and Scottie moved to Asheville, N.C., to be nearby. "That was his grimmest period," says Scottie, who was soon off to the Ethel Walker School in Connecticut. But even during the bad days, Scottie says she was lucky. "Other people's parents were nice to me, and I never lacked a sense of family. I've never been lonely."

After a year in Asheville, Scott went back to Hollywood to do screenplays. He never returned East, except for brief trips. Scottie visited him in Hollywood and describes those interludes with her father as "sometimes fascinating" and "occasionally dreadful."

"Once, he was on one of his 'bats' and that was kind of awful, because we quarreled most of the time. But on the other occasions it was great fun—we went dancing at Ciro's and I met Errol Flynn and Fred Astaire, my two heroes, and I felt like Alice in Wonderland."

Scottie doesn't remember meeting Sheilah Graham until the second or third visit. "I got to know her well later, after daddy died [1940]," Scottie says. "I liked her a lot. When daddy lived in Hollywood I didn't resent her being with him. Why should I? I thought it was marvelous that he had somebody to look after him, somebody whose company he enjoyed. She was immens loyal and devoted, obviously ado him, and I was naturally happy for h

"Without her, I can't imagine how would have survived Hollywood—Ho wood let him down so. They kept writing his scripts and it was hard take. Fortunately, he always knew t he was a good writer. No matter w happened he never quite lost his c fidence. Why else would he have d umented everything he did, kept th incredibly detailed records? Every y he wrote a month-by-month summary all he had done, and he kept a compl list of everything he wrote and what did with it. My theory is that he ha sixth sense that told him that what h happened to him was interesting, n only because of his misfortunes but l cause he was kind of a symbol of t time."

A watch running down

At least once every vacation Scot went to see her mother in North Ca lina. She seldom stayed longer than th days because "the pattern was alwa repeated. The first day she would se so well that you couldn't believe she w a mental patient. She would have all h old charm about her and was as wi and gay and fun to be with as I reme bered. Then the second day she wou begin to be nervous and somewhat a sentminded, and by the third day y knew she was under a strain. It was most like a watch running down."

When Scottie graduated from t Walker School, Zelda was well enou to be there. Zelda also traveled to N York to meet the boat when her daug ter returned from a post-graduation t to Europe. "She adored the theater a loved to walk all over New York, co menting on everything in the shop w dows and on how different the city h looked in the twenties. But without r gret . . . she never seemed sad that t good times were gone," her daught says.

During this period Scott Fitzgera was, as usual, supervising every facet his daughter's life. Only now it was long distance. She remembers one wee end when he called Vassar from Holl wood and couldn't find her. She h gone to Philadelphia, telling a fam friend where she would be. It had nev occurred to her to let her father know Hollywood. "He called all over a ranted and raved," she recalls. "Then proceeded to get drunk and even mo furious."

Scott wrote his daughter scores of l ters filled with minute instructions a suggestions, "I knew they were goo letters, full of beautiful writing, but didn't read them at the time. I just e amined them for checks and importa messages and threw them in my de

(continued on page 17

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The vast free spaces of this continent were an irresistible challenge to America's pioneers. With high hopes they headed west in ox-drawn Conestoga wagons to stake their claims. For some the dreams faded; only an abandoned cabin and broken prairie schooner overgrown with field flowers remained to bear silent witness to their enterprise and grit. Carol and Don Henning have captured this poignant scene for us in crewel. Done in simple stitches on blue and green homespun background, the finished picture is 20″ x 16″. Kit is complete with stamped fabric, all yarns and instructions. The frame shown is easily assembled. By Ann B. Bradley



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Photographs by Ben Swedowsky

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HOLIDAY OPENERS

Few of us can resist the lure of boxes. Perhaps it is the implied secretness of their closed tops or the come-on of hidden treasure. Here, in time for varied use at Christmas time, are some splendid examples that start from cigar boxes and evolve from the merest scraps of cloth. Encrusted with gilt braid, "jewels" and snippets of ribbon and set with sequins, they only look expensive. Instructions on page 66.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

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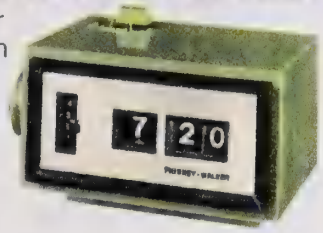
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6 ounces spaghetti

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½ cup chopped onion
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HOLIDAY OPENERS
continued

Select boxes that are sturdy and attractive in size and shape. Cigar boxes are ideal, and you might ask local tobacconists for empties. Look for others at tag, garage or rummage sales, and check local stationers, five-and-tens and hobby shops, as well.

Shop remnant tables in dress and upholstery fabrics departments, and sample tables in mill end shops, for lengths that are suitable for covering boxes. Fairly smooth textured, lightweight fabrics are best; this means corners won't be lumpy where one layer of fabric must be glued over another. Collect lengths of ribbons, braids, border patterns, cordings, appliqués, sequins and fake gems—anything that can be used to decorate your fabric-covered boxes.

Mod-Podge, Elmer's or Sobo are good adhesives for this type of work. Brushes, 2 in. wide and narrower, are convenient for applying glue to the box and to the reverse side of trimmings.

Prepare a work table. Cover the surface with paper (not newspaper, because the ink rubs off on fabrics), and set out your implements—a pair of scissors, a ruler, pencils and chalk, a supply of single-edged razor blades. You might want to add a pane of glass (with taped edges) to use as a cutting surface when trimming fabric with a razor blade, and a saucer into which to pour a small quantity of adhesive.

How to cover your box and which surface to cover first are determined by the shape of the box and the fabric being used. Box and lid are treated as separate units, even when hinged together. Always cover the box first, then the lid. Apply adhesive to the box, and when it is tacky, smooth the fabric over it. Cover one side of box, then the opposite side, always gluing in place first the fabric that has an allowance to cover corners. Use an unpatterned fabric for your first attempt.

Unpatterned fabrics:

Spread fabric out wrong side up. Place box and pencil or chalk its outline on the fabric. Brush glue on the bottom of the box and replace it within the outline; then smooth fabric over surface. On two opposite sides of box, cut fabric to the width of the box, allowing enough depth to cover the height of the box, turn over the rim and glue inside. On the two remaining opposing sides of box, cut fabric to the same depth, but allow ½ in. extra at each end of width of box, to glue around box corners. Glue these sections in place first, then glue other sides in place. Cover lid in same way. Use same technique to line box and lid.

Cylindrical, octagonal and hexagonal boxes are covered in a different way. Cut a strip to go around the box, allowing fabric to turn over the rim at the top of the box, and to turn under and glu the bottom. Glue the strip around box, turn top allowance over rim glue inside the box. Then, cut V-sha wedges from the allowance at bot and turn it over and glue to botto box. The lid is covered in the same and the same technique used in li the box.

Small, non-directional patterns:

Start as with unpatterned fabric, take care to position the box so tha fabric pattern is centered, and pa motives on opposite sides of the box match. Position fabric on lid in s way, so that pattern lines up with on the box.

Directional patterns:

Many directional patterns can be dled just exactly as fabric cove cylindrical and octagonal boxes, if they are large patterns, it may necessary to cut out the desig you would for decoupage or appl —at the end of the strip, and la over the beginning, so that the pa appears to match. Other types of pa must be used as panels to cover the in sections; when cutting these, be to allow extra fabrics to turn corners, lap the new section over the one viously glued down.

Use these same techniques in co ing boxes with paper.

Applying trimmings:

Try various trimmings on your until you've achieved the effect you then lightly mark in chalk or p where they are to be placed. Apply hesive to the reverse side of ribbon, l or appliqué and allow it to become t before pressing it in place. Take ca keep fingers free of glue, so that no can be passed along to decorations v you press them in place.

BARREN SHORE

By Julia Collins Ardayne

"Come out," you said, "and walk with
The wind is up, and it blows the sea.
We'll cross the beach to the sandy bar
For the tide is out. We can go quite fa
But I made excuses, inane and trite
When I put you off, saying "Not tonig

Again you came when the tide was hi
And the moon rode clear in a cloudless
And O, your eyes were filled with ligh
And you caught my hand, "Please co
tonight."
But again my heart would not let me
I remained alone—I did not know.

Tonight I stand on a still, still shore
Of drifting sand; see the white clouds s
High while the winds blow in from the
And lonely, I whisper, "Come walk
with me."



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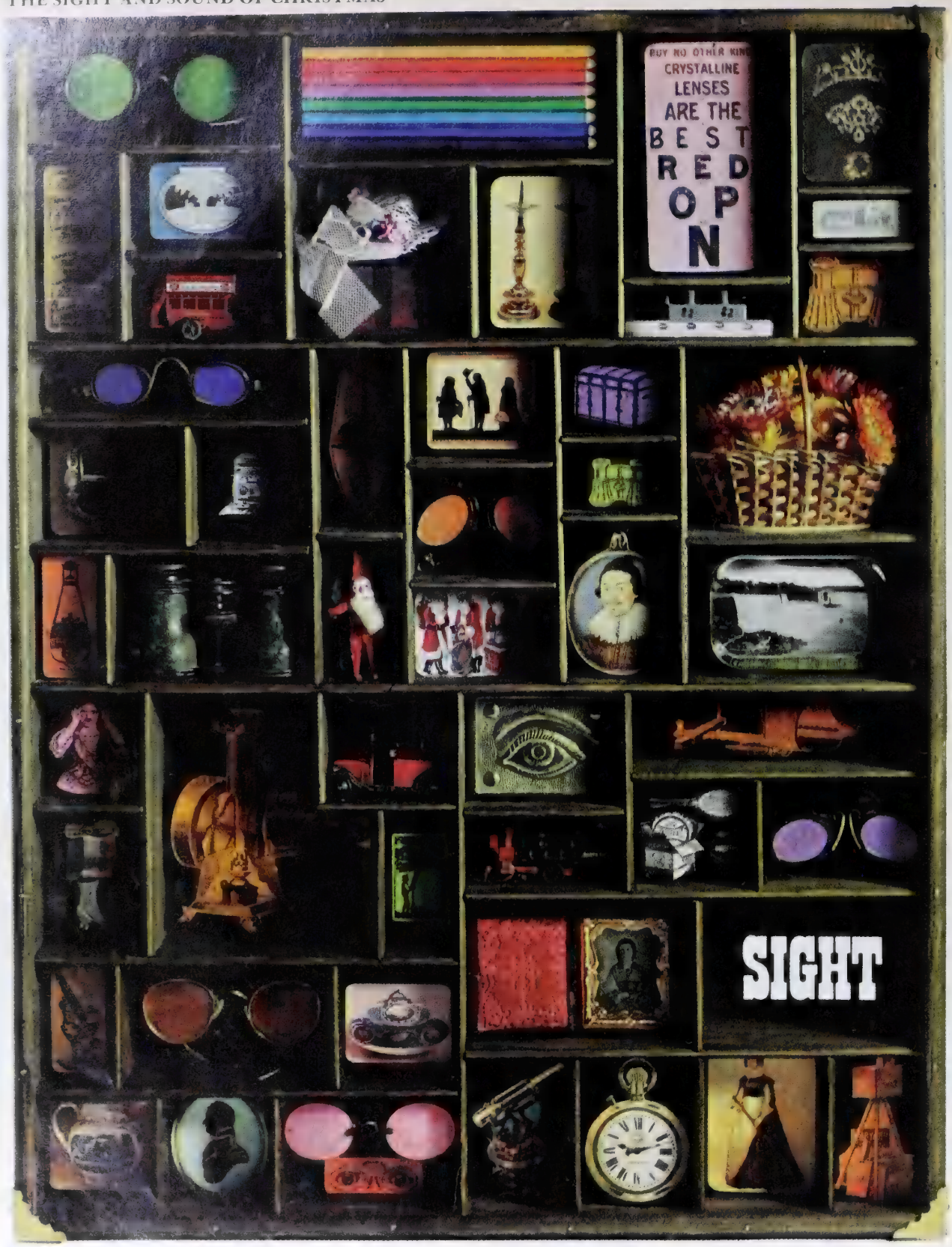
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Assemblages by Walter Einsel.

Stop . . . look . . . and listen . . . to the fact that Christmas is upon us. Here and on the next page, reminders that you can choose from a breathtaking variety of gifts this year, no matter how slim or sumptuous your budget. Some are old, some new; some you buy, some you make.

A tiny garden of flowers planted in a basket garden for a teen-ager's bedside table; a rainbow of colored crayons to open the wonderful world of color to a toddler; a first watch for a child who's just beginning to tell time; new frames, for Grandma's glasses; Grandma's glasses for a pre-teener; a microscope for a budding Pasteur; a velvet-bound daguerreotype for a collector; a painting on glass or a silhouette for an antiquarian; a paperweight made of a postcard from last year's vacation; binoculars for a bird watcher; opera glasses for a theater buff; a telescope for family stargazing; colorful color television in large or portable models; stereopticon for a revival of 3-D viewing; games to please the eye and stir the mind; the light from a candle, by the stick or branchful. *(continued)*

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HOLIDAY JOY

The Wagners

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SPECIAL FICTION BONUS

THE BIG DROPOUT

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Then the phone went dead. The break was so sharp, she ran her hand along the wire to see whether it had been cut. "I'll show him!" she said.

Connie Hanson had been a dormitory mate of my granddaughter's at college. She had come to Malibu on weekends then, and she seemed of a piece with the other youngsters who flocked to my beach house to swim, surf, scuba dive, water-ski and lie on the sand, all of a summer's day. I rated her high for a certain enthusiasm about life, but all I actually remembered about her that day some years later was that she had been expelled in her senior year for what my granddaughter called total academic collapse, brought on by indifference to further learning and preoccupation with the opposite sex.

We met by chance in front of the St. Francis Hotel flower stand. When I was younger than Connie was then by ten years, I used to stand there, pretending to inhale the scent of violets, but really hoping *(continued)*

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson



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to convince my father that I was there by accident and not to meet a Stanford date. This time I was just breathing that fragrance, which is as much a part of San Francisco as the cable cars, when she spoke to me. *Connie,* I said to myself as her name registered in my mind, and then aloud: "How nice to see you, and what are you doing in San Francisco?" To which she replied: "I'm on my way to Oregon." Dark, vibrant, beautiful, chic, it seemed odd that my impression of her included bewilderment—someone seeking an answer.

In the afternoon, she called me. Could she come and talk to me? "If I don't talk to somebody, I'll blow my mind," she said desperately. Desperation is hard to resist.

Her tale took until well past midnight to unfold.

I have set it down here in my words rather than hers. As you will see, sometimes I had to interrupt to get at the facts, rather than just Connie's version of them. I have a trained memory for dialogue. My imagination had to be called into play to fill some gaps. For instance, I have been in several apartments in that tall, white building on Wilshire Boulevard where the young Hansons lived, so it was easy to visualize the bedroom in which Connie's bewildering adventure began—when over the telephone, she heard her husband say: "I'm not coming home, and if that's grounds for divorce, get it, Sister."

Her surprise had been so great that she pressed the receiver against her ear until it hurt. Exasperation, sarcasm, criticism, violent language she had encountered via the telephone before. But this was something new—the flat, cold voice and that word.

Divorce?

In her nervous reaction, she reached for a cigarette. Beside the gold box on her bedside table was a snapshot of Brian at the beach, and her eyes rested on it. Tawny hair on end, year-round tan on the square, strong-boned face with the wide-open eyes. The face crackled with strength and masculinity.

My granddaughter had told me that Connie was more whistled at on campus than most girls. Her reaction to that all-encompassing suggestion in that new, flat voice of his shifted to the provocative. She sat up straight, shoving the pillows back with her free elbow, and said lightly, teasingly: "Have I hurt your feelings, lambie? I love you—what more do you want after three years of matrimony?"

No answer came.

Brian was, as she well knew, a man who all too often thought before he spoke. She used this pause for thought to study herself in the mirrored wall opposite the foot of the bed. I'm glad I'm dark, she thought, there are so *many* blonds. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," Brian called her, though who that might be Connie didn't know. Sometimes I think I am more ignorant than three and a quarter years of college should have left me, she thought. The only thing I remember are the art courses. This brought her back to her reflection in the mirror—a girl with long, shining dark hair, hanging straight down on both sides of her face, dark eyes—narrow and bright—a delicately arched nose. Might be a portrait by Marisol or Larry Rivers or Walton Titus. Now that she'd finally lost 16 pounds—how in the world she had ever put them on in the first place, she didn't know. Her psychiatrist told her unhappy, unsatisfied people often ate too much. Had she been *that* unhappy?

Restless, passing time, playing too much bridge for too high stakes; high-stake bridge made her nervous, though as Dr. Shelley, her psychiatrist, said, it was a release from tension. Let nobody kid you, bridge was just as much the occupation of idle women as it had ever been, unless they went in for worse. Instead of a portrait by Marisol, maybe she looked more like a poster. You could pose for a poster called *Après Moi le Déluge,* Brian had said once, after they'd had an argument about her friend, Luci Wanger, whom he detested. She's a *tramp,* Brian had said. But of course, that was one of the times when Brian was reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—the real Scare Story for *our* times, he called it.

"Sometimes Brian was *heavy,*" Connie said to me.

"And what you used to call sort of square," I said.

"Well, yes," Connie said. "You know hot pants had become a sort of uniform, but Brian was always saying that girls thought if they showed everything, no matter how repulsive it was—" She stopped to giggle. "Brian said Luci Wanger's thighs belonged on a Ram football tackle and hot pants just proved it. But then, husbands either complain and argue all the time, or they're sort of *tepid.*"

Gazing at her reflection in the mirror Connie felt sure that Brian still loved her—and desired her.

But all this nonsense about living in the *country*—not a suburb, the lonely country. Or a small college town somewhere in *Oregon.* And having a *family.* Not just a *baby,* a *family,* no less. Thinking all these unattractive thoughts had tightened her nerves; her silly stomach was jumping the way it did. She broke the overlong silence with some annoyance: "Say something! Call up and the . . . are you *there?*"

"I'm here," he said.

Now she smiled at him. He couldn see it, but she knew he could feel it. Sh said: "You ought to be here, lover. I'r in this great big double king-size bed which is no place for a girl like me to b alone in. You've said that yourself."

"I know," said Brian. "Nevertheless.

Quoth the raven, nevertheless—no, n that's wrong. Quoth the raven, neve more—worse. Nevertheless, *neverthele* sounded ominous and Brian sounded fa far away. After all, there were only a fe miles between her and that miserabl shack of Gabe Corey's at the mouth o Topango Canyon, where Brian was Ever since the day when Brian ha made such a scene in front of him, Con nie had hated Gabe Corey. She'd gon down to Gabe's place, instead of th Daigards' at Malibu, just trying to b nice. She had on a new bikini, and righ on that tacky public beach, Brian ha yelled at her. She remembered ever ugly word. "When everybody on th beach can play 'button, button, who' got the bellybutton' with your wife's you're supposed to like it?" he ha yelled. "It'd turn me on quicker if your was a little more exclusive!"

Gabe had listened with a grin. *You'r getting yours and high time,* the gri said. He's just a bum, Connie told Brian What's so remarkable about Gab Corey? He's *old*—well, middle-aged anyway. I bet he's forty. He's too smar to work twenty-five hours a day, nin days a week, Brian had said morosely That *could* be remarkable.

Now, tonight, Brian was down there again, under that bad influence. On thing, he hadn't hung up yet. The lin was still open along the starlit beach front, up Santa Monica Canyon, unde the poinciana trees splashing their cor al color along San Vicente, right int luminous Wilshire Boulevard and he ear. But the silence wasn't golden. It wa heavy. Brian would say it wasn't ever silence, with her recorder playing th soundtrack from *Love Story,* honks an the grumble of motors coming from the street, a woman squealing goodnight t her guests at the elevator. Noisy silence haunted by unreasonable fears. In fear things rustled. Things moved just be yond the corner of your eye, and no mat ter how quickly you looked up, you never caught them. That, her psychia trist had said, was because she was so sensitive. You are perhaps the most sensitive woman I've ever known, he had said.

Connie had sworn to herself that she wouldn't speak first again, but she did.

She said: "Look, be reasonable. I have to get some sleep. You know I never really sleep until you come in. You'll drive me mad." *(continued)*

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THE BIG DROPOUT

continued

She wanted him to come home; he must come home because she wanted him to. This was all too nerve-racking. You'd never think at this moment that he'd been the one who'd pursued *her*, that he had been on the verge of killing himself if she wouldn't promise to marry him only two weeks after they'd met that day in the planetarium. It had to be Fate, Brian had said. They could have gone on the rest of their lives without ever going inside a planetarium, but there they were—he with those grubby characters from his Little League ball team and she with an old beau of her mother's, because Sybil had to work. In spite of all those kids and old Moneybags, Brian had picked her up. He told her he'd watched her walking along and her behind wiggled in time, like music. He wouldn't take no for an answer and she'd married him. But now, the way he was behaving, anyone would think she was the one who'd forced him into it.

Her mind went squirreling around pastpresentfuture. You have too much creative imagination, her psychiatrist often told her. She began to feel drained. The surface of the mirror at the foot of the bed went from gold to gray, from glow to shadow, seesaw—Marjorie-Daw, teeter-totter. The mirror made her look the way she would when she grew old. But of course, nobody was really going to grow old anymore—they were getting pills for that, too, *and* injections, and if you thought young and wore your hair hanging down young . . . but in that silly mirror the ashes sifted over her—ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if the uppers don't get you, the downers must. When the pills gave out, they let you down hard—you felt tremulous.

One little pill wasn't going to hurt her. They didn't amount to anything; they weren't addictive, or even habit-
In the nervous reac- that out in all
for a cigarette. Beside the ling off 16
her bedside table was a sna , and
Brian at the beach, and her eyes on
on it. Tawny hair on end, year-round
tan on the square, strong-boned face
with the wide-open eyes. The face
crackled with strength and masculinity.

My granddaughter had told me that Connie was more whistled at on campus than most girls. Her reaction to that all-encompassing suggestion in that new, flat voice of his shifted to the provocative. She sat up straight, shoving the pillows back with her free elbow, and said lightly, teasingly: "Have I hurt your feelings, lambie? I love you—what more do you want after three years of matrimony?"

No answer came.

Brian was, as she well knew, a man who all too often thought before he

back to her with the speed of thought, so much swifter than the speed of light.

Brian was talking and where or when those special words had been spoken she didn't know, but they had been as carefully recorded as on a cassette: "Three years of marriage and nothing to show for it. Am I a man or a eunuch? Castrated by pills—that's what I am." That announcement had ended with his booming laugh, but it wasn't carefree the way it used to be. It was hollow—she supposed you'd call it.

Then there was the sound of her own voice answering, sweet and cozening: "Sweetie, we're so young. We'll never be young and hot about life like this again, will we? Let's have fun before we start settling down and founding a family. Just you and me, huh?"

Then Brian said: "But families can be fun. We were a *happy family*. We had a regular baseball team. You should have seen our double-play combination with Alice, my sister, at short stop. . . ."

"The last time I saw Alice she looked like a short stop, all right!"

"Don't be catty, my darling. Oh, darling, darling, I have a notion that making love would be even more fun, if we were starting a baby."

"What about the population explosion?"

"Just us having a couple of kids we can support isn't a population explosion. It's human nature."

"Do you think many men want children that much?" Connie asked me. "I mean *really* want them?"

I said I thought most men did, though they didn't say much anymore. Then Connie said, with a lopsided grin, that she supposed Brian was right. It hadn't been the franchise or the sex revolution or McLuhan that had put woman in the catbird seat; it had been The Pill. What could men do about The Pill?

At this point in her revelation, I became aware that the possibility that her marriage was over had clutched her. She tried to indicate that the word divorce had e blue—the flat voice, matter how repuls s the way he'd stopped to giggle. "B found this diffi- Wanger's thighs belon d simply chosen football tackle and hot s warnings. Few it. But then, husband d blood. and argue all the time *tepid*."

Gazing at her refle mnie had said to I hate being alone Connie felt sure tha her—and desired her. id. "There are at But all this nonse ple in that great the *country*—not a e Boulevard apart- country. Or a small uld hear you yip." where in *Oregon*. A n a mood," Connie Not just a *baby*, a *fa* it! You must be un- ing all these unattr shack on that old tightened her nerve rees and smell the was jumping the w the overlong silence

"Oh, Brian, *please*!" she said. "If you knew how ridiculous you sound. Like one of those nature broadcasters. I smell nice too, remember? You know you can't live without me. . . ."

Clearly, giving each word proper space, Brian said: "I cannot live the kind of life you want, so I've got to learn to live without you." As he hung up, the words pressed down with finality.

Her thoughts whirled frantically. If I could only persuade him to go to Dr. Shelley and get help, she thought. It's so much better when both husband and wife have a psychiatrist. Her hand went to the phone, but then she remembered Brian's bray of laughter the last time she'd made that suggestion. "You can pay Dr. Shelley fifty bucks an hour to have him tell you how sensitive you are," he said. "But I can make my own alibis and excuses. What *I* need is a little more backbone, a few more guts, some good red corpuscles, a brain cell or two working, that's what *I* need—not a psychiatrist."

She took another cigarette from the gold box. The match almost burned her fingers and she dropped it on the carpet. About the fourth puff the phone rang.

Ah, ah hah, ah hah there, Buddy Boy!

Let it ring, she thought. Let him sit there panting for seconds anyway. Then she picked it up and said gaily: "Yes, lover, I'm here. . . ."

"Your line's been busy for hours," her mother said. "Are you all right?"

She tasted a trickle of blood from her lip where her teeth had clamped too tightly, too quickly. "I'm fine," she said.

"You don't sound like it," Sybil said. "Is Brian there?"

"No," Connie said.

"Well, I called because—" her mother said, "I ran into Mr. Phelan this afternoon and he said Brian had quit his job."

"Mr. Phelan is an old blabbermouth," Connie said.

Sybil said: "I know, but he's vice-president of the company. It bothered me."

"Don't let it," Connie said. "Brian probably mentioned that he'd had an offer to teach at Oregon State and would like to have a year. . . ."

"He can't do that!" Sybil said. "You couldn't live on—"

"That's what I told Brian," Connie broke in. "He says some people *do* and bring up a family. I told him I couldn't live in the woods with bugs and snakes. He said he hadn't noticed any snakes on the campus the last time he was there. But of course, forestry and botany—"

"Botany!" Sybil shrieked.

"He majored in it, Connie said, "and he keeps telling me about his childhood. He wants to show me the roses in Port-

(continued on page 197)

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PET JOURNAL: TEACHING BIRDS TO TALK



Why can some birds learn to mimic human speech while others can't? When is the best time to teach a bird to talk—and how do you go about it? Here are some answers from a veterinarian.

By Gini Kopecky

There is one prerequisite to teaching a bird to talk: You must own a cooperative bird—which is mostly luck.

According to Dr. Stanley Weissman, a New York City veterinarian whose small-animal practice includes a great many birds, "At the base of a bird's trachea there is a membrane called a syrinx—similar to the larynx in human beings. It is the fluttering of this membrane that enables certain birds to mimic human sounds." Theoretically, myna birds and all members of the psittacine family—parrots, parakeets, cockatoos, cockateels and macaws—have the ability to talk. The trouble is, not all of them do.

At present, the most popular "talking" household bird is the parakeet—which is not a parakeet at all, but a budgerigar, or "budgie." (A true parakeet looks like a miniature parrot.) According to Dr. Weissman, male budgies are more likely to be talkers than female budgies—just as male canaries are better singers than female canaries. To tell a male budgie from a female, says Dr. Weissman, examine the bird's "cere"—the colored area around the nostrils. Male budgies have blue ceres; females' are beige or dun-colored.

A bird's age is an important factor in determining whether it will learn to talk. "It's best to buy a bird that is no more than a couple of months old," says Dr. Weissman. (Check the bird's leg band to determine its age.) "If a bird is much older, and has been with other birds, it will already have learned bird talk, and will not be inclined to mimic human speech."

Keeping two birds in one cage is another way of guaranteeing that they won't mimic, since they will be too content chittering to each other. (Male canaries sing most beautifully when caged alone; perhaps their song is a way of calling to their missing mates.)

Since a budgie may mistake its own image for another bird, Dr. Weissman suggests keeping mirrors out of the cage until after the bird has learned to talk. He also recommends keeping the cage away from windows—to prevent the bird inside from listening to the birds outside.

It is usually best for one person to teach a budgie to talk. "Frankly, birds are dumb," says Dr. Weissman. "T don't know what they are saying. T simply mimic a sound pattern. If person talks, the repeated sound tern is more exact, and the bird is lik to pick it up sooner."

If you wish to teach your bird talk, you should start with one sh sentence or phrase, even a single wo and repeat it to the bird as often possible. With luck, the bird may mimicking the sounds in a matter days—and driving you crazy with it a matter of weeks. Some birds t longer. Some take forever.

Once the bird has learned the f phrase, it is time to go on to the ne "As far as I know, there is no limit how many phrases a bird can lea says Dr. Weissman. "Once they get hang of it, some birds, especially p rots, will pick up words all by the selves."

With proper care, a budgie can l a long and talkative life. "In the wil says Dr. Weissman, "budgies have be known to live to the age of fourtee and parrots have lived to the age fifty or fifty-five! But most budgies in four or five years because peo don't know how to care for the Handling is very important. If y squeeze a budgie too hard, it v struggle, go into shock and die. Sn birds should be picked up gently a turned on their backs, which will them into a sort of hypnotic trance."

Budgies are also extremely susce tible to chills, says Dr. Weissm "They are accustomed to jungles a hot deserts. It's important to keep th away from air conditioners or op windows, where they might catch draft." And a warning about myna bir "They love cigar and cigarette but But the nicotine is poison to their syst and can kill them."

Dr. Weissman recommends occ sionally supplementing a budgie's re ular diet of commercial bird food w fresh grass clippings, a slice of app or a hard-boiled egg yolk. "One bir he recalls, "loved mashed potatoes a butter." The veterinarian also recalls bird-owner who was a bit of a tippl Every day, when she had her cockta she gave her two precious budgies sip. "Do you know," he says, "those t birds lived to the ripe old ages eleven and thirteen."

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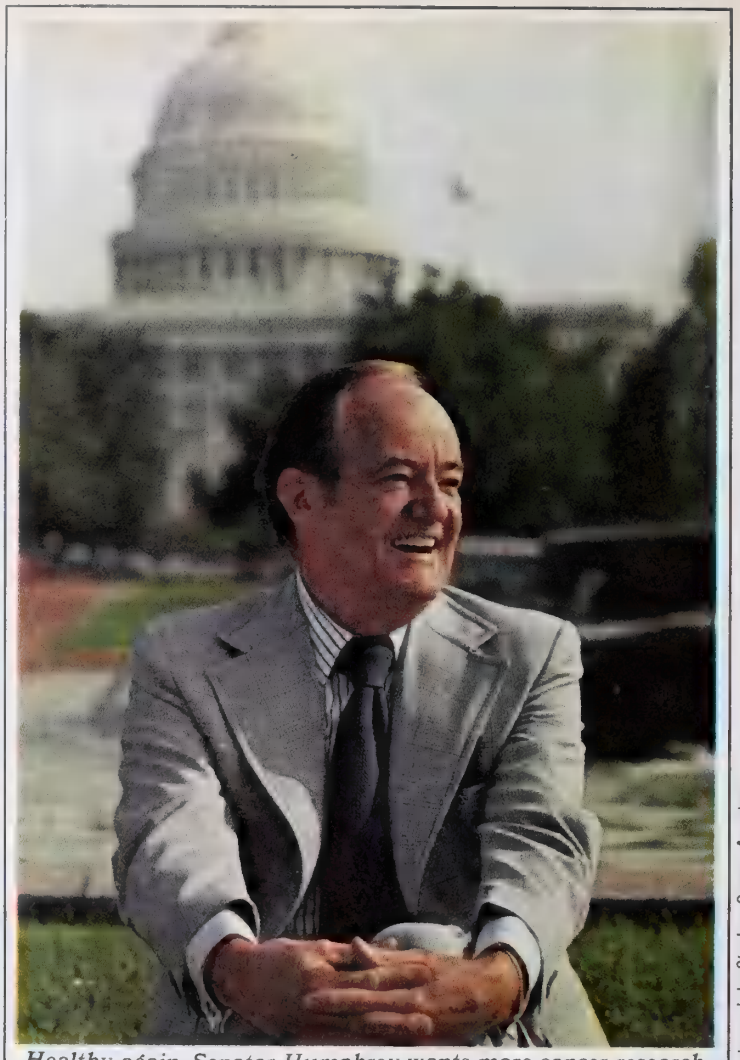
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Healthy again, Senator Humphrey wants more cancer research.

Photograph by Stephen Green—Armytage

HUBERT HUMPHREY'S GALLANT FIGHT AGAINST CANCER

No campaign was as arduous, or as crucial, as the private battle this public man waged to beat the adversary inside him. By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Late in the afternoon of December 19, 1973, a broad-chested man climbed out of a taxi at National Airport in Washington, D.C. His face was pallid, with deep lines bracketing his mouth, but he responded with a smile and handshake to those who recognized him as he walked across the lobby. Once aboard the non-stop jet bound for Minneapolis, Senator Hubert Horatio Humphrey appeared to relax, but as the engines began to throb, making the plane quiver, his face contorted with pain.

A stewardess paused by his seat. "Are you all right, Senator?"

"Oh, my, yes," he replied. "It's just an upset stomach. I have some medicine with me."

But the medication Senator Humphrey carried with him was not for an upset stomach. It was to deaden the severe pain caused by a condition few people knew about: a malignant tumor of the bladder—more precisely, by his reaction to the powerful radiation treatments he was receiving to eliminate the growth.

For the next half-hour, Senator Humphrey was up and down the aisle every few minutes while the other passengers watched curiously. "At first I was embarrassed to keep running to the rest room," he recalled recently in his Capitol Hill *(continued)*

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HUBERT HUMPHREY
continued

office, "but I soon got over that. The vibration of the plane gave me bladder spasms that were beyond human comprehension. Pretty soon, I knew I had to get off that plane. I simply couldn't endure that two-and-a-half-hour flight to Minneapolis.

"And then, do you know . . ." the Senator's expressive face lit up. "The plane's pressurized system broke down and we had to turn back to Washington. I got off that plane. I hailed a taxi, went home and into the bathtub, where hot water provided some relief from the spasms."

A positive man who rarely dwells on past troubles, Senator Humphrey was remembering with difficulty that ordeal. He frowned and his rather rasping Midwestern voice thickened.

"I called the doctor and he told me what medication to take. I went to bed and got up the next morning in better control of myself. I believe you can do almost anything if you make up your mind. . . ."

The Senator now sounded like his normal, ebullient self again. "I just knew I had to get home for Christmas with the family." "Home," to the Humphreys, is a rambling lakefront house in Waverly, Minn. (population 600), a house frequented regularly by three sons, a daughter, their spouses and nine grandchildren.

Only a few people knew last Christmas that in November and December he had undergone six weeks of X-ray treatments for a pinhead tumor of the bladder that some doctors described as potentially malignant and others diagnosed as borderline. The terrible spasms began after the first week of treatment while Humphrey was attending an international food conference in Rome and continued for six months. "The pain was cumulative," the Senator says now. "And so was the fatigue. For months I was getting only two to four hours' sleep a night. It got tougher, more distressing, more painful each day.

"Now I don't want to frighten people away from X-ray treatment. For most people it is generally not too difficult or painful. I had a more severe reaction than 99 out of 100 patients. The doctor told me that mine was a textbook case, one of the unusual ones. The difficulties resulted from my particularly body chemistry."

Today the Senator, a veteran of 25 years of politics—as mayor of Minneapolis, U.S. Senator, Vice-President and nearly President—is back to his normal weight (172 pounds), his cheeks a healthy pink, his eyes sparkling. He generally rises early ar without a pause for a nap or exerci "goes like gangbusters," in his wor until late in the evening.

Wart-like growths

"Except for a bout with pneumon when I was a small boy," he relat "this was the first time that I rea had been ill." As a result, he never pa much attention to his health, he sa aside from quitting smoking in 19 until a complete physical exam duri his Vice-Presidency revealed so wart-like growths at the neck of t bladder. These were removed surgic ly and, although they proved benig he was cautioned to have six-mon checkups thereafter because the situ tion could change.

There had been no experience wi cancer in his family or his wife's fa ily until his brother, Ralph, and h own son, Bob, developed the disea His brother's chronic colitis was nev properly diagnosed until it was too la and his son's experience was "frighte ing," he says.

"The first medical advice was, 'O it's nothing—just benign tumors; we take care of them when school's ou But Bob, who was 20 at the time, h cancerous lymphatic glands in the nec He went through considerable surge and then cobalt treatments. That w

years ago. Thank God, because of vonderful doctor and outstanding lical care, he's just fine now."

etween 1965 and 1973, Humphrey ıld occasionally have a recurrence ɔenign bladder polyps, which were oved. But when he had his regular nonth examination in September, 3, the doctor told him he had seen ething that concerned him. He ed Senator Humphrey to return in ıonth for another bladder examina-

A "hot" tumor

ı October, the doctor found a re-ed growth of the pinhead tumors. had begun to penetrate the mem-ıe of the bladder and was lodged ın area difficult to reach surgically. e doctor did a biopsy and found it 'hot,' which meant it was poten-y cancerous," says Humphrey. A n of doctors looked at the Senator's ɔrds—without knowing the patient's ıe—and were split in their decisions. ıe advised surgery, and others X- The rate of cure by X-ray is 80 to percent, about the same as surgery. Humphrey chose X-ray because he w he could always undergo surgery ıe radiation treatment did not work. l with X-ray he could keep up his nal working schedule.

The Senator confided in his wife about the tumor one cold October evening while they were walking among the brilliant fallen leaves on their lakefront property in Waverly.

"I was depressed, of course," Muriel Humphrey recalls now. "But I seem to have a built-in shock-proof reaction to bad news. It must be the good Pennsylvania Dutch in me, but I don't go to pieces, at least not at the time. One of the most tragic events of our marriage was learning that our first grandchild, Vicky, had Down's Syndrome, or mongolism. That was back in 1960, when so little could be done for such children. I didn't shed a tear until weeks later.

"It was the same thing with the Senator's ordeal," she adds. (Mrs. Humphrey refers to her husband either as "Humphrey" or "the Senator.") "Then I fell apart when a neighbor's child in Waverly was accidentally killed last summer. But when Humphrey first told me about the pinhead tumor, I felt there was a good chance of his complete recovery, because it had been discovered so early."

The Senator's radiation treatment of 6,600 roentgens (an unusually large dose) took only five minutes each day. He would slip into the hospital through a back door before 8 A.M. and be gone before other patients began to arrive. During the entire six weeks of treatment, he never missed a single day at the Senate, attending meetings, holding conferences and floor-managing the foreign-aid bill. "I learned the time span between the spasms and got along that way," he says, "because when one started, I simply had to leave the Senate floor."

Home every night

His usual workday schedule allows him an evening at home about once every two weeks. During his treatment he stayed home every night and weekends. "We had a wonderful time, Muriel and I, despite my discomfort," he says. "We were closer than at any time in our lives. Listening to music, enjoying home-cooked meals, watching television, reading, being together."

Adds Mrs. Humphrey: "We learned we still enjoy each other's company so much. We don't get bored. That's not unusual for honeymooners but when you've been married thirty-eight years, that's something!"

The series of X-ray treatments ended just before Christmas and Humphrey flew to Minnesota for the holiday get-togethers, but his pain was so intense he did not find it possible to sit through one family dinner. He lost considerable weight and looked drained by his intense fatigue; then his feet and legs

(continued on page 168)

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Ladies Home Journal 102 VM 102

RALPH NADER REPORTS: STRICTLY PERSONAL



The consumer activist answers personal questions he's often asked about women's lib, idealism, inflation, how he can work so hard, people who've influenced him most—and why he won't run for office.

1. I have not heard your views on the women's rights movement. What are they? How many women do you have in positions of authority within your various investigative task forces?

The women's rights movement must deepen its support and broaden its vistas. Too many women still do not appreciate its message and urgency. For example, beyond the drive to end discrimination against women in employment, in schools, in credit, etc., the bias of law and medicine has led to direct conditions that harm women's health, safety and self-confidence.

It is encouraging that a women's rights movement is now forming within the ranks of labor unions. And whatever the successes of the women's rights movement, a large number of women will continue to raise children and shape the home—a position of potential power in any society, but especially so in a society that has considerable leisure time. The home is the center of impact for the economy and the community. From this center, women can forge citizen and consumer power to combat the exploitive forces that flow from unchallenged governmental and business behavior.

Women direct three out of the six groups within our organization, Public Citizen. Whether as student researchers or professional staff members, women have shown—by their accomplishments—what a massive, wasting resource and potential there is among women around the United States, women whose role has been defined by others instead of by themselves. Our nursing-home project, and its subsequent book, *The Last Segregation*, was directed by 18-year-old women just out of secondary school.

2. Why don't you run for public office? Wouldn't achieving public office enable you to accomplish more? Or do you feel you can do more from the outside?

Let me reply by expressing a little civic philosophy. Before we can have a wiser and more responsive government, we have to become more knowledgeable and dedicated citizens. More can be accomplished by informing citizens and encouraging their involvement in the public problems of our time—because that leads to better people going into public office and really performing in the public interest.

Look at it another way. The average employee works about three months out of each year to pay local, state and federal taxes. Yet it is doubtful whether he spends a total of one day a year trying to make these governments spend that tax money justly and efficiently. The more time these employees put in as citizens in action, the closer we will come to true self-government. Right now, we have a long way to go. For example, almost half the eligible voters do not even vote in a national election!

It is because politics is a mirror image of the state of the citizenry that I prefer to work in the citizen action arena rather than in the elective or appointive political arena.

3. You always seem to criticize things in this country. Why are you so "negative"? Don't you find anything good about America?

You should know better than to ask such a "negative" question, but I'll answer it anyway. The more we find out what is harmful, corrupt, oppressive or unjust in this country, the more we will be able to work toward restoring the good that was destroyed. Social critics point to injustices and recommend solutions. People in powerful positions who foster or condone such injustices are the ones who are "negative" and are running down the good in America. In our numerous books, reports and testimony, criticism is always coupled with proposed remedies or reforms.

Americans need to recover the nation's historic determination to solve problems. When, in city or state, progress is made to solve a problem that is prevalent throughout the country, the news should travel—spreading word of that progress. Toward that end, our Center for the Study of Responsive Law has sponsored a study that brings together a number of these "models of superior performance" by imaginative citizens and groups. The book, by Kenneth Lasson, is called *What So Proudly We Hail*. It will be issued next year by Grossman Publishers of New York.

4. Do you think idealism is declining rapidly in America?

No. Watergate has brought forth a stronger public focus on the ideals in our Constitution—and on other basic principles of rightdoing for holders of public office. The struggles of poverty fighters, consumerists, environmentalists and other constructive reformers continue. But idealism needs strong engines to put such thoughts into practice. Once such ideals are linked to real action, the ideas become more deeply rooted and nourished. As my father used to tell us: "If there is anything better than a country that tries to practice what it preaches, it is a country that tries to preach what it practices." With famine in Asia and Africa looming in the coming years, our idealism will be either severely tested if we decide to act or severely muted if we look the other way.

Youth, long viewed as the fountainhead of society's idealism, seems to need to perceive and respond either to adversity or to challenge before its ethical impulses find outlets. That is why we have helped students all over the country try to form their own public interest research groups, with full-time staff to work for and with students interested in building a better society.

5. You juggle so many projects at the same time. How do you manage to organize your life so that you can do so much? What do you do for relaxation? Do you take vacations?

When work is motivating and important, it is not "work" to do more and more in any given period of time. When what has to be done to help other people in need, there is every reason to avoid delay and trivia. When such work is varied, when it can be taken with ease from one place or time of day to another, then the fatigue or boredom that can sap concentration is not present.

So I do not distinguish between hours of work and hours of relaxation or leisure. Those who have to continually make such distinctions daily are usually very happy with their work and have not taken vacations.

6. Can you state, briefly, what you think should be done to stop inflation? Is there one thing you do to keep your own personal costs down?

Inflation can be reduced appreciably by a combination of more competition on the part of business, more self-restraint on the part of individuals, and more equity on the part of government. These responses translate into programs such as: enforcement of the antitrust laws to achieve more competition which will reduce fuel, food and other prices; closing the tax loopholes for corporations and wealthy individuals; reduction of government spending that is wasteful or that subsidizes with billions of dollars businesses that should stand on their own feet.

Consumers who can do so should spend less and save more. They can spend less by purchasing more wisely

(continued on page 1



Linda Hart is a petroleum engineer. She believes a woman can do anything as long as she does it well. Linda feels just as comfortable wearing a hardhat as she does wearing Cachet.



Carol Ferranti thinks the best way to be 39 is to seem 29. How? With her own special diet. Exercise that is part yoga, part ballet. And Cachet. The only fragrance as individual as Carol's lifestyle.

ra Ernst wants things to be really her."
why she made this couch. And that's why she wears Cachet. Because it's so Barbara on Barbara.





Cachet.
s the fragrance as individual as you are.



We know you don't want to look like the next girl. Or wear a fragrance like the next girl's either.

That's why we created a new kind of fragrance called Cachet.

Every woman on this page can wear it and it'll be something a little different on every single one.

Because, besides being fresh and fascinating, Cachet was designed to pick up and play up a woman's own special chemistry.

In perfume. Cologne. Bath things. Everything.

Maybe it isn't you. But then again, maybe it's the first fragrance that really is.

Cachet by Prince Matchabelli.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

Billy Farrell, age 7, has disappeared. His mother has not seen him in almost three years. But there's no massive police search for Billy, as there is for Patty Hearst, because he was spirited away by his own father. There are thousands of children like Billy, living as fugitives because their parents are fighting marital and child-custody wars. Now read the shocking story of how our legal system aids and abets the practice of "child-snatching." By Patrick McGrady, Jr.



It was a January night in 1972. Jennifer Farrell, 25, and the new man in her life, Abe Rozman (whom she was later to marry), were getting ready to drive from her Schenectady home to New York City, to meet his family at a party.

But before they could leave, Jennifer wanted to make one last phone call to a house just up the street—the home of her in-laws, Phyllis and William Farrell. Her four-year-old son, Billy, was staying with them. Jennifer had received custody of her son when she and her husband, Bill, had signed legal separation papers the summer before. Although their separation, like most, was not especially friendly, Jennifer was willing to leave Billy with his father on occasional weekends—especially since her mother-in-law Phyllis lived so close and loved to babysit. Jennifer trusted Phyllis completely; she was the sort of grandmother who relished getting down on all fours to bring the code of the West to a 35-pound cowboy.

"Hi, Phyllis," Jennifer said when her mother-in-law answered the phone. "I'd like to say good night to Billy."

"I'll go get him. He's watching cartoons."

"Please don't bother him, then," said Jennifer gently. "Just tell him I love him and I'll be back Monday."

The older woman hesitated, then said, "No, I'm going to get him for you."

There was a disconcerting urgency in Phyllis Farrell's voice, Jennifer thought, but before she had a chance to wonder why, she heard her husband's brusque command, then Billy was on the wire.

"Good night, Mummy," he said breathlessly before dashing back to his cartoons.

Returning from New York two days later, Jennifer asked Abe to stop so she could call home and let Billy know she was on her way. She dialed her own number at the house that she and Bill had once shared, expecting that Bill would be there getting their son ready for bed. The phone rang once, then was intercepted by a recording: "I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service." Frantic, Jennifer called her mother-in-law. Had the house burned down? Where were Bill and Billy?

"Don't worry, Billy's fine," said Phyllis matter-of-factly. Then she paused for a few seconds. "Jennifer, I am a compassionate woman. I suggest you take someone home with you when you go. That is all I can say." She hung up the telephone.

Possibilities, both ominous and benign, raced through Jennifer's mind. She had worried that Bill might construe her trip with Abe as a violation of their separation agreement, and so had made a point of asking his permission. He had raised no objection. Still, she knew Bill was jealous of Abe and of her relationship with him; maybe Bill was trying, somehow, to punish her? To avoid a possible confrontation between the two men, Jennifer stopped at her friend Brenda's house and, remembering her mother-in-law's warning, asked Brenda's husband to accompany her to the old, white frame house on Regent Street.

Within seconds, as she groped around in the darkened living room, she was certain of one thing: Billy was gone. In the dining room she found a neatly penned, 13-page letter. In it, Bill wrote that he had taken Billy away from her because of the "hippie" environment she had created and her relationship with an unnamed "male friend." There were other criticisms of Jennifer's lifestyle —all of them, she insists, false or distorted.

In his letter, Bill said his attorney had assured him that his taking Billy was legal. Bill listed approximately $2,000 worth of furnishings which, he said, would leave Jennifer "in a financial position that is at least equal to, if not more secure than, that of Billy and myself, provided you act in a prudent and responsible manner in converting these interests to cash."

Then he added, "I hope you can maturely accept the reality of what has happened and, instead of feeling sorry for yourself, try to see if I might not have a solidly based and logical position. . . . No one knows where I will eventually settle, but you need never have any doubts as to the level of care Billy will have. ——Bill"

Bill Farrell was right; his spiriting away of their child, although it would cause Jennifer—and perhaps Billy—as much grief as if a stranger had done it, was not strictly speaking a criminal act. When he took Billy, a written separation agreement determined the child's custody, but until a court rules in such cases, both parents are considered to have equal rights to their children. Jennifer *was* given court-ordered custody of Billy eventually, but by that time her husband and child had been missing for six months—and her husband obviously was not personally served with a court order.

Legal experts call Bill Farrell's *(continued)*

Your homemade bread is so great. Should the glasses be spotty?

Get the Cascade look... virtually spotless.

Look—even clean water lets spots form.

You did it! Your bread came out just as beautifully as you had hoped. But what about your glasses? You don't want spots at a time like this.

The spotty glass shows how plain water alone can leave dulling spots. So it's good to know that Cascade's sheeting action fights drops that spot... gives your guests glasses with the Cascade look!



Cascade fights drops that spot.

But Cascade in your dishwasher gets dishes virtually spotless.

Attorney Whicher, like Professor Foster and many other experts, also recommends the mandatory appointment of attorneys for all contested children. "Children," she points out, "by and large have no voice in their custody and still may not address the court on their own behalf. Loved, cherished, desired, occasionally even needed, they nonetheless [in the eyes of the law can be] owned and divided as neatly as grandmother's gateleg table or the new car." She would also encourage custody and visitation counseling to help parents cope with the problems of maintaining long-distance relationships with their children, and utilize the "extended family" concept to give custody to uncles, aunts, grandparents or even close friends in cases where the parents are unsuited or simply need time away from their children to adjust.

Some of these reforms might help a parent whose child has been abducted to take action against the offending parent. That is difficult now. Given a financial cushion, cooperating friends and relatives and geographic mobility, a parent who has stolen his children can hide out almost indefinitely. He can, as University of Southern California law professor Leonard G. Ratner points out, "initiate proceedings in the new state or 'sit tight,' leaving the stay-at-home parent with no recourse other than to litigate in an inconvenient forum far from the relevant evidence—or to attempt to recapture the child."

Jennifer Farrell, now married to Abe Rozman, can attest to the difficulties. After more than two years of fruitless searching for Billy, her legal fees already exceed $7,000—a heavy extraction from the salary she earns as a general office worker in a New York State Civil Service job. She had no savings because her prior earnings helped to finance Bill's graduate school studies and the purchase of their home.

Jennifer might be able to lure Bill back by relinquishing custody of Billy, then having the agreement annulled on grounds of duress. But her attorney has rejected that scheme as unethical. Instead, he has secured a custodial-interference warrant for Bill Farrell's arrest. However, since Bill was not before the court when the order was issued, the order is of questionable validity. Moreover, it is a useless tool if Bill does not choose to come back and can continue to hide out successfully. (Editors' note: Several attempts to get Bill Farrell's side of the story from his attorney were unsuccessful.)

Police disinterest

Jennifer's life now is a series of heart-slamming ups and downs: flimsy clues, reports of curious nocturnal activities at the Farrell house (did all those cars mean Bill was there, meeting secretly with his attorney?), dead-end leads, ill-concealed police disinterest in the case and frustrating breakdowns in attorney negotiations.

The occasional local newspaper stories that appear on Jennifer's plight always fetch reader letters. Some recommend prayer to a specific saint, others suggest that she hire private detectives. Jennifer has tried both. One of her most sympathetic correspondents was Jo Ann Tomchik of Burnt Hills, N.Y., whose two daughters had been snatched by her husband, Andrew.

"I feel," Jo Ann wrote Jennifer, "that both of our ex-husbands could not stand the rejection, and decided to punish us the way that could hurt us most. I also feel their punishment of us would only be complete if they can turn the children against us. I myself cannot see much hope in Andy ever being found or in ever seeing my daughters again. As a matter of fact, I really cannot see much reason for living, as life is such a complete hell. . . ."

But before Jo Ann Tomchik gave up she gambled on one desperate long shot that paid off. She was referred to a cheerful widow named Millie Coutant who had been amazing parapsychologists with her extrasensory powers. Clutching only a photograph of Jo Ann's daughters and their father, the medium "saw" them in a trailer *(continued)*



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ning: The Surgeon General Has Determined Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

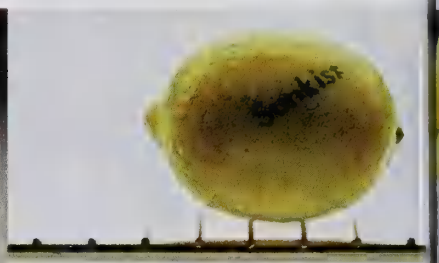
More, perhaps, than you car



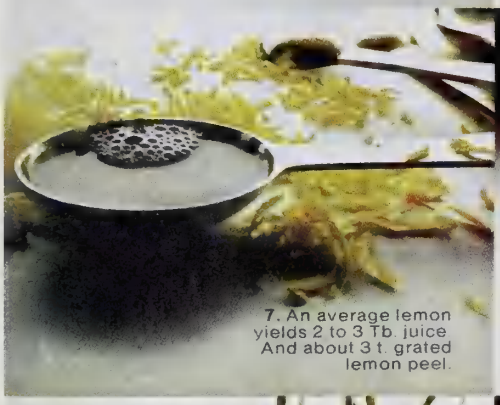
1. Unlike other fruits, Sunkist lemons are always in season.



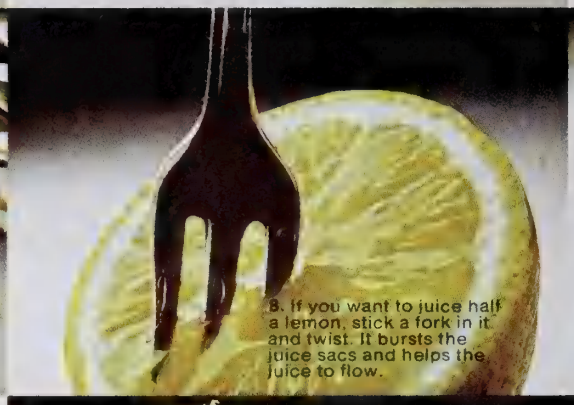
2. Choose lemons that are firm, feel heavy for their size, and have a bright yellow color.



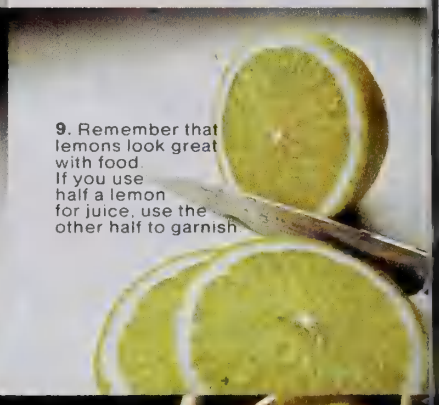
3. Lemons stay fresh in your refrigerator for as long as 6 weeks. Or at room temperatur up to 2 weeks.



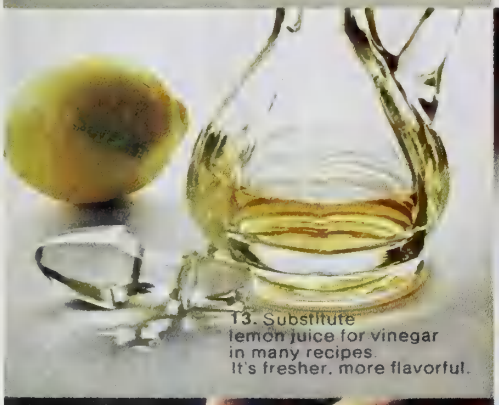
7. An average lemon yields 2 to 3 Tb. juice And about 3 t. grated lemon peel.



8. If you want to juice half a lemon, stick a fork in it and twist. It bursts the juice sacs and helps the juice to flow.



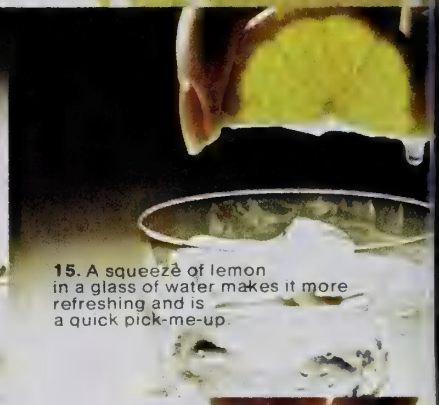
9. Remember that lemons look great with food. If you use half a lemon for juice, use the other half to garnish.



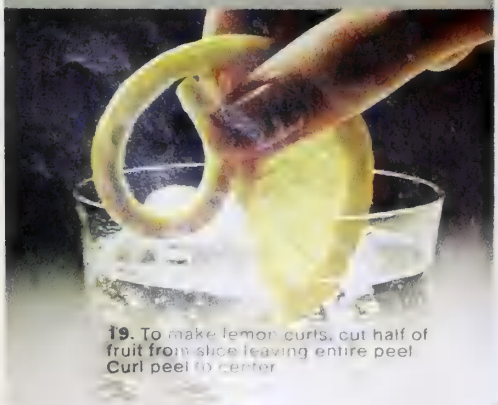
13. Substitute lemon juice for vinegar in many recipes. It's fresher, more flavorful.



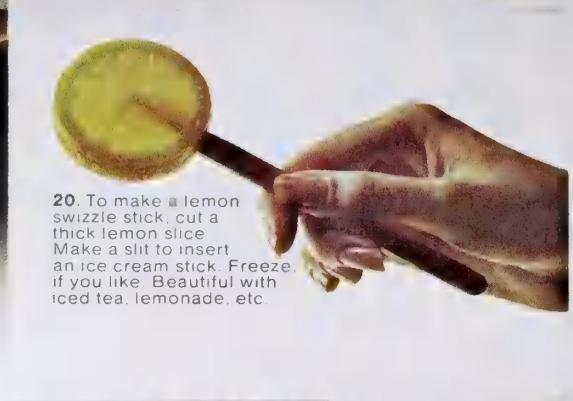
14. Lemon peel sprinkled over cakes, puddings, sauces not only perks up the taste, but improves the looks.



15. A squeeze of lemon in a glass of water makes it more refreshing and is a quick pick-me-up.



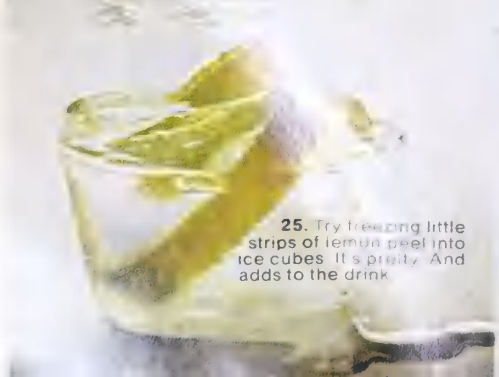
19. To make lemon curls, cut half of fruit from slice leaving entire peel. Curl peel to center.



20. To make a lemon swizzle stick, cut a thick lemon slice. Make a slit to insert an ice cream stick. Freeze, if you like. Beautiful with iced tea, lemonade, etc.



21. To glamorize a lemon wedge, dip center into paprika, chopped parsley or mint, pepper, cinnamon or nutmeg.



25. Try freezing little strips of lemon peel into ice cubes. It's pretty. And adds to the drink.



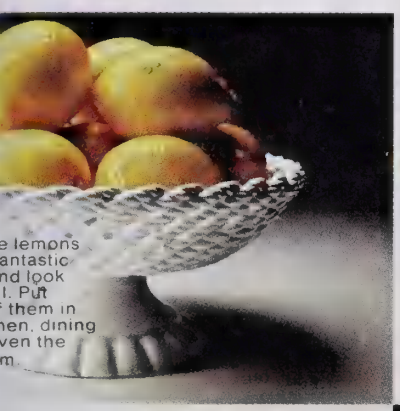
26. Lemon juice, like salt, is an excellent seasoning. Helps bring out the flavor, too.



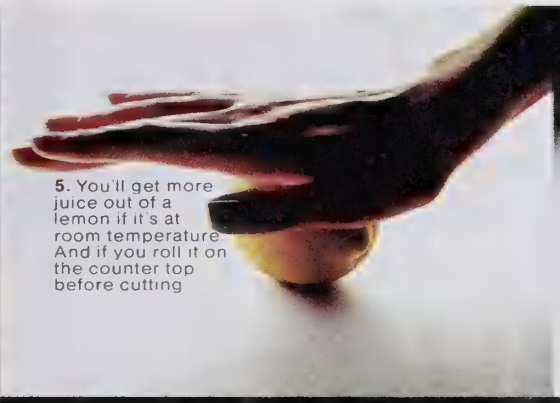
27. Lemon peel has a sharper, keener flavor than lemon juice. They complement each other in many recipes.

o know about Sunkist lemons.

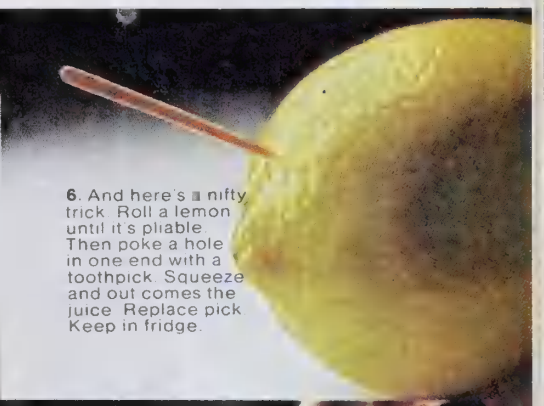
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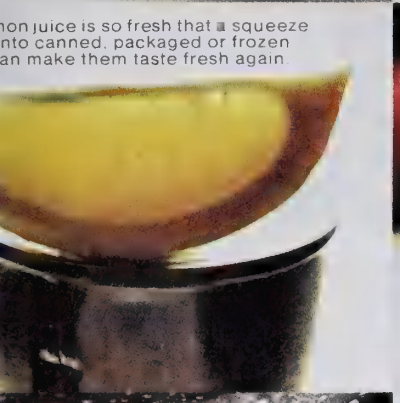


5. You'll get more juice out of a lemon if it's at room temperature. And if you roll it on the counter top before cutting.



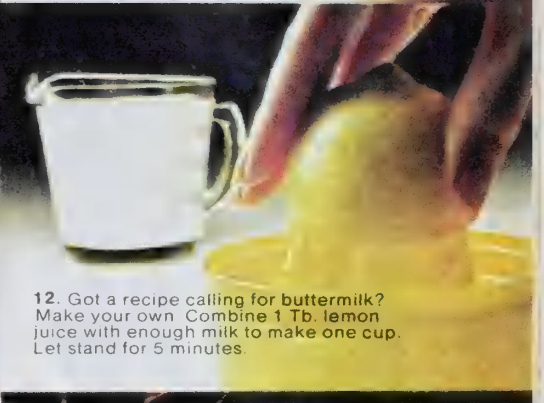
6. And here's a nifty trick. Roll a lemon until it's pliable. Then poke a hole in one end with a toothpick. Squeeze and out comes the juice. Replace pick. Keep in fridge.

non juice is so fresh that a squeeze
nto canned, packaged or frozen
an make them taste fresh again.

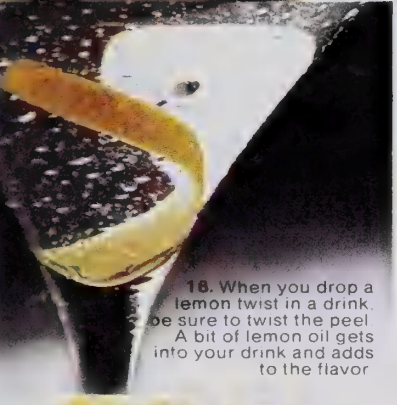




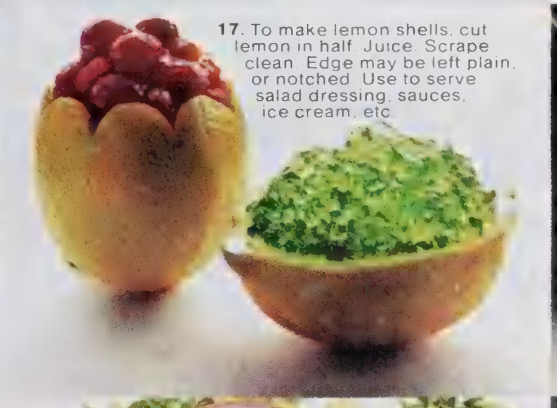
11. Lemon juice keeps fresh fruits like bananas, apples, avocados, etc., from turning dark. Just dip them in. They'll stay pretty for hours.



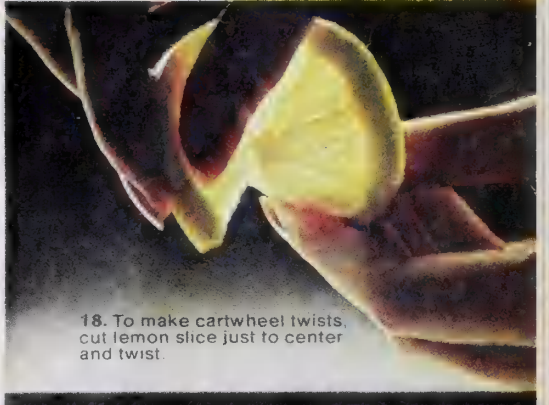
12. Got a recipe calling for buttermilk? Make your own. Combine 1 Tb. lemon juice with enough milk to make one cup. Let stand for 5 minutes.



16. When you drop a lemon twist in a drink, be sure to twist the peel. A bit of lemon oil gets into your drink and adds to the flavor.

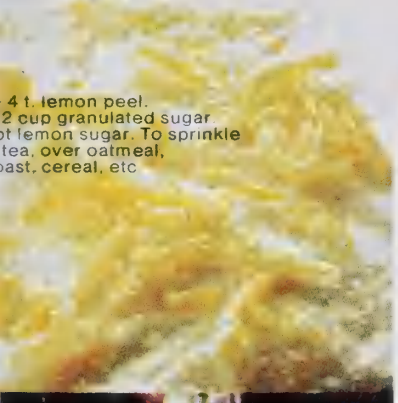


17. To make lemon shells, cut lemon in half. Juice. Scrape clean. Edge may be left plain, or notched. Use to serve salad dressing, sauces, ice cream, etc.



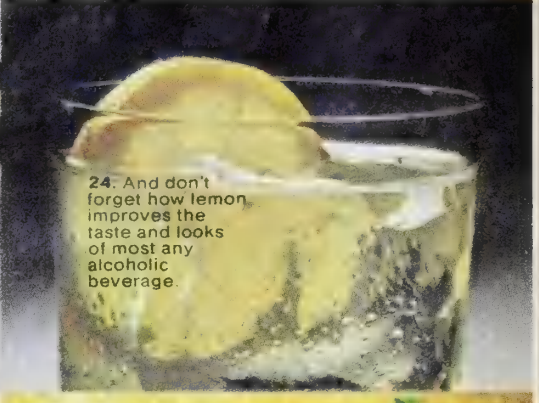
18. To make cartwheel twists, cut lemon slice just to center and twist.

4 t. lemon peel.
2 cup granulated sugar
ot lemon sugar. To sprinkle
tea, over oatmeal,
oast, cereal, etc.





23. Grated lemon peel sprinkled over a salad perks up the flavor, makes it taste even fresher.



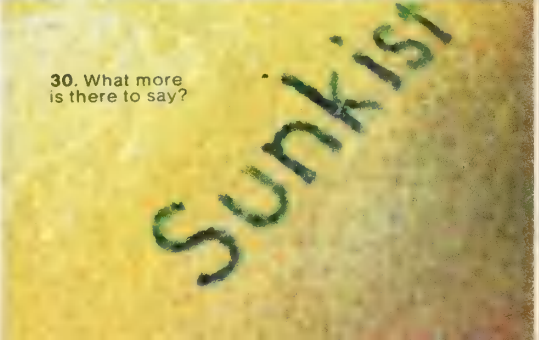
24. And don't forget how lemon improves the taste and looks of most any alcoholic beverage.



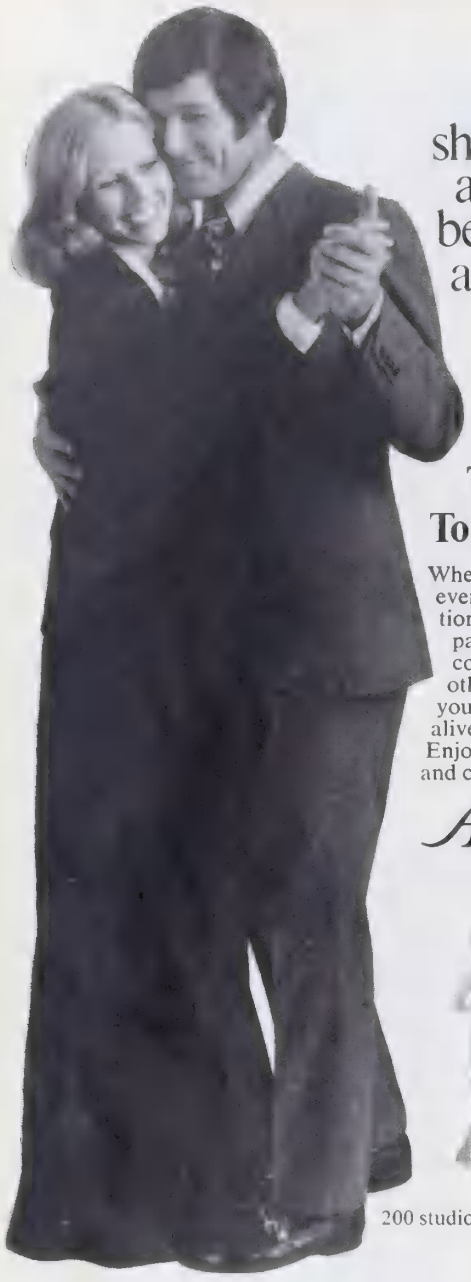
of good
ate up
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on hand
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eezer.



29. Toss used lemons into your garbage disposal to help keep it clean and fresh smelling.



30. What more is there to say?



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CHILD SNATCHING
continued

camp "somewhere in the Carolinas." Moreover, she was able to identify the color of Tomchik's trailer and the setting of the camp. A letter to the North Carolina motor vehicle bureau turned up a registration bearing an alias Tomchik had used in Tennessee the year before. North Carolina officials honored a custodial-interference warrant by quickly arresting Tomchik, and the girls were returned to their mother.

But it seems unfair that victims of child-snatching should require the wisdom of Solomon, the riches of Croesus or a crystal ball to protect their rights to their children. In a society as mobile as ours, the logical solution would seem to be to empower the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with its impressive people-finding sources, to track down fugitives from custody orders. But the F.B.I. has staunchly resisted the assumption of this chore. People have been known to get F.B.I. assistance in locating their snatched children by concocting stories about child molestation or a spouse's mental instability, or by getting local U.S. attorneys to intervene in their behalf. But such stratagems seem to be reserved for the well-connected or the very clever.

The F.B.I. argues that its 8,496 special agents could not handle the increased caseload, and that local authorities should continue to deal with child-snatching cases. In fact, the Justice Department is currently trying to abor Representative Charles E. Bennett' House Resolution 4191, which would eliminate the "parental exception" t the federal kidnapping statute, thereb automatically involving the F.B.I. i such cases.

The battle for H.R. 4191 has not bee widely publicized, and its chances o reaching the floor of the House of Rep resentatives for a vote seem dim. Deatl of the bill is almost certain unless it drafters soften the penalties for child snatching. No jury or judge would ex ecute or give a life sentence to a par ent who took his or her children, as they might in a ransom-demand kidnapping Still, there must be a stiff fine or possi ble jail sentence if parents are to be effectively dissuaded from flouting cus tody orders or agreements.

Do you remember?

Jennifer Rozman writes to her son regularly. Her letters, full of family news, comments on the weather and reminiscences, are neatly stacked in unstamped envelopes in a desk drawer She writes them, probably, more for herself than for Billy. "Do you remember Delilah, the parrot?" begins one letter "She talks a great deal and is very loving. We also have two other birds, a small green macaw named Valdez and a sulphur-crested cockatoo called Mike . . the softest, fluffiest bird I have ever touched. . . . You must by now have the training wheels off and are whizzing around!"

What would she do if Billy came home tomorrow? "I would quit my job become a mother again and spend all my time with him," she says. "I've got a set of watercolors for him so we both can paint. Wouldn't that be nice? We'd sing 'My Sweet Lord' together, like we used to. That's his very favorite song." Jennifer Rozman paused. "At least, it used to be."

What to Do If Your Child Is "Snatched"

1. Budget both time and money for your search, and begin as soon as possible. The more time that elapses, the greater a stranger your child becomes.
2. If you have a job, keep it; it may help you keep your sanity.
3. Find an aggressive attorney—preferably one who is an experienced divorce counselor. If your attorney seems to be giving you only grudging service, find another one.
4. Find out which organizations—religious, social, community service—may be able to assist you. Two that have experience in child-snatching cases are the Family Location and Legal Services Division of Jewish Family Services, Inc., and the *(continued on page 159)*

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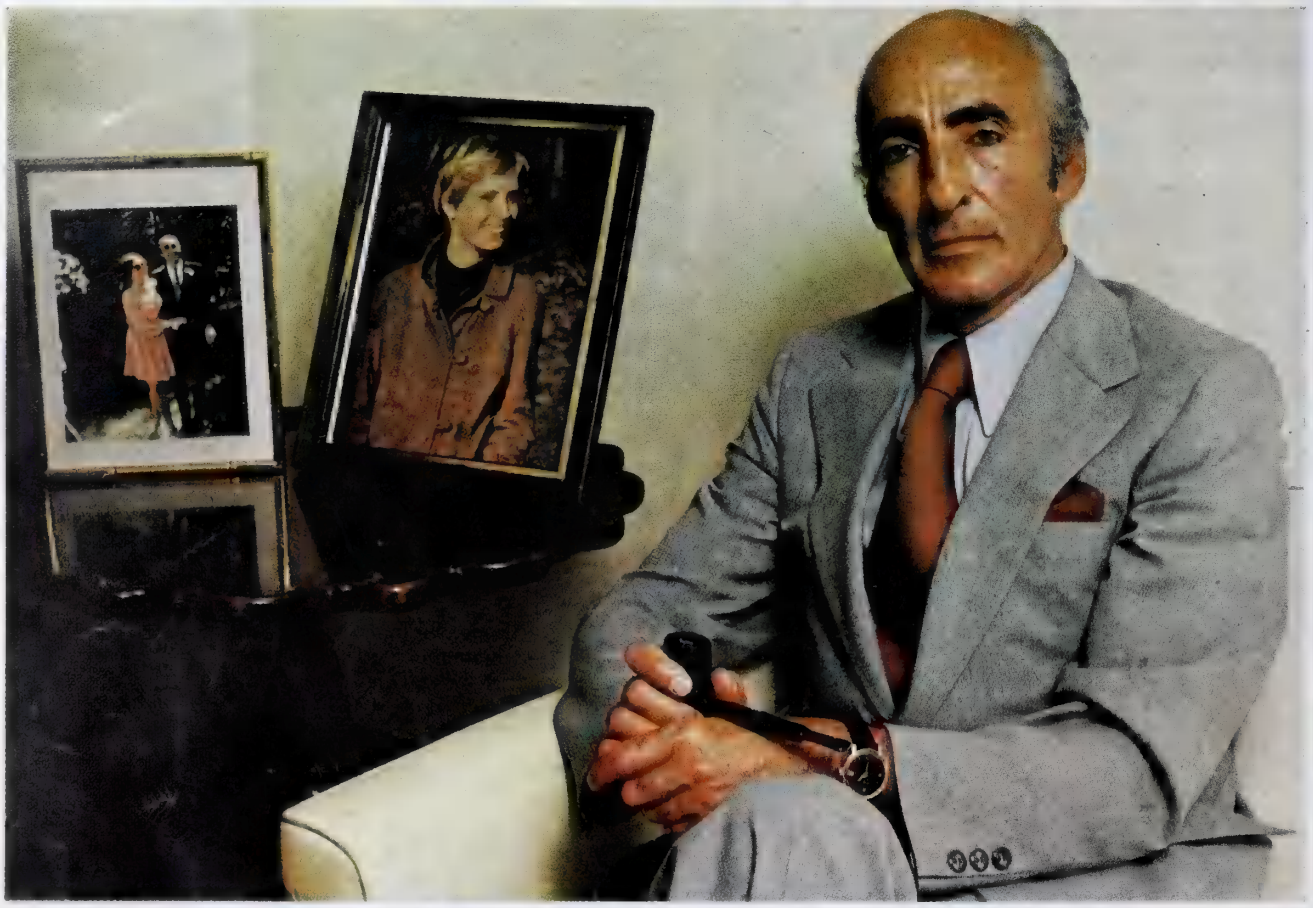
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How John Cali Found the Man Who Murdered His Wife and Daughter



John Cali poses with photographs of his wife Renee (left) and stepdaughter Leslie (right). At the time of their death, both women were happily anticipating the birth of Leslie's child. Says Cali, "They were looking forward to life."

The medical examiner called it suicide, but John Cali remained convinced that his wife and daughter had been murdered. If the police wouldn't listen, then he would search for the killer himself. By George Carpozi, Jr.

Monday, May 14, 1973, 4 P.M.

A spirit of freedom carried 21-year-old Jonna Cali home that afternoon. She'd just finished another day's hard work at nursing school, and she was looking forward to a restful evening crocheting or painting.

"Anyone home?" she called as she passed through the front door of the white-shingled mansion on tree-lined Upper Mountain Avenue. The street was known as "Millionaire's Row" because some of the wealthiest people in New Jersey lived in that fashionable neighborhood of Upper Montclair. Jonna's father, John Cali, was among them. His firm, Cali Associates, of Cranford, N. J., is one of the wealthier land developers in the state.

Jonna heard no response to her call and wondered where her stepmother Renee could be. There had been time for Jonna to adjust to her ebullient stepmother during the five years since her father had remarried, following his divorce from Jonna's mother. Jonna's brother Brant, 19, was a freshman at the University of Vermont.

There were many times when Jonna did not know where her stepmother might be. Renee Cali, 45, was an active clubwoman, and she was always involved in one social function or another. Yet she was almost always home by 5 P.M. to oversee preparations for dinner. And this was one day, especially, when Jonna thought her stepmother would be home, since she was to interview a new maid that afternoon.

Perhaps Renee had to go off on some errand, Jonna thought. Yet certainly her stepsister, Leslie, should have answered Jonna's call. Leslie and her husband Michael were expecting a baby in six months. Leslie was embroidering a pillow for the baby, and Jonna could see the pillow abandoned on the chaise longue in the first-floor solarium. Leslie would never have left it there if she had gone out. She would have put it in the second-floor bedroom that she and Mike shared.

When neither her stepmother nor her stepsister answered her calls, Jonna decided that they had both gone out. She hurried into her room, showered, changed clothes and scurried out to do some shopping in the village.

Forty-five minutes later, Jonna drove back home, went upstairs with her packages, dropped them on the bed, then gathered the garments she had worn that day and started down to the cellar laundry room. On the way she called out again, "Aren't you people back yet?" No one answered.

Jonna found the cellar door ajar. As she descended the cellar stairs, something on the floor caught her eye. It was a bare foot. Her heart pounding *(continued)*

Photograph by Ken Regan—Camera 5



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CALI MURDER
continued

suddenly, Jonna dropped the bundle of clothing and went nearer. She saw her stepmother sprawled on her back on the floor. She was clad in her bathing suit. The halter of the suit was pulled down to her midriff, exposing her breasts. Her head and shoulders were suspended inches off the floor by a rope tied around her neck and fastened to two knobs on the top drawer of a dresser. Mrs. Cali's eyes were shut, and the color was drained from her face. Renee Cali was dead.

Terrified, Jonna fled back up the stairs, bolted out of the house and drove to the Montclair police station.

Silence

Meanwhile, John Cali, 55, drove home from the office, walked into the house and called out, "Where are you people?" He was met by silence. He wondered where his wife and stepdaughter could have gone. As he mixed a cocktail, he was puzzled that no one had started dinner. He also wondered about Jonna, who was almost always home from nursing school by now.

Then he looked out the window and saw Jonna coming up the path, followed by four men. Their steps were hurried. "Who are they?" Cali recalls asking himself as he opened the door. "What is this about?"

"Renee is dead. In the basement," Jonna sobbed, embracing her father.

"Dead! How? Where is Leslie?"

"I don't know."

Captain Charles Cummings and Detectives Ronald Donahue, Pat Graham and Fred Reitzel of the Montclair Police Department drew their revolvers and made their way cautiously down the cellar steps. They found Renee's body just as Jonna had described it.

The detectives moved past Renee's body and searched deeper into the basement room. There, in a storage bin where the storm windows had been stacked for the summer, they found 24-year-old Leslie Grant—dead. She was in a sitting position on the floor. A cord was wound around her neck and tied to a beam some two feet above her head. She, too, was wearing a bathing suit, and her bra had been lowered like her mother's.

An autopsy of both women was conducted, and the next afternoon, the medical examiner disclosed that both had died of strangulation. Their deaths were ruled either double suicide or murder-suicide. That meant that Renee and Leslie had taken their own lives, or that one of them had strangled the other, then committed suicide.

"That's impossible," protested John Cali. "There's no reason in the world why my wife and daughter would end their lives. Leslie was eagerly looking forward to the birth of her baby. She was embroidering the pillowcase and knitting baby clothes. And my wife was in excellent spirits. She was going about the business of running the household and was looking forward to becoming a grandmother. I don't see how the police and medical examiner can suggest that this is anything but cold-blooded murder."

Essex County's Assistant District Attorney Anthony R. Mautone could find no justification for Cali's charges. "I am not convinced that there is a cold-blooded murderer loose on the streets," said Mautone.

But John Cali wouldn't accept the official explanation. He began to study the facts and information in the case.

"It could not have been suicide," he told a family gathering one night shortly after the funeral. "If the police and the District Attorney are going to dismiss this case as a double suicide or a murder-suicide, then I am prepared to go forward on my own to prove that this is a double murder and nothing else."

But first Cali besieged District Attorney Joseph P. Lordi and Police Captain Cummings. Some days he telephoned them; other days he went directly to their offices. Cali's purpose: to have the probers "get off their butts" and look for the killer.

"The medical examiner is misleading you," Cali insisted, as he implored them to conduct a full-scale murder investigation. "You've got to believe me. This is a murder. Renee and Leslie didn't kill themselves. I'm telling you, I know who the killer is."

Cali had had his suspicions from the very beginning. "I told Cummings that the fact that Leslie was found in that out-of-the-way storage bin indicated to me that she had been killed by som one who had tricked her into taki him down there," said Cali. "And t only person who would know about th bin would be a window washer."

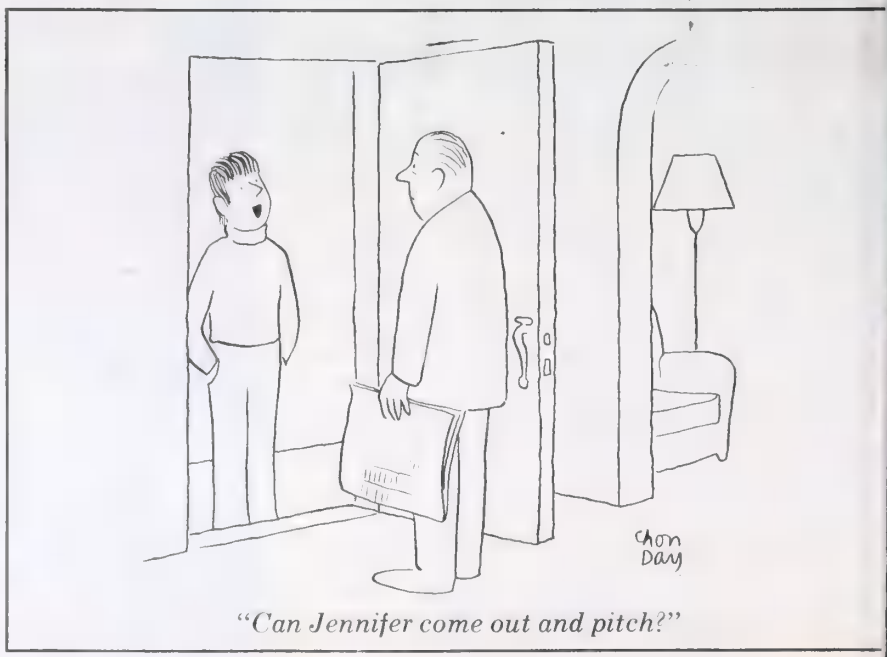
The investigators asked Cali for t name of the window-cleaning servi whose employees came to the hou twice a year—to install the storm w dows in the fall, and to remove the in the spring. Cali also supplied the with a list of vendors, friends and re tives who had been to the house in cent months—64 names in all.

Normally, Cali paid little attention these details, since his wife had ma aged the household. But in the case the window-cleaning service, he w aware of two things: one, that the w dows and screens were stored in t basement bin, where Leslie's body w found; and two, that the window was ers had last visited the house on Su day, May 13—Mother's Day—the day l fore Renee and Leslie were found dea

Pressured by Cali to look for a mu derer, the investigators then began go through the motions of a homici probe. They questioned the Calis' f mer maid, the drugstore delivery bo and anyone else who had access to t house. But when they questioned t two window washers, both men ca up with unbreakable alibis. They we miles away on that Monday afterno washing windows for another client.

Thus Cali's theory seemed groun less. Still, his pressure on the inves gators was unyielding. Eventually, t District Attorney himself began to l lieve that the women could have be murdered. And Assistant D.A. Mautc finally conceded to reporters that t possibility of murder did indeed ex and that the police themselves we now working on such a theory.

(continue



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The detectives spoke to neighbors, friends, relatives. "We checked the women's backgrounds and their activities," said District Attorney Lordi, "and we finally had to agree with Mr. Cali that the women had no reason to kill themselves or each other."

Cali knew that at least one other person also believed in his theory: John Cronin, a noted criminologist at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York City. A friend of Cali's had introduced the two men. Cronin admired Cali's perseverance and volunteered his own talents—without fee.

The criminologist studied the clues Cali had compiled—the list of visitors, the history of Renee's and Leslie's recent activities. Cronin spent three days at the house. He was starting cold; it wasn't the same as coming into the case that first day, when the bodies were still in the cellar. Instead, Cronin examined the police reports on the positions of the bodies. He also questioned Cali and his daughter Jonna.

Cronin found great significance in the way each woman had died. The rope around Renee's neck had been looped, the one around Leslie's neck had been knotted. That suggested either a murder-suicide, in which, conceivably, Mrs. Cali tied the knot around her daughter's neck, then looped a rope around her own neck; or it suggested a double suicide, with each victim using her own method. But Professor Cronin suggested that the women died at the hands of a clever killer who employed a different technique on each of his victims, to throw off suspicion of murder.

Cronin was also interested in the fact that Cali reported $80 missing from the house—and that Mrs. Cali's pocketbook was found open on her bed with the wallet sticking out and only three one-dollar bills inside it. "My wife wasn't the sort of person to carry only three dollars in her pocketbook," Cali told Cronin. "In fact, she had cashed a $100 check just the other day."

Cali also took Cronin down to the cellar, to the out-of-the-way corner where the storm windows and screens were stored—the spot where Leslie had been found dead. "Why should Leslie or anyone else come down to this God-forsaken part of the house?" Cali asked.

By the time Cronin had finished his inquiry, he, too, was convinced that the women had been murdered. And, like Cali, he suspected that a window washer was the person most likely to have committed the crime.

A drastic step

Meanwhile District Attorney Lordi asked Dr. Milton Helpern, New York City's chief medical examiner and the country's best-known pathologist, to look into the case.

"I had to do something as drastic as that," Lordi said. "Cali was in my office every damn day, insisting that the women were murdered and demanding that we catch the killer."

The white-haired Dr. Helpern had first been approached by Professor Cronin. Helpern told Cronin that he could not participate as a private medical examiner, but that he was greatly interested in the case. Cronin then went to Lordi and formally requested that the District Attorney seek Dr. Helpern's cooperation. Lordi complied.

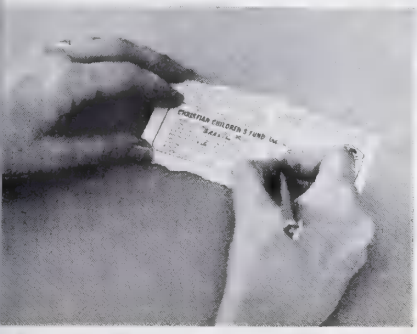
"Dr. Helpern spent two and one half hours in my house," Cali said. "He went over every bit of Renee's and Leslie's backgrounds. He was convinced that nothing in their physical and mental make-up could remotely suggest that they had any reason to take their lives."

Although handicapped, as Cronin had been, because he was unable to view the bodies, Helpern was still able to reach certain critical determinations in his study of the photographs of the dead women. One fact he had learned from long experience was that women rarely strangle themselves. But when they do, they'll use a belt from the dress, or something similar—almost never the type of bulky hemp rope that had been used on Renee and Leslie.

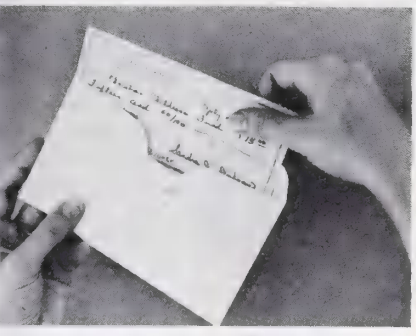
But what really convinced Helpern that Renee and Leslie *(continued)*



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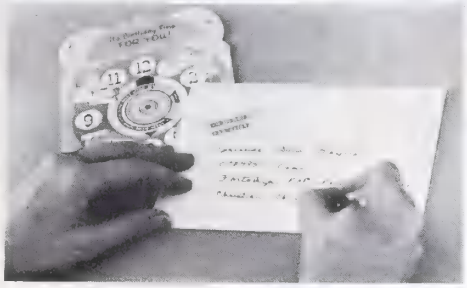
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Coty presents Great Coverage.

All-day makeup with protein conditioners.

CALI MURDER

continued

had not killed each other was the lowered position of their bathing suit tops. Helpern pointed out that when women commit suicide, they seldom expose themselves. Generally, they will tidy themselves up so that when they are found, they'll "look nice." Helpern finally said to Lordi, "I'm afraid Mr. Cali is right. You'd better look for the killer."

Yet not until mid-June, 1973, was any real progress made in the case. Then, one morning, the weekly *South Orange News-Record* was delivered to Cali's sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Cali, who lives in nearby South Orange, N.J. An item attracted her attention. She read the story, then quickly phoned Cali and read it to him:

> A 25-year-old Newark resident was arraigned in South Orange Municipal Court yesterday after he was arrested and charged with assault with intent to kill following an incident in the village Tuesday night.
>
> South Orange police say an 82-year-old resident of Terrell Avenue was sitting on her porch at 9:30 P.M. when a car pulled up in front of her house, a man got out, and said he needed water for his car.
>
> The resident went to the backyard for a can, and the suspect reportedly knocked her to the ground and began to strangle her [with a rope]. The woman's screams brought two neighbors to her rescue and the suspect fled.
>
> The woman told police that the man identified himself as one of the window washers who worked at her house a few weeks ago.
>
> South Orange Detectives Gil Scott and Roger Becker worked with Newark police to determine the suspect's identity as Robert D. Petrarca, of 569 South Orange Avenue, Newark, and arrested him. He is being held on $10,000 bail.

Robert Dell Petrarca—as he wa known to police from his most recen arrest and a number of others in yea past—was, indeed, a window washe He was employed by the Aristocra Window Cleaning Service of Irvingto N.J.—the firm that serviced John Cali mansion. In fact, Petrarca was one of th two window washers who had been t the house the day before Cali's wife an stepdaughter were killed.

"Now do you believe?"

No sooner had his sister-in-law rea the story to him, than Cali telephone Montclair police headquarters to repor the news to Captain Cummings. "Nov do you believe what I've been tellin you?" Cummings' response was a cau tious "We'll look into that." But Ca sensed excitement in the captain's voice

Despite Petrarca's earlier alibi, Cum mings sent his detectives out to do an other rundown on the suspect. Thi time they returned with different re sults. In their new investigation o Petrarca's whereabouts on the afternoo of the murders, the detectives discov ered that the client who earlier ha vouched for Petrarca suddenly wasn' so certain. Yes, Petrarca had been wash ing windows at a commercial buildin that day, but he admitted that the win dow washer could have left for a tim without being missed.

Captain Cummings also sent detec tives to question Petrarca in the Esse County Jail in Newark, where he wa imprisoned, unable to raise the $10,00 bail. The questions were not confine only to his activities that Monday. Now the detectives questioned him specifica ly about the Upper Montclair murders

During the next several weeks, th detectives visited Petrarca often. Seve weeks later, they brought him to Dis trict Attorney Lordi's office for furthe questioning. By now they didn't nee many more answers. Finally, on th morning of Saturday, August 4, Petrar ca was taken from Essex County Jail t Montclair police headquarters, where h was booked on two charges of murder

(continued on page 153)



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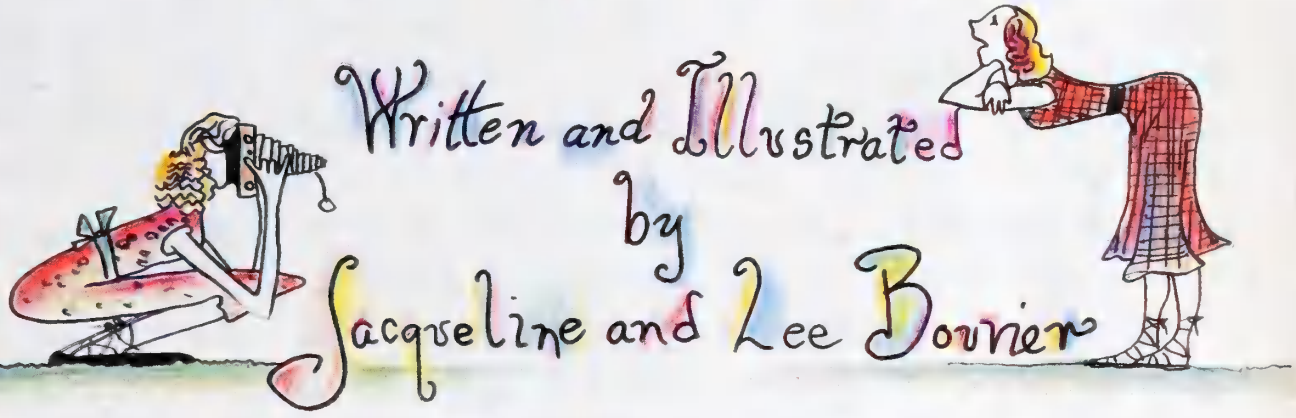
No wonder so many hospita think Pampers are the best all-aroun way to diaper babies.

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ONE SPECIAL SUMMER



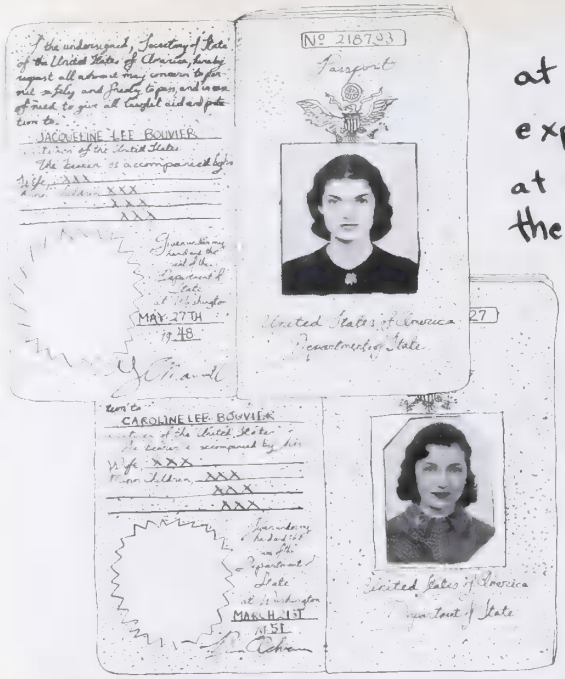
Written and Illustrated by Jacqueline and Lee Bouvier

We are not the Brontë sisters, but Jackie and I did this book together 23 years ago for our mother and stepfather in appreciation for their allowing us to embark on this first trip to Europe by ourselves. I was 17, and my greatest dream was to go abroad. The main reason was that Jackie had taken her junior year at Vassar to study at the Sorbonne, and had lived in Paris. Her letters filled me with a longing to see everything she had been writing about. Also, I couldn't imagine anything more fun than a trip with Jackie. We both had the same sense of the ridiculous.

My mother was apprehensive about letting us go alone on such a venture. It took a lot of persuasion. Jackie was dutifully convincing about how well she would look after me and how wisely she would behave. She urged that this would be the most exciting way for me to see Europe for the first time—under her auspices, meeting her "sensible friends," with her fluent French, etc. So finally—at last—we were on our way!

We did this book in a state of joy and laughter. Jackie did the drawings; I described most of our adventures. Then, happily presented to our mother more than two decades ago, it was forgotten. Earlier this year, my mother, searching through her attics, found this account of my first trip to Europe—one of her most precious possessions from us. Here is an excerpt from *One Special Summer*, just as we did it in 1951, with not a word or pen stroke changed. I hope some of the fun is still there for you to enjoy!—LEE BOUVIER

Copyright © 1974 by Lee Bouvier Radziwill and Jacqueline Bouvier Onassis. From the book, "One Special Summer," written and illustrated by Jacqueline and Lee Bouvier, to be published by Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede.



At 9.45 pm, June 7, 1951, after pleading and petering and praying for a year – No. 218793 and No. 545527 left the country.

I must tell you about Chamber Music at Mrs. Johnsons. It was the most agonizing experience of my life. Mrs J told us to arrive at 10:30. "Oh good" said Jackie, "That means the concert and a fabulous souper afterwards."

All week we had been in a state about what to wear. At the last minute I asked the maid to take in my white lace dress which she did by clutching two great handfuls and sewing them up. It was so tight Jackie had to wear it. She could only get into it sideways so she looked rather strange from the front. We had no dinner and spent the evening in a frenzy of geting ready. As we clumped out the door, me in a great yellow thing of Jackies I kept tripping on, I moaned "Oh I dont even want to go." "Dont you ever want to meet fascinating people or just spend all your time with your dreary little American friends", exploded Jackie as we raced down the hall.

We stumbled up the stairs of 34 Rue de la Faisanderie after a harrowing taxi ride. Jackie had had a wad of money ready ever since Place de la Concorde. A fabulous souper my foot - They were all in the dining room still eating dinner! While 10 or 12 butlers were busily lighting chandeliers we tipted around the room too terrified to even smoke because we might dirty a Louis XVI ashtray.

Finally with a great roar the dining room doors burst open and they came towards us— a horde of Ambassadors, Dukes, Counts and Princes, and women with emerald necklaces clanging against their knees. They would only speak to someone if they were a notch above them so you can imagine how many spoke to us. We trotted around behind Mrs. J. as she introduced us - "and here I have two Bouviers", to people who sneered at us over their shoulders. Suddenly, as I was introduced to the Indian Ambassador all wound up in turbans, I felt every article of underclothing fall to my feet. I was panic struck and couldnt decide which was best - to walk away

leaving them in the middle of the room pretending I knew nothing about them - or to gracefully stoop and pick them all up underneath my skirt. Somehow I managed not to let it be seen, and spent the rest of the evening hopping like a toad, clasping my ankles.

As we were standing behind the Indian Ambassador - I didn't dare move very far - up came my one friend, this hearty creature called Mrs. MacArthur - always roaring and slapping her thigh. She slapped me and a Frenchwoman on the back and said:

"Hey, get that character, will you -" pointing to a priceless Ribera of St. Peter over the mantle, "He looks just like the Indian Ambassador they stuck me next to at dinner." I shrieked with nervous hysteria until I caught Mrs Johnson's beady eye.

The Chamber Music began. Half the room obviously knew nothing about it but would have died rather than admit it. They all put on these enraptured facial expressions - Mrs. J looked as if she was undergoing some sweet agony - forehead wrinkled slightly, nostrils dilated and a sad smile. A woman near me was beating time - rocking back and forth in her chair in such ecstasy that I was afraid she would lurch into my lap. After each squeaky little piece they all outdid themselves to think up a new adjective of praise. Jackie and I were sitting in the hall with two furious Counts. I started to smoke and one of them handed me a fat gold walnut for an ashtray. It got so hot it was like clutching a live coal. Finally I could stand it no longer and gave it back to him to put on the table. You could smell burning flesh as he took it. He let out a curse and dropped it on the floor where it rolled spilling ashes. Everyone whirled on him in horrified indignation, hissing Ssshhh — He really loved me after that.

After the music was over they passed champagne and strawberry cakes that were too big to get in your mouth in one bite and too runny to keep in your hand — and then it was time to go. Mr. Johnson collared the burned count and told him that he could have the honor of escorting the two lovely Bouvier sisters to the Hotel Continental. You've never seen such controlled rage on anyone's face. He had had his eye on this plump little blonde woman all evening. She lived right near the Johnson's and he was taking her home - Now he would have to drop her first and tear across Paris with his hated Cargo. She was giving us dirty looks too and we would rather have crawled home

than go with them. Having already said goodbye, we tried to sneak out quietly. At the door the butler asked us loudly if he should send for our chauffeur — We tried to flee past him- to freedom and the night and a taxi-stand — but no- Thundering down the stairs after us came Mr. Johnson bellowing "Where are you two going alone?" Another couple were getting into their car and he grabbed the man and told him to drop us home. We piled in in mute agony. Every 3 blocks we blurted in unison how nice it was of them to take us and we hoped it wasn't inconvenient - and they would answer through gritted teeth- "Not at all - it's right on our way." It turned out they lived in Neuilly. They dumped us and were off practically before we were out of the car.

As we limped into the Continental, two starved emotional dishrags — I wondered just how many more "fascinating people" Jackie had lined up for us to meet next week.

The end



ILLUSTRATED BY JACQUELINE BOUVIER





THE FACE OF WINTER:

HOW TO KEEP IT ALIVE AND WELL



Now that fall is fading fast, it's time to prepare the first lines of defense against the onslaught of winter. From the point of view of your skin, the winter months are a trying time. The overheated rooms we live in tend to rob our skin of the moisture it desperately needs. So do angry winds that literally act as an abrasive, blasting off much-needed moisture from the surface and, in a matter of minutes, irritating and chapping the skin. The cold, too, is another enemy. It contracts the surface blood vessels, slowing the production of all-important lubricating oils. But despite the hostile atmospherics, there's no reason your skin has to succumb to the powers that be. Here, the simple precautions. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR SKIN

To keep your skin alive and well, this winter—or anytime—the key is getting to know it. Discover what your skin is all about, then you can devise the right protective strategy.
What is the skin? It's an organ, as is your heart or liver, taking up about 17 percent of your total weight. The outer layer, which is visible to the eye, is called the epidermis. It is a delicate layer, only 1/100th of an inch thick. Underneath is the so-called "true skin," the dermis, which contains all the oil and sweat glands, the nerve sensors, and the blood vessels that nourish and regenerate the skin.
Would you believe? One small square inch of skin contains 78 nerves, 100 oil glands, 65 hairs, 19 million cells.
Your skin at work: That incredibly complex organism we've described above is constantly renewing itself. The skin is constantly growing new cells and sloughing off the old ones. The whole renewal process takes about 30 days.
The balancing act: The challenge, especially in winter, is to keep the skin working at its optimum. The problem is to keep the oils and moisture in while sloughing the old cells off. If your skin looks drab and flaky in the winter, it's a sign that the balancing act isn't working right.
Your skin type: Keeping your skin operating at maximum efficiency calls for about five minutes of serious work a day. But before you begin, you have to know skin type, roughly one of three: dry, normal or oily. Each calls for slightly different treatment.

THE SKIN TYPE TEST

This is the most sensible test we know of, thanks to dermatologist Dr. Earle Brauer. *Before going to bed, wash your face with soap and water; dry. Do not use any moisturizers or lubricants. In the morning look at your skin in the mirror and pat with a tissue.*

- If, when you pat your face, the tissue picks up very few oil stains your skin is DRY.
- If the tissue, especially as you wipe across the brow, picks up tiny oil stains, your skin is NORMAL.
- If, when you look in the mirror, your skin is coated with a high gloss and the tissue becomes saturated with oil drops, then your skin is OILY.
- Note some skins are oily in the center, around the nose and middle of forehead and chin, while remaining dry around the edges. This is called COMBINATION skin.

The skin care program that suits you: *(continued)*

Photographs by Henry Wolf. Hairstyles by Maurice Tidy.
SKIN NOTES. Moon Drops by Revlon is a collection of treatment and cleansing products, with something for each skin type. The model above is using their Mild Toning Lotion, an astringent for dry skin.





THE FACE OF WINTER: A GLEAMING LOOK

Basically your program should be geared to your particular skin type. The cornerstone of any program is thorough cleansing, using soap and water or cleanser, plus astringent and mask. And always be gentle. Pat, rather than rub.

THE WINTER WORKS
(A daily skin care routine)

Dry Skin

Cleansing: Use a lotion or mild soap.
Astringent: A very mild one or none.
Moisturizer: Use after every cleansing. At night use a night cream.
Mask or beauty grains: Only the mildest types, no more than once every two weeks.

Normal Skin

Cleansing: Mild soap or lotion.
Astringent: Mild, used sparingly at outer edges of face.
Moisturizer: Daily. Optional at bedtime. Lubricating cream around eyes at night.
Mask or beauty grains: Work center of face only. Once a week.

Oily Skin

Cleansing: Soap and water or lotion three times a day.
Astringent: A must.
Moisturizer: Very light, especially good around eyes. Once a day only.
Mask or grains: Once or twice a week.

THE FACE OF WINTER: THE GLEAMERS

Once your skin is in great winter working condition, make the most of its intrinsic, healthy glow. There's nothing heavy-handed about our winter makeup. There's just enough to protect against the elements and highlight your own natural glow.

Foundation: Try a pearly one to bring out a winter shine. Apply in dots. Continue out to forehead hairline for maximum highlights.

Blusher: Apply at an angle running under cheekbones up and out toward temples. Color depends on complexion, but we lean toward the russets.

Eyes: Here's where the frosted iridescents really shine. We like two tones: the lighter shade covers the whole lid, extending just beyond corners of eye; the darker one is smudged softly into the crease. We're partial to greens. (See closeup.)

Mouth: A good glossy lipstick looks great and acts as an antichap device. We like a bright, clear shade (see closeup). A lip brush does best.

MAKEUP NOTES. All cosmetics by Coty: Frosted Beige liquid foundation; Radiant Coral frosted cream cheek color; Goldfrost Coral lip color; Sheer Green/Earth Green frosted powder eye shadow.

The New Sex Therapy

Many books these days are written about sex—some frankly sensational; others, harshly clinical. This book, originally created as a text for sex therapists, is considered "the best . . . since Masters and Johnson." It is explicit, but sensitive. We believe these excerpts are in the best Journal tradition, bringing our readers guidance that can enrich their lives.

By Helen Singer Kaplan, M.D., Ph.D.



Photograph by Ken Regan—Camera 5

Helen Kaplan, M.D., Ph.D., from whose book this article is excerpted, is Clinical Associate Professor of Psychiatry at Cornell University College of Medicine and heads the Sex Therapy and Education Program at the Payne Whitney Clinic of New York Hospital. In addition, Dr. Kaplan—one of only a handful of American women who hold both M.D. and Ph.D. degrees—conducts a private practice in psychoanalysis and sex therapy.

The slim, outgoing psychiatrist, who sometimes wears blue jeans to work, defines the "new" sex therapy as a combination of the Masters and Johnson techniques—with prescribed sex exercises to be done at home—and a psychotherapeutic process that explores personal emotions and conflicts. Such therapy is highly individualized, usually brief (from 8 to 10 sessions) and requires the active participation of the therapist. ("I don't just sit there," Dr. Kaplan says. "Sometimes I talk as much as the patients do.")

Although she is quick to point out that sex therapy is "not a panacea," it cannot cure a personal neurosis or a marriage that has failed, and is too new to have been scientifically validated, she believes it represents a major advance in the understanding and treatment of sexual problems.

"We live in an anti-pleasure society that equates sex with sin," Dr. Kaplan explains. "If we want to raise our children to be more guilt-free and healthy, we must first learn to feel good about ourselves and our own sexuality." Women have been the most frequent victims of society's pressures, she believes, pointing to studies indicating that 8 to 10 percent of American women have never had an orgasm, as compared to an "infinitesimal" percentage of men.

Dr. Kaplan is the mother of three children—Jenny, 11, Peter, 15, and Phillip, 19. Although recently divorced, she believes strongly in marriage. "I suspect we are basically a bonding species, and that most of us feel better in a loving, secure and mutually supportive relationship."

What should men and women know before they marry? "Themselves," Dr. Kaplan replies. That, she believes, is what sex therapy should be all about. In these selected extracts from her recent book, "The New Sex Therapy," Dr. Kaplan answers some of the questions women (and men) most frequently ask about the intimate problems that plague so many marriages.

Q. What have you found to be the most common obstacles to good sexual functioning for women?

A. First, inadequate stimulation. There are significant differences in the arousal patterns of men and women, which must be appreciated by both partners for good lovemaking. In general, it is more difficult to arouse a woman than a man, and easier to "turn her off." A few women are actually able to respond as quickly as a man does. However, the vast majority of women in our culture are slower to respond, and are far more dependent on extensive, unhurried, gentle tactile stimulation and a reassuring ambience than is the average man.

Second, poor communication. The woman may be reluctant to communicate her real sexual desires to her husband for a variety of reasons. She frequently assumes there is no need to do so. The woman knows where her man "is" during lovemaking because she has his erection to guide her, and she erroneously assumes that he appreciates her state of arousal even as she does his. Neither realizes that, in contrast to the male, the female's physiological responses are largely cryptic and internal.

She may also be a victim of the myth, common in our culture, that sex is exclusively the man's responsibility and that sexual assertiveness in the woman is "unfeminine." She will wait passively, but often with growing anger, for him to "make love to her."

Or she may keep quiet about her own sexual desires out of the fear of rejection should she fail to be the perfect lover. She may fear that if she delays the man's ejaculation by asking him to prolong foreplay, or makes him "work" to stimulate her, or does not reach orgasm during intercourse and lets him know, that she will be compared to others who don't make such "excessive" demands and will be rejected in favor of a more generous and "feminine" partner. Women who fear rejection may find it far less anxiety-provoking to suppress their own sexual needs, to pretend arousal, and to silently let the man retain sole control of sex. This behavior is not likely, however, to result in sexual fulfillment for women.

These fears are not always based on cultural paranoia. Some men are actually repelled by such behavior and regard women who attempt to assume a more active role in sex as overly aggressive. In part, of course, this response reflects our cultural mores. On a deeper psychological level, however, the man may feel threatened if he perceives his wife's desires as a challenge to his own sexual adequacy. In other words, once he has been made aware of them, his wife's sexual needs cannot be ignored and he may fear that he is sexually incapable of fulfilling those needs. Too often, he fails to realize that what he needs to supply is gentle and sensitive stimulation, and not a perpetual erection, in order to be a good lover.

In sum, the couple must learn to negotiate and compromise sexually. If a woman wants good sex, she must take responsibility for her own sexual well-being and learn to communicate her erotic needs in a gentle and non-defensive manner. They both must learn to refuse each other, as well as ask for what they want, without guilt and defensiveness—and without expecting that both will get exactly what they want every time they make love. Only if both the man and woman are able to exercise a degree of sexual autonomy and learn, concomitantly, to take turns giving and receiving and to trust each other can they achieve a truly open and intimate sexual relationship.

A third, and common, barrier to good sex for many women is "sex-watching." Exerting conscious intellectual control over the sexual experience is a commonly used defense mechanism to reduce the anxiety evoked by conflicts surrounding sex. Typically, such a patient will be a "spectator," i.e., become judge and jury of her sexual performance. She will watch herself to see if she is performing "satisfactorily" or, more frequently, watch her partner carefully during sex for any sign that he may be tired, or not very aroused, or displeased with her performance. Not surprisingly, these mental preoccupations make it impossible for the woman to abandon herself to the erotic experience, which is essential to her adequate functioning. Helping such patients to release their grip on externals and abandon themselves to their sexual feelings is a prime objective of the new therapy.

Q. Are there many women who cannot reach orgasm through intercourse?

A. Yes, this is probably the single most common sexual complaint encountered in sexual treatment centers. Masters and Johnson's studies indicate that 50 percent of American women are coitally non-orgasmic. These millions of women—who are sexually responsive and often multiply orgastic, but cannot have an orgasm during intercourse unless they receive simultaneous clitoral stimulation—pose a dilemma for the clinician. Are they neurotic? Can their complaint be attributed to the fact that their husbands are ineffective lovers? Are there disturbances in the marital relationship?

In many cases, no such specific factors can be identified. It is difficult to believe that the millions of otherwise responsive women who do not have coital orgasms are "sick." Therefore, unless there is evidence to the contrary, we proceed on the assumption that while treatment may be indicated in some cases, others may simply represent a normal variation of female sexuality. When such a woman does not respond to treatment, we reassure her and her husband that lovemaking without coital orgasm should not be regarded as "second best." We emphasize that it is possible for partners who either "take turns" having orgasm or use special techniques to provide clitoral stimulation during intercourse to have a gloriously rich and fulfilling sex life, provided neither feels that this is an inferior mode of sexual expression. We try in this way to undo the damage done by the myths of invariable simultaneous orgasms and universal female orgasm on intercourse.

Q. What else has the "new sex therapy" discovered about female orgasm?

A. For one thing, that women exhibit enormous differences with respect to their characteristic orgastic threshold. Some women climax easily in any sexual situation; others always require intense and lengthy clitoral stimulation, even when strongly aroused; and there are many intermediate variations. This incredible diversity has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it can be attributed to the high prevalence of female sexual inhibition in our society; on the other hand, this may represent a normal distribution of physiological patterns of the female sexual response.

Q. What role does inhibition play in female orgasm?

A. The female orgasm can be conditioned easily and is subject to inhibition, usually without the woman's awareness. In some cases, the

(continued on page 160)





Countrified Kitchen: A remodeled kitchen combines new ideas and equipment with an old-fashioned atmosphere. The refrigerator, dishwasher and porcelain sinks are set into painted wood cabinets. In the center, a working-eating island with utensils hanging overhead. The wooden ceiling, decorative Mexican tiles and gingham walls establish a country look.
Bartoli/Berry design; photograph by Fritz Taggart.

The Well-Set Kitchen

It's carefully laid out, impeccably equipped and decorated with as much tender, loving care as the living room. It may be only the kitchen, but we live in it as much as—and sometimes more than—the living room, especially now that the entire family is getting into the cooking act. Each of our five featured kitchens combines modern efficiency with highly personalized atmospherics. Each is beautifully equipped to take cooking out of the ordinary, and the surroundings make being there inspiring. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

The Clever-Fakes Kitchen: In this narrow, tiny kitchen the serious stuff—wall ovens, refrigerator, sink and dishwasher—are very much for real. But the well-stocked larder on the back wall is a fool-the-eye mural that adds charm and creates an illusion of space. It's also a good way to disguise or hide unsightly details frequently seen in older kitchens.
Lindsey Field murals; photograph by Dick Sharpe.







The Well-Set Kitchen

The Studio Kitchen, opposite: This compact kitchen is frankly integrated into the rest of the room. A four-burner cook-top is set into an el that projects into the eating-living area. Overhead within an easy arm's reach is a handsome collection of utensils and pots. The oven and refrigerator (out of camera range) are a quick step away. The strawberry wallpaper plays on the food theme. The ceiling and bergères are covered in a crisp leaf-green plaid. One advantage of this close-quarters layout: the cook never is out of the guests' conversation range.

Jerry Johnson design, Brunschwig et Fils fabrics, wall covering; photograph by Dick Sharpe.

The Multi-Cook Kitchen, top, left: in the middle of this ample kitchen is a generous center island where several cooks can work at once (such is the case in more and more families). It is also a place for eating light snacks. Cooking equipment hangs from sliding tracks placed above the island and the kitchen counters.

John Patton design; photograph by Fritz Taggart.

Compact Kitchen, bottom: This streamlined design is perfect as a small second kitchen in the family room or in a singles apartment where the cooking tends to be light. A small range, refrigerator and sink fit behind the bar. There's even room for below-eye-level storage space. An overscaled salad graphic dominates the predominantly geometric blue and white decor.

Fond-Noyes design, Marshall Lewis architecture; photograph by Fritz Taggart.



OU CAN'T THROW OVE AWAY

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

A man has to understand a woman's needs, including her need to be herself. Otherwise, love . . . and marriage . . . won't really work.

Every time she heard a car stop outside the shop, something persisted in fluttering up into her chest. Hope. Not that it was a customer who would buy the old iron toy train or the 18th-century coal scuttle. The much more foolish hope that it was Dan.

"He'll be back," her mother said every time she phoned. "If he really loves you, he'll be back."

Her mother could not seem to understand that he was gone because Jenny had sent him away.

"But if you really love him—"

Jenny had tried, patiently, to explain, though she was not by nature a patient girl. You could tell she wasn't by looking at her, all flyaway hair and eager big eyes and a tendency to sit on the edge of chairs, as though about to take off. But she did try.

"Mother, it's not a question of love. It's—you see, Dan thinks I should give up the shop. Just like that. Just when I'm getting a real foothold. Give it up, leave here, because he can get a job he thinks he'll like better—"

"Couldn't you open a shop there?"

"Start all over again, when I've worked so hard for three years to get established here? Anyway, that's not the point. The point is that Dan doesn't think the shop's important. He thinks his work matters, but mine doesn't. I couldn't marry a man who thinks that way. It's a whole attitude."

(continued on page 185)





Dancer Gene Kelly with his 10-year-old daughter Bridget.

FATHERS & DAUGHTERS

A son's a son until he takes a wife. But a daughter's a daughter for all of her life. A photo report on famous dads and their daughters.

The right kind of relationship betw a father and daughter is especially v to the daughter, says psychiatrist Th dore Isaac Rubin. "It is of inestima importance because a father is the f man in a girl's life and he invaria has a profound effect on how she v relate to men throughout her life."

The daughters of celebrity fathers ten experience special problems: t must share daddy with the rest of world, and their own achieveme sometimes suffer by comparison. But heart, celebrity fathers are no differ from other fathers—whether they Presidents, governors, movie stars sports figures.

Actor Gene Kelly, 62, calls his dau ter Bridget "the apple of my eye. Si her mother Jeanne died last year [of l kemia], I've tried to spend more ti with both Bridgie and her brother T who's 12. Last summer, Bridget hac walk-on part with me in a production *Take Me Along*. It was a big thrill her—and for me."

TV star Mike Connors lauds his dau ter Dana's ability as a backgamm player. "She's good enough to beat m I'm not careful," says 49-year-old Mi "Dana has a great sense of humor a she is a surprisingly good mimic. S even imitates me playing *Mannix*."

Veteran movie actor James Stewa 66, has twin daughters. Kelly was Europe when Judy had her picture tak with her father. "I'm a twin booste Jimmy said. "My wife and I used to dr the girls alike." Both girls are anim lovers: Kelly is now in Africa studyi gorillas in their natural habitat, wh Judy works at a game lodge in Nepal.

Home-run king Henry Aaron, star baseball's Atlanta Braves, has an ext special link with his daughter Dorin (by his first wife, Barbara). Hank a "Baby," as he calls her, were born the same day—29 years apart!

Maria Crenna, daughter of actor Ri ard Crenna, 47, keeps her father "ve very busy!" They bicycle near their ho in Encino, Calif., and swim together the family pool (along with broth Richard, 16).

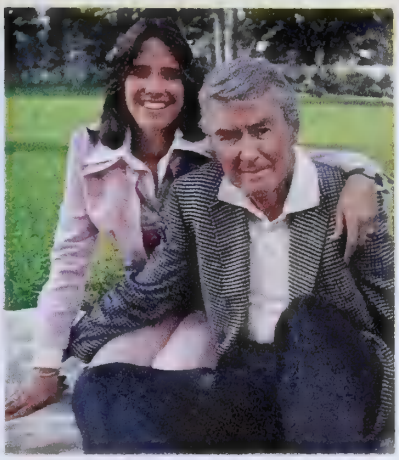
At 67, actor John Wayne thorough enjoys his daughter, Aissa, oldest of three children by his Peruvian-born wi Pilar. Aissa and her father have sailed and down the Pacific coast—north Alaska and south along the coast South America—in the Duke's convert mine-sweeper yacht, *The Wild Goose*.

California Governor Ronald Reag long ago nicknamed his daughter Ma reen "Mermie." Now an actress like h mother—Governor Reagan's first wi Jane Wyman—Maureen recently ma an NBC-TV movie, *Vector*. The Gov nor and his daughter (who lives in L Angeles) keep in touch by phone a often enjoy a good political debate.

—Maryann Brinl



TV star Mike Connors with Dana, 14.



James Stewart with Judy, 23.



Slugger Henry Aaron with Dorinda, 12.



Actor Richard Crenna and Maria, 9.



John Wayne and his 18-year-old daughter Aissa.



Ronald Reagan and Maureen, 33.



CHRISTMAS PEASANTS

HOLIDAY APRONS TO MAKE. GIVE. CELEBRATE IN!

They are more than aprons (in fact the kitchen is one of the least likely places to wear them). They are gypsy-inspired Christmas wrappings to celebrate the holidays in. Embroidered braids, sequins, and ribbons decorate these easy-to-make unbleached muslin aprons. The simplest dress becomes a holiday happening. A clever way to stretch the narrowing clothes budget. Simplicity patterns.

LEFT: Bands of flowered burlap tape highlight this simple muslin apron. Striped grosgrain ribbon outlines a square neckline and sets off the flowered tapes. Fake jewels are added.

CENTER: It's a grown-up pinafore with shoulder ruffles. The ruffles are grosgrain and velvet ribbon and gold braid.

RIGHT: As innocent as Eve is this apple-adorned apron. Bright sequins glued to the embroidered braid add extra glitter.



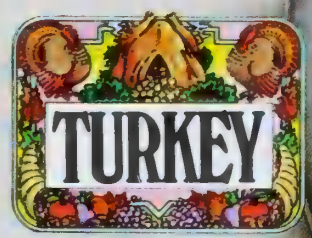
Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. American Tree & Wreath Christmas trees, Robert David Morton dresses, Margaret Jerrold shoes, M. & J. Savitt KJL jewelry, Talon braids. Hairstyles by Maury Hopson. FOR MORE INFORMATION, TURN TO PAGE 194.

10 BEST FOOD BUYS

(Fourth installment in a series)

You obviously don't need us to tell you that food prices have gone haywire. But it should help to know, as you head apprehensively down the aisle with your shopping cart, exactly where you're being hit the hardest. In the past year meat, poultry and fish, together, have gone up 9 percent, not exactly a comforting figure until you consider fruits and vegetables (21 percent), dairy products (24 percent) and cereal products (a staggering 34 percent based on June, 1974, statistics). It means that it costs more to buy a pound of rice now than in August, 1973, when rice was one of our best buys. In our new Ten Best Food Buys list, we try to make sense of the price mayhem. Below, you'll find the best buys in fresh, frozen and canned foods from our latest supermarket survey. You'll also find a battery of exciting recipes to go with them that should make eating fun—and relatively economical. Turn to page 134. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.





THANKSGIVING TURKEY

1 Thanksgiving dinner is a relative bargain this year. The turkey crop has been plentiful and prices are as low as 49¢ a pound in some places. Ours is stuffed with cranberries and sausage and is surrounded by marshmallow-stuffed sweet potatoes and apple molds. Apples and sweet potatoes are also on our Ten Best List.

APPLE MOLDS

2 With modern-day storage techniques, apples are almost a year-round fruit. But in the fall, they are at their tastiest and least expensive. Bought by the 3-lb. bag, they're even cheaper. Try a Glazed Apple Strip or the Apple Molds that go with our turkey.



SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES

3 A great convenience food, canned sweet potatoes (or yams) are a good source of vitamins, especially A. Recipes begin on page 135.

Photographs by Charles Gold

10 BEST FOOD BUYS



TONGUE (OR HAM) AND GARDEN VEGETABLES

4 The big 20-oz. package of frozen mixed vegetables is a great buy. Use what you want, put the rest back in the freezer. Here, it's the basis for a main-course, Tongue (or Ham) and Garden Vegetables in Madeira Sauce. Recipes begin on page 134.



PEANUT BUTTER

PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY MUFFINS

6 Penny-for-penny, peanut butter is one of the cheapest sources of protein. We picked the crunchy variety, which gives texture to these Peanut Butter Muffins . . . a hit with the kids.

NONFAT DRY MILK

BANANA-COFFEE BAVARIAN

5 Dried milk has a lot of calcium and protein for the price. It never turns sour and it has great versatility. It can, for example, be whipped like cream, as in this Banana-Coffee Bavarian.

10 BEST FOOD BUYS



BRAISED CELERY PARMIGIANA

8 Celery is a vegeta
worth using to m
advantage: braise it as
do here in a spicy br
sprinkled with crisp
pork and cheese.

TUNA PATTIES

7 Not as cheap as it was, tuna is still a good buy. Buy it on sale when you can. Here: Tuna Patties with Onion Sauce.





MOLDED BARLEY PILAF

10 Barley has almost the same nutrients as rice and is much less expensive. Try Molded Barley Pilaf with Celery Sauce. Recipes, page 154.

YOGURT FRITTERS

9 The biggest bargain in yogurt is plain yogurt. It's even cheaper if you can find it in a 16-oz. size. Add your own fruit or flavoring. Consider buying a yogurt maker and producing your own for extra savings. Here, we use it in delectable Yogurt Fritters.

Upside-Down Turkey Timbale



Glazed Apple Strip



Sweet Potato Soufflé



10 BEST FOOD BUYS

1. Turkey

THANKSGIVING TURKEY
(pictured on page 128)

How much to buy: Allow about 1½ pounds of turkey per person to be sure there is plenty for seconds and leftovers. *How to thaw:* If your turkey is frozen, the recommended procedure is to thaw in the refrigerator, in the original plastic wrap, on a tray.

Another method is to thaw the bird, still in its original bag, under cool running water, or immersed in cold water (changing water frequently). Refrigerate or cook turkey as soon as thawed.

Approximate Thawing Time Required

Weight	*In refrigerator*	*In cold water*
8–12 lb.	2 days	4–6 hr.
12–16 lb.	2–3 days	6–8 hr.
16–20 lb.	3 days	8–10 hr.
20–24 lb.	3–4 days	10–12 hr.

How to prepare and stuff: Remove plastic bag; remove neck and giblets from cavity. Rinse turkey under cold water and pat dry.

Season cavity or stuff with dressing. Use approximately ¾ cup stuffing per pound of ready-to-cook turkey and stuff just before roasting. When roasting a large (20–25 lb.) turkey, it may prove more satisfactory to roast the unstuffed bird and bake stuffing in a separate pan.

Fasten legs either by tying or tucking under skin band. Neck skin should be skewered to back and wings twisted behind back.

Place the turkey, breast side up, on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Pour two cups water in roasting pan, if desired. Rub the skin of the turkey with 1 teaspoon salt and brush with butter, margarine or salad oil. Insert meat thermometer in center of inside thigh muscle, making sure it does not touch bone.

Roast the bird in a 325° oven, allowing about 18 minutes per pound, until internal temperature of thigh is 180–185°. The thickest part of the drumstick will feel soft when turkey is done. Baste the bird frequently with the pan juices and additional melted butter, if necessary. Cover it with a loose tent of aluminum foil during the final cooking time to prevent overbrowning.

Roasting Time at 325°

Weight	*Hours*
8–12 lb.	3–4
12–16 lb.	4–5
16–20 lb.	5–5½
20–24 lb.	5–6

Note: Cooking times may vary as much as 30 minutes, due to differences in turkeys and ovens. If turkey is unstuffed, decrease time about 30 minutes.

To cook giblets: Unwrap and rinse. Put the neck, gizzard and heart in saucepan with 2 ribs of celery, cut in large pieces; 1 small onion, stuck with 2 whole cloves; 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add 1 quart of cold water and simmer for about 2 hours. Add the liver and cook 15 minutes. Remove giblets and chop. Remove the meat from neck and discard bones. Strain.

To prepare gravy: Skim as much fat as possible from pan drippings and set aside. Add de-fatted drippings to giblet stock. Measure and add enough milk or chicken broth to make 4 cups liquid.

Return ½ cup fat to roasting pan. Add ½ cup flour, stirring until mixture is smooth. Cook, stirring constantly, until the brown bits that cling to the pan are dissolved. Remove from heat and gradually stir in the 4 cups of liquid. Return to heat, stirring constantly, until it thickens. Add reserved giblets.

CRANBERRY-SAUSAGE STUFFING

12 cups (1½ lb.) white bread cubes
2 cups (½ lb.) fresh cranberries, washed
¾ cup sugar
1 lb. bulk sausage
1½ cups chopped celery
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup turkey or chicken broth
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cup chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons sage
1 teaspoon thyme

Preheat oven to 325°. Place bread cubes on two jelly roll pans; toast in oven for 20–25 minutes, turning several times.

Spread cranberries in a 2-qt. baking dish; sprinkle sugar evenly over the top of the cranberries. Cover with aluminum foil and bake in same oven with bread cubes for 20 minutes. Shake dish occasionally to coat berries with syrup.

Meanwhile, in a skillet cook sausage slowly until browned, breaking into small pieces with a fork as it cooks. Add celery and onion, and continue cooking until vegetables are almost tender.

Combine all remaining ingredients in a large bowl. Add bread cubes, cranberries, sausage mixture. Toss lightly.

Makes 3 quarts stuffing, enough for a 14–16 lb. turkey. Or stuffing may be baked covered in a 13½x8¾-in. baking dish for 30 minutes in a 325° oven.

UPSIDE-DOWN TURKEY TIMBALE
(pictured above, left)

A hearty leftover turkey recipe, and quite easy.

1 cup egg bows egg noodles
¼ cup flour
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cup light cream
½ cup turkey or chicken broth
¼ lb. (1 cup) grated Swiss cheese
½ cup grated carrot
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1½ teaspoons curry powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon crushed black pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
4 cups cooked diced turkey
3 eggs, beaten

Cook egg noodles according to package directions. Drain.

Meanwhile, in a small saucepan, stir the flour into the melted butter or margarine. Cook for two minutes. Remove from heat; add cream and turkey or chicken broth, cheese, carrot, mustard, curry powder, salt and pepper. Return to heat, stirring until thick. Set aside.

Molded Ensalada Russe



Poached Chicken Puffs



Peanut Butter-Squash Pie



reheat oven to 325°. Butter a 1½-qt. id ovenproof cake dish or casserole. the cooked noodles with parsley line bottom of dish with them.
a small skillet, sauté onion in the or 3–4 minutes.
ombine turkey, onion, sauce and s. Spoon mixture over noodles.
lace dish in a roasting pan in oven. 1 in. hot water. Bake in a 325° n for 30–35 minutes or until set. n out, upside down, on a serving ter. Serves 4–6.

KEY FRUIT SALAD
nbine leftover turkey, almonds, on wedges, orange sections and e-sour cream dressing.

KEY SANDWICHES
cooked sliced turkey with Monterey cheese, chopped green chilies and shed taco chips. Place on toasted En- h muffins under broiler until heated.

Apples

APPLE MOLDS
(pictured on page 128)

s is company fare, for the cook who s to surprise guests.

d apples
p finely grated Swiss cheese
cup heavy cream
cup butter or margarine
ggs, beaten
aspoon salt
easpoon pepper
easpoon mace
cup apple jelly, melted

heat oven to 350°. Peel and grate 2 les. Save peel for garnish. Combine ted apples, cheese, heavy cream, ter or margarine, eggs, salt, pepper mace.
our mixture into 12 (6-oz.) greased bales or custard cups, which have n lined with waxed paper circles at bottom. Put timbales into a roasting in oven. Pour 1 in. of boiling water the pan. Bake in a 350° oven for minutes.
Meanwhile, core remaining 4 apples l cut into 12 crosswise slices ½-in. k. Use ends and reserved peel to ke small diamond-shaped cutouts for nish. Keep apple slices and peel covered with plastic wrap until needed.

To unmold apple timbales: Insert a knife around edges and invert molds onto apple slice base. Remove paper circle. Glaze with melted apple jelly. Apply peel cutouts to sides of molds. Garnish with parsley. Serves 12.

GLAZED APPLE STRIP
(pictured on page 134)

A super simple company dessert. Almost any fruit is suitable.

1 package (10 oz.) frozen puff pastry shells
¾ cup tea biscuit crumbs
⅓ cup ground almonds
6 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
2 medium red apples
1 egg, beaten
⅓ cup apple jelly, melted

Thaw frozen puff pastry shells in the refrigerator overnight or at room temperature for 1 hour, keeping them cold to the touch. Press pastry shells next to each other. Roll out to a 18½x9½-in. rectangle. Cut out one 14½x5½-in. rectangle, four 14½x1-in. strips and four 3½x1-in. strips. Put large rectangle of puff pastry on an ungreased cookie sheet. Brush edges with water. Use strips of pastry to build a border. Brush with water between layers. Slash border with knife for decor. Refrigerate.

To prepare filling: Combine tea biscuit crumbs, almonds and 4 tablespoons sugar. Work in egg yolks and orange rind with fingers until crumbly.

Preheat oven to 450°. Remove puff pastry shell from refrigerator. Arrange filling in center of pastry strip. Slice apples thinly and arrange over filling. Sprinkle apples with remaining 2 tablespoons sugar. Brush pastry edges with beaten egg. Place pastry strip in oven. Lower oven temperature to 400°. Bake for 30–35 minutes until edges are puffy and golden brown. Glaze apples with melted apple jelly. Serves 6.

APPLE OMELET
Dip 5 apple rings in sugar. Sauté in butter in an omelet pan. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Pour 3 beaten eggs over apple rings and finish cooking omelet.

APPLE SNACKS
Dip apple slices in melted apple jelly and then in a mixture of wheat germ and graham cracker crumbs.

3. Canned Sweets

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES
(pictured on page 129)

Our recipe serves 12, the number for our Thanksgiving feast on page 128. But you can easily adjust it to serve less.

3 cans (16 oz. each) sweet potatoes, drained
1 egg
½ cup shredded carrots
½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
¼ cup finely chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cardamom
12 large marshmallows
1½ cups yellow cornmeal
Vegetable oil for deep fat frying

Whip sweet potatoes and egg together. Add carrots, cheese, onion, salt and cardamom; mix well.

Pat ¼ cup potato mixture into an oval. Place a large marshmallow in center and cover with another ¼ cup mixture. Pat into a potato shape. Roll in cornmeal.

Deep fat fry for 30–60 seconds in oil heated to 375°. Makes 12 servings.

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLÉ
(pictured on page 134)

A go-with for pork, or a main dish at supper, with soup and salad.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk, scalded
4 eggs, separated
1 can (16 oz.) sweet potatoes, drained and mashed
½ lb. boiled ham, chopped
3 tablespoons chopped fresh chives or 1 tablespoon freeze-dried chives
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
2 teaspoons grated onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

In a saucepan stir melted butter or margarine with flour; cook for 2 minutes. Add milk, stirring until thickened.

Slightly beat egg yolks. Add a small amount of white sauce to egg yolks, stirring constantly. Pour egg-yolk/white sauce mixture back into saucepan and

continued on page 148

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

Reader Recipe Exchange



Turkey Piemontese



Turkey Sausage

Miss Deborah Longhi of Collinsville, Ill. is a winner in this month's turkey recipe contest with a variation on an Italian classic. Slices of leftover Thanksgiving turkey can be used in place of the frozen called for—just heat in the delicious sauce.

TURKEY PIEMONTESE

8 oz. imported Fontina or Gruyère cheese, finely diced or grated
¾ cup milk
2 teaspoons flour
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
6 fresh mushrooms, sliced
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
2 lb. defrosted turkey breast steaks, boned, skinned, slightly flattened
⅓ cup Marsala wine
6 slices (1 oz. each) cooked ham
¼ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

To prepare sauce: Put cheese in a small bowl, cover with ½ cup milk and let stand for at least two hours

Blend flour with egg yolks and re maining ¼ cup milk in top part o double boiler. Add cheese and milk.

Cook over gently boiling wate (water should not touch underside o upper part of double boiler), stirrin constantly, until cheese melts an mixture is just thickened and smooth about 15 minutes. Remove from hea and stir in butter or margarine. Kee sauce warm.

Turkey steaks: Sauté mushroon slices lightly in butter or margarin in a 12-in. skillet. Remove mushroom with a slotted spoon and set aside Sauté turkey steaks for about 4 min utes on one side, turn and brown fo 3 minutes. When turkey is full cooked, lower heat to a simmer, an pour over Marsala. Cover turkey wit cheese sauce. Put slices of cooke



am and mushrooms on top. Dust with Parmesan cheese. Cover and ook slowly for 3–4 minutes. Serves 6.

TURKEY SAUSAGE ROLL

)ur second prize winner comes from Irs. C. Morgan Bissette of Aiken, .C. It's one of the best hors d'oeuvres ve've tasted.

¼ lb. chicken livers
tablespoon butter or margarine
½ lb. defrosted raw white turkey meat (cutlets or steak)
½ lb. boiled ham
eggs
cup finely crushed cracker crumbs
teaspoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon black pepper
tablespoons Hungarian rose paprika

auté chicken livers in butter or mararine; cool. Put turkey meat, ham nd chicken livers through the finest lade of meat grinder.

Beat 3 eggs until light. Combine round turkey, ham and chicken liver vith beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons racker crumbs, onion, salt, nutmeg nd pepper. Blend thoroughly.

Turn the mixture out onto waxed aper, shape into two rolls about 10 n. long and 2½ in. thick. Turn each oll over onto a tea towel triple thickness of cheesecloth—one roll per 14x20-in. towel. Coat each roll with 3 tablespoons cracker crumbs, brush it with a lightly beaten egg and coat again with crumbs. Wrap rolls in the towels and tie ends securely.

Poach gently for one hour in salted water to cover in a large kettle or electric skillet set at 220°. Turn rolls after the first 30 minutes. Lift rolls from liquid, cool and remove towels.

Cover with plastic wrap and chill 12 hours. Put paprika through a small sieve to coat the rolls evenly. Serve in thin slices on rounds of toast or crackers. Makes about 60 hors d'oeuvres.

Three free recipe books

• "A must" is one way to describe this ensemble of prize-winning recipes called "The Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book." The 25 winning recipes, selected in Seagram V.O.'s International Recipe Contest, have names such as Camembert Walker (sounds mellow), Legendary Canadian Pâté de Foie Gras (sounds heroic) and Chinese Spicy Fish (sounds pretty good). Request Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book by writing to: V.O. Recipe Book, Dept. LHJ, Box 5227, Hicksville, N.Y. 11816.

Send us your favorite appetizer recipe. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes become property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by Nov. 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

• Tired of rolling out pie crust? Tired of pies? Even so, you don't have to give up on the fillings. There's an attractive 25-page recipe booklet, put out by Comstock Foods (part of Borden's), that will tell you how to use canned pie fillings to create everything from Cherries Jubilee to Apple Royale Baked Ham Slice. Send 35¢ for handling, to Non-Pie Filling Recipe Booklet, Box EE-P, Spencerport, N.Y. 14559.

• What about soybeans? If you're wondering how to translate the nutritional advantages of this bean into good food, you can look into *Soybeans in Family Meals*. You'll find ideas and instructions for using fresh soybeans, dry ones, sprouts, soy flour, soy grits, soy milk, soybean *(continued)*



PER HARVEST STEW
unds beef cubes
½-inch)
blespoons
ortening
ns Campbell's Cream
Mushroom Soup
up water
blespoon
orcestershire
6 medium carrots, cut in 2-inch pieces
8 small whole white onions (about ½ pound)
1 package (10 ounces) frozen whole green beans
Cooked noodles

ge heavy pan, brown beef in shortening, pour off
dd soup, water, and Worcestershire. Cover; cook
low heat 1 hour 30 minutes. Add carrots and
ns. Cook 45 minutes more. Add beans. Bring to
stir to separate beans. Cook 10 minutes more or
meat and vegetables are tender. Stir occasionally.
ken sauce if desired. Serve over noodles. Makes
t 7 cups.

Here they are – all in one handy handbook! A dozen kitchen-tested recipes for delicious one-dish meals you can whip up easily and economically with Campbell's Soups.

You'll find illustrated recipes for skillet dishes and casseroles; for meat, poultry and tuna. And a group of double-batch recipes specially developed to let you serve one batch now and freeze one for later when you're entertaining or short on preparation time.

If Campbell's Souper One-dish Meal Handbook has been removed from the magazine, or if you'd like a second free copy for a friend, just send your name, address and zip code to ONE-DISH MEAL HANDBOOK, Box 994, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Meanwhile, treat your family to the souper one-dish meal illustrated at left.

Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!

(continued) something called soybean mash. Send 35¢ with your request to: Consumer Information Center, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.

SIX OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

What else to do with this cupboard standby besides the ritual waving over hamburgers and broiled steaks? We thought of umpteen good things to do with this useful flavor enhancer. Here are six.

- Mini Cheeseballs. Take a minute to make those fancy cheeseballs you admire in specialty food stores. Combine 8 oz. softened cream cheese, ½ cup crumbled blue cheese, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Form 1-in. balls and roll in crushed chow mein noodles.
- Dress 2 thinly sliced cucumbers with a mixture of ½ cup Italian salad dressing (your own or bottled), mixed with 1 teaspoon dill weed and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Chill before serving.
- Emphatic French Dressing. Add to ½ cup creamy French dressing 1 finely chopped hard-cooked egg and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire. Very good on greens. Very, very good on chilled leftover vegetables such as string beans.
- Sweetcestershire Barbecue Sauce. Don't try to say it, but we recommend you do it. Heat together ⅔ cup ketchup, ¼ cup currant jelly, ¼ teaspoon hot pepper sauce and 2 tablespoons each dry sherry and Worcestershire. Brush on broiling chicken.
- Savory Lemon Butter. Combine ¼ cup melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Use it to brush on fish during and after cooking.
- Apple Chutney. Stir up a great accompaniment for chicken or pork. Combine and chill ½ cup apple pie filling, 2 tablespoons each golden raisins and nuts, and ¾ teaspoon Worcestershire.

The Checkout Revolution

In this special report we examine a new supermarket checkout procedure that is already stirring a storm of controversy.

Back in May, we mentioned the introduction of a new piece of supermarket gadgetry, the scanner, and the revolution it may cause at the checkout counter. We planned to wait a while and see what developed, but some troublesome questions began to come up and we received some upsetting letters from readers. Ms. Shirley Parrish of Greeley, Colo., in one such letter, wrote to express her concern over what this new development would mean to the consumer. Will it totally eliminate prices on individual food items? Will it really save time? Who will bear the cost of installing this expensive computer-aided system—the supermarket or ultimately the consumer?

How does it really work?

In search of answers, we attended a conference on supermarket scanners held by the Advertising Research Foundation. As might be expected, the manufacturers of scanner systems were uniformly enthusiastic about their products. One company, Sperry Univac, which has been actually testing this system in a Kroger supermarket in Kenwood, Ohio, showed a film, and we had a chance to watch the scanner in operation. The checkout counter looked like a checkout counter. The only difference was a small glass window embedded in its surface. Shoppers laid their purchases on the counter with the code down (more about the code later) and waited while the checkout clerk pulled each item across the window and bagged it, all in one motion. Simple. As each item was scanned, a price appeared on a little screen right next to the counter. The cash register can be resorted to if an item is uncoded. In this test, however, almost everything in the store bore a special code. Shoppers and supermarket personnel appeared to us to be uniformly happy.

Codes

In the Kroger test, a special bull's-eye coding system was used by the store. But the coding system (Universal Product Code, or UPC), which has now been adopted by food packagers, will take some time to make a universal appearance. At present, perhaps 8 percent of all items in any given supermarket bear the UPC symbol. Have you noticed it? It's a series of lines, some heavily shaded, with numbers beneath them. The numbers indicate manufacturer and specific item. The lines can be read by the scanner. Industry spokesmen claim that the scanner will be effective when 75 percent of all items in the supermarket bear a code marking, a goal some two years hence.

Who wants scanners?

There are many potential benefits for supermarkets in acquiring a scanner system. The computer that runs the whole business will do a lot of the paperwork that managers and head cashiers have to do now. Says Evelyn Kennedy, head cashier at the Kenwood Kroger's, "I loved it. It meant that I got home much sooner." With the scanner, a store can also hope to cut the labor costs of individually pricing each item, by simply putting up a big price card on the shelf. The scanner doesn't need a price; it reads the code. At the conference, we heard much about the completeness of the receipt tapes that customers will get—brand name and item description will be printed out as well as the price. But if there's no price on the can, what's the point? This is a question many shoppers have raised.

Who wants prices?

Curious, we called a couple of shoppers at the Kroger supermarket to find out how they had enjoyed the experiment with scanners. "It was all right," said Mrs. M. F. Rabius, "but I want a price on the can. Anybody can fool with the prices on the shelves." Mrs. Rabius has been shopping in this particular supermarket for 16 years and did not change stores with the introduction of the scanners.

Another long-time customer at Kroger, Mrs. Jane Marx, likes the store and was initially enthusiastic about the scanner. "I thought it would be great at first." She was uneasy about the lack of prices, mentioned an acquaintance of hers who had found two errors in her receipt, and didn't feel that she saved much time in the checkout line.

Questions, questions

Within the next two years, many supermarkets will be installing scanner systems. Will they pass the cost of installation along to the consumer? We don't know. Will installing the system mean a faster trip through the checkout line? It could. But the biggest question is the price question. How do you feel about buying items that aren't marked with the price? Let us know—write to us, care of "Food Sampler," Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10022. **END**

Sampler text by Louisa R

Whip up some fun!



Fill patty shells with strawberries and top with Plain Whipped Cream Cheese.

This sugar cone, filled with instant chocolate pudding, is topped with Plain Whipped Cream Cheese.





Philadelphia Brand Whipped Cream Cheese served in an orange shell is perfect for spreading on fruit and crackers.

Stuffed celery tastes good with Smoked Salmon, Bacon and Horseradish or Onion flavors.



For sliced date-nut bread, spread on the Blue Cheese flavor and garnish with pineapple.



hard-cooked eggs with
nive or Pimento flavors.





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se snack and party
are made easily with
ght delicious flavors of
elphia Brand
ped Cream Cheese,
nteed fresh when you
or your money back
Kraft.

Whip up some fun with Plain, Chive, Bacon and Horseradish, Roquefort, Smoked Salmon, Pimento, Onion and Blue Cheese.

Philly's been Whipped! Spread it around.



Buffet for St. Agnes Guild. From left: Fran Schoenthaler (president), Jessica Fay, Gladys Simmons, Susan Morgan, Jane Dormon, Ann McKay (hidden), Kay Grafton, Carol Lemons (book chairman), Mary Ryon.

THE CYPRESS GARDENS COOKBOOK

DELICIOUS CITRUS RECIPES ARE THE FEATURE OF THIS SELECTION IN OUR COMMUNITY COOKBOOK SERIES.



We've rarely felt so welcome and quickly at home as we did when we arrived in Winter Haven, Fla., to work with members of the St. Agnes Welfare Guild on this presentation of their cookbook. In the four homes we visited, we were enormously impressed with the easy hospitality and the efficient way in which everyone accomplished the necessary chores of the day. There's something of these qualities in the cookbook, which Carol Lemons, cookbook chairman, told us was "Written slowly and methodically, every Friday morning for three years, on my dining room table." First on the agenda was for the women themselves to decide what they did and did not like about other books. It was quickly agreed that this book would have spiral bindings ("so it won't flop shut"), big print ("the better to see"), *all* ingredients listed ("no hidden surprises") and quality recipes as against just quantities ("we all like uncrowded books with real eye appeal"). Since Winter Haven is the home of Cypress Gardens, it was decided to use that well-known name for the book.

The result is over 300 pages of attractively presented recipes covering a full menu range. Not unnaturally, since Winter Haven is in the heart of Florida citrus country, there is a section devoted to citrus recipes, several of which we feature.

The St. Agnes Guild is a group within the local St. Paul's Episcopal Church and *(continued)*

Left: Easy-to-make Bourbon Sticky Buns

Food photographs by Charles Gold; others by Ken Regan—Camera 5.

If you remember last year's holiday dinner, you're probably remembering a Butterball Swift's Premium Turkey.

Year after year
cooks who know all about turkeys,
and especially those who don't,
choose the Butterball turkey.
Make it your choice again this year,
for another holiday dinner to remember.



The tradition you started.

BUTTERBALL
Swift's Premium
TURKEY

Easter. Thanksgiving. Christma



Celebrate with lemons.

1. Holiday turkey made festive with lemons. Serve with lemon shells filled with your favorite cranberry relish. It's beautiful! Cut lemons in half. Juice. Scrape clean. Notch the edges and fill. Also, if you cook your stuffing out of the bird, loosely stuff the cavity instead with 2 lemons, cut into chunks and 1 cup coarsely chopped celery leaves. Keeps it moist. Adds a delicate flavor.

Baked ham made beautiful with lemons.
ake your ham and glaze it like you
sually do. But 40 minutes before it's done,
move from oven, and attach lemon
ices to ham with cloves.
nish baking. It's pretty
. a picture. Serve with
mon shells filled
ith your favorite
weet potato
cipe.

g of lamb sea-
d with lemons.
on and garlic
lassic with
. And this
e is so
le. Rub
non
es over
ace of
until juice
sorbed. Cut slits
mb and insert
rs of garlic. Sprin-
vith seasoned salt.
t at 325°, 30 to 35
utes per pound. Serve
mint jelly piled into
n shells.



Enjoy your holiday. Sunkist® lemons.

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Hostess and cookbook chairman Carol Lemons pours tea for Jane Dorman and Mary Wander. Candlestick is imaginatively decorated with oranges and leaves.



Hostess Mary Ryon, left, with Carol Lemons, Helen Apple, Ann Maury and Mary Scott. At this stop we were also interviewed by WFLA-TV from Tampa.

proceeds go toward various good works. In the past, money has been sent to far-flung charities from Mississippi to Alaska. This year the group chose two local projects: milk for needy elementary school children and a halfway house for women leaving the county hospital.

We left Florida, as do so many visitors, with bags of citrus tucked under our arms (we would also have liked to bottle the heady aroma of orange blossoms to take back to our austere city surroundings). More permanently, we had our copies of the cookbook, with its bright orange cover, to remind us of an uncommonly pleasant visit. For our selection of recipes and information for ordering your copy of the *Cypress Gardens Cookbook*, turn to page 146.—JOHN STEVENS.

Against a background of Florida citrus, top from left: Hot Stuffed Avocado (an unusual recipe using chicken or seafood), Artichoke-Grapefruit Salad, Citrus Cocktail (with pineapple and papaya in a crème de menthe sauce, a wonderfully refreshing dessert). Below: Salmon Mousse (using canned salmon, with an orange-lemon sauce), Orange Alaska (a prize-winning dessert we thought scrumptious).



CHUN KING® INVITES YOU TO STIR UP A LITTLE BEEF.



Chun King Pepper Steak Stir-Fry Entree

With Chun King Stir-Fry Entrees, ey're based on the ancient Chinese oncept of fast frying in light oil. They're uick, easy, and fun to make. To get n absolutely delicious Pepper Steak itree, all you need is one pound beef and the following cipe.

Cut 1 lb. (2 cups) beef (chuck, round or nk) into very thin strips. Slightly frozen eat slices best.
Heat 1 tablespoon oil in large skillet d stir-fry meat until brown.



3. Add 1½ cups water and Pepper Steak Sauce Mix. Bring to boil, stirring constantly.
4. Add drained Pepper Steak Vegetables. Mix thoroughly and heat through, stirring occasionally.

Chun King Stir-Fry Entrees are an exciting addition to your family meal-planning. Try our Polynesian Stir-Fry Entree, or Sukiyaki, or Sweet and Sour Pork, or Egg Foo Young. We're not just punning when we say they're causing quite a stir!

CHUN KING PEPPER STEAK STIR-FRY ENTREE.

CYPRESS GARDENS

continued

HOT STUFFED AVOCADO

3 large or 4 small avocados, peeled
Extra lemon juice
6–8 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
6–8 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup light cream
1 tablespoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon celery salt
Salt and pepper
2 cups cooked crabmeat, chicken, shrimp or lobster
½ cup grated sharp cheese

Roll outside of peeled avocado in lemon juice to keep color. Cut avocados in half. Remove pits and place 1 tablespoon vinegar and clove of garlic in each half. Let stand 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, melt butter and blend in flour. Add light cream and cook, stirring until thickened. Add grated onion, celery salt, salt, pepper, and crabmeat, chicken, shrimp or lobster.

Pour vinegar and garlic from avocado and fill with seafood or chicken mixture. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place in baking dish. Set in pan containing ½ inch of water and bake 15 minutes in 350° oven or until cheese is melted.

Serves 6.—*Jessica Froemke Fay*

ARTICHOKE-GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 can (15 oz.) artichoke hearts, drained and cut in half
¼ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 cups iceberg lettuce, bite-size pieces
2 cups romaine, bite-size pieces
1 cup endive, bite-size pieces
2 pink grapefruit, sectioned

Combine oil, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and parsley and mix. Pour over artichokes in bowl and chill for 3 or 4 hours.

Combine greens in large bowl. Add artichoke mixture and grapefruit; toss.

Serves 6 to 8.—*Mrs. Herbert E. Apple*

CITRUS COCKTAIL À LA CRÈME DE MENTHE

4 large grapefruit
6 sweet oranges
1 fresh pineapple or 2 cans (15¼ oz. each) pineapple chunks
1 papaya
1 lime, juice only
½ cup crème de menthe

Pare and section grapefruit and oranges. Prepare pineapple if using fresh fruit. Pare papaya and cut in bite-size pieces; pour lime juice over papaya. Cut all fruit in bite-size pieces and mix in large glass container. Place in refrigerator for several hours or day before serving. At serving time pour crème de menthe over, stir and serve. Can be used as dessert or appetizer. Makes 4 quarts.—*M. Gladys Simmons*

SALMON MOUSSE

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 cup (4 oz.) Danish blue cheese
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
½ cup chopped ripe olives
1 or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 can (16 oz.) red salmon, drained and flaked
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 cup sliced celery
2 tablespoons minced onion
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ cup mayonnaise

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water. Place over hot water to dissolve; cool. Blend with blue cheese, cream cheese, olives and 1 or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise and combine with drained and flaked salmon. Add whipped cream, celery, onion, celery salt and ¼ cup mayonnaise. Blend mixture. Pour into a 5½-cup fancy mold and chill until ready to serve. Turn out onto wooden board, or serve on crisp greens. Garnish with parsley or carrot curls. May be served with Orange and Lemon Sauce.

Serves 10.—*Mary Lanier Scott*

ORANGE AND LEMON SAUCE

1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Blend all ingredients. Yields 1⅓ cups and is very good on fish.—*Ewin Williams*

ORANGE ALASKA

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1¼ cups orange juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 oranges, sectioned
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 cup miniature marshmallows
Orange Cake (recipe below)
Meringue (recipe below)

Soften gelatin in ¼ cup orange juice. Mix remaining orange juice, sugar, lemon juice, grated rind and salt in saucepan and heat to boiling point, stirring well to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat and stir in softened gelatin. Chill until mixture begins to thicken to egg-white consistency. While gelatin is setting, peel and remove all membrane from orange sections. Cut sections in small pieces and drain well. When gelatin mixture is ready, add whipped cream, marshmallows and orange pieces. Pour into buttered 5-cup mold and chill several hours. Mold pan should not be larger than cake pan. This mold sets quickly, but the flavor is best if allowed to stand overnight.

Orange Cake

1⅓ cups cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 egg
½ cup orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening, sugar and orange rind until light and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg and beat well. Fold in flour alternately with orange juice. Pour into a greased 9-inch cake pan and bake in preheated 375° oven for 25 minutes. Remove from oven and cool on rack.

Meringue

6 egg whites
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla

Beat egg whites until they hold a stiff peak. Add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating constantly. Add vanilla.

To assemble Alaska: Place cake on paper-covered board or cookie sheet. Slip orange gelatin out of mold onto the cake. Frost top and sides with meringue. Bake in 350° oven until meringue is nicely browned. Remove from oven and place on serving plate. This Alaska does not melt as quickly as one made with ice cream, but it should be watched carefully while the meringue is browning. Keeps well refrigerated. Garnish with grated orange rind, if desired.—*Mrs. Irvin Wander*

BOURBON STICKY BUNS

1 package (13¾ oz.) hot roll mix
¾ cup scalded milk, cooled to lukewarm
1 egg
¾ cup bourbon
2¾ cups brown sugar
1 cup pecans
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Make dough according to package directions except use milk instead of water and add the egg. Grease 18 muffin cups. Into each measure 1½ teaspoons bourbon, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and 3 or 4 pecans. Roll dough on lightly floured surface into a 12x18-inch rectangle. Combine remaining bourbon, brown sugar, butter and cinnamon and spread on dough. Roll up jelly-roll fashion, beginning at the narrow end, and cut roll into 18 slices. Place a slice in each muffin cup, cover pans, and let rise about 30 minutes. Bake at 375° for 18 to 20 minutes or until nicely browned. Cool on rack 5 minutes before turning out of pans. Serve warm.

Makes 18.—*Mrs. James D. Morgan*

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continued from page 135

cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add remaining ingredients, except egg whites; mix well. Remove from heat and set aside. *(Make ahead).*

Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into potato mixture. Pour into a 1½-qt. soufflé dish. Bake in a 375° oven for 1 hour to 1 hour 10 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

SWEET POTATO SAUSAGE BALLS

Combine mashed sweet potatoes, cooked bulk sausage, chopped onion and parsley, bread crumbs, eggs, garlic powder and salt. Shape into balls and brown evenly in vegetable oil.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES

Combine a can of sweet potatoes with apple cider, brown sugar, dehydrated onions and butter. Bake in a 350° oven until sauce thickens, about 20 minutes.

4. Frozen Mixed Vegetables

TONGUE (OR HAM) AND GARDEN VEGETABLES IN MADEIRA SAUCE

(pictured on page 130)

Few main dish recipes are as simple as this one.

1 medium onion, chopped
1 carrot, diced
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups beef bouillon
1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 garlic clove, finely chopped
1 beef bouillon cube
1 bay leaf
1 (3-in.) piece of celery
½ teaspoon thyme
2 tablespoons Madeira wine
1 bag (20 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
1 lb. cooked tongue or ham, cut into julienne strips
1 package (16 oz.) frozen potato rounds prepared according to package directions

In a saucepan, sauté onion and carrot melted butter or margarine for about minutes. Add flour. Stir continuou until flour has browned to a light coff color. Add beef bouillon, tomato pas garlic, beef bouillon cube, bay leaf, c ery and thyme. Simmer for 30 minut Strain.

Return sauce to saucepan and a Madeira. *(Sauce can be made ahead a refrigerated.)*

Cook frozen mixed vegetables accor ing to package directions. Drain.

Combine mixed vegetables a tongue or ham with sauce in saucepa Heat through. Transfer to a serving pl ter. Arrange potato rounds around pl ter. Serves 4 as an entrée.

MOLDED ENSALADA RUSSE

(pictured on page 135)

Mixed vegetables never looked so goo Serve this salad any time.

1 bag (20 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 cup chicken broth
1¼ cups mayonnaise
1 tablespoon mustard
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
2 teaspoons vinegar
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 can (4 oz.) pimientos, drained and cut into ¼-in. strips
1 carrot, cut in ¼-in. strips

Cook mixed vegetables according package directions. Drain and cool.

Sprinkle gelatin onto chicken broth soften. Place over low heat, stirring u til gelatin is dissolved.

Combine mayonnaise, mustard, hors radish and vinegar in a bowl. Slowl blend in dissolved gelatin. Fold in mixe vegetables and parsley. Pour mixture i to an oiled 1-qt. charlotte mold or bow Refrigerate for 4 to 6 hours until se *(Can, of course, be made a day ahead* Unmold onto a serving platter. Garnis with pimiento and carrot strips, as show in picture, adding carrot curls and par ley if desired. Serves 6–8.

VEGETABLE TEMPURA

Combine 1 cup tempura batter with package (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegeta bles. Drop by tablespoonfuls into ho deep frying fat. Fry until crisp. Serv with soy sauce.

SOUPER VEGETABLES ON TOAST

Heat half-diluted condensed black bea soup, 1 package (10 oz.) mixed vege tables with vinegar and scallions to taste Serve over toast. Top with sour crea and dill.

(continued

Great new budget meal idea!

Crunchy Onion Hamburger

Take 1 can Durkee O&C real French Fried onions; 1 lb. ground beef; 1 pkg. (1 oz.) onion gravy mix; ¼ tsp. garlic salt; 1½ cups water; ⅓ cup rice, uncooked; 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen peas; 1 can (5 oz.) water chestnuts (optional).

Brown ground beef and pour off drippings. Blend in gravy mix, garlic salt, water and uncooked rice. Bring to boil. Then reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Stir in thawed peas and water chestnuts. Continue to simmer until rice is tender. Stir in onions. Serve with soy sauce. Serves 4-6.



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5. Non-Fat Dry Milk

BANANA-COFFEE BAVARIAN

(pictured on page 131)

Our prettiest recipe of the month, and of course it can be made ahead.

1 envelope plus 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
2 medium bananas, mashed
1 cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon instant coffee
1 cup instant nonfat dry milk
1 cup ice water
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
1 cup chocolate wafer crumbs
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
Chocolate curls

Sprinkle gelatin onto ½ cup cold water to soften.

In a small bowl blend banana, granulated sugar, ½ cup water and lemon juice.

Place gelatin over low heat, stirring constantly, until dissolved. Divide dissolved gelatin in half. Stir instant coffee into one half of gelatin. Stir this into banana mixture and set aside.

Whip nonfat dry milk with 1 cup ice water until stiff. Remove a small portion of whipped nonfat milk for garnish and refrigerate. Fold one half of remaining whipped nonfat dry milk into banana mixture.

Fold remaining dissolved gelatin, confectioners' sugar and vanilla extract into the rest of the whipped nonfat dry milk.

Combine vanilla and chocolate wafer crumbs with melted butter or margarine. Set about ½ cup of cookie mixture aside. Tie a 4-in. strip of aluminum foil or parchment paper around the top of a 2-quart soufflé dish so the height of the dish is extended about 2 inches. Alternate banana mixture with cookie crumbs and whipped nonfat dry milk mixture. Chill for 3–4 hours. Remove collar from soufflé dish. Press reserved cookie crumbs on the part of the bavarian that extends above the top edge of dish. Garnish with whipped nonfat dry milk and chocolate curls. Serves 8.

POACHED CHICKEN PUFFS

(pictured on page 135)

Also called quenelles, this is a versatile recipe in which you could change the chicken to tuna, turkey, almost any leftover meat. This is also a good diet recipe.

Chicken puffs:
½ cup instant nonfat dry milk
½ cup water
3 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons chopped fresh dill or ½ teaspoon freeze-dried dill
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 cups whole wheat bread crumbs
1 cup finely chopped cooked chicken
½ cup finely chopped onion
3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
Sauce:
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups water
½ cup instant nonfat dry milk
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill or ¼ teaspoon freeze-dried dill
½ teaspoon salt
Pinch white pepper

To prepare chicken puffs: In a medium bowl whip nonfat dry milk, water, egg yolks, lemon juice, dill, salt and pepper together. Stir in whole wheat bread crumbs, chicken, onion, and green pepper.

Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into chicken mixture.

Bring 1 in. of water to a simmer in a large skillet.

Using 2 tablespoons, shape oval spoonfuls of mixture and carefully place in simmering water. *Caution:* Do not let water boil. Cover and cook for 10–15 minutes over low heat. Serve with sauce, garnishing with dill sprigs.

To prepare sauce: Meanwhile, melt butter or margarine in a small saucepan. Stir in flour until smooth; cook for 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in water, nonfat dry milk, onion, dill, salt and pepper. Return to heat and stir continuously until smooth and thickened. Serves 6–8.

PINEAPPLE MILK SHAKE

In the blender, frappé 3 cups cold water, 1 cup instant nonfat dry milk, 1 can (20 oz.) crushed pineapple and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind.

TAPIOCA PUDDING

Prepare tapioca pudding with reconstituted nonfat dry milk, adding snipped dried fruit and lemon rind.

6. Peanut Butter

PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY MUFFINS

(pictured on page 131)

For kids of all ages, these muffins sure to become a family favorite. They also freeze nicely.

2 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup crunchy-style peanut butter
¾ cup milk
2 eggs
¼ cup fruit preserves

Preheat oven to 400°. Combine flour, sugar, baking powder and salt in a mixing bowl. Cut in peanut butter with two knives or a pastry blender until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add milk and eggs all at once, stirring just until flour is moistened.

Place two tablespoons of the batter in greased, fluted or plain muffin cups. Place 1 teaspoon of preserves in center of batter and top with 2 tablespoons more batter.

Repeat making 12 muffins. Bake in a 400° oven for 15–17 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

(continued)



Tuna Pastry Shells



Celery Vinaigrette



Orange Yogurt Crepes



Scotch Barley Soup

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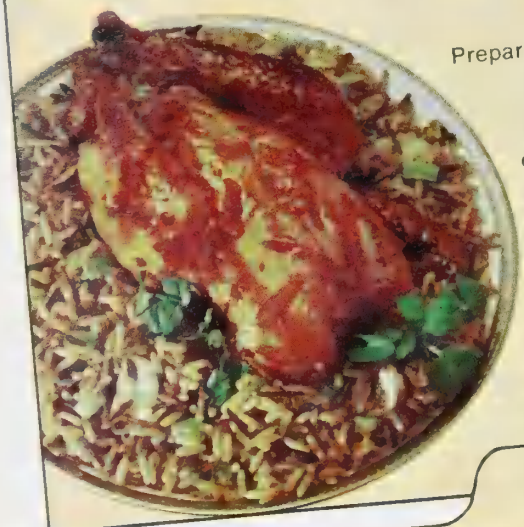
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Rice-A-Roni and Kikkoman

Kikko Roni Cornish



Prepare 1 pkg. Long Grain and Wild Rice-A-Roni with *only* 2 cups water and 2 Tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce. Add ¼ cup diced celery and 1 (2 oz.) can mushrooms, drained. Cool. Stuff and truss 6 (1¼ lb.) Cornish hens. Bake 1¼ hrs. at 350°F. Baste 4 times with mixture of ½ cup Kikkoman, ½ cup orange marmalade and 1 tsp. dry mustard.

Kikko Roni Burger



Combine 1 lb. ground beef, 2 Tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce, ½ tsp. sugar and ½ cup chopped onion. Shape into 12 meatballs. Brown in 10" skillet with 1 Tbsp. oil. Stir in 2½ cups water, 2 Tbsp. sherry, 1 Tbsp. Kikkoman and 1 pkg. Long Grain and Wild Rice-A-Roni. Bring to boil, cover and simmer 30 minutes.



Combine Long Grain & Wild Rice-A-Roni and Kikkoman—the nation's flavor leaders—in these simple and delicious recipes. Get creative with other Rice-A-Roni favorites. And, in addition to Kikkoman Soy Sauce, try the zesty zing of Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce.

PEANUT BUTTER-SQUASH PIE
(picture on page 135)

A main course pie with a hearty Southern tradition.

Filling:
1½ cups pared and diced winter squash (remove seeds and fibers)
8 slices bacon
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup creamy-style peanut butter
½ cup chopped celery
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Cheese pastry:
1½ cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
4 tablespoons cold water

To prepare filling: Simmer squash in water for 10 minutes; drain. Fry bacon, reserving 1½ tablespoons bacon fat. Drain bacon on paper towels and crumble.

In a saucepan stir flour into reserved bacon fat. Cook over medium heat, stirring for several minutes. Remove from heat, add milk. Return the pan to the heat, stirring constantly, until thickened.

Combine eggs and peanut butter; mix until blended. Gradually add white sauce to peanut butter mixture, then pour back into saucepan and cook, stirring constantly for 3 minutes. Add celery, onion, salt and nutmeg. Set filling aside.

To prepare cheese pastry: Combine flour and salt in a mixing bowl. Cut in shortening with two knives or pastry blender until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add cheese; toss. Sprinkle cold water over surface and mix with a fork until the dough forms a ball.

Preheat oven to 450°. Roll out two-thirds of the dough to fit a greased 9-in. pie plate. Roll out remaining dough and cut into ¾-in. strips.

Fill unbaked pie shell with peanut butter mixture. Make a lattice top with the strips. Flute edges and bake at 450° for 10 minutes. Lower temperature to 325° and bake for 30 minutes longer. Serves 6 as an entrée.
Note: This can be made as much as a day ahead and reheated, wrapped in foil, in a 300° oven.

POPCORN TOPPER
Melt equal proportions of peanut butter and butter together; add raisins and salt. Pour over popped corn; toss.

PEANUT WHIPPED POTATOES
Combine peanut butter, grated onion and chives; mix with whipped potatoes and bake in 350° oven until heated through, about 15 minutes.

(continued on page 154)

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"We are getting back on the road to self-repair," he said slowly. "I hope something beneficial emerges from this terrible experience. Society gives so much consideration to the criminal—to his rehabilitation, his psychiatric condition and his legal rights. But there is nothing for the survivors of a tragic crime like this. Luckily, ours is a stable family. And we are not poor. But what about families who are not so fortunate?"

"State of aloneness"

Cali suggested that the state legislature, courts and law enforcement agencies "give attention to providing such emotional support to those people who remain in a terrible state of aloneness." One of the goals that has grown out of Cali's shocking personal misfortune is the establishment of a foundation that would offer advice and assistance to families of such victims. And Cali believes that he has enough friends around the state to fulfill that dream. His other goal: "a sophisticated, scientific mobile unit that can provide professional, on-the-scene investigations of a crime."

Cali admits that his persistence was important, but he says that without the help of Professor John Cronin and Dr. Milton Helpern, and his sister-in-law's sharp eye in spotting that newspaper sory, the case might still be unsolved.

He also insists that the police and District Attorney should be given credit. There is little question in his mind that the crime might never have been solved without their help.

Nevertheless, Captain Cummings and District Attorney Lordi cannot overlook Cali's contribution.

"Our own efforts in this investigation were intensified by Mr. Cali's faith that the two women were murdered," said Cummings.

"We are indebted to Mr. Cali for keeping on our backs as he did," said Lordi. "Our experience in this case reinforces our belief that nothing should be taken for granted in a criminal investigation. Mr. Cali is a determined man." **END**

CALI MURDER

continued from page 104

The authorities had learned the following facts about the crime:

- The killer came to the Cali house at approximately midday that Monday. He was greeted at the door by Leslie Grant. He said he had left some equipment in the basement.
- Mrs. Grant led him to the bin. There he strangled her and strung her up.
- Mrs. Cali, who had been sunbathing with her daughter in the solarium, apparently became concerned about Leslie's lengthy absence and went downstairs, calling her name.
- The killer intercepted her in the basement and strangled her in the same way he had killed Leslie.
- A cash sum of between $80 and $180 had been taken by the killer.

When he was notified of Petrarca's arrest, John Cali broke into tears.

On September 28, 1973, Robert Petrarca was indicted for the double murder by an Essex County grand jury. Six months later, on March 25, 1974, in a Newark Superior Court, a jury of eight women and four men found Petrarca guilty of two counts of first-degree murder. In addition, he was convicted of entering the Cali home with intent to steal. Superior Court Judge Ralph L. Fusco sentenced Petrarca to two consecutive life terms in state prison. A request for an appeal of the verdict has been filed by the Public Defender's office.

A few days after the mystery was finally solved, Cali sat in the spacious, luxuriously furnished living room of his 13-room Georgian mansion and talked about his feelings.

"It won't bring Renee and Leslie back," said Cali, "but it's an enormous relief to know that their murders have been solved and their killer has been found." Cali plans to sell the house, though he will not leave the area. As for the future,

And what can't you make of it!

CHERRY COBBLER

1 can (21 ounces) cherry pie filling
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
1 cup Bisquick® baking mix
1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
3 tablespoons boiling water
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

Heat oven to 400°. Mix pie filling and lemon peel in square pan, 8x8x2 inches. Combine baking mix and butter in small bowl. Add water; stir vigorously until dough forms a ball and cleans the bowl. (Dough will be puffy and soft.) Drop dough by spoonfuls onto fruit mixture. Mix sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle over dough. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until topping is golden brown. Serve warm and, if desired, with whipped cream. *9 servings.*

This recipe was developed and tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

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7. Canned Tuna

TUNA PATTIES WITH ONION SAUCE
(pictured on page 132)

It's been a long time since we've seen such an original tuna recipe.

¾ lb. medium mushrooms
1 medium onion, finely chopped
4 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
3 cans (6½–7 oz. each) tuna, drained
3 eggs
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
Onion sauce:
1 envelope (1 oz.) white wine sauce mix
4 teaspoons dehydrated minced onion

To prepare tuna patties: Set aside 6 mushroom caps for garnish. Finely chop remaining mushrooms.

Sauté chopped mushrooms and onion in 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine until liquid from mushrooms has evaporated and mixture is dry.

Flake tuna into a bowl. With an electric mixer, blend in all remaining ingredients. Add sautéed mushroom and onion. Form mixture into 6 oval patties on a floured board or baking sheet. Refrigerate patties for about 30 minutes or longer. *(Make ahead.)*

To prepare onion sauce: Prepare sauce mix according to package directions, adding minced onion before sauce is simmered.

To cook tuna patties: Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and vegetable oil in a large skillet. Using two metal spatulas, transfer tuna patties into skillet. Brown 5–8 minutes on each side, being careful when turning them over, as they crumble easily.

Flute reserved mushroom caps, if desired. Sauté mushrooms until golden. Arrange tuna patties on serving platter. Pour onion sauce over. Garnish with mushroom caps and parsley. Serves 6.

TUNA PASTRY SHELLS
(pictured on page 150)

An old-fashioned luncheon dish, that we like any time.

Shells:
2 cups all-purpose flour
2 eggs
1 egg yolk
½ cup butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
Water (optional)
Filling:
1½ cups dried pitted prunes
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
3 oranges, peeled and sectioned
2 cans (6½–7 oz. each) tuna, drained and broken into chunks

To prepare shells: Place flour on a pastry board. Make a well in the center. Put in 1 egg and 1 egg yolk, butter or margarine and salt. Blend with *(continued)*



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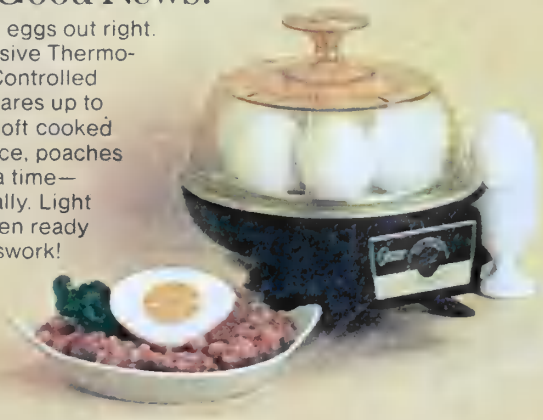
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10 BEST BUYS
continued

fingertips until crumbly. Sprinkle on two tablespoons water, if necessary. Bring dough together to form a ball. Cover with plastic wrap. Let rest 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375°. Roll dough out to ⅛-in. thickness. Using a 5-in. scallop baking shell as a guide, cut out 4 pieces of dough 1 in. larger than the shell. Butter 4 scallop shells. Fit dough into shells. Make a scalloped edging. Prick center of shell with fork or knife point. Fit a piece of greased aluminum foil in each pastry shell and fill with dried beans or rice. Brush dough edging with 1 beaten egg. Bake for 15 minutes in a 375° oven. Remove foil and beans or rice. Return shells to oven for 10–15 minutes or until golden. Cool. Remove from scallop shells. *(Make ahead.)*

Cook prunes according to package directions. Drain, reserving two tablespoons cooking liquid. Cool.

Combine mayonnaise, sour cream and grated orange rind. Add reserved prune cooking liquid. *(Make ahead.)*

Arrange prunes, oranges and tuna in pastry shells. Pour sauce over. Garnish with watercress, if desired. Serves 4.

TUNA ROLL

Thaw frozen bread dough according to package directions. Roll out to a 14x8-in. rectangle. Spread on your favorite mustard-tuna salad. Roll and bake according to package directions.

TUNA-APRICOT APPETIZER

Combine tuna, sour cream, choppe canned apricots and ginger to taste. P a teaspoonful of mixture in apric halves. Place on toast rounds. Skewe apricot and toast with a frilled toothpic and serve.

8. Celery

BRAISED CELERY PARMIGIANA
(pictured on page 132)

Serve with any roast or fish.

1 stalk celery (about 1¾ lb.)
3 whole cloves
1 bay leaf, crumbled
½ teaspoon peppercorns
1 small carrot, sliced
1 small onion, chopped
3 oz. salt pork
3 cups boiling chicken broth
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Wash celery and trim top and bottom stalk. Cut crosswise into thirds. (Us leaves for preparing soups, stuffing or a a garnish.) Tie celery ribs into 6 bunche with string. Tie cloves, bay leaf and pep percorns in a cheesecloth bag.

Preheat oven to 375°. Put all ingred ents except cheese in a 10x7½-in. bakin dish. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake i a 375° oven for 1 hour. Let the celer cool in the broth.
(Can be made ahead to this point.)

Remove the salt pork, chop into sma pieces and sauté slowly in a small skille until crisp.

Pour off the broth and vegetable from celery, saving them for soup o sauces. Remove the strings from the cel ery and arrange bunches back in th baking dish. Sprinkle with crisp sal pork and Parmesan cheese. Place in 375° oven until it is heated through an browned, 25–30 minutes. Garnish wit celery leaves. Serves 6.

CELERY VINAIGRETTE
(pictured on page 150)

Super simple, this is a useful make-ahea salad idea.

½ cup vegetable oil
⅓ cup sliced pitted ripe olives
¼ cup sliced stuffed olives
¼ cup sliced green onions
6 (one-half of a 2-oz. can) anchovy fillets, chopped
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon fennel seeds
1 clove garlic, crushed
4 cups thinly sliced celery
Boston lettuce

Combine all ingredients except celer and lettuce. Add vinaigrette dressing t celery. Toss lightly. Chill for 2 hours Serve on lettuce. Serves 4 for appetize or salad.

CRISP CELERY STICKS

Add 1 teaspoon anise extract to 1 quar of water. Place celery sticks in the wate and crisp in refrigerator for 4–6 hour before serving.

ELERY PINWHEELS
ill smallest rib from 1 stalk of washed
id trimmed celery with blue cheese
inned with a little brandy. Fill next
nallest rib and press firmly against the
st. Continue filling and pressing ribs
gether until all celery is shaped into
bunch. Chill and slice crosswise into
in. slices.

. Yogurt

YOGURT FRITTERS WITH STRAWBERRIES
(pictured on page 133)

ere's a new dessert idea.

½ cups water
2 cup brown rice
egetable oil for deep-fat frying
cup plain yogurt
¼ cup whole wheat flour
2 cup snipped pitted dates
3 cup chopped almonds
3 cup honey
1½ teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoon cardamom
ogurt sauce:
cup plain yogurt
¼ cup honey
¼ teaspoon cardamom
pint (or 10 oz. pkg. frozen) straw-berries, sliced

n a medium saucepan bring water to a oil. Stir in brown rice, lower heat and mmer 1½ hours or until all the liquid as disappeared.

Heat salad oil to 325°.

In a medium bowl combine cooked brown rice, yogurt, whole wheat flour, dates, almonds, honey, baking powder and cardamom.

Using a tablespoon, spoon rice mixture into hot fat. Allow to brown on both sides. Remove with a slotted spoon onto paper towels to drain off excess fat. Keep fritters warm in a preheated 200° oven.

To prepare yogurt sauce: In a small bowl, combine yogurt, honey and cardamom. Serve sauce and strawberries with yogurt fritters. Makes 6–8.

SCANDINAVIAN ORANGE YOGURT CREPES
(pictured on page 150)

Change orange rind and juice to lemon if you wish, cutting back a bit on quantities.

Crepes:
¾ cup flour
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
¾ cup water
⅔ cup plain yogurt
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
Yogurt filling:
2 eggs, separated
½ cup sugar
⅓ cup orange juice
⅓ cup plain yogurt
Raspberry preserves or fresh fruit

To prepare crepes: Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a mixing bowl. Add beaten eggs to water, yogurt and orange rind; beat until well blended. Make a well in the dry ingredients and blend in egg mixture.

Brush a 6-in. crepe pan with vegetable oil. Pour ¼ cup of batter into pan. Fry crepes until golden on both sides, turning once. Use more oil as needed.

Keep cooked crepes warm until all have been prepared and you are ready to fill them.

To prepare filling: In the top of a double boiler, beat egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar, and orange juice. Place over boiling water. Cook, stirring occasionally, until it begins to thicken. Then beat with an electric hand mixer until thick and foamy. Transfer mixture to a bowl.

Wash top of double boiler. Add egg whites and remaining ¼ cup sugar. Place top of double boiler over hot water, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold yolk mixture and yogurt into beaten whites.

Spread the filling on the crepes; fold into quarters. Serve with raspberry preserves or fresh fruit. Makes 10 crepes.

INDIAN PUDDING
Prepare your favorite Indian Pudding recipe, substituting yogurt for milk.

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING
Combine 1 cup plain yogurt, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon ground cardamom. Nice over peaches. *(continued)*



You can take this sausage and make a good dinner for two.



Or a great dinner for six.

Smoked Sausage with Rice is a good way for you to serve rice.
And an even better way to save money.

- 4 cups hot cooked rice
- 12 ounces smoked country-style link sausage
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 large green pepper, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 cup diagonally sliced celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 can (14½ ounces) tomatoes, quartered
- 1 cup beef broth
- 1 can (8 ounces) sliced pineapple (in unsweetened pineapple juice)
- ¼ teaspoon each garlic powder and pepper
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, cover and cook sausage in ½ cup water about 5 minutes. Remove from water and cut in thin slices. Combine sausage, onion, green pepper, and celery in a large skillet. Cook until vegetables are tender crisp. Add tomatoes, broth, pineapple (drain, cube, and reserve juice), and seasonings. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Blend cornstarch with pineapple juice. Pour into meat-vegetable mixture. Cook, stirring, until clear and thickened—about 2 minutes. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to:
Rice Council of America, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

Rice Council for Market Development 1974

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10 BEST BUYS

10. Barley

MOLDED BARLEY PILAF WITH CELERY SAUCE
(pictured on page 133)

Molded barley pilaf:
⅔ cup pearl barley
1¾ cups chicken broth
1 cup chopped green onion
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup diced water chestnuts
2 cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup vegetable oil
1½ cups sour cream
½ cup wheat germ
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
Celery sauce:
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of celery soup
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon tarragon, crumbled
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves

To prepare molded barley pilaf:
Simmer barley with chicken broth in a covered saucepan for 20 minutes or until broth is absorbed. Set aside.

Preheat oven to 375°. Sauté green onion, celery, water chestnuts and garlic in oil until tender. Combine sour cream,

RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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With the end of summer, you may have to stop cooking out. But here's an easy way to give your meat that terrific cookout appeal all year round.

Just brush Kitchen Bouquet® lightly on your meat (or fish or poultry) before you put it into the oven, or in the frying pan.

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wheat germ, eggs, salt and sautéed vegetables with barley. Mix well.

Spoon mixture into a well-greased 6-cup ring mold. *(Make ahead and chill.)*

Set mold in a large pan in oven and add enough boiling water to pan to bring depth of water to 1½ in.

Bake mold in a 375° oven for 1 hour. Remove from oven and cool 5 minutes before unmolding. Serve with sauce. Garnish with celery leaves. Serves 5–6.

To prepare celery sauce: Combine all ingredients and heat. Makes 1 cup.

SCOTCH BARLEY SOUP
(pictured on page 150)

This could be a meal in itself.

2 lb. lamb breast riblets
10 cups water
1 tablespoon salt
½ cup pearl barley
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups julienned turnips
1½ cups sliced carrots
¾ cup chopped leeks
¾ cup sliced celery
1 lime, sliced

In a covered Dutch oven, simmer lamb riblets in water and salt for 1½ hours. Skim off fat or chill overnight and lift off solidified fat. Add barley, parsley and pepper to Dutch oven. Simmer for 1 hour. Remove riblet bones. Add carrots, leeks and celery. Simmer another hour. Add lime slices last two minutes of cooking time. Makes 7 cups. END

CHILD SNATCHING

continued from page 94

National Organization of Women (NOW).

5. Write out a detailed account of the abduction, including description of spouse and children, for your records.

6. Make it a point to keep in touch with your in-laws, mutual friends and colleagues, if at all possible; at least one of them may know where your child is.

7. If possible, offer a reward for information about your spouse and child.

8. Ask your attorney to help you initiate periodic checks on your spouse's driver's license, auto registration, Social Security number, insurance policies, school transfer records and enrollments, bank accounts, phone company records, etc. The new national police computer systems can be invaluable, if you are able to utilize them.

9. Offer to help your attorney with any non-legal leg-work that can help build your case. To obtain an arrest warrant, you may need expert psychiatric testimony, documentation, statements from friends familiar with your family situation, etc. In some states (check yours to make sure), custodial interference is an extraditable felony.

10. Carry a photo of your child with you and don't be shy about showing it around in obvious places (schools, day-care centers, parks, playgrounds, etc.).

Use the media

11. Use any media coverage you can get—local newspapers, TV newscasts, etc.—to publicize your case, unless advised otherwise by your attorney.

12. Don't despair if you learn that your child is abroad. Some countries respect valid custody orders.

13. Most important of all, keep on top of the case. Don't assume that because an attorney or private detective is accepting your money he is necessarily doing everything possible. This is your case and you sometimes must ride herd on others. On the other hand, do not alienate your collaborators by inundating them with calls or trivial requests.

Editors Note: If you wish to express your opinion about child-snatching, its penalties or prevention, write your Congressman about H.R. 4191, or to Rep. John Conyers, Jr., Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Washington D.C. 20515.

NEW SEX THERAPY

continued from page 117

the woman is afraid of "letting go," and controls her orgasmic reflex. When she succeeds, her anxiety is reduced. After several repetitions of this voluntary inhibition of the orgastic reflex, the inhibition seems to become automatic so that after a while the woman cannot climax even if she is calm, in love, properly stimulated and otherwise responsive.

Sometimes very deep-seated fears underlie this unconscious inhibition process. Some women are afraid that they will die if they have an orgasm; some equate orgasm with a loss of control; other women fear that once they have had their first orgasm they will become preoccupied with sex, to the extent that they will become promiscuous; almost all patients believe on some level that their lives will change drastically once they experience climax.

Breaking the orgasm barrier

The therapist's task is to help such a woman gain insight into the fact that the disasters she anticipates, both consciously and unconsciously, will not really occur if she has an orgasm. Interestingly, some patients are more worried that they will succeed than that they will fail. Paradoxically, for such a patient the realization that life will *not* improve dramatically once she becomes orgastic is most effective in breaking the orgasm barrier.

How successful is the new sex therapy in treating orgastic difficulties?

Women who suffer solely from orgastic dysfunctions frequently have a strong sexual drive. However, they get "stuck" at, or near, the plateau phase of the sexual response. These women are unable to achieve orgasm, or have great difficulty in reaching climax, although the stimulation they receive would normally be considered sufficiently intense to release orgasm.

In clinical practice, our objective is to enhance the woman's total sexual responsiveness and help her have orgasm more easily, without, however, defining orgasm during intercourse as the criterion of sexual normalcy. We may not be able to help the woman to achieve coital orgasm, but we do not consider that we have "failed" if after treatment the woman is more responsive and the couple enjoy their sexual relationship more fully.

The more severe forms of orgastic inhibition seem to be more easily influenced by sex therapy than the milder forms. Thus, we have never failed to help a patient who had never experienced orgasm in her life to do so. We are also able in most cases to help a woman achieve orgasm more easily than she did before treatment. However, we have had more limited success, within the brief treatment format, in helping otherwise responsive women achieve orgasm during intercourse.

Do you believe that the women's liberation movement, with its insistence that women are entitled to sexual pleasure, has an adverse effect on the sexual performance of men?

Recent publications have claimed that the sexual demands of the "new liberated women" may affect the sexual potency of young men. While this alleged phenomenon has not been adequately documented, there is no doubt that high expectations and demands for sexual performance can have deleterious effects on the male sexual response. In fact, many initial episodes of impotence occur in a sexually demanding situation. Sex must develop freely and spontaneously to be successful; the negative emotions engendered by coercion and expectation can easily impair the sexual response of any sensitive individual.

But the "new" woman is not always the villain in the case, and demands for sexual performance can have deleterious effects on the female sexual response as well. In fact, through the ages women have experienced the destructive effects of "sex on demand" to a far greater extent than men.

Sexual arousal in both men and women is a natural, spontaneous reaction to desire and effective stimulation. It cannot be commanded or produced at will. On the contrary, commands or demands tend to impair the sexual reflexes.

Some psychoanalysts have theorized that women's sexual dysfunctions stem from "penis envy," or unresolved hostility toward men. Do you agree?

There is nothing inherently enviable about a penis, any more than there is about breasts. Little girls are confronted early on not only with the physical and anatomical differences between men and women, but more importantly with the privileges and superior opportunities that are accorded to their brothers. They are also impressed and depressed by the fact that boys are encouraged to develop their resources, while girls are encouraged to be "good," modest and compliant. Psychoanalytic writers are on very shaky ground when they contend that achievement, assertiveness and competitiveness are pathological when a woman exhibits these traits, while such behavior is healthy in men. Opponents of this view, including myself, consider assertive and active behavior as conflict-free, healthy and desirable in both genders.

There are more valid explanations for the fear, envy and anger toward men which sometimes interfere with a woman's sexual functioning. Women reared in our culture are taught from childhood on that they are helpless and dependent and cannot survive without the protection of a male. Their first major source of security is their father, then their husband, and finally their son. The little girl is often taught that the price she must pay for this security is submission to the needs of the man. Unlike her brothers, her survival, growth and prosperity depend not on the development of her own strengths and resources, but on her attractiveness, charm and the resources and generosity of the man she will have to depend on. Consequently, she comes to realize that her worth as a person and her social status will depend on her ability to please *(continued)*



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...interest, or that age ...sures of life may temporari... ...sh a man's sexual capacity.

...y do so many sex therapists treat ...h partners instead of just the one ...ith the sexual problem?

First, participation in the sexual expe...iences of treatment requires the coop...ration of two sexual partners. Second, ...any sexual difficulties have their roots ...n the couple's relationship. Masters and ...ohnson feel that sexual dysfunctions ...re always the product of the couple's ...disturbed interactions, to which both ...ontribute some measure of pathology, ...nd contend that the partners should ...lways be treated as a "marital unit."

However, this proposition needs to be ...qualified. Sometimes one spouse's sexual

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and seduce a suitable mate who will give her what she needs.

This kind of role injunction can create tremendous conflict in a woman, particularly if she is bright and gifted. Frequently, the woman is not aware of this dynamic and arrives at some compromise solution: she uses her ability and brains to advance her husband's career, brags about her son's achievements, is totally absorbed in her family. In this way she carefully defends against any hostile impulses she may feel against her husband, so as not to be rejected by this person on whom she is so dependent.

Some women who are in rebellion against men function well sexually, but in other cases conflicts between independence and dependence on the husband seem to play a role in the woman's dysfunction. Some such women are not able to experience erotic pleasure and orgasm with their husband until they have been in touch with their dependency conflicts and begun to take steps toward their resolution, at least in their sexual transactions.

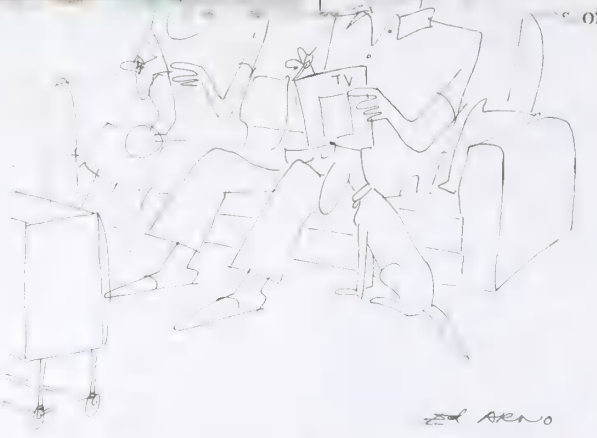
Painful but necessary

In the process of sex therapy, the dysfunctional woman often comes to recognize, for the first time in her life, the enormous extent to which her behavior is governed by the fear of losing her husband or his approval. She also may be confronted with her feeling that she will be helpless if left to her own resources. This awareness is painful but necessary if she is to develop the autonomy and security that are essential for sexual abandonment. She must learn to love sex for the pleasure she derives from it, not just because it makes her husband happy. In short, she must feel secure enough to express her own sexual needs without fear of being rejected.

After completion of sex therapy, many women are better able to express their of life as well. A one back to more in them does

...responsiveness and help her have orgasm more easily, without, however, defining orgasm during intercourse as the criterion of sexual normalcy. We may not be able to help the woman to achieve coital orgasm, but we do not consider that we have "failed" if after treatment the woman is more responsive and the couple enjoy their sexual relationship more fully.

The more severe forms of orgastic inhibition seem to be more easily influenced by sex therapy than the milder forms. Thus, we have never failed to help a patient who had never experienced orgasm in her life to do so. We are also able in most cases to help a woman achieve orgasm more easily than she did before treatment. However, we



"Judging by the TV log, this would be a good time to walk the dog."

rightened to explore and experiment. Women, who especially in their younger years require more stimulation and sensitivity on their partner's part to bring their sexual potential to full flower, are the more frequent victims of this sexual ignorance. It is still astounding to me that so many couples who seek help for the wife's lack of responsiveness or for decreasing frequency of sexual contact are basically only suffering from ignorance. Frequently, neither knows where the clitoris is nor recognizes its potential for transmitting erotic pleasure.

Similarly, men in their fifties and over, accustomed in their younger years to being aroused quickly and easily, often do not realize that they have a perfectly normal need for more intense stimulation in order to function.

Myth of mutual orgasm

Another bit of misinformation that must be dispelled is the myth of the mutual orgasm. It is true that to reach climax together is a wonderful experience; however, mutual orgasm is usually achieved only by couples wherein the female partner is easily orgastic, and this is not true of millions of apparently normal women. In that case, the compulsive striving for simultaneous orgasm can exert a highly destructive effect on the couple's sex life. Sex can be superlative when orgasm is not simultaneous, as long as the couple doesn't consider that "second best."

Yet another false belief is that women are inadequate if they do not match their husband's pace or do not have easy coital orgasm. A woman's unjustified concern about her slower response may impede her abandonment and lead her to "fake" sexual pleasure.

On the other hand, many couples erroneously feel that a man must function with a certain frequency and regularity, that he must always respond with an instant erection and must always be able to continue coitus for lengthy periods of time. They do not know that the sexual response is not under voluntary control, that there are normal fluctuations in sexual interest, or that age and the pressures of life may temporarily diminish a man's sexual capacity.

Why do so many sex therapists treat both partners instead of just the one with the sexual problem?

First, participation in the sexual experiences of treatment requires the cooperation of two sexual partners. Second, many sexual difficulties have their roots in the couple's relationship. Masters and Johnson feel that sexual dysfunctions are always the product of the couple's disturbed interactions, to which both contribute some measure of pathology, and contend that the partners should always be treated as a "marital unit."

However, this proposition needs to be qualified. Sometimes one spouse's sexual dysfunction existed before the current relationship; some patients, moreover, would have difficulties with any partner. However, conjoint therapy is still indicated in treatment because shared sexual experiences are a crucial ingredient of treatment. For example, a sexually responsive, patient and gentle husband is indispensable to the successful treatment of the sexually unresponsive woman, even though he may not have contributed to her problem. She needs his reassurance and cooperation, and his erect penis as well, if she is to overcome the anxiety that has prevented her from responding sexually.

What effect does sex therapy have on non-sexual aspects of a marriage?

First, it should be noted that many of the claims and optimistic preliminary impressions about the new sex therapy have not been scientifically substantiated to date. We cannot yet say with certainty whether sex therapy will turn out to be merely a fad or whether time will prove it a real advance.

Nevertheless, my own practice suggests that successful sexual therapy often has a decidedly beneficial effect on the marital relationship. For one thing, sexuality is often a "silent" area in marriage, and the "closing off" of this area has detrimental effects on the quality of the marital relationship, quite apart from perpetuating the sexual problem. Thus, a primary objective of sexual therapy is to encourage the two

(continued)

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partners to communicate openly with each other and to verbalize their intimate feelings and desires. This openness often generates increased feelings of closeness and trust in each other. And, not surprisingly, once the spouses discover that a new freedom of sexual expression does not bring the rejections and rebuffs they had feared, this experience reinforces their closeness and trust in each other in other areas.

Yet it still remains true that many other couples find that, although their lovemaking is more gratifying, their conflicts in other areas continue to mar their lives together. Sometimes a couple is unable to admit the real sources of their marital discord and find it less painful to blame their unhappiness on their own sexual difficulties.

What happens to human sexuality as we grow older?

Age exerts different influences on the sexual life cycle of men and of women. All other human functions, such as the ability to learn, rise and decline with age in similar ways for both sexes. Sexuality, however, is quite different. Kinsey's figures indicate, and Masters and Johnson's studies confirm, that men experience the peak of sexual responsiveness and capacity around the ages of seventeen and eighteen and thereafter show a steady decline. Women, on the other hand, attain their sexual peak in their late thirties and early forties and thereafter decline at a relatively slower rate than men. Yet sex need never disappear, and orgasm in both men and women has been observed in the ninth decade.

Effects of aging

Masters and Johnson's studies have revealed that the male orgasm is the most vulnerable to the effects of aging. Even though he is no longer able to produce the intense and multiple orgasms of his youth, or experience a distinct phase of ejaculatory inevitability, the 80-year-old man is perfectly capable of experiencing occasional orgasm, and he can have frequent and enjoyable erections when he is effectively stimulated. Age has no comparable effect on women, who remain capable of multiple orgastic response, essentially without a refractory period, throughout life—perhaps because the female orgasm lacks the emission phase of ejaculation.

Is there a male menopause?

If the definition is an abrupt, age-related change in the reproductive physiology, then there is no such thing. . . . The androgen metabolism change in the male is gradual as compared with the abrupt cessation of ovarian functioning in women. However, there are emotional changes for many men of this age.

Apart from his lowered androgen levels, in his mid-fifties a man also begins to face the idea of death and is confronted with his limitations. Further, he often finds it necessary to begin relinquishing whatever control he has gained over his environment. His declining sexuality and energy may trigger his *perception* of these problems. If he is not possessed of sufficient emotional resources and strengths, he may feel depressed and anxious. Impotence and avoidance of sex often become a part of this situation.

A healthy man is able to enjoy intercourse throughout life. Indeed, freed of the intense need for fast orgastic release and of the inhibitions of his youth, more satisfying and imaginative love play is often enjoyed by the older man and his partner. For the secure man, age need never be a barrier to sexual pleasure, providing good health and opportunity exist.

What happens to female sexuality at menopause?

The effect on libido of withdrawal of the female sex steroids is again very variable. Clearly, if a woman is feeling depressed, irritable and insecure, she is not likely to be very interested in sex. Yet while some women report a decrease in sexual desire, many women actually feel an increase in erotic appetite during the menopausal years. From a purely physiological standpoint, libido should theoretically *increase* at menopause, because the action of the woman's androgens, which is not materially affected by menopause, is now unopposed by estrogen. Indeed, some women do seem to behave in this manner, especially if they are not depressed and can find interesting and interested partners. However, if a middle-aged husband is avoiding sex and if his depressed and angry wife attributes this to her declining physical attractiveness, she too may avoid sexuality in order to spare herself frustration or rejection.

In sharp contrast to men, elderly women remain capable of enjoying multiple orgasms throughout life. Nevertheless, many women cease having intercourse during their fifties and sixties. This abstinence is primarily influenced by social and psychological factors. Women of this age group depend for their sexual expression on a dwindling supply of men whose sexual needs have declined markedly. When elderly women lose their partners they do not tend to actively seek replacements unless they are unusually active and secure.

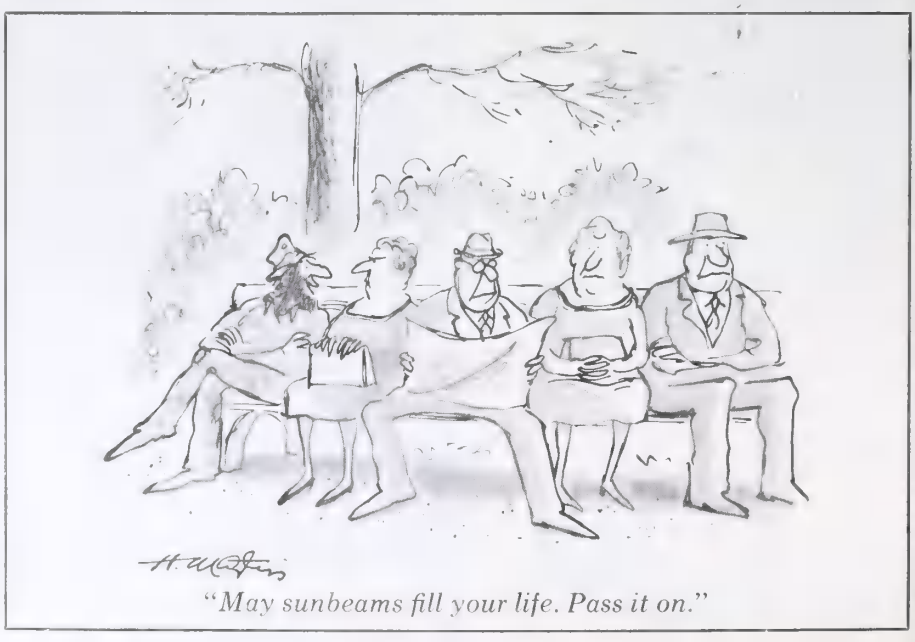
Do people ever deliberately do things to produce "bad" sexual experiences?

Some people are so conflicted and guilty about their erotic needs and desires that they actively discourage their partners from stimulating them effectively. They often respond to sexual excitement by immediately stopping the activity that produced it. The man who is excited by an active and seductive woman may literally forbid his wife to behave in this fashion. Or a woman who feels the beginnings of arousal may signal her husband that she is ready for intercourse far before she has reached high levels of sexual tension, to escape the anxiety her passion causes her.

Such patients tend to focus on genital stimulation and on the orgasm and are apt to neglect the sensual potential of the rest of the body, and of non-orgasmic eroticism. Orgasm provides relief, because the anxiety-provoking sexual situation is thus terminated. These deep-seated anxieties may derive from any number of sources.

What about couples who are deeply hostile toward one another?

When a woman resents her husband, she is not likely to think of ways to delight and pleasure him. To the contrary, she is likely to withhold *(continued)*



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stimulation and responses that she senses he really wan Similarly, the husband who is threatened by his wife's se uality, or who is unconsciously competitive with her, w tend to avoid generous, gentle and effective lovemaki and focus instead on his orgasm. In such relationships, o partner subtly punishes, discourages, frustrates and und mines the other's sexual confidence in a covert manner th is not recognized or appreciated by either. The followi are some clever sexual sabotages commonly encountered clinical practice:

1. *Pressures and tension.* An excellent means of destro ing sex is to create pressure and tension prior to the act lovemaking—by picking quarrels, making demands, critic ing or insulting the partner or bringing up anxiety-provo ing topics like money matters just before initiati lovemaking.

2. *Improper timing.* Perhaps each time the husba wants to make love, the wife is too tired, or has tasks attend to. However, when he is fatigued or preoccupie she suddenly demands sex. One patient decided that had to buy something at the hardware store just when wife was lying in bed waiting to make love. It is hard surprising that when he returned an hour later and sa "Okay, honey, let's go," she was no longer in the moo

3. *Making oneself repulsive.* Some persons unconsciou destroy their sexual appeal—become fat, smoke cigars, ta no care with grooming or, more subtly, move in a stiff, no sensuous manner or speak in harsh tones.

4. *Frustrating the partner's sexual desires.* The sabota ing partner, highly sensitive to what the other desires, wi holds it, usually with the excuse that the craved activity too anxiety-provoking, disgusting or taxing. Here are so examples.

Sexual sabotage checklist

- He needs to be made to feel loved and desired—she tired and "does him a favor."
- She likes to move actively—he pins her down.
- She likes to talk a bit first to relax before sex—he plun in wordlessly.
- He likes to experiment—she thinks everything but "straight" missionary position is perverted.
- He has his best erections in the morning—she insists sex at night only.
- She hates TV—he always watches TV before making lo

These frustrating interactions *may* reflect deep hostil that must be resolved, at least in part, in the treatment the sexual problem.

What has it meant to you, personally, to work as a therapist?

My work in this field has had a profound impact on thinking and on my clinical practice as a psychiatrist, a on my personal life as well. I have been greatly impres with the destructive effects that defensiveness, secre guilt, detachment, constricting fears of humiliation and jection, and above all the denial of genuine feelings have the lives of the couples I have treated. And I am equa impressed with the salutary and liberating consequences getting in touch with previously avoided feelings and acknowledged currents in the relationship.

When I looked back at what I had written in *The N Sex Therapy*, I was struck with the conspicuous absence the word *love*. And yet, love is the most important ing dient in lovemaking.

Sometimes, in therapy—in the process of touching a pleasuring each other and expressing authentic feelings couple will discover love. The emergence of love that h been buried under tons of defenses and weapons is a rare magnificent reward of therapy. E



Actual size of ingot 1¾" x 2¼"

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Quotations from "My Adventures As An Illustrator" by Norman Rockwell

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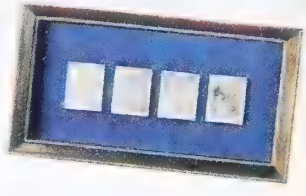
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continued from page 83

began to swell with fluid. "I was very, very worried," says Mrs. Humphrey. Rumors started that the Senator must be a terminal case. Humphrey heard the rumors and ignored them.

His wife insisted that he return to Washington to see the physician who had been treating him. Humphrey demurred but finally agreed.

The Senator's doctors wanted to hospitalize him at once, but he preferred to stay home. "The trouble was," explains Mrs. Humphrey, "the doctors deferred to my husband as a Senator and former Vice-President and let him make the decision."

On January 5, Humphrey reluctantly entered Bethesda Naval Hospital for 16 days. The swollen feet indicated a kidney malfunction and his blood profile was poor, with the hemoglobin down and the white corpuscle count elevated. Transfusions were in order but Humphrey refused, fearing hepatitis. He says now, "I told my doctors, 'Give me seventy-two hours and let's see what I can do.' They were giving me iron tablets and other medicine to see if I had any regenerative capacity. After three days, my blood began to regenerate, as I knew it would."

Radioisotope scans were made of Humphrey's kidney, bladder and other organs, but a bladder cystoscopy was "impossible," he says. "The affected area had not healed sufficiently."

Toward the end of January, Humphrey went home. "Often during that period I'd be so tired, so medicated, that I had difficulty remembering what medicine I had taken. So Muriel put my different medications in separate, marked envelopes. I can understand now how people can accidentally overdose themselves. I took some Demerol for a while; that's a very strong pain reliever, but it didn't do me much good. Then I was taking a quarter grain of codeine and two aspirins every four hours. Believe me, I could have used more. But I made up my mind I wouldn't, because codeine is addictive.

Cutting down on pills

"Then in February, with my doctor's approval, I began stretching out the medication. Instead of taking my pills every four hours, I'd take them every six hours. In a span of six hours, I'd have about two hours of painful spasms. Many times I'd say to myself, 'I think I'll go back to four hours,' but then I'd remind myself, 'No. It's like quitting smoking. I'll stick with it.' And then one week in April, the pain suddenly and completely disappeared." This was six months after the spasms had begun in November.

On April 25, Humphrey returned to Bethesda Naval Hospital for a cystoscope examination and a biopsy. His doctors gave him "a clean bill of health." His ordeal was over.

"Of course, there's a possibility of a recurrence," he says. "So we'll keep a close watch. But I don't worry about it. What is, is. I say, 'The hell with it. I've got things to do.' "

I asked the Senator if he ever thought he might die. "No," he answered emphatically. "It did cross my mind that I might not make it. I didn't think of it as dying." He laughed. "I used to wonder if the treatment would really work. Then I made up my mind it had to work."

Asked if he thought this country was going about the conquest of cancer in the right way, the Senator replied that the federal government has done a reasonably good job but had never fully funded the amounts for cancer research authorized by Congress.

"We've got fifteen cancer research centers now, mostly on the East and West coasts, and we're going to double that number soon. Then we will have some between the Appalachians and the Rockies. One of the difficulties with these centers is that a doctor good enough to be in cancer research can make much more money in private practice. We should guarantee these doctors a very good salary over an extended period of time, so that when we put a team of four or five researchers together working on cancer, we can keep that team. Such is not the case today.

"I also think we should have an international effort. Other countries have good doctors, but they don't have the team approach. They don't have the laboratories. They don't have the costly modern equipment. Teddy Kennedy was telling me just the other night about cancer research in Ireland—just a handful of people, and no money. We could give other countries grants-in-aid—we pay 50 percent and they pay 50 percent—and, in this way, we could involve competent doctors and scientists around the world in cancer research.

"We need more mobile clinics where women can get Pap smears and breast examinations and men and children could be checked for early signs of cancer, too. A really good blood workup is important, and now we've developed these marvelous machines that within seconds can give the whole picture of the blood. We just have to be willing to pay for this. It's like a new weapons system. The Congress seems to be willing to pay $1.3 billion to develop a new nuclear submarine. Surely it should be willing to make a similar investment in conquering cancer.

"Basically, of course, I'm for a national, comprehensive health insurance program. I was among the first to introduce such a bill back in 1950. I consider good health care a basic human right. Even if we can't get a comprehensive health insurance program soon, I want it for the children. You can correct all kinds of physical disabilities early which are hopeless later on. Child and maternal health care will save the country billions of dollars in health costs—and it will make us a healthier and happier people.

"We've got the best medicine in the world here. The very best in research, in laboratory equipment, the most modern machines and technology—and, I think, the best medical schools in the world. The trouble is, good health care isn't available to everyone.

"There's a real question as to whether we are as understaffed with doctors as people say. For the kind of training our doctors get, and the cost of that training, they ought not to be spending their time keeping records, making blood tests, doing urinalysis, electrocardiograms, and so forth. That can all be done by a well-trained medical technician or nurse. My father, a small town druggist, took care of a lot of sick people.

"We need more medical clinics. We need mobile clinics. We need to use our computer systems to give a complete health profile in a matter of seconds. We need closed-circuit, two-way television systems so that rural patients can talk to a doctor and, if there's something more required than a telephoned prescription, he can say, 'I'll see you at my office Thursday' or 'Come into the hospital.' "

Plans for the future

As the shadows lengthened outside, I asked the man who was defeated by Richard Nixon in 1968—by one-half of one percent of the popular vote—whether he would run again for the Presidency in 1976.

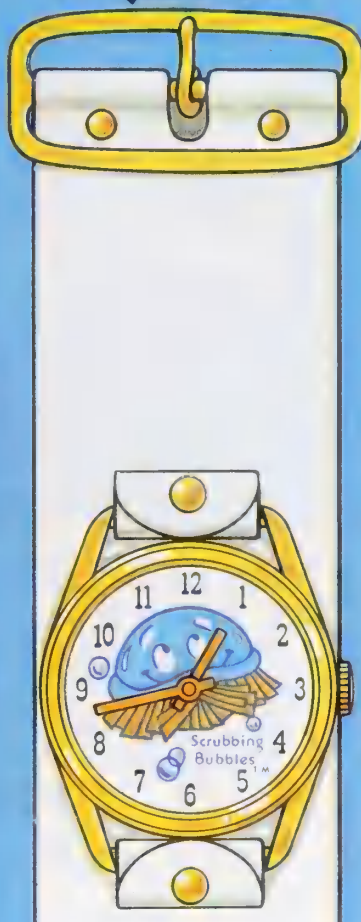
"No," Hubert Humphrey replied. "I will not be a candidate for President in 1976. I have had my run at it. I tried to do well. I hope that I have been a constructive force in American politics. I will settle for that. And, much as I love public life, I'm beginning to want a little more private life. I look at my wife, my children and grandchildren and I know their years are not inexhaustible. I love them. I want to be with them. And I'm not. I'm a duty man, a workaholic."

I repeated this conversation later to Mrs. Humphrey, whose willingness to take on all questions is well known.

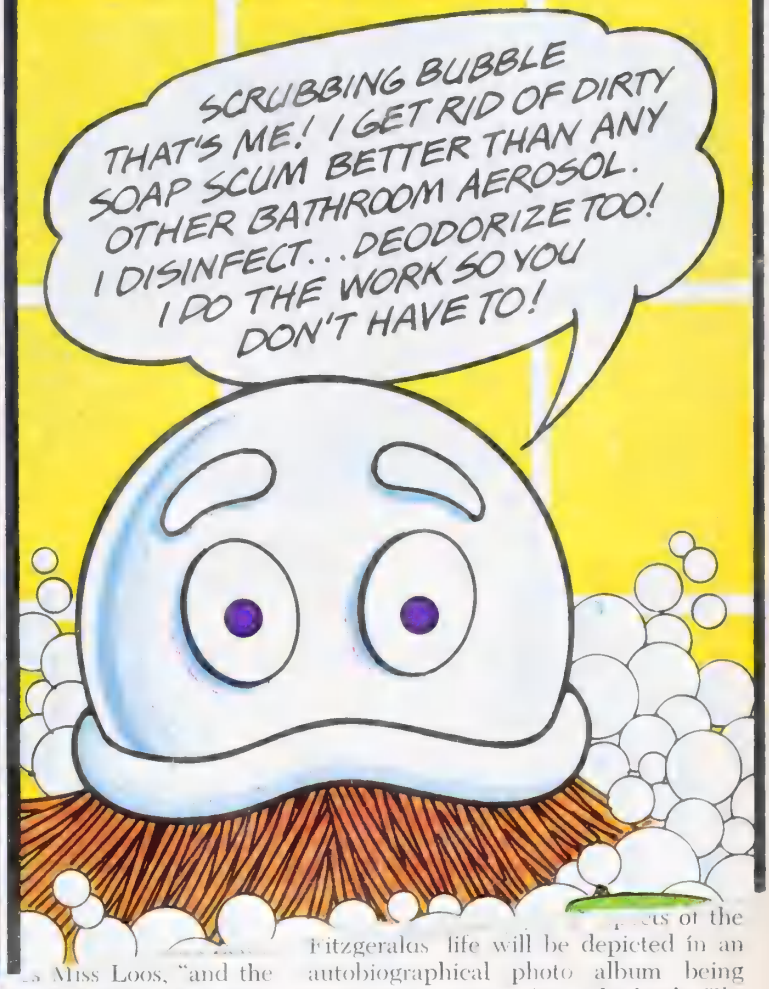
"You must have been talking with the Senator between five and seven o'clock," she surmised correctly. "That's his low point of the day. I have no doubt that he'll be running for the Senate in 1976. He's traveling all over the country, making speeches and finding a deep affection for him everywhere, particularly in Minnesota. His spirits are up again, and he feels better than he has in five years. We're very thankful." **END**

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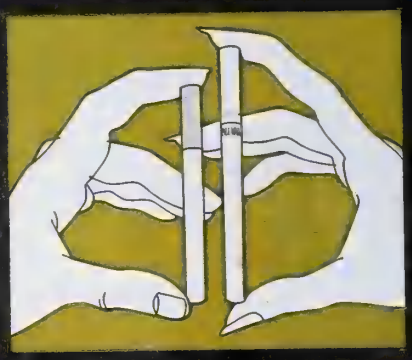
...s Miss Loos, "and the ... crib bawling her poor ... elda was afraid Scottie's ... get them evicted, so she ...g bottle with warm water, ... gin and then, looking as ... Botticelli Madonna, fed the ... Scottie. As we went into ... the baby was already in a ... roubled over being left alone ... in strange surroundings."

... ly. I was too young to re... this happened," Scottie says. ... fifty percent of what has ... ten about my mother and ... been sheer invention. ... is no question but that my ... 's behavior was indefensible on ... y occasions. He seems to have had ... pects of the Fitzgeralds' life will be depicted in an autobiographical photo album being published in November. The book, *The Romantic Egotist*, was edited by Scottie, one of her roommates at Vassar, Joan P. Kerr, and Fitzgerald expert Professor Matthew Bruccoli.

Scottie says that once the fanfare over the movie version of *Gatsby* and her new book is finished, "and the people are tired once again of hearing about my mother and father, I plan to return to my 'ostrich' state. I'll have mother's watercolors on our walls and a first edition of each of my father's books—but otherwise I'll try to slip out of my 'daughter of' role and into something more comfortable." She also hopes to achieve something her father never could—to "try to spend his money wisely." END

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AVA

continued from page 54

tried to revive the old freewheeling days. She invited hair-dressers, makeup men and wardrobe assistants to her dressing room for lunch, wreaking havoc with the picture's budget. But that's the way she did it at M-G-M—with a choice of red and white wines to go with the gourmet food.

Ava is increasingly aware of economics. Her taxes in England are huge. And [illegible] is aware of the brutal inflation here. [illegible] hours. Believe me, [illegible] Ava is more. But I made up my mind I wouldn't, because codeine is addictive.

Cutting down on pills

"Then in February, with my doctor's approval, I began stretching out the medication. Instead of taking my pills every four hours, I'd take them every six hours. In a span of six hours, I'd have about two hours of painful spasms. Many times I'd say to myself, 'I think I'll go back to four hours,' but then I'd remind myself, 'No. It's like quitting smoking. I'll stick with it.' And then one week in April, the pain suddenly and completely disappeared." This was six months after the spasms had begun in November.

On April 25, Humphrey returned to tinies, a dominant woman who appears to have come to grips with everything in life but herself.

Her chief frustration is her inability to adjust to stardom. After three decades, 38 movies and marriages to three celebrated men, she is thoroughly uncomfortable with her own fame. Sitting at the restaurant table in Beverly Hills, she seemed ill at ease with Ava Gardner, star.

To live simply

"I am really an uncomplicated person," she said. "I like to live simply and [illegible] women can get [illegible] eye. I can do these examinations and men [illegible] left alone there. could be checked for early dinner at our cer, too. A really good blom public places important, and now we've That isn't too these marvelous machines tar me in that seconds can give the whole press refuses the blood. We just have to be attribute all pay for this. It's like a new don't exist. system. The Congress seems to imply can- ing to pay $1.3 billion to devel ese years I nuclear submarine. Surely it s willing to make a similar inves conquering cancer. [illegible] order?" she

"Basically, of course, I'm for al, comprehensive health insural been re- gram. I was among the first to int "The pic- such a bill back in 1950. I consider me to health care a basic human right. Every of

END

SCOTT AND ZELDA

continued from page 62

drawer, because I was so annoyed with him. I wanted to lead my own life. He would tell me what kind of boys to go out with and whether or not to work for the Vassar paper."

He also warned her against doing "anything rash like throwing away your honeymoon in advance. . . ." And refused to let her go into summer stock because, "Honey, I may as well hand you over to the white slavers and make a thorough job of it." He cautioned her that, if she took a drink before she was 20, the world would then say: "There she goes—just like her papa and mama." And he objected to her writing under her own name, Frances Scott Fitzgerald, since "it does push me a little into the background" and "it calls attention to my being of my generation."

In 1948, eight years after Fitzgerald's death, when biographer Andrew Turnbull compiled a book of Scott's letters, Scottie really read them for the first time.

Broke at the time of his death, Scott left Zelda and Scottie "not one red cent, except for a small life-insurance policy." The executor of his estate said at the time, "Scott has left the will of a millionaire and the estate of a pauper." Scottie, midway through her junior ye



at Vassar, was able to continue through graduation only because three Fitzgerald friends—his literary agent, his editor at his publishing house (Scribner's) and the executor—created a fund and loaned her the tuition money.

After her husband's death, Zelda made several trips to New York. Once, after Scottie had married, Zelda came to see her grandchild. Scottie and her family visited Zelda several times in Montgomery, where in her last years she led a quiet life with her mother, gardening and painting. "Fortunately, she gave me a good number of her best watercolors," Scottie says. "The rest were in Montgomery and when mother died [in a fire at a sanitarium in 1948], grandmother threw them out. She was so upset over losing her 'baby' that she couldn't bear to look at them."

Out of print

People often ask Scottie what it was like to be the child of a famous author. Her answer is that she didn't know that he was famous. "He wasn't famous at the time," she says. "In 1929, four years after he published *The Great Gatsby*, the total royalties from it were five dollars and ten cents, plus thirty-four cents in British royalties. When he died, all of his books were out of print and he was having an awful time earning enough to pay his bills. His contemporaries thought of him as a has-been. The fame and fortune came *after* he died."

When asked to evaluate the various books about Scott and Zelda, their daughter admits, "I don't know much about what other people have written about my parents, because I don't like reading about some of the things they supposedly did."

One of the harshest descriptions of Zelda and Scott appears in the new book, *Goodbye, Hollywood*, by Anita Loos. Miss Loos recalls the time she and her husband, playwright John Emerson, arrived at the Fitzgeralds' Paris Hotel suite. "Both Scott and Zelda were tight," writes Miss Loos, "and the baby was in its crib bawling her poor little head off. Zelda was afraid Scottie's screams might get them evicted, so she filled a nursing bottle with warm water, sugar and gin and then, looking as lovely as a Botticelli Madonna, fed the mixture to Scottie. As we went into the night, the baby was already in a stupor, untroubled over being left alone and drunk in strange surroundings."

"Naturally, I was too young to remember if this happened," Scottie says. "However, fifty percent of what has been written about my mother and father has been sheer invention.

"There is no question but that my father's behavior was indefensible on many occasions. He seems to have had no tolerance for alcohol. But I do think his drinking must have been somewhat exaggerated—as it naturally would be, because those are the things he did in public, the things people can remember. I don't see how you could turn out five novels, 160 stories and a lot of other writing if you were drinking as much as he was alleged to be doing. I don't like to dwell on this aspect or on the tragic side of my mother . . . there was so much that was delightful."

Fitzgerald album

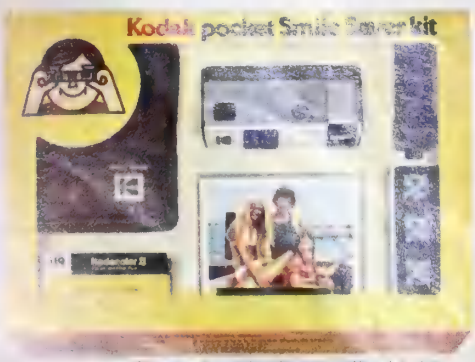
Some of the delightful aspects of the Fitzgeralds' life will be depicted in an autobiographical photo album being published in November. The book, *The Romantic Egotist*, was edited by Scottie, one of her roommates at Vassar, Joan P. Kerr, and Fitzgerald expert Professor Matthew Bruccoli.

Scottie says that once the fanfare over the movie version of *Gatsby* and her new book is finished, "and the people are tired once again of hearing about my mother and father, I plan to return to my 'ostrich' state. I'll have mother's watercolors on our walls and a first edition of each of my father's books—but otherwise I'll try to slip out of my 'daughter of' role and into something more comfortable." She also hopes to achieve something her father never could—to "try to spend his money wisely." END

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Lady

by Thomas Tryon

PART TWO. *What was the unimaginable truth about Lady, the lovely—and mysterious—heroine of Pequot Landing? Read the chilling conclusion of this new novel by Thomas Tryon, best-selling author of* The Other *and* Harvest Home. *First, read what's happened so far.*

Everyone loved Lady Harleigh—the lady of Pequot Landing. During the nineteen thirties and forties, she reigned over the small New England town with its prejudices and puritanical ways. The gossip was that she hid her tragedy—a young marriage cut short—behind laughter. She was the faithful but lonely widow who had loved and lost Edward Harleigh, the town's richest heir. But to Woody, the adoring small boy growing up across the Green, she was more: a figure of glamour and elegance as she was chauffeured about town in her handsome car by her Negro houseman Jesse; a fun-loving friend who devised "larks" for Woody and his family; a generous neighbor to all, reserving special kindness for those who needed it most.

If she brought young Woody joy, she also brought pain. There was always the dark, elusive side of her personality—black moods during which she "retired" behind the drawn shades of her house, protected from the outside world by Jesse and Elthea Griffin, her devoted housekeeping couple. She would be out of his life for months at a time, removed into some secret world he could not understand. Then she would re-emerge, as gay and charming as ever, and their special friendship would return to normal. She was the confidante to whom he disclosed what he thought a sordid discovery—an affair between his idol Blue Ferguson and the older, married Mrs. Pierson. It was Lady who salved his hurt, gently explained the relationship, then trusted him to understand even more—that the real test of love is compassion and understanding.

Still, he was convinced there were strange goings-on in the big brick house across the Green—and the odd behavior of Lady and her servants after one of the unexplained visits of a red-haired stranger, Mr. Ott, finally led him to the terrible suspicion that a murder had been committed. Was that the secret the three of them shared?

Easter came and Jesse was still alive, was indeed a tough nut to crack. During that spring vacation, Lady engaged us to give her summerhouse a fresh coat of paint. Dora Hornaday hung about as she so often did, spying on us, sometimes from the loft of the carriage house.

She seemed not to hear when spoken to; her ears were plugged with large wads of cotton, part of the treatment that was being administered at a clinic Lady was sending her to. The doctors had determined that it was Dora's ear trouble that kept her in her continually half-realized, dreamy state.

Then, suddenly and from nowhere, the blows fell.

I was working on a large model of the *Hindenburg* zeppelin. Having used every pin available from Mother's sewing box, I went to borrow some from Lady.

As usual, the kitchen door was unlatched. I went upstairs to find the tin

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box where I knew she kept her sewing things. I began picking out what straight pins I could find. Among them was the little steel key for Edward Harleigh's chifforobe, which I returned with the rest of the pins. I put the cover on, then started out.

They were there on the floor, just a part of them. I stopped, stared. Something occurred; a thought, the merest. I dismissed it, or tried to, but then I felt a sort of panic, an enlarging sensation that expanded my stomach and made my knees buckle. It was the numb, stricken feeling one gets, the slow-rising flood of realization, of fear, that sets the adrenal glands secreting.

Still I had not realized all of the truth. It was proof, but not enough. I rushed to the sewing box and took the key. I unlocked the chifforobe. Shame, fear, disgust engulfed me.

It couldn't be.

Yet it was.

Stopping my breath because I could not stop the sight of what I was looking at, I began pulling things on hangers from the pole, and threw them on the floor.

"What on earth—"

Lady Harleigh stood in the doorway. I hated the sight of her.

She looked about at the confusion of strewn things, the ransacked chifforobe. "Oh, my dear." A faint smile appeared at the corners of her mouth, a sad smile, the smile of things remembered—or perhaps of things best forgotten.

She moved beside me at the bed. I stepped quickly away, but she only bent to pick up the slippers. She held them in her hands and, outraged, I saw with what affection her fingers stroked the needlepointed toes, Jesse Griffin's slippers, which I had seen sticking out from under the dust ruffle of the bed.

I stared, not at her but at the chifforobe, its inventoried contents: the stacks of starched shirts—not Edward Harleigh's, but Jesse Griffin's things. I started to feel sick again.

"Will you come and sit?" She nodded toward the vanity bench. I moved to her but did not sit. Two steps away was close enough.

She began speaking. "Do you remember—last spring? When we walked? By Paulus's pond? I told you then that you were old enough to understand some things, old enough at that moment. And you were. As you are older now, you must understand more. Will you try?"

I refused to answer. I would never speak another word to her as long as I lived. I dug my fingers into the openwork of the crocheted spread that covered the bed where she slept with Jesse Griffin.

"It would be easy for me to say that Jesse's things were moved in here only since his illness. I will not say that, because it isn't true. His things have always been in this room, for almost twenty years, ever since he came. This is our room together. That is the truth of it. I would like to tell you why. Will you try to understand?"

"*No!*" I let the word rip out at her. I wanted to hurt her, as the wounded lover wants to hurt, to retaliate, to reject her thought of ever understanding, a renunciation of her entire person.

"You're not a child any longer, a little boy. I told you there were things you must understand about life and about people if you are ever to be happy."

"Why?" I was the sassy boy, mocking her with the question; as if I or anyone could ever understand such a gross thing.

"Because if we love people we try to understand. Even when it's difficult. We try to feel what they may be feeling. We try to know their pain. I beg you—"

She did not entreat with her eyes, but gazed at the slippers in her hands with such caring, such devotion, such—love. . . .

"*He's a dirty nigger!*"

I shouted the words as I flung myself toward the door. "*And you're nothing but a nigger-lover!*"

I lived with the dreadful knowledge, all my fears centered around that one dark secret.

Jesse was standing in the doorway, blocking my passage.

"Easy, son, easy."

"Elthea's your wife!" I shouted.

"Let him go," Lady said, not rising from where she sat.

"Your wife!" I spat the words at him.

"*Let him go!*" Lady sprang from the chaise and crossed the room with one-two-three quick strides. Then, using the flat of the slipper, she slapped me once across the face. "You make me ashamed of you." She pushed her way past and went out.

"No, son," Jesse said as he bent to pick up the things from the floor, "Elthea's not my wife. She's my sister."

His sister—not his wife, his sister!

And there it was, the truth revealed. And I lived with the dreadful knowledge, all my fears centered around that one dark secret, but I quickly saw that this was the core of the fruit, and that the flesh around it was rotten as well. There was much more to be discovered, and it came, one thing leading to another until I realized how incredible it all was.

I thought of the rides about town Jesse in front, she in back, the speakin tube connecting them—laughing. Th drawn shades, the two behind them—laughing. Lady Harleigh, Jesse Griffin—linked; coupled. How could she, hov could *they?* How clever she was, hov cunning her duplicity, the pose of de voted widow, mourner.

I resolved I would tell, that I woul run into church on Sunday and an nounce it to the congregation: she ha sinned, she has fornicated, with a *nigger*

But before I could, it was accom plished otherwise. And it was the great est injury to my friend—for although didn't know it, or care, Lady was still m friend—that she thought me responsible

School let out, and Ma told me tha the following September I would be al lowed to go away to school, an event regarded with mixed emotions, but went willingly enough to make the ob ligatory visit and meet the faculty an teachers.

When I returned, it was just befor the storm of scandal broke over Lady' head. It was the postman who, unwit tingly, now performed the service tha revealed to everyone the secret I alon had known. From door to door he wen with letters "from a friend," disclosin the information that Adelaide Harleigh née Strasser, widow of Edward, was liv ing in sin with her houseman.

First the letters, then the talk, then full-blown scandal. Notorious was th word. It was a topic of prime impor tance at the Town Meeting. The gan at the firehouse explored the situation i all its shabby details, as did the boys o the platform of the seed store.

There were nasty doings. As testimon of what Northern gentlemen thought o ladies who had truck with gentlemen o color, who as everyone knew were eater of watermelon, a dozen of these were smashed on Lady's lawn.

I thought the sinners justly punished

During the following year, the scan dal more or less ran its course—and while people still talked about it, everything that was to be said had been said, every opinion ventured. In the end Lady was considered no more than a rich perso with eccentric proclivities. The slow realization grew in me that though I had kept the secret and felt betrayed, it was nothing to my own betrayal of the years of kindness I had received across the Green.

It was Aggie who realized first what had made me silent and mean for so long, that somehow I had known. She kept at me until I admitted that I had called Jesse a name—I would not say which name—and she pleaded with me to make it right, but I could not. I would hang around the Elm, thinking I would receive some kind of signal for rapprochement, but though they came and went and though I lingered, there

was no sign that I existed or was even visible to any of their eyes.

The ultimate tragedy came late in the summer. One afternoon, Lew, Harry, and I went to dig clay for a cliff dwellers' model plane we intended to build.

Clay of the sort we needed could be found around the culvert in the bank below the railroad crossing. Dora Hornaday was in her accustomed spot at the freight depot, throwing rocks in the cinder bed.

At the crossing we saw Lady Harleigh's car pulling in. While Jesse got out of the driver's seat and opened the door, she took a parcel from the back and carried it toward the station, intersecting our path.

"Hello" was all she said, giving me not the smallest glance. But a great hello to Dumb Dora. Her ears wadded with cotton, she gave no evidence of hearing the greeting. "What's that you have there," Lady continued, "a hoptoad?" I saw something dark leap in Dora's hands. Dora released the toad and let it hop along the platform, while she crouched behind it.

Lew, Harry, and I crossed the tracks and started to descend the bank to the culvert. The train whistle sounded from up the tracks. Jesse backed out, and just before the striped wigwag arm began signaling, he started the car across the track.

What happened took only seconds. The train whistle blew three sharp blasts in rapid succession. I thought they were warnings for Jesse, who inexplicably had jerked the car to an abrupt stop just short of clearing the crossing, had thrown open the door, jumped out, and was hurrying along the railroad ties. Then I saw what was happening: Dora, crouched over the hoptoad, was directly in the path of the oncoming train. People were running from all directions, Jesse from the crossing, Lady from the freight office.

Jesse was straining as he raced along the ties. I heard Lady call out to stop him. The cowcatcher struck the car with a grinding concussion. Gradually the train slowed to a stop. I leaped over the coupling of two freight cars in time to see Jesse safe beside the tracks as he handed Dora over.

He pushed his hat back and wiped his brow with relief. He took an awkward step forward, and a second. Then his arms went rigid, his head snapped back, and his hat fell off. Lady cried out, and as she reached him he toppled forward and collapsed next to the tracks as the engineer and the other trainmen came running up. I ran to Lady.

She cradled the body of the black man in her arms. His breath came in a raspy sound from deep in his chest, which his hand spasmodically clutched. Lady looked up at the circle that had gathered around and asked that someone call a doctor and a priest. Jesse's eyes focused on me.

"Stupidy," he whispered with a little smile. I did not know why he said it, or what he meant, nor do I know now. Perhaps it was his comment on the indignity of his dying—the foolish, unhearing child, the train bearing down, his running despite the doctor's orders. Or perhaps it was the fact of the breach between us, that things that came between people, that caused grief and pain, that scarcely matter—all of these were "stupidy." Or perhaps he meant all of life.

"Shake, son?"

The sight of his face blurred with my tears as I put my white hand into his black one.

"Shake, sir," I whispered back. Still he looked at me, and his expression seemed to say, We are different, but what does it matter now; it all comes to the same thing.

Lady's head bent toward him. I heard a mumbled sound, several, then a pause. When Lady raised her head, Jesse was dead.

Lady had until Jesse's death been that rarest of creatures, a happy woman.

One of the trainmen knelt to Lady and tried to extricate her from her position beside the tracks. Mute, she shook her head, folding her arms around Jesse's shoulders and holding him fiercely against her.

A siren wailed out on the street.

I crouched by Lady, offering her my hand. She stared at it, then at me, then at Jesse, then spurned my help, getting to her feet unaided. Someone came from a car that had pulled up and helped her toward it. The train engineer stepped up for a closer look.

"Listen," he said, "someone get this coon's car off my tracks, can't they? I got a late train here."

Jesse's body stayed by the railroad tracks for two hours more. Mr. Foley, the local undertaker, was called, but when he arrived and discovered whose body it was, he found that his schedule did not permit him to do the undertaking. Finally a firm in the city agreed to make the funeral preparations and Jesse was taken away.

Interment became another problem, and so, after services, the body was returned to Barbados. Lady and Elthea took it home.

When Lady returned, without Elthea, she closed herself up in her house again. It was to be her final retirement.

Summer ended, and I started packing to go away to school.

Meanwhile there was Ag, whose blue, accusing eyes seemed to follow me wherever I went, waiting for me to make a move toward Lady, and ask for her forgiveness, and for Jesse's.

"But we shook hands," I told her fiercely. "He forgave me—I know he did."

"It's easy for the dead to forgive," she replied, equally fierce, "but it's the living you've got to ask it of!" I did not tell her how Lady had ignored my hand, had in fact shown exactly what her sentiments were regarding me. And the more Ag argued, the more I found it impossible.

I could not face Lady Harleigh. I hurt for her, was sorry for her, sorrier for myself, but nothing could make me go to her.

I reasoned that I had been made a goat of, victimized. It was a shabby business, those three over there, and I their dupe. I could not see that the relationship served to illustrate the endless variety of human congress, and that kindred spirits sought each other out in many guises. Nor did it occur to me that far from being the lonely widow we had thought her to be, Lady Harleigh had until Jesse's death been what she seemed to be most of the time: that rarest of creatures, a happy woman.

It did not matter that she had been open and honest with me, had prepared the ground for my eventual understanding of the matter, and was in fact counting on it; in this regard I did mean something to her, and in the same regard I was letting her down.

It was while I was packing that we learned about Blue Ferguson. His mother had received word that he had been killed in Spain. It was a bitter blow to her—a bitter blow for all of us who had been his friends. No one now remembered Mrs. Pierson or the reason for his leaving. As we had lost Jesse, so we had lost Blue, though I suppose there was none to draw the parallel. Both I had loved, both I had been betrayed by, both were dead.

And so the days wound down, until shortly before I was to leave, and still I had not gone across the Green. And then the storm came, and it did for me what nothing else could do: it drove me back where I should have gone of my own accord.

There'd been a wind brewing for days, and the rain came in squalls; the frequent radio bulletins kept us informed of the progress of the storm, calling it a hurricane.

As usual, Ma had gone to the laun-

dry, and the schools, as usual, were open.

From our porch I watched Miss Berry make her way from her door, crossing the Green and heading for Lady's house. I thought the wind would blow her away, but she got to the door and was admitted.

Then she came out, and marched back across the Green toward our house.

I opened the door. Rage and contempt were on Miss Berry's windblown face as she confronted me. *"You told!"*

"Told?" What was she talking about?

"You told about Lady and Jesse."

I felt amazement and then outrage. "No, I didn't. I never said a word."

"You did *not* tell? *No* one?"

"No. . . ." My voice rose in a disconsolate wail on the wind.

Miss Berry darted me a look, then closed the door, leaving me behind it, trembling in anger. How could Lady have said it? I had never mentioned a word, not to anyone. Would she put the blame on me for spite? Instantly my feelings toward her hardened.

When Lew and Harry got home from school, Lew called Mother and told her not to try to come home. Where was Agnes, she fretted on the other end of the line.

We were all worried. The other schoolchildren had gone by, but no Ag. Our worry increased as the storm did.

Then into this chaos came Agnes, our sister, with Miss Berry. Miss Berry marched, rather than walked, up the walk, up the steps, and into the house.

She had come, she said, directly from the parlor of Mrs. Porter Sprague, whom she, Miss Berry, had encouraged in no uncertain terms to surrender the truth concerning the poison-pen letters. It was indeed Mrs. Sprague who had circulated them. And how had Mrs. Sprague come by this information?

Through Dumb Dora.

Spying from the carriage-house loft, Dora could see into Lady's bedroom window, where unnoticed she had witnessed demonstrations of affection between Lady and Jesse which even Dora's opaque mind could hardly construe otherwise.

"Lady said you were the one," Miss Berry said, "but I told her you weren't. Go to her—hurry. She needs you. She still thinks it was you. Tell her you didn't."

I lowered my eyes. "I can't."

"You—can't?" The words exploded with disbelief. "You shall! You must!"

I felt a hand on my back and was whirled around to face Ag, her young fury matching Miss Berry's elderly one. Who did I think I was? she demanded. I had never heard her talk so much or so fast or so angrily. Who had taken us in and opened her house to us when we were flooded? Yes—and how did Nonnie get to go to normal school, except that Lady talked Mother into it, and paid her tuition. And who did I think was helping to send me away to school! Who gave and nursed and took care of us, and not only us, but everyone—there wasn't a family in town practically who wasn't obliged to her—and who was now as miserable a woman as could be found?

Finished, she fled in tears. I looked at Harry and Lew, who turned away.

Then, suddenly, I was running from the room, downstairs and out the door, headed for Lady's back door. I stepped into the kitchen, then called; there was no reply. Then I heard a sob. I ran down the hall.

In the living room, Lady was crouched beside the wing chair. I hardly knew her, she looked so dreadful. Her hair was uncombed, her face swollen and red, her eyes staring wildly. I remembered her saying once that storms frightened her. Before I could move to her, she began dragging herself across the floor toward me, her hands flung up in supplication. I dropped to the floor and threw myself into her arms, telling her not to cry, telling her that everything was all right now, that I was there.

"I was in love with Edward, or thought I was, but I was afraid of him."

And so we became friends again. Each of us, Lady and I, renegotiated our relationship charily, not mistrusting each other, but aware of damage already done. I was also aware that in keeping my promise to Jesse I would have to "act grown-up," not "stupidy," and so it happened through the next half-decade that I became more and more the adult, and she the child.

But if I hoped she would provide an occasion for explanation, none came. She seemed disinclined to speak about anything of a personal nature; neither of us mentioned the scene in the bedroom with the needlepoint slippers.

Soon after the hurricane, I went away to school. I would turn fifteen the following January. Though Lady had helped provide funds to make it possible, and though I went, I did not like it. Blankenship School was a preparatory naval academy near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which enabled its students to prepare for a naval career. Although it was nondenominational, to me it resembled nothing so much as a church afloat, for there were tedious chapel services twi —sometimes three times—daily.

I returned home for the holiday Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, ar then suddenly it was summer again.

From visit to visit, as I returned ov the years, I observed changes, sma but all leading to the final result. La was alone now, and getting older. T light that was Lady Harleigh no burned with a mellow incandescence. in time she became querulous, argume tative, even unreasonable, as she calle on the last of her resources and foug the specters around her—Edward's, ar then Jesse's—these seemed the on means at her disposal to fend off t phantoms of guilt that plagued her.

That winter she had suffered a sligl accident—slipped on some ice at h back doorstep and fractured her ankl Dr. Brainard put her in a cast, whic did not come off until early summe And it was during that last summer peace that she chose finally to expla matters to me.

Lady telephoned to ask if I would with her for a "special little drive," was such a lovely day. We went Lamentation Mountain, to a spot s seemed particularly to favor.

It was a sort of lookout, affording handsome view of the valley. We settl ourselves comfortably.

Then, "Shall I tell you? Now? Shall tell you about Edward—and Jesse?" T names slid out so easily, so unexpecte ly, so out of nowhere, that it took m unawares.

And it was there, on Lamentatio Mountain, on a summer afternoon, th she told me the story of herself, and Edward Harleigh, her husband, and Jesse Griffin, who had been her love

But the story began with Edward.

"I did not want to marry Edward. was in love with him, or thought I wa but I was afraid of him. That is to sa I wasn't sure I liked him—there's a di ference between being in love wi someone and liking him. I knew abo his drinking and running around. T marriage was arranged by old Mr. Ha leigh. He was old and ailing, and mo than anything before he died he want an heir to the Harleigh name. I couldn imagine why he picked me, except th he decided I was a realistic and sensib girl, and that if Edward found me a tractive I could change him. And thought I could, too. Then Mama w at me and at me to accept Edward. H really gave me the rush. He'd com with Daddy Harleigh's sleigh—yo sleigh, darling—and we'd ride all throug the town, the rich part of town—remem ber, we lived on Knobb Street—and he tell me what it would be like when w were married.

"I would have preferred a long e gagement, but Mama was all haste f

the wedding. Everyone seemed to be. Then I had no choice.

"I'd wanted to go to Europe for our honeymoon, but the Harleighs thought otherwise and so we went to Mexico instead. I was very surprised—"

"Why?"

"By the way things were arranged, and the way Edward behaved. It's not important, really. Anyway, it turned out I was going to have a baby, but—I didn't. We came quickly home again.

"I became a good housewife. But it—just didn't work. Edward did some terrible things, went back to all of his old ways. Then it turned out I was pregnant again and I was determined to keep the child this time. Miss Berry came over and looked after me. Extraordinary how much Edward wanted that child, even though I knew he hated me.

"By this time I hated him, too—at least, I realized the mistake I'd made. There were terrible scenes. I offered to go away after the baby was born, and he said I could go, providing I left the child. I could never have done that. Daddy Harleigh tried to get Miss Berry to keep me locked up. But they didn't reckon on Miss Berry.

"There was a dreadful business about a dog she'd given me. There was an awful row; Miss Berry tried to save the baby, but couldn't. It died. After that there wasn't any point in trying anymore. Edward said he'd go away and get himself killed in France, and I really believe he meant it. At least I don't think it was his intention to come back a hero.

"Daddy Harleigh was ill by that time, his final illness, but it wasn't until after he'd died that I found out that certain papers had been signed, first an agreement with my mother concerning financial arrangements, and another, entailing his entire estate in Edward's name, and stating that neither he nor I might inherit unless we lived in a "suitably chosen property" in Pequot Landing for the remainder of our lives. That property, of course, was the house on the Green, which the old man had always coveted.

"But after my fall, things had gone badly with me. I'd get dizzy spells and have blackouts. I couldn't remember things. Then one day I woke up and couldn't speak. Literally. Not a word.

"Miss Berry took over again. She arranged for me to go South, to Virginia. I thought my life was over. But it was only the beginning. I met Jesse Griffin."

Jesse, the sequel to Edward. I wanted to go back over what she had already told me. I felt there were so many missing parts, things I didn't understand, but I waited until she spoke again. And now the scene shifted to a place called Broadmoor, an expensive rest home and sanitarium. Upon arriving, Lady found the doctors curiously uninterested, and only conventionally attentive. It was generally assumed that she would never speak again.

But the doctors had not reckoned with a West Indian black named Jesse Griffin. The son of a poor Barbadian fisherman, his father had recognized his potential, and the family was made to save and contribute to an educational fund for him. Jesse, knowing what a toll this took, wanted to become well educated, to get on in life, and help his family in return. But when he received his degree from Howard University, in Washington, he couldn't find the sort of employment he sought; hence he had taken a job as orderly at Broadmoor. And it was as he wheeled Lady's chair around the gardens that he gained her confidence and, by patient instruction, got her to speak again.

Having been raised in the North, Lady was shocked at the treatment of Southern Negroes. She was quick to realize that the man who was spending endless hours encouraging her to speak again was himself muffled, not by any fall, but by his fellow-man. Interest bred sympathy, sympathy bred love, and love bred an affair. They became lovers.

He brought her home and locked her up. She was to be a prisoner.

But there was a villain in the piece. Eotis Thorne, also a Negro, worked in a different section at Broadmoor. But, unlike Jesse, Eotis Thorne hated white people. "Hated them—hated me. He'd follow us wherever we went and spy on us. And he used that dreadful word every chance he got."

"Which word . . . ?"

" 'Nigger.' " I thought her smile the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. There was forgiveness in it, and memory forestalled, and all the compassion a man might seek. "Eventually he discovered that I was helping Jesse financially—I'd arranged through the bank to have some money transferred and it went to his daddy in Barbados. I was urging Jesse to go on with his premedical studies, but he felt he couldn't take the time to finish his full medical. He needed to send money to his family.

"I was better—well enough to go home, really—but I couldn't bear the thought of being parted from him, nor he from me. His sister had come from the island, and I'd moved into a little bungalow in the town, and Elthea came to keep house for me. She'd lost her husband, and we became friends. I used to talk to her about Jesse; she knew, of course, that I loved him. I couldn't divorce Edward—it was unheard of. I was a Catholic, remember. Not only that, Edward was a serviceman, and patriots did not divorce the men overseas. Nor would Daddy Harleigh ever have countenanced such a thing.

"Then I got a letter saying that Edward had been gassed, and as soon as he had recuperated he was being brought home. By then I could walk and talk, and there was no reason to stay on, except for Jesse. He was heartbroken, but he'd never let me know it.

"Just before he came to drive me to the station, I had a visitor. It was Eotis Thorne. He said he knew who I was, and where I came from, and that he wanted money from me, or he would expose me and Jesse. I agreed that when I got home I would send him a thousand dollars. This seemed to satisfy him.

"So I went home again. Edward came back. He was worse than before, mean and sardonic; and worse, Daddy Harleigh insisted we go away, a sort of second honeymoon, and he'd arranged a trip to Sea Island, Georgia.

"I could scarcely breathe when we went through Washington; Jesse seemed so near to me. I wrote him from Sea Island, saying I must see him again. On the way home we stopped off in Washington. I'd arranged to meet Jesse in a drugstore around the corner. I told him how unhappy I was, and how much I needed him. He asked me to run away with him then and there, go back to his island. I should have. But I couldn't. We had no money, nothing. I started to cry. Jesse took my hands in his. There was a notions counter. I saw Edward standing there, watching. He'd followed me."

He took her back to the hotel and got the truth from her. He said filthy things to her, beat her. She asked him to let her go. Enraged, he said he was taking her home and would do with her what such women should have done to them. He had always found her an object for his lust, and he would use her in any way he chose. She realized he could never tell anyone; he would never besmirch his father's name. He brought her home and locked her up. She was to be a prisoner in the house. He moved his things to another room, and while she stayed upstairs, he was down, drinking. Once he told her if she really wanted to leave, she could kill him. He would enjoy that, he said.

She continued: "Daddy Harleigh died, leaving Edward his heir. That winter I came down with influenza. Miss Berry came to the rescue again. While I was sick, Edward took him-

self off to New York. Then Edward came home again and—" She broke off.

"It was Edward who died. I got well, and he got sick. His lungs were feeble after his gas attack in the Argonne Forest, and he had no resistance.

"And I was free at last. I should have left Pequot then, there was nothing to keep me. When Mrs. Harleigh died, the family was all gone, but there was the money. Daddy Harleigh's will was valid and as long as I stayed in the house I inherited everything. And that was that."

More or less. There had been the awful winter when she was in the house alone, when Mrs. Sparrow had gone to her. By March she knew what she was going to do. In April she announced she was looking for new help. Jesse and Elthea arrived at the end of the month, having replied to Lady's "advertisement."

"I had no idea that Elthea would come, too, but she insisted. Out there, in the world, there would be race problems all the time. Here at home I was safe, we were all safe, from the world. Or so I thought.

"It all seemed so simple. I had known I'd never be able to give up the money, the house—all the good things. It was Jesse's idea, really. Jesse's father needed medical attention. I was able to help his family, you see, with the Harleigh money.

"And it worked, most of the time. It became a kind of game, Jesse in his livery, driving me out in the Minerva. We'd talk back and forth through the tube, laughing and joking, and nobody suspecting a thing.

"Then there was the shrine, as Ruthie Sparrow always called it. You must know, it made Jesse very angry for me to put those things out on the table. I told him it was for show—to appear the grieving widow. But what he didn't know then was that Edward had come back. At least I thought he had. I imagined I'd see him, watching us, laughing at us, waiting—all the time waiting. At first I tried not to let anybody know—I'd just go upstairs to our room and pull the shades, thinking I could get away from him that way, but he was there. He was everywhere. After a time I'd come out of it, but then there'd be whole patches I couldn't remember. It was like a form of amnesia. By that time I knew people were talking about me, so I just let them, thinking it might keep them from talking about something worse. And there Edward would be on the gateleg table, and I kept him there to remind myself. I hated myself for doing it—but it was a form of expiation, I suppose. The photographs stayed on the table until the party—the end-of-the-flood party. Jesse just wouldn't stand for it any longer, he said I absolutely had to put them away." (And finally I realized that I had been wrong in assuming that it was Colonel Blatchley who had insisted that the things be removed.)

"I was always afraid, you see. Afraid that—wanting Jesse, and having him, was too much to ask, that we'd paid too high a price.

"Then I heard from Eotis Thorne. He wanted more money. I was deathly afraid Jesse would find out, and do something terrible. You've never seen Jesse's temper, but he had one, believe me. And it was Jesse, you see, who first brought it home to me that you must be told before you stumbled on the truth accidently. He said I must prepare you for the truth, and when you'd heard it you would understand."

"But I didn't."

"Do you now?"

"Yes—I think so."

Still, there were questions.

"Did Jesse ever find out about—"

"Eotis Thorne? Yes. It wasn't just me he hated, but Jesse, too. Eotis was a Negro, you see, but with lots of white blood, which made him rejected by his own people. He could have passed for white—very light skin and red hair. You saw him several times when he came to threaten me."

"There was nothing I wouldn't have done for Jesse. Nothing I didn't do."

"Eotis Thorne was the red-headed man?"

"Somehow I thought you knew. He never used the *E*, but called himself Otis Thompson Thorne. His initials were O.T.T. He was your Mr. Ott. Jesse shot him."

Through the rest of the summer the tale absorbed all my waking thoughts. I could think of nothing else. But of the true facts there seemed only one important one. Lady and Jesse had loved each other. It did not matter what others might have thought, whatever labels might have been attached to the relationship.

Lady's weakness, if she had one, had been that she was unable to give up what she had attained to, the Harleigh money and property and the things it might provide. She wanted to be neither poor nor alone. Jesse's coming there seemed the perfect answer. Why, we had wondered for so long, had a man like him been content with being a houseman? His content had come from elsewhere. Having wanted to be a doctor and take care of many, he had been happy taking care of one.

The key, of course, had been Elthea, who, loving them both, had been willing to be a party to the deception. For under no circumstances could the two have lived alone in the house.

"It was not done simply," Lady had said. "We paid a terrible price. He did, and I did." Here her calm expression had slightly altered, her tone as well, and it seemed to me that perhaps there was something more than the apparent price that had been paid, the feeling she was withholding one last piece of the story.

"He was all my hope, you see. There was nothing I wouldn't have done for him. Nothing I *didn't* do. Nothing."

And nothing he hadn't done for her. I thought again of Eotis Thorne, my Mr. Ott, who had threatened their existence, and whom Jesse had done away with. Lady had told me how he had removed the body to the cellar on that Halloween night, and then put on the coat and hat, and taken the streetcar, as a decoy, in case anyone—like me—had seen him arrive. But still she had not revealed to me of the final disposition of the corpus delicti.

Meanwhile, Hitler's panzers rolled into Poland, and the world, our town, and all our lives became different. It was another beginning, or another ending; I could not tell which.

That fall Lady had another accident, one that, though we did not know it then, proved the beginning of her early decline into ill health, and eventually her death. She'd fallen. There were no fractures, but her old ankle injury kicked up and she was incapacitated, in addition to which she suffered painful bruises over much of her body. When Dr. Brainard examined her, her blood was found to be lacking in red cells, and treatments were instituted to correct this deficiency.

Worse was to come; a painful series of blood transfusions, hospitals, and the gradual wearing down of the entire machinery.

Coming home for the Thanksgiving holiday, I made the long trip down from New Hampshire by bus. When we pulled in at a gas station and I got out to go to the bathroom, a pickup truck was parked at the pump. The driver looked vaguely familiar as I passed, and when I came out again I discovered he was Rabbit Hornaday. I hadn't seen him in some time and, like me, he had grown considerably. He offered me a ride to Pequot Landing.

I was glad of his company. I knew that he had been raising minks, along with numerous other animals, and he said he'd driven up to Saltonville to buy a pair of beavers, which were in

a rough cage in the back of the truck.

As he talked, I could tell he really had a feeling for animals. Far cry, I thought, from the scourge of Pequot Landing who'd massacred the Colonel's Belgian hares.

I asked about his sister Dora. Rabbit said she was getting along well; neither of us mentioned the events that had taken place that day at the railroad crossing. Several times I noticed that he'd bring Aggie's name into the conversation. He was, in fact, taking her to the movies that night. Ag and Rabbit Hornaday?

The following afternoon I went to the library. I saw a girl I did not immediately recognize at a table in the corner. Then I realized it was Teresa Marini, a girl I'd grown up with. What, I wondered, had happened to the Teresa Marini I had known? Had I been away that long?

I went over and invited Teresa to the drugstore where we had a conversation over sodas in the back booth. She was growing into a startlingly pretty young woman.

Shortly after I returned to school, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt addressed the joint Houses the next day, saying a state of war existed between the Axis powers and our country, and I buckled down to the books. I was to be graduated in June, and was hopeful of Officers' Training School, and a commission.

I graduated from Blankenschip that spring. Pequot Landing seemed insignificant and far away when I went to San Diego, where I was eventually commissioned as a line officer. I joined my ship at Bremerton, Washington.

In the meantime Lady had had her accident, the tests had revealed her red-cell deficiency, and Dr. Brainard had discovered that the treatment he had instituted was not working. At last it was decided that Lady must go into the hospital for the first of her long series of transfusions.

She had become querulous and petulant by turns. I heard from Aggie how she complained. She would not confront her illness as she had her life; she weakened, then succumbed to it.

Her trips to the hospital became a regular part of her medical pattern. She had just been released when I returned home on leave, and as I came into her bedroom she gripped my hand, holding me and asking me to help her. She didn't want the doctor to send her back to the hospital again.

"I hate it so. If I have to do that to live, then I don't want to live. I don't--I don't." To relieve her anxieties, I said I would talk to Dr. Brainard.

Dr. Brainard spoke to me with candor, as if we were two adults together. Some of the hospital tests had revealed the fact, undiagnosed originally, that Lady, at the time of her influenza, had also been stricken with encephalitis, generally known as "brain fever." Though she had recovered on her own, she had suffered damage, which was now affecting her thinking processes and hastening the debilitation we were witnessing. The return to the hospital was absolutely necessary. And she would need a nurse when she got home.

It was a long time before I saw her again. But a letter from Aggie warned me of an altered Lady. "The news about Lew upset her, and she always asks when you are coming home."

The report of Lew's death at the Anzio beachhead had been a bitter blow to me, to all of us.

When I came home that winter, I saw immediately the changes in Lady. As I walked into her bedroom, she put on a party smile. "Here's a nice young man come to see me." She regarded me brightly, but I realized she had no idea who I was. "Yes, young man? You're in the Navy, is that it? Does your mother have a star in a window?"

"Yes." I bent and kissed her. She drew back with a sudden swift realization, her eyes brightening. "Is it you?"

"She still sees his ghost. I mean she really sees it . . . ."

She knew me then. I drew up the chair beside her bed. Even with Ag's warning, I was not prepared for the change in Lady. She had aged considerably.

It was another twenty months before I came home again, in early August, 1945. The European war was finished, and by then people were saying it would soon be over in the Pacific as well. Meanwhile, I'd heard in another letter that Lady was much worse. She found little relief from her pain, and in the past year, to everyone's amazement, she had become a difficult patient. In the hospital she had actually slapped a nurse, and the nurse had quit the case. "And she's doing very strange things. She keeps talking to her dead husband. She still sees his ghost—I mean she really *sees* it. She talks to it all the time."

All of this I discussed with Teresa Marini when I found her, by accident, in San Francisco. Our ship returned to San Diego, and I was sent briefly to Treasure Island. I came across Teresa in the De Young Museum. She had spent the early summer at her uncle's there, and was leaving at the end of the week for Pequot Landing. Since I was being granted leave, I arranged through friends to secure two priority plane seats, and Teresa and I traveled to New York together, then took the train to Lamentation Mountain. If anything, Teresa had become more beautiful, and I planned to see a lot of her during my leave.

When I saw Lady, I scarcely recognized her, the change was so great. It is not a pleasant thing to see someone you love wither before your eyes. She was a diminished creature, and now there could be no doubt of it; she was dying.

One afternoon four of us—Teresa and I, Agnes and Rabbit—went on a picnic. I'd brought along a portable radio, and thus it was that we received the news of the Japanese surrender. We packed up our things and hurried back to Pequot Landing.

The town had gone wild with celebration. People were whooping it up in the street outside the fire station and the drugstore. When we got to the Green, it seemed that all the doors were flung open and people were congregating under the branches of the Great Elm. I wished Lew could have been there to see it. And Blue Ferguson.

While Teresa went home with her family, I made my way across the Green.

"Is it really over?" Lady asked weakly when I came into her room.

"It's all over."

"Thank God."

With difficulty she reached out and touched my face. I thought of the winter I'd fallen through the ice, and she had nursed me. Those hands, so loving and so willing. Now it was too much effort for her even to lift them.

She jumped slightly as firecrackers exploded out on the Green. Sounds of merriment came from all directions, like the sounds of one giant party.

The nurse hurried in to shut the window. Lady's eyes caught mine as we listened to the singing. We had recognized it at the same instant.

"Wait," I told the nurse.

"Good night, Lady; good
night, Lady;
Good night, Lady, we're go-
ing to leave you now."

She fumbled for a handkerchief, sniffled, and laughed. The serenade ended. The nurse retired again, and I continued to sit by Lady's bedside. There was still the trace of a smile on her lips as I helped her straighten herself on her pillows. While she dozed, I wandered to the back window and looked out on the flowering garden, and thought of other times. I felt a bitter sorrow then, as ghosts from the past nudged me. I saw Dora spying from the loft window; saw Blue Ferguson's market truck parked at Mrs. Pierson's kitch-

en door. Saw Lady and Jesse making their spring garden. I thought with amusement how they had fooled us all, she playing the Merry Widow while they lived up here as man and wife. I raised a glass to absent friends.

I turned and saw her smiling. She asked me to take her to the chaise by the window. I prepared it, then carried her in the bedcovers to it, where she lay back with a tiny sigh of contentment.

"I wonder . . ." she murmured.

"What?"

"Oh . . . nothing important. . . ." She smiled reassuringly; then her expression altered slightly, became a little sly, a little knowing. "He's down there, you know."

"Who?"

"You know. . . ." Her brows indicated a secret understanding between us. "Our friend. Ott."

On her deathbed, the conclusion, the dénouement, the final revelation. . . .

"Promise not to tell?" She said it like a little girl with a childish secret to be told.

"I promise."

"He's under the brickwork—the walk by the garden. Jesse put him in the garden and began laying the bricks over him. No one will ever know, now. Will they?"

"No. No one will know."

A slight flutter of her fingers on the back of my hand, then she slid off to sleep again. I took her into my arms, returned her to the bed. She stirred uneasily softly moaning, then uttering unintelligible sounds in a strident tone. She opened her eyes.

"Edward?"

"No. It's me." All recognition was gone. I said my name, not a glimmer. "Not Edward. No, I—wouldn't have supposed. He has been here enough, Edward."

"Has he?"

"Yes! Yes, he has!" The words rang out, angry, defiant, as though she found his presence in whatever form indefensible, heinous, not to be borne.

"You have come for the end."

"It's not the end." In that reasoning yet hopeless tone that is self-defeating by its very intrusion.

"Yes. The end. It is coming. He will come for me. He wants me buried beside him. He has told me so. So many times, he has told me. It will be his last revenge." She laughed a wild, crazy laugh and I knew she hardly saw me. I reached to calm her, she flung my hand away. Her torment was more painful to witness than anything that had preceded it. I groped for a glass and the bottle of sedative pills. She began to cry softly.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Yes." I did not know if I spoke as myself or as Edward.

She said, "And Jesse loved me. That is enough for one lifetime. But I have done dreadful things—terrible things—"

"No—"

"I have! I have! I have lived in hell and I will go to hell. It's in the Bible! Dreadful, terrible things!" She did not continue, but lay panting from her exertions. Finally, she closed her eyes.

I walked to the door, then stopped as she murmured something.

"What did you say?"

"I said send for a priest. I want to confess."

She lingered on through the week. On Saturday Father Huegenay was sent for to administer extreme unction; afterward, he left with an awed expression.

She died on Sunday morning. I had gone to First Church with Teresa. When we drove back to the Green, Mr. Foley was coming out the front door, and it was he who gave us the news.

"Well," he said, "she had a nice life, didn't she, Lady Harleigh?"

"Yes," I said, "she did."

All roads may lead to Rome; they do not lead, however, to Pequot Landing. But I have lived to discover that as a road can carry one away, so again it can carry one back.

I have done dreadful things—terrible things—I have lived in hell."

I remember my first visit after having been away for more than ten years. We came back, Teresa and I, to a family reunion, in October. The occasion was Papa Marini's eightieth birthday, and we brought our three children back for it. I had mixed feelings about returning. Ma had died, Nonnie was married and living in Michigan, Harry worked for an oil refinery in New Orleans. The only one of us left was Ag. She had married Rabbit Hornaday, who ran a thriving practice as a veterinarian.

I drove down the road so the kids could see "where Daddy used to live." Who lived there now? The house had twice been bought and sold. The Sparrows were dead. But Miss Berry, as we had heard, was still going. There was no sign of her as we passed; then we were in front of Lady's. My brother-in-law lived there now, Dr. John Marini, a dentist.

Different, all different.

After dinner at the Marini's, on the excuse of going to the store for ciga ettes, I went around the Green agai this time trying to scent out the strang nesses and differences.

I saw Miss Berry sitting in her su parlor. They said she was in her nin ties. She saw me, adjusted her spectacl when I waved, but did not recogniz me until I had rung her bell and sh opened the door. I went in for a visi and as the door closed behind me, th years seemed to gather me up and dra me backward.

We spoke of Lew, dead for twel years, of Blue Ferguson, dead eve longer, and of Elthea, who unfailing sent a Christmas card each year, and last we spoke of Lady. It was like lea ing the best for last. The brick hous Miss Berry said, was very well mai tained by Johnny Marini and his wif Their four children were as bright an incorrigible as ever we had been. C course, they hadn't *known* Lady Ha leigh, but surely, she said, they ha *heard* of her.

I suppose they must have. No or cares much now who are lovers, if the are black and white, mismatched b color, sex, age, or whatever one ma miss by. Lady Harleigh loved her bu ler, was all that people said, not muc more. Yet, if they knew it, there wa more. Had been more, all along, th missing pieces. I got them now fro Miss Berry.

As we reminisced about our ol neighbor, Miss Berry slid effortless into her story. I did not have the feelin she was unburdening herself to me, b merely that close to the end of her lon tenure she wanted to round out for m the story of Lady Harleigh's life.

"She loved you very much, you kno that—you were like a son to her. If sh were still alive, I wouldn't say anythin she wouldn't want me to. Still, Lad can't always have her own way.

"You know she was living over the with her houseman, of course. Th whole town does. No matter, it wa what she wanted. People never kno what it takes to make another perso happy. In any case, she led a trappe life. Trapped by that dreadful mothe trapped by that dreadful father-in-law Ellsworth Harleigh. I know—I wa there."

I looked steadily at her and sai nothing. She continued.

"Edward Harleigh was a ne'er-d well from the beginning. If his fathe didn't hate him, he knew well enoug what sort of son he was raising. Ther was one thing he wanted before h died: an heir. When the lawyers ad vised him to draw up his last will, h gave Edward two choices: to go hi own way and be cut off, or to marry an have a child, in which case he and th wife would inherit equally.

(continued on page 182)

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Thomas Tryon: The Man Behind "Lady"



Photograph by Dwight Halverson Frazier

Thomas Tryon could be a character in one of his own novels. Like the people he has written about in his two best sellers—*The Other* and *Harvest Home*—and now in *Lady*, he is Connecticut born, bred and educated. He is also genteel, highly intelligent, open yet mysterious, and tinged with tragedy. He talks eagerly of his life as a Hollywood actor and novelist, but hesitantly of personal things: his marriage and divorce and his ex-wife's subsequent suicide.

Seated in the white-on-white living room of his triplex apartment on New York's upper East Side, he seems at first more Hollywood than New York, more actor than writer. The expensive shirt and slacks, the sneakers worn without socks, all complement the handsome face, the perfect teeth, the six-foot figure and the full head of reddish-brown hair flecked with gray. But make no mistake about him: the actor *is* a writer. And, as if in some final stroke to make the transition complete, the writer has moved East.

"The minute I saw this place I knew I wanted it," he says. "Look at that garden down there, those trees; it looks more like California than Manhattan. God, when I look around here and think of the first apartment I had in New York. One room. I had to stick my underwear around the window to keep out the cold. I was fresh out of the Navy and Yale University and had come down here to go to the Art Students League—I wanted to paint. In the summer I got a job as assistant stage manager and sign painter at the Cape Cod Playhouse. One night they needed a Roman centurion just to stand around in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. I fit the costume—so I got the part. After the performance, this guy walks up to me and says he is a talent scout for RKO Studios in Hollywood and wants to know if I want a screen test. I couldn't believe it. I hadn't said one word on stage, how did he know I could talk, let alone act? I told him 'No, thanks,' but secretly, I was interested. I began volunteering for parts with one or two lines and getting them. Then one night my line got a laugh. I was hooked!

"Back in New York, I studied drama and did Broadway and TV roles. In 1955 I ended up in Hollywood for Paramount's *The Scarlet Hour*. My career kept going until I ran into Otto Preminger, who directed me in *The Cardinal* [1963] and *In Harm's Way* [1965]. Preminger ruined acting for me. Actors should be treated like people, not animals.

"Generally, people don't treat actors decently. When I tour for my books I see the difference between how actors and writers are treated by the press or TV reporters. Not one of them has ever asked Thomas Tryon, writer, what he sleeps in, but when I was an actor they asked! I knew I had to get out of acting. I wanted to direct, and the only way I could get a directing job was to have a screenplay.

"In June, 1968, I began writing one. I wrote and rewrote every minute of the day, seven days a week. The screenplay evolved into a novel, *The Other*. In May, 1970, Knopf bought it."

Currently, the author is working on a new screenplay and his fourth novel.

Tryon, who will be 50 on January 14, lives alone with his puli dog, Charlotte.

With a divorced man, one inevitably wonders about his marriage (and divorce). "I don't like to talk about my marriage to Annie," he says. "She is a part of my life that's over, a part that I'd rather keep to myself. I met her at the Playhouse and we spent a lot of time together before we married in 1956. We were divorced and she killed herself in 1969. It's a private tragedy. I don't want to share it."—Mary Fiore

LADY

continued from page 180

"It was Mr. Harleigh who decided Edward should marry Lady. Mr. Harleigh had a talk with Mrs. Strasser, and those two got in cahoots. It didn't come out until after the old man was dead, but he'd settled a handsome trust fund on Mrs. Strasser for getting Lady to marry Edward—and I guess she earned the money, because it wasn't an easy job. But little by little, between them, they wore the poor girl down. Edward was charming and handsome. And there was the promise of money in the air; poor Lady, she'd gotten so tired of scrubbing floors.

"So it's arranged that he takes her off on one of those overnight excursions, down to New York on a steamboat. But at Saybrook he got her off the boat and made them miss it. They stayed overnight at a hotel, and he managed to have his way with her, as the saying goes.

"They got married in a hurry. Went to Mexico on their honeymoon. When they got there, Edward informs Lady that she's pregnant. *Edward*, mind you. She'd been examined by the Harleighs' doctor, and he didn't bother informing Lady, or even her mother, but told Mr. Harleigh instead.

"Except the baby miscarried and died. Mr. Harleigh was mad as a wet hen. They got back here and found that he'd picked out a house for them, the one across the Green; it's all furnished, and Lady never had a say in anything.

"Edward went back to his wild ways soon enough, I can tell you. He'd found out about the plot between his father and Mrs. Strasser, and he decided Lady was in on it, too, and he felt *he'd* been trapped. He came to hate poor Lady.

"Finally, she got pregnant again, and I was hired to look after her full time.

Lady told me around that time that she knew she'd made a terrible mistake. She being Catholic, there's no hope of a divorce, even if the Harleighs would have permitted it. And if she leaves him, Edward knows he'll be cut off without a red cent. I was given orders to keep her upstairs and not let her out of my sight.

"I brought her one of my pups, a little Yorkie I thought she'd like for company, but when Edward came home he'd always have that dog locked in the cellar, and he threatened me more than once, I can tell you, saying not to let it upstairs again.

"One afternoon he surprised us—he'd come home early from the country club—we were upstairs, and the dog was on the bed. He came in, weaving in the doorway, and saw the dog. He grabbed me by the arm and pushed me from the room, then slammed *(continued)*

the door. I thought he was going to murder poor Lady—but it was the dog he was after. There were dreadful sounds, and then a fearful smell. He'd picked that poor little thing up and thrown it in the fire, and held it there with the poker, until—oh, it's easy to hate a man who'll hurt a dumb animal like that.

"Pretty soon the door opens and he comes out. Lady comes after him with the same poker he'd used on the dog, and she caught him on the stairs. She hit him, and he struck her back, and she fell down to the bottom. Even then I might have been able to save the baby, but Edward wouldn't let me telephone for the doctor until he'd cleared the house of the burned smell and the evidence about the dog—he didn't want anyone to know what he'd done. I did everything I could to help Lady, but by the time the doctor got there the baby was already slipping.

"After that, there wasn't any use of her trying. She was hurt bad, she lost her powers of speech, and when Edward enlisted and went off to France, I got Lady sent down to a place in Virginia, to recuperate. When she came back, she was talking again, and Edward came home a hero, and I hoped things might get straightened out. They went off down South, but when they came back it was worse then ever. No one saw Lady, and it turned out Edward was keeping her a prisoner over there.

"Then Lady took sick and I was called in again. There was an epidemic of what was called Spanish influenza going around. She was a sick child, and I thought she'd never pull through. She got worse day by day, but Edward didn't care. He took himself off to New York."

She paused, and I thought she was going to get up and fix tea or make another interlude in her story, but she merely eased her back into the chair and looked at me. When she spoke again, I supposed it was some slight digression, the feeble rambling of an elderly person. Shaking her head, she said, "Cain killed Abel; we murder where we will or must." I only returned her look.

She said, "She killed him, you know."

Her look was even and candid, with a hint of wistfulness about it. I thought I had misunderstood something, and the wondering expression I turned to her brought a rephrasing of the sentence.

"Lady killed Edward."

I was trying hard to understand, but was not succeeding. "She murdered him?"

"Yes. Adelaide Harleigh murdered her husband, Edward Harleigh." Thus it was put to me, and I had no reply. Miss Berry continued.

"When Edward got home, Lady's fever was broken, but she was still contagious. That night when I got up for a glass of water, I saw her leaving her bedroom and going into Edward's. He did not put her out that night. He accepted her, and it was the death of him."

"How?"

"She made him make love to her."

"But Edward hated her, wouldn't have anything to do with her."

"Yes, but not that night. That night she managed him well enough."

I could see how it must have gone. Edward had always desired her, even though he hated her. Edward coming back from New York, getting drunk downstairs, coming up, finding her—alluring, irresistible. Taking advantage of his lust, she had seduced him into death with kisses, microbes the murder weapon, hatred the motive.

I heard again Lady's voice, saying the words "There was nothing I wouldn't have done to have Jesse. Nothing. And nothing I *didn't* do."

Nothing, not even short of murder.

"Even if he hated her," Miss Berry was saying, "he couldn't resist. She exposed him, and he knew she'd done it on purpose. He laughed and said he was glad. By then he had contracted a deadly lobar pneumonia. But still he took

(continued)



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LADY
continued

his time to die. I couldn't keep her out of the sickroom. He kept watching her, and sometimes he'd laugh; he said he'd come back, and she lived in her hell. After he died, she got out all those things, medals and pictures and who knew what, and put them right where she could see them, every day. She wanted to be reminded of what she'd done. I told her that it was wrong, but nothing could convince her. I just don't think folks were put on earth to bear that sort of pain, no matter what they've done."

Nor did I. All that guilt, it must have been unbearable.

"Still," Miss Berry concluded, "she was nice, wasn't she? A very nice lady?"

Yes, I agreed, a very nice lady.

Together we shared her secret, but together we shared something else as well, for we knew that a woman may be weak or strong, commit folly, do dreadful and terrible things, be all or be nothing, and be—Lady Harleigh.

I did not go immediately back to the Marinis' but cut across the Green, a familiar path, to the brick house over the way. I wanted to see the garden.

All my earlier feelings of disorientation fled as I looked around me. The flagstone walk still led to the little circle of cemented brick, last resting place of Ott, the corpus delicti. I had changed; this had not.

From the stone bench I saw a figure standing in the driveway. I joined my wife, and arm in arm we walked down the drive. Worried, she had come looking for me.

"What have you been doing?"

"Looking, just looking."

"For what?"

"Something I lost."

"When?"

"A long time ago."

"Did you find it?" She looked at me so earnestly that I laughed.

"Yes, I found it." She seemed relieved, and slid her cold fingers into my glove.

I kissed her cheek and we walked up the Green. People were keeping indoors on that bleak afternoon, and the Green was deserted. But as we walked along, Teresa and I, I thought I could hear the sound of summer voices under the Great Elm, where children played, and it seemed that the wind sang old songs.

As Miss Berry had said, it's good when one feels the affections of the past. They are among the lasting things—they will never leave us.

And, as Lady had told me, never is a long, long time. END

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CAN'T THROW LOVE AWAY

continued from page 123

Still, here she was, hoping the car that had pulled up outside the shop was Dan's.

"When you get your head together," he had said, "you know where you can reach me."

"When you get yours together, I'll be right here."

He had stopped with his hand on the doorknob and turned to look at her across the cranberry glass candlesticks. He was even handsomer when he frowned than when he smiled. For a moment, she had been able to think of nothing except the way it was with his arms around her. But then he had said:

"You know, I can't believe it. You seriously expect me to forget about the new job, don't you? Stay here with you, so you can play antique dealer——"

And she had picked up a Baccarat paperweight as though she meant to throw it, and shouted, "*Play?*" flinging the word at him instead. "*Play?*"

He would never come back the only way she wanted him back. Saying he didn't mean it, and of course he wouldn't ask her to give up the shop that meant so much to her. Never.

Yet when the door opened and it was another man who stood there, everything seemed to flatten down inside her.

He said, "Hello," his head thrust forward a little as though he were nearsighted. "Is it all right if I look around?"

"Sure. Everybody does."

He gave a quick nod and began moving through the little shop, peering at the crowded tables. By now Jenny could usually tell the serious shoppers from the browsers, and she was sure he wouldn't buy anything. Yet he didn't look at all like someone who would poke aimlessly around an antique shop because he had nothing better to do with his time.

An engineer or an accountant, she would have said. Medium-sized and wiry, with a narrow, clever face and a brush of reddish hair. He progressed in an orderly way, wasting no motions, not touching anything. If any object caught his interest, he didn't show it. She was annoyed because she couldn't categorize him. She disliked him because he was a man and not Dan.

When he had covered everything, he came to where she was sitting on an old bar stool, with her feet twisted around the rungs.

"The chandelier," he said. "The custard glass chandelier. How much?"

Not everybody knew custard glass in sight. But he didn't, she thought, looking at the frayed cuffs of his jacket, now enough.

"It's a good buy," she said. "Only three hundred dollars."

She thought he would be shocked, but he only nodded. "That is a good buy. I wish I could afford it. Now I'll come down to earth. What about that rocking chair with the bad gouge in the seat?"

"It's old," she said, "and beautifully proportioned."

"Yes, but by no known maker, and the seat is really bad."

"Well——" She narrowed her eyes and looked at him with fake thoughtfulness at the ceiling. "I'll give you a real bargain price," she said, looking back at him. "I like to sell to people who know what they're getting. You can have it for fifty dollars."

He laughed, not with the practiced scorn of the experienced haggler, but with a kind of delight. "I'll give you twenty-five," he said, and she saw that he clearly enjoyed this as much as she did.

She let him have it, finally, for thirty-two dollars, which was a profit, but not as large a one as she had hoped for. Now that it was over, she disliked him again and wished he would go away with his chair, instead of standing there.

"You have a lot of nice things," he said. "You ought to have a place on the main drag, instead of being buried here."

"I do all right," she said coldly, but he had touched a nerve. *(continued)*



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CAN'T THROW LOVE AWAY

continued

It was her dream to have a shop on the route through town, visible to passing traffic. On this local side street, she had to depend on customers who knew her or had heard of her; on a reputation built up slowly, far too slowly, for three years. But some day she would have a shop that thousands of passing motorists would see. She had the place picked out, an abandoned cabin just within the town limits, convenient for her old customers as well. It was in bad shape, but it could be fixed up, made charming. . . .

"I'm sure you do fine, considering," the man said. "I can see you have a talent for it." He had been holding the rocker he had bought, but now he put it down and sat on it and began gently rocking, as though he were on a porch somewhere. "How did you get into it in the first place?"

Ann Burnett came in at that moment to buy a pair of pewter candlesticks with some of her wedding gift money. She and Jenny were the same age. Ann was an amiable, moon-faced, sparkless girl, but she had the man she loved, and Jenny, with her eager pixie looks and quicksilver way, did not.

"Who's *that*?" Ann whispered to Jenny behind the cash register.

"I don't know. He just came in and bought that chair he's sitting on, and now I can't get rid of him."

"Why do you want to get rid of him? He's cute. Or——" Ann blinked and looked embarrassed. "Maybe it's not true what I heard? That you and Dan split up?"

"Oh, it's true. But it doesn't mean I'll take up with the first male I see."

Ann patted her arm. "Don't be ter," she said. "You'll find somebody love."

"I *had* somebody to love!" Je screamed, but only to herself. Ann gone out with her candlesticks, nodd to the man in the rocking chair.

"You were telling me," he said, "I you happened to get into this busine

"No, I wasn't. You were asking m Jenny said, but then it sounded so r (and she wasn't really a rude girl, besides he was a customer) that told him.

It had started with a summer while she was still in school, work for a man who had an antique shop her home town. Jenny had discove that she loved old things and had eye for what attracted people an flair for selling. She saw a dozen w to make the shop and the merchan more appealing, but the owner ra listened to her.

"It was frustrating," she said. couldn't wait to have my own sh where I could do as I pleased. Th wasn't room for two antique sh there, so I came here."

It had been a little frightening first, but she didn't tell this to the haired man. She never told it to a one.

"Are you sure you'll be all righ her mother had asked her. "In a stra town, where you don't know a s You've never been away from h before."

"Then it's time to begin," Jenny said airily.

She had never let on how scared was, and how homesick. For a long t she had cried everytime she had h

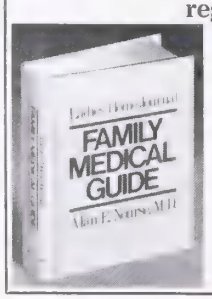
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CAN'T THROW LOVE AWAY

continued

up after her mother's weekly calls. But then she had begun to make friends, and people had started coming to her shop, and she had met Dan.

"The trouble with you," Dan had said to her that last time, "is that you don't know what you really want. When you find out, you can call me."

The red-haired man said, "You're a girl who knows what she wants, aren't you? That's a good thing." He rocked a moment longer and then stopped and leaned forward a little. "What *I* want is that barn on the old Arbroath estate. You know the one? You ever notice it? What a house it would make! Windows overlooking the whole valley. A stone fireplace big enough to roast an ox. This chair on one side of it. The custard glass chandelier in the dining-room—" He stopped and laughed, but his green eyes glowed like water with the sun on it. "My name is C. Fenton, by the way. The C isn't for Clancy, but that's what people call me. I'm an architect. For the time being, I work for somebody else. He pays me pretty well, but——" He caught her glancing at his frayed cuffs again before she knew she'd done it. "Oh, well, you see I'm saving everything I can for the house." He hoisted the chair to one shoulder and opened the door. "Well, good-bye—" He broke off. "Goodbye, who?"

"Jenny," she told him. "Jenny Clarke."

"Goodbye, Jenny." The door shut behind him, and then opened again almost immediately. He stuck his head in. "Unless you'd come out and have a pizza with me after you close up?"

Well, she was lonely. Almost three weeks without Dan. You did a lot of things when you were lonely that you wouldn't think of doing ordinarily. Like finding herself suddenly telling Clancy, over the pizza, about her dream of a shop on the main route. She had never told anyone but Dan that dream.

"I'll have it some day," she said fiercely. "I will!" She looked down at her plate, talking as much to it as to Clancy. "If only somebody else doesn't buy it before I can get the money together——"

"I know how you feel," he said. "I worry too. About the barn, I mean. Sometimes I wake up at night——"

"Yes," she said. "Yes." She took a bite of pizza, not really tasting it, not really there. Clancy was just somebody filling an empty chair, ears, a voice bouncing words back to her. "I wonder whether it's good to want anything so much."

"I guess you never know that till you get it," he said. "Or lose it."

They ate in silence for a while. "There was a girl once," he said then. "You remind me of her. That's why I hung around."

"Once?"

"She died."

"Oh," Jenny said, "I'm sorry." And then, because that was so meaningless, she told him about Dan. "I could have him back tomorrow," she said. "Today. On his terms. Maybe I'm crazy, throwing it all away."

"All what?"

"Well," she said. "Love."

"You can't throw love away," he said. "Not love."

Everybody tried to tell her about love. Her mother. Dan. Clancy. She wasn't even sure what Clancy meant, but she didn't ask. She didn't care about his ideas. He was there instead of emptiness; plugging a space, not filling it. Only Dan could fill it. *(continued)*

FOR JOHANNA

By Karen Kenyon

Editor's Note: At the time this poem was written, Johanna Kenyon was three months old, and her mother had known since the day after her birth that she would be mentally retarded. As Mrs. Kenyon wrote in her accompanying letter, "I have gone from complete non-acceptance and defiance to the beginnings of acceptance and love—to the point where there can be something good, something positive—a feeling for life in general." And these are the feelings she expresses here.

Will you see the butterfly
better because you won't
wonder where he came from?

Will the flowers be brighter
because you won't have to
know their names?

Will you be able to trust
completely in today because
you will have no worries about
tomorrow?

And will the world be a better place
because of you?
Because you will not learn to hate,
and you will not make war.
And you will not hold life to its promises,
because it didn't give you any.

And you will be a part of everything.
you will be the butterfly.
you will be the flower.
And I will let you be all of this in me.

There is, unhappily, a footnote. Three months after we'd bought the poem and before we'd had a chance to publish it, Johanna died, at the age of six months. Mrs. Kenyon wrote then, "It was not a tragedy that she was born; she taught us that loving now is important."

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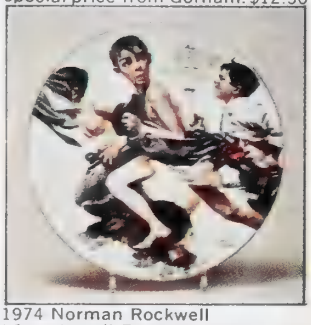
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LHJ 11-74



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CAN'T THROW LOVE AWAY

continued

After that day he kept coming around. She would look up from her accounts, or turn to show something to a customer, and there he would be. Sometimes he would make a purchase for his barn, the barn that wasn't his. Sometimes he brought lunches from the sandwich shop, and they would eat in her little storage room, sitting on cardboard cartons.

One day he took her to the barn, showed her what he meant to do with it, made her see the huge fireplace and the windows overlooking the valley, all of it, as if it were a painting.

Another time they went to look at her cabin on the main route, and he listened carefully, and nodded, and said, "Yes, that's good. That will work well." Once he laughed. "Do you know you bounce when you're excited?"

She got used to Clancy. She got in the habit of telling him things. It was, she thought, like telling things to Robin, the invisible elf who lived in her toy chest when she was small.

After a while she almost stopped hoping whenever a car pulled up. Almost. When she heard Clancy come in, she didn't expect it to be Dan because she knew Clancy's step.

"You haven't," Clancy said to her one Sunday, "talked about Dan for a long time."

She thought about it. "I guess I haven't."

They were at the barn, sitting in the hay loft that still smelled of hay, though it had been empty for years. Clancy had bought a trestle table from her, and they had brought it here to see how it looked in the dining area. There was, of course, no dining area yet; at least not one that anybody but Jenny and Clancy could see.

"Two chairs would be enough to start with," he said. "One with arms for me. I like a chair with arms. How about you?" he asked her.

"Me?"

"Would you like a chair with arms too?"

She pulled her knees up to her chest, making herself even smaller than she was, and didn't answer.

"You don't have to decide now, of course," he said quickly. "Some time when you're buying for the shop, you may see the chair you want and——"

"No, Clancy," she broke in faintly. "I can't stop loving one person and start loving another, just like that. I mean, that's not love."

"No," he said.

He didn't come into the shop the next day, or the next, or the next. She had never before wondered where he was, because she knew he would be there. But now she looked up whenever the door opened, even when he was with a customer.

The fourth day with no sign of him was the day she saw the item in the paper. A developer had bought several large parcels of land in the town.

One of the parcels took in the strip on which her cabin stood. One was the old Arbroath estate. She was just thinking, "Oh, poor Clancy!" when she heard a car stop.

Jenny watched the door. "Isn't it funny?" she would say. "I was just thinking about you."

The door swung open. "Hello, Jenny," Dan said. He stood there, filling the shop, bigger than she remembered him; handsomer.

She sat gripping the rungs of the high stool with her toes and the newspaper with her fingers. She said, "Hello, Dan," but no sound came out.

"You look surprised," he said, and smiled. He had always smiled a lot.

She released the paper with one hand and pushed the hair out of her eyes. "I didn't expect you."

"Well, one of us had to give, right? The job wasn't so great anyhow. I've got my old one back. The town's going to be booming now, with the new development." *(continued)*

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CAN'T THROW LOVE AWAY

continued

He came closer and took her hands. The newspaper fell to the floor. "Honey, look happy. Don't you see what it means? Everything's going to be the way it used to be." He had to bend to gaze into her face. "Why are you crying?"

"They're tearing down the cabin and taking the land along the main route," she said. "I'll never have my shop."

"What are you talking about, Jenny?" Dan frowned, looking even handsomer than when he smiled. "What shop?"

She stared at him. "It doesn't matter," she said then, but so softly that he didn't hear her.

"Honey." He smiled again. "You're not crying about some shop?"

"No," she said, and took her hands away from his. "Dan, I'm sorry, but I have to go somewhere. You'll have to excuse me."

"What's the matter with you?" His deep voice shook the walls. "I thought you'd be so happy to have me back, and now you want to rush right away. We haven't even had a chance to talk."

"I'm sorry," she said again. "There's nothing to talk about, Dan." She touched his arm gently. "I guess there never was."

Jenny parked her car at the edge of the old Arbroath grounds and ran across the field to the barn. She was so sure Clancy would be there that when he wasn't, she just stood in the empty barn and looked around with the tears still in her eyes, not knowing what to do, where to go. After a while she remembered that she hadn't locked up the shop before she left, so she headed back.

He was getting out of his car as she pulled in front. They both spoke at once.

"I went to the cabin. I thought you'd be there. . . ."

"I went to the barn. I thought surely. . . ."

They stopped and looked at each other.

"Oh, Clancy, your house," she said.

"I'll find you another place for your shop, Jenny. That isn't the only good spot in town. I'll start looking right away, tomorrow."

"Dan came back," she said.

Clancy looked at the ground. "Oh."

"He didn't remember about the shop. He didn't know what I was talking about." She leaned against the hood of Clancy's car. "I found out what it is. It's caring more about somebody else's dream than about your own."

"What what is?" he asked her.

First she said, "I think I *would* like a chair with arms, Clancy," and then she answered him. Her voice was muffled against his shoulder, but he heard her. "Love," she said. **END**

PEACE WITHOUT PILLS

continued from page 36

wise, in attaining real and relative inne peace, and in doing anything creativ in life.

Tension and anxiety—the very oppo sites of inner peace—often lead to inne peace if we don't tranquilize these fee ings away. This sounds contradictory but it isn't. Anxiety is often a signal tha something is going on within us whic we haven't yet faced, but which is a tempting to surface. Allowing real fee ings, desires and ideas to surface not onl results in growth of aliveness, but als permits us the peace that is lost whe we try to repress aspects of ourselve For example, if you are angry and don show it because you push the ange down, the possibility of that anger's su facing makes for inner turmoil. Instea of drugging these feelings away, it healthier if you allow that anger to su face; you will rid yourself of the fear tha the anger will "pop out" and you will b at peace with yourself.

In expert medical hands, pills can b useful where anxiety and depressio have become so overwhelming that person can no longer function and th chance for inner peace has been de stroyed. But even in these cases, pills ar no substitute for psychiatric insight. Pil may remove pain temporarily so that th struggle for personal knowledge can en sue, but they can never take the place o personal knowledge. Therefore, thera pists sometime prescribe pills so tha function can be maintained and psycho therapy can go on. But ultimately, w must learn about ourselves, our feeling and our problems. We must come to re alize that inner peace is relative and tha we are all capable of withstanding inne turmoil. These are the factors that reall free us, and make it possible for us t seek and to sustain the inner peace tha is possible and realistic in being full alive and human. **EN**

COUNTRY SONG

By Eliza Louisa Dawson

Spicebush fragrance comes with the showers,
The old yellow house is covered with flowers.

Girls in the sun wear melon-colored bonnets,
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The spicebush sways as night birds croon,
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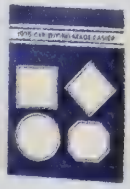
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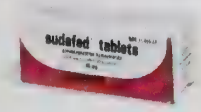
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HOW TO TRIM APRONS

(pages 126-127)

Left: (page 126)

Simplicity pattern #5097 (one size), $1, requires 1¾ yds. of 44/45″ fabric without nap for view 4.

Follow pattern instructions to make apron. Ribbon is used for apron ties, so fabric ties are not needed.

To decorate this apron you will need:

- 2½ yds. braid, Talon pattern B 3300
- 10 yds. 1½″ wide grosgrain ribbon, Grayblock pattern 178, color 4
- Fake gems (with holes to stitch through)
  - 1 blue stone, 1½″ dia.
  - 4 blue stones, 1″ x 1″ square
  - 3 pale green stones, ½″ dia.
  - 8 red pear-shaped stones, ⅞″ long (or fake gems of your own choice in colors that match the braid)

Cut a 74″ length of braid (twice the width of the skirt, plus 2″). To each side of this length, stitch an equal length of grosgrain ribbon, overlapping the edge of the braid with the ribbon by ⅜″. Cut this band into two equal lengths (37″ ea.), and turn ½″ at each end of each length. Pin one length across the bottom of the apron skirt, ribbon edge and apron edge even; pin the second band 1¾″ up from the first. Top stitch bands to apron.

Pin length of braid to bib, centering one of the embroidered flowers. The lower edge of the braid should extend down half the width of the waistband. After positioning this strip of braid, cut it to size, allowing ½″ on each side to turn under. Pin under this allowance, following the shape of the bib, then stitch braid along sides and across bottom edge.

Cut 40″ length of grosgrain ribbon, and mark the center with a pin. Center the middle of the length of ribbon on the bib, with its lower edge over-lapping the braid ½″. Pin ribbon across bib, then up the side edge of the bib, matching the pattern of the ribbon stripe as you turn the corner, and over the shoulder straps to just above the buttonhole.

Turn under end of ribbon. Repeat this on other edge of bib and over other shoulder strap, then top stitch ribbon to apron.

Find center of remaining length of ribbon, and pin it at the center front of the waistband, centering the width of the ribbon on the width of the waistband. Pin ribbon, then stitch to waistband, allowing extra length on each end to hang free; these are apron ties. Trim ends of ribbon apron ties diagonally, or fishtail.

Arrange fake gems in an attractive design on the apron bib (see photograph), and either glue or stitch them to the apron.

Center: (page 127)

Simplicity pattern #6732 (sm medium and large sizes), $1.25. Small (sizes 8–10), view 2 w pockets, but without shoulder ruff requires 3 yds. of 44/45″ wide fal without nap.

Follow pattern directions to m apron. Ribbon is used for apron t so fabric ties are not needed.

To trim this apron you will need:

- 13 yds. of 1½″ wide gold braid your own choice
- 8¾ yds. of 1½″ wide grosgrain ribb Grayblock pattern 178, color 5
- 6¾ yds. of 1½″ wide grosgrain ribb Grayblock pattern 178, color 4
- 4¼ yds. of ⅞″ wide velvet ribb Grayblock pattern 974, scarlet
- 4¼ yds. of 1½″ wide velvet ribb Grayblock pattern 974, emerald

Cut two 4¼ yd. lengths of gold bra and one 4¼ yd. length of each patt of grosgrain ribbon. These four, w the two 4¼ yd. lengths of velvet r bon, are sewed together to make a w ruffle. Join in this sequence: grosgr ribbon pattern 176, color 4, is lapp over the edge of one length of g braid; gold braid is joined to red v vet, overlapping velvet ⅜″; red vel overlaps green velvet, just enough allow stitching together; grosgrain r bon pattern 178, color 5, is stitched green velvet, again, overlapping velvet just enough to allow seami The second length of gold braid added, and its edge overlaps the ec of the grosgrain ⅜″. When all leng have been sewed together, hem ends, then gather along the grosgr ribbon edge to 79″.

Mark the center point of the ru with a pin at the grosgrain edge, a pin this point to the center of the fr of the apron, 4″ above the bottom ed Pin ends of ruffles at the waistba with its gathered edge on a line w the outer edge of the pockets. Pin ruffle in a graceful curve down to pinned center. It should be about out from the outer edge at the top the pocket, and about 2¼″ out from outer edge of the bottom of the pock then curve in again. Machine sti pinned-on ruffle to apron. Hand sti width of ruffle to waistband, takin tuck in the width so that both wid of gold braid are touching.

Cut a 4½ yd. length of grosgrain p tern 178, color 5, and stitch the rema ing length of gold braid to its edge. C into two equal lengths, hem each end each length, then gather along the ec of the grosgrain to make shoulder r fles. Adjust length to fit from top waistband in front to top of waistba at rear.

Machine stitch ruffles over should of apron, and hand stitch ends alc the waistband.

(continu

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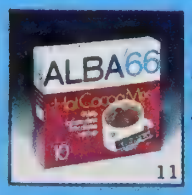
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Mr. ☐ _____ Age _____
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Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery. Offer limited, first come, first served. Good only in the United States. Void where prohibited. Offer expires April 30, 1975. Orders received from the same household or orders not accompanied by money will not be processed.

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Cuticura® Medicated Soap.
You can't call it "skin food", but you can certainly see the good it does from the outside. Because steady use of Cuticura's rich, creamy medicated lather not only washes away dirt and pore-clogging oils. . . . it helps leave your skin smooth, fresh and lovely looking.

Cuticura - the medicated beauty soap.

APRONS
continued

Divide the remaining 2½ yds. of grosgrain ribbon pattern 176, color 4, into two equal (90″) lengths. Turn under one end of one length, and center it on the waistband, with the turned under edge just meeting the outside edge of the slot (made for the tie to slip through). Stitch ribbon to waistband, and allow extra length to hang free as apron tie. Turn under one end of the second length, and stitch it to waistband at outer edge of bib, then machine stitch edges of ribbon to waistband, again allowing the extra length to fall free as an apron tie. Cut ends of ribbon ties in a slant or fishtail.

Right:

Simplicity pattern #6732 (small, medium and large sizes), $1.25.

Small (sizes 8–10), view 1, with pockets, requires 2⅞ yds. of 44/45″ wide fabric without nap.

Follow pattern directions to make apron. If you wish to use ribbon ties, eliminate fabric apron ties.

To trim this apron you will need:

- 6 yds. of braid, Talon pattern B 4240
- 3½ yds. ⅞″ wide picot-edge velvet ribbon, Grayblock pattern 7961 emerald
- 8 yds. of 1½″ wide picot-edge velvet ribbon, Grayblock pattern 7961 scarlet (for ribbon ties, if used, an additional 1¾ yds. are required; purchase a total of 9¾ yds. in one piece)
- 1¼ yds. of $\frac{5}{16}$″ wide velvet ribbon, Grayblock pattern 975 N, emerald (for ribbon ties, an additional 1¾ yds. are needed; purchase a total of 3 yds. in one piece)
- 5 doz. ¾″ dia. red sequins
- 3 doz. 1¼″ dia. green sequins

The braid has a large repeat, and the position of the repeat on the apron is important; before cutting lengths, position the braid, then cut off required length, allowing for turn unders where necessary. Measure, position and cut a length of braid to go down the center front of the apron, from neckline to 4″ above the bottom edge of apron skirt; add ½″ for turn under at neckline. Mark braid at center width of waistband; below this point, side edges of braid are not stitched to apron. Remove braid and cut two lengths of emerald velvet ribbon, each ½″ longer than the braid. Pin these to each side of the braid, from the neckline end down to the point you've marked at center of waistband, with the extra ½″ extending above the neckline end of the braid. Machine stitch ribbons to braid only the distance you've pinned them together. Pin joined braid and ribbon band down center front of apron bib. Turn under allowance at neckline, and stitch to apron following curve. Stitch band to apron bib along outer edges of green ribbo Braid is not stitched to apron skirt, b baste the end in place 4″ from the bo tom edge of apron. Pin emerald velv ribbons to skirt, allowing the low ends to taper away from the braid, that ½″ of the muslin apron shows b tween edges of braid and edges of ri bon. Stitch ribbon to apron. Positi and cut braid to edge pockets, allowi ½″ to turn under at each end. Turn und the allowance, and hand stitch pockets. Position, then cut a length braid to band the bottom of the apr and the side of the apron skirt (the si on which you've cut a slot in the wai band for the ribbon tie to slip through mitering braid at corner, and adding to each end to turn under. Cut an equ length of scarlet velvet ribbon. Pin ed of braid over edge of ribbon and stit lengths together. Turn under ends, a stitch to apron 4½″ up from the botto edge, running your seam along the ed of the velvet ribbon. Before stitchi bottom edge of braid, and end of bra to the apron, cut a length of scarlet v vet ribbon 97″ long, hem each end, a gather along one edge to the width the apron. Slip the gathered edge b neath the braid, and stitch braid a velvet to apron; stitch ends of bra and ribbon band to apron by hand.

Cut lengths of scarlet velvet ribbon trim the bib. These will run from t waistband at front where their edg touch the edges of green velvet bandi the braid, over the shoulder, where th are centered, and down to the waistba at the back, where ribbon is 1¾″ in fro apron edge. Stitch bands to apron.

If your apron was made with fab ties, cut 74″ lengths of scarlet velv and narrow, ⅞″ wide, emerald velv ribbon. Center the green on the r and stitch together. Turn under en and stitch ribbon to apron waistban Where you have made the slot for t tie to slip through, slit and turn und edges of velvet, and slipstitch edges.

If your apron was made without ti cut 2 yds. 28″ lengths (100″) of the ribbons, join in the same way, and stit to waistband, allowing 30″ at each e to extend beyond the waistband f apron ties. Cut ends of ties diagonall Add sequins, spotting them wherev you feel they're needed on the brai Glue or stitch these to the apron.

Journal Shopping Center

DECORATING: CHRISTMAS PEASANTS

PAGES 126-127: Christmas balls by Max Eckhardt. Shiny Brite, 1107 B'way, N.Y.C. Artificial Christmas trees, all flame retardant: 7½ ft. green Mountain King, 6½ ft. green Forest Spruce and 4 ft. green Colorado Spruce, by American Tree & Wreath, 1107 B'way, N.Y.C. Hickory love seat #4998, 48″ x 18″ x 38″ high, by Waldo Designs through decorators only from Luten Clary Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Numbers, prices and yardages for Simplicity patterns, style numbers of Talon braids, and pattern numbers, colors and widths of Grayblock ribbons are given in trimming instructions.



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Mail 10 proofs of purchase* from Land O Lakes Butter cartons.

Charming Replica of 1935 Land O Lakes® Butter carton with all-new recipes.

Metal recipe box comes with convenient dividers, blank cards so you can add your own favorite recipes, and a set of pretested recipes from the Land O Lakes kitchens, including recipes for Buttery Date Balls, Seasoned Butter Vegetable Medley, and Land O Lakes Cheddar Mexican Chef Salad, all shown here. Send now for yourself or for gifts.

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Please send me _____ FREE metal recipe box(es), with recipes and blank cards. For each FREE box ordered I enclose the words **"Distributed by Land O' Lakes, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn. 55413"** from 10 Land O Lakes Butter packages. (Inside wrappers will not be honored.)

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Add sales tax where applicable. Zip code must be included for delivery. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Void where prohibited by law. Offer good only in U.S.A. Expires May 31, 1975

The Problems Of Sex Education

From the new "Ladies' Home Journal Family Medical Guide," by Alan E. Nourse, M.D.

Surely one of the most difficult problems facing both parents and their children during the adolescent years is the question of sex education. Today's youth gather information about sex from a variety of different sources: from discussion with friends, from books, pictures and movies, from school programs on sex education, and lastly—in too few cases—from their parents. Some of these sources are perfectly reliable and valid, but in the absence of accurate information the sexual naïveté and even ignorance of teen-agers can be truly appalling and potentially tragic. All too often it is the parents' fault, especially when they have met every question about sex from childhood on with tight-lipped silence or stern disapproval, forcing their children to rely on the fancies and folklore of their contemporaries. But the children themselves may also be at fault, because as they grow older it is all too common for them to assume cockily that they know it all and that there is nothing they need to be taught. Yet the recent staggering increase in teen-age pregnancies and abortions, not to mention the resurgence of venereal disease among that age group in almost epidemic proportions, offers sad evidence to the contrary.

Obviously sex education is the only answer, and it must begin in the home. But many parents fail to recognize two very important facts: first, that we all are essentially sexual beings, and that sexual curiosity and experimentation begin at a very early age; and second, that sexual behavior and attitudes are *not* somehow instinctive and intuitive; they are learned—usually from the parents themselves. Even those parents who have never uttered the word "sex," or those who are obviously mistrustful or apprehensive about their own and their children's sexuality, set an example in the home to which their children will almost inevitably conform, or against which they will ultimately rebel. To complicate the problem even further, sex education in the home is not merely a question of supplying the right facts. Sex is much more than physical know-how; to be fully healthy and mutually rewarding and constructive, it must exist in an atmosphere of love, tenderness and consideration, and this example, too, is set by the parents whether sex is openly discussed in the home or not. How much better, then, for parents to assume this inescapable responsibility willingly and knowledgeably.

Yet many parents do not really know just where to start. They may (very wisely) have agreed to meet awkward questions from their children with casual frankness, yet when the questions turn up, without fanfare in the middle of dinner, the tendency is, in a wave of embarrassment, to pass them off with a "Let's not talk about that now," which the child interprets, with considerable insight, to mean: "Let's not talk about that, period." And when circumstances are right for private discussion, it may seem too premeditated or artificial, embarrassing to both parent and child. Yet if a sympathetic rapport is not established between parent and child when he first begins to ask questions about sex, he will not come back for help and information when he grows older. Thus the best parents can do is to wait for clues. It is ridiculous to bombard a child with information, but if a question *must* be postponed, it should not be post-

Campbell's

Rio Grande Beans

Here's a snappy, easy way to make a skillet main dish with south of the border flavor.

1 pound ground beef
¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
Generous dash pepper
2 teaspoons chili powder
⅓ cup chopped onion
1 can (16 ounces) Campbell's Pork & Beans with Tomato Sauce
2 slices (about 2 ounces) sharp process cheese

Mix thoroughly beef, bread crumbs, egg, salt, pepper, and 1 teaspoon chili. Shape firmly into 16 meatballs. In 8-inch skillet, brown meatballs (use shortening if necessary); pour off fat. Add onion and remaining chili. Cover; cook over low heat 20 minutes or until done. Add beans. Heat; stir occasionally. Garnish with cheese. Makes about 3 cups.





Campbell's

Chickeny Bean Pilaf



When chicken and rice greets Campbell's Po Beans, you've introduced your whole family robust dish that stretches your food dollar.

2 pounds chicken parts
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
Paprika
1½ cups tomato juice
½ cup water
1 teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon hot pepper sauce
1 can (16 ounces) Campbell's Pork & B
¾ cup raw regular rice
½ cup sliced stuffed ol

In 1½-quart shallow baking dish (12x8x2"), arrange chicken skin-side down. Pour butter over; sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 400° F. for 15 minutes. Remove chicken. Blend remaining ingredients in drippings; top with chicken skin-side up. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake 45 minutes more, or until chicken and rice are done and liquid is absorbed. Makes 4 servings.



Look what's cooking wit

poned indefinitely. *Any* expression of interest or curiosity from a child, *any* question or confusion about social customs such as dating or "going steady" that seems to worry an adolescent, can provide an opening for frank discussion of sexual feelings and behavior. Parents are sometimes astonished about how much their teen-aged children already know, but they should never assume that some other person or agency has done their job for them; it is first and foremost their own responsibility. This does not mean that they should oppose sex education in the schools. Far from it. These programs can, and should, serve as an important adjunct to their instruction, particularly in the areas of the physiology of sex and the dangers of venereal disease. But books and lectures cannot convey two equally important aspects of sex education: the wisdom that comes only from experience, and a framework of personal values and social standards that must govern all forms of sexual expression. These can come only from the parents, not in angry recriminations and repressive prohibitions after the fact, but in frank and sympathetic discussions before a problem arises, and not in moralistic pronouncements, but in words and deeds that provide tangible, first-hand evidence of the validity of moral standards.

Many parents, in the light of today's relaxing moral standards, feel embarrassed or challenged if they express any opinions at all, fearing that they will appear hopelessly "square" in the eyes of their children. Yet it is vitally important, precisely because of changing standards, that parents communicate directly to their children these aspects of behavior that they consider right and wrong, acceptable or unacceptable, and an attitude of honesty and personal conviction in matters of sex can serve to good advantage. Open discussion also provides parents with the opportunity to make clear *why* they feel that certain standards of sexual behavior are necessary. Teen-age friendships, dating and "going steady" are normal, necessary adjuncts to emotional development—but limits must be set. Teen-agers can understand clearly that such sexual experiments as necking or petting, while acceptable to a point, can easily get out of hand. They can understand that their emotions and developing sexual urges can easily escape from control, and that certain prohibitions are necessary simply to protect them from their own behavior until they gain more experience in controlling themselves. Teen-agers can be taught sufficient respect for themselves and their bodies that they will resist the dangerous temptations of promiscuous behavior or premature intercourse, not because parents forbid it but because the images they have developed of themselves forbid it. Discussions of birth control, venereal disease, and the hazards of sexual experimentation can be effective only if they are presented within the framework of meaningful moral standards. Obviously, honest discussion and realistic restrictions on the teen-ager's behavior *before* trouble occurs are preferable—but mistakes are often made, and help and support from the parents at such times may determine whether a mistake sets a pattern or whether it becomes an episode from which the teen-ager may hopefully learn. Parents cannot successfully maintain an image of omniscience during this period, but they can understand that their children are human, too. **END**

To order complete 1088-pg. Family Medical Guide, send $12.95 for book #80092 to: LHJ Medical Guide, 4500 NW 135 St., Miami, Fla. 33059

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Campbell's
hops & Beans

l the nutritious goodness found in meat, vegetables, d Campbell's Pork & Beans is in this tasty recipe.

hick pork chops (about 1½ pounds)
teaspoon salt
nerous dash pepper
an (16 ounces) Campbell's Pork & Beans
2 tablespoons ketchup
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
4 slices green pepper
4 slices onion

skillet, brown chops (use shortening if cessary); pour off fat. Season with salt d pepper. Cover; cook over low heat 30 nutes. Add beans, ketchup, sugar, and stard. Top each chop with green pepper d onion slice. Cover; cook 15 minutes re or until chops are done. Stir occasion-. Makes 4 servings.





Campbell's
Beans are Versatile

They're Interesting—Beans go well with just about any kind of meat (not just franks), and lots of vegetables and salads, too.

They're Quick & Easy—You probably have all the ingredients called for in these recipes right in your cupboard. So, go ahead! In just a jiffy, you'll have created an exciting main dish that'll taste like you worked on it for hours.

Best of All, They're Inexpensive—Serve your family the interesting bean main dishes we've shown you. They'll love you for it. And these Campbell recipes are an economical way to add more variety to your meals. Be sure to look for lots of tasty Campbell's Beans recipes in your favorite magazines in the months to come.

Enjoy all five kinds of Campbell's Beans.



Campbell's Pork & Beans.

now you can tell your husband where to go

To Rotonda, Florida with you and the children, of course.

But tell him first about this glorious breeze-swept beach on the Gulf Coast. The West Coast. The Best of Florida Coasts.

That for man-size tastes, there's plenty of golf with small green fees — and the fishin's great! Then tell him about the tennis and the acres of supervised Recreation Park where you can turn the kids loose while you two have fun . . . then wait'll they hear that this is the same park where THE SUPERSTARS™ play!

And because he's probably seen Rotonda on national TV during the annual SUPERSTARS® competitions, don't forget to explain that Rotonda's much more than a resort. It's a wonderful place for year-round Florida living—indoors and out—for hundreds of families just like yours. With a wide-choice of gracious homes and apartments to choose from (decorator models on display) and a very special "Living Center" chockful of great ideas to show you how beautiful life in Rotonda can be. In this lovely, lively town.

Only two miles from this beautiful white sand beach and less than forty miles south of Sarasota.

But you can't tell him anything unless you send for our colorful brochure. There's no cost or obligation. We'll even send him a SUPERSTARS™ '74 program (36 pages of color photos and stories) and tell him how he may visit Rotonda as our guest. With you and the children, of course.



ROTONDA LIVING AD 12039
Cavanagh Marketing Corporation
Rotonda, Florida 33947

Gentlemen:
I'd like to tell my husband where to go! Please send me all the information about Rotonda without cost or obligation. Please check:

☐ Homes ☐ Apartments ☐ Rentals

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Address _____ Tel _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Obtain HUD property report from develope and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, it any, of the property.

This is not an offer to sell or solicitation of an offer to buy where registration has not been approved or where not otherwise permitted by law.



Eggs are good for dogs.

Now Ken-L Ration introduces a new food with half an egg in every pouch—



to help nourish your dog's body and his coat at the same time.

The healthiest dogs always seem to have the shiniest coats.

And that's the best reason for giving your dog new Burger 'n Egg.

It'll help keep his coat gleaming and glossy, and the rest of him healthy and active all year 'round.

Egg protein is the best protein your dog can get. And Ken-L Ration Burger 'n Egg gives him the special nutrition of egg as part of a completely balanced meal.

There's half an egg in every pouch.

Three eggs in every six-pack. And they're real eggs. Whole eggs.

Carefully cooked and combined with everything else your dog needs.

That means Burger 'n Egg is so nutritionally sound—so well-balanced—you could feed it to your dog every day, and he would thrive on it.

New Ken-L Ration Burger 'n Egg. Because eggs are good for dogs.

M-781

15¢ 15¢

15¢ OFF



MR. GROCER: You are authorized as our agent to redeem this coupon for 15¢ on the purchase of any size Ken-L Ration Burger 'n Egg. We will pay you 15¢ plus 3¢ handling charge for each of these coupons redeemed in accordance with the terms of this offer. To obtain payment, send to: Coupon Redemption Dept., The Quaker Oats Company, P.O. Box 4106, Oak Park, Ill. 60303. Coupons will not be honored and will be void if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise, unless specifically authorized by us.

Sales tax must be paid by consumer. Invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown on request. Coupon is void if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Cash redemption value of 1/20 of 1¢. Offer good only in U.S.A.

15¢ STORE COUPON 15¢

M-781

Amazing coffee discovery!

This is new Instant Maxwell House®. It's made with the new Aroma Star Process.

So it smells better—and tastes better too.



Here's how the Aroma Star Process works...

Most coffees lose some of their aroma during the grinding process.





The special new Aroma Star Process captures that aroma—and puts it back in the Maxwell House jar. So *new* Maxwell House smells better—and *tastes* bett It's amazing!

At last! A new oven cleaner that cleans like no other.

Wipes away even baked-on grease easier than the leading brands. No fumes! No gloves!



Here are the differences:

Our oven cleaner

- New formula reduces even baked-on grease to a dry residue, which is wiped away with a wet cloth.
- No fumes.

All leading brands

- Use lye which can leave a film coating on oven walls that you can actually feel and smell when you cook. So you have to wipe again and again.
- Harsh, irritating fumes [illegible] of lye formula.

er mind had been full of fears—fears of Black Panthers and White Hippies, of muggers who'd conk you for the price of a fix and Lord knows what else. Dr. Shelley had warned her against too many sleeping pills, but she didn't propose to stay awake all night, just because Brian was playing games with the ocean and trees and memories of his days at college. All staying awake all night would get her would be looking like a Big Sur refugee in the morning. Two little yellow capsules, the color of spring daffodils, slipped down easily. She put the bottle back in the medicine chest. It was almost full and she was afraid to keep it by the bed in case she woke up and couldn't remember how many she'd taken.

Back in bed, she made herself comfortable. Relax, she told herself, and reached over for one of the books on

ranged, demented, divorced disa[illegible] don't think suicide can be considered as a possibility of a solution with us, her mother had once said. Well, the ambulance drivers of any town can tell you how many they get in time and how many they don't. So all right, it's your privilege to drop out of life if you want to. It's your life. No, I will *not* call him.

But she did.

Even as she dialed, she kept saying to herself, I won't call him. Then the phone was ringing in that horrid shack of Gabe Corey's, where all night long you could hear the waves driving you crazy. She hoped Gabe wouldn't answer, but if he did, maybe she ought to tell *him*. It was Brian who finally said: "Hello," and by his voice she knew he hadn't been asleep. Then why had he taken so long to answer?

"Darling," she said, "Please come home. I'm saying *please*. . . ."

(continued on page 204)

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and Thomas Jeffer-

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Washington, D.C. 20036.
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END



It was
a simpler,
more natural,
less complicated time.
And perhaps your mother
had you brush your
teeth with baking soda.
Now there's Peak,
the baking soda
toothpaste.
Modern. Pleasant-tasting.
Yet 97% natural ingredien
To leave teeth, breath,
even mouth tissues
and gums
feeling naturally cleansed
sweetened,
refreshed.
Uncomplicate.
Peak.

Here's how the Aroma Star Process works

Most coffees lose some
of their aroma during
the grinding process,





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RALPH NADER REPORTS

continued from page 84

and by wasting less (in food or energy, for instance). By saving more, their funds can find their way into the housing market, which is now in a crisis of stagnation. Finally, government policies on money supply and credit should be tailored to the public's interests, not to banking and other corporate demands.

Yes, I comparison-shop for my consumer needs and avoid shopping for my consumer fancies. In this way, one can find bargains and value in food and clothing, and avoid impulse or habit-buying of trifles. If consumers who spend hundreds of hours to earn money to buy food and clothing would only spend a few hours learning how to buy these necessities, they would buy more nutrition in food and more durability in clothing—for less money.

7. What situation most needs investigation—by you or some other prober?

How large numbers of consumers, taxpayers or voters can pool their efforts and resources to achieve justice and curb the excessive concentration of power in our society. For example, millions of consumers are disturbed about the sharp increases in electric and telephone rates. Yet a few minutes of their time and a dollar of their contributions a year could redress many of their grievances. Such a level of consumer involvement could turn utility policies into consumer-sensitive policies by establishing a permanent, skilled group of consumer lawyers, economists, organizers and other trained people to represent, and be accountable to, the consumer organization that hires and supports them. Similar contribution of time and small resources by large numbers of voters could clean out government corruption or improve dramatically the efficiency and competence of health-care services.

Whoever can find the formula to attract relatively large numbers of people to work together, using modest amounts of their time and funds, will have found the way to self-government through daily citizenship. If there were a Nobel Prize in democracy, that person should win it.

8. Which persons influenced you most?

A fortunate choice of parents. Also, Alfred North Whitehead, Lincoln Steffens, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson were heeded.

9. How do you finance your activities?

In addition to small foundation grants, writing and lecturing, funds for our various research and action groups come from thousands of Americans who contribute to Public Citizen, P.O. Box 19404, Washington, D.C. 20036.

10. Would you like to go on doing what you have been doing?

Yes. END

THE BIG DROPOUT

continued from page 76

land. It seems they have the best roses in Portland—"

"It's a pose," Sybil said, "but if he told Mr. Phelan he was quitting, it's time you put your foot down."

"Oh, I did, I am," Connie said airily. "Brian is on one of those conservation kicks. Nobody ever heard the word *ecology* before, but this offer from his alma mater set Brian off. He'll get over it."

"Brian can be stubborn; all Leos can," Sybil said. "And I hope you'll think twice . . . divorces aren't . . . they're not always. . . ."

"You ought to know," Connie said.

"People are so casual," Sybil said. "With no necessity for child support, and on a professor's salary—you couldn't count on much."

"I've got to hang up," Connie said. "Brian is probably trying to get me."

Apparently, however, he wasn't.

"I couldn't believe he wouldn't come home—you know what I mean?" Connie said to me. "I mean we had *everything*, didn't we? We were planning to go to Europe—Paris, Madrid, Lisbon—just to shop. I got so upset. Like Dr. Shelley said, all Brian's gloomy predictions about how the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was just like *now* got into my consciousness somehow. Brian was always talking about there not being enough food to go around and all the fish in the ocean gone and everything polluted and Vietnam. I told him once if he mentioned Vietnam to me again I'd jump out the window. I mean, Brian and I had our differences but—divorce, that's something else again. Of course, nobody cares if you get divorced now. It's no stigma, but anyhow, I couldn't bear to start over again. If you're a divorcée, men expect—I mean, well, you've been there before."

Her mind had been full of fears—fears of Black Panthers and White Hippies, of muggers who'd conk you for the price of a fix and Lord knows what else. Dr. Shelley had warned her against too many sleeping pills, but she didn't propose to stay awake all night, just because Brian was playing games with the ocean and trees and memories of his days at college. All staying awake all night would get her would be looking like a Big Sur refugee in the morning. Two little yellow capsules, the color of spring daffodils, slipped down easily. She put the bottle back in the medicine chest. It was almost full and she was afraid to keep it by the bed in case she woke up and couldn't remember how many she'd taken.

Back in bed, she made herself comfortable. Relax, she told herself, and reached over for one of the books on Brian's table. Now there was another bad influence—a picture of the ocean all over the front jacket and on the back the photograph of a poet, Rod McKuen, sitting in a dilapidated chair with his feet up. That's the way Brian would like to spend the rest of his life, she reckoned. The book fell open of itself and the words were heavily underlined:

God, there must be something more.

On the opposite page she read: "As a young man grew skyward and tall as a tree." More trees! What do I care, *honestly*, about trees? Why should I? That poor man who ran for governor was supposed to have said: "You've seen one redwood, you've seen them all." All right *all right* all right—he got in a lot of trouble, but secretly Connie agreed with him. So roses were *nice*, but they didn't take her on a trip or anything. But she must stop this. She must let herself drift off, the way Dr. Shelley said. Those two little yellow pills would actually do her less harm than a whole night without sleep.

Her hand felt automatically along the sheets, over the pillow, and he wasn't there. She turned over with a frantic leap like a porpoise.

The clock said 3:02.

Three hours and two minutes. They used to last eight hours. Here she was at the I'd-rather-be-dead hour, a pall of depression settling on her. That was the worst of sleeping pills—when you woke up, you had no idea where you'd been.

Anyhow, I will *not* call him, Connie said to herself. I will NOT. Let him call me. Let him call me. He will; he always has. A car outside gave a frantic hoot, as though someone had stepped on its tail, and it made her jump. A siren screamed—an ambulance over on Santa Monica Boulevard—carrying the dregs, the drugged, discarded, damaged, deranged, demented, divorced disasters. I don't think suicide can be considered as a possibility of a solution with us, her mother had once said. Well, the ambulance drivers of any town can tell you how many they get in time and how many they don't. So all right, it's your privilege to drop out of life if you want to. It's your life. No, I will *not* call him.

But she did.

Even as she dialed, she kept saying to herself, I won't call him. Then the phone was ringing in that horrid shack of Gabe Corey's, where all night long you could hear the waves driving you crazy. She hoped Gabe wouldn't answer, but if he did, maybe she ought to tell *him*. It was Brian who finally said: "Hello," and by his voice she knew he hadn't been asleep. Then why had he taken so long to answer?

"Darling," she said, "Please come home. I'm saying *please*. . . ."

(continued on page 204)



KING BED CONVERTER

Convert your twin-size beds into luxurious king-size bed in seconds! Just place comfortable polyurethane SPAN-A-BED between twin-size beds. Fits snugly—you'll never know it's there. Save dollars—no need for special bedding. A full 6' long, 14" wide. Light, strong SPAN-A-BED will support the strongest man. Rolls up for easy storage when in use.

$5.98 + 75¢ hdlg.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

Dept. 1711-C, Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033

BLOW YOURSELF UP T.M. **IN B&W OR COLOR**



Full color posters from any color photo or slide. Great gift, or gag, or room decoration.

1½x2 Ft.—$7.50

1x1½ Ft.—$4.50, 1½ Ft.— $14.50

B&W POSTERS from any B&W or color photo, Polaroid, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives, add $1.00 per poster. Better originals produce better posters.

2 x 3 FT.-$3.50

1½x2':$2.50, 3x4':$7.50

RUSH SERVICE: Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Add $2 per poster. No rush on color.

Original returned. Add 50¢ pp. & hd. for EACH item. N.Y. res. add tax. No C.O.D.

PHOTO POSTER Dept.LH114, 210 E. 23 St., N.Y. 10010

NOW - NEW BORDERLESS

24 COLOR WALLET PHOTOS

ONLY $2.00



FREE One photo in plastic

SPECIAL! 36 Black & White only $1.00

Beautiful silk-textured & smudge-proof. Send Polaroid color print or photo (up to 5"x7"), neg. or slide. Original returned unharmed. GUARANTEED! Add 45c per order for ship-

ROXANNE STUDIOS, Box 1012, L.I.C., N.Y. 11101 DeptLLH40

Color PHOTO Bargains



YOUR CHOICE $2 FULL COLOR

16 WALLET SIZE or 3—5x7 ENLS. or ONE 8x10 ENL.

or SUPER BARGAIN:

12 WALLET SIZE with FREE 5x7 ENL. in COLOR

Finest quality silk finish smudge-proof photographic paper. Send any color photo (8 x 10 or smaller) color neg., or slide (returned). Add 55¢ per selection for postage and handling, and extra 50¢ for First Class Service.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Quality Values, 652-D, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804

NEW! **MANGELSEN'S "HOW TO" CRAFT BOOK NOW AT YOUR CRAFT DEALER**



ELEGANT BEADING With the help of this book you'll soon be making necklaces, chokers, bracelets . . . a whole treasure chest of beautiful, unique jewelry items. They're a cinch and fun to make, elegant and stylish to wear. 64 pages.

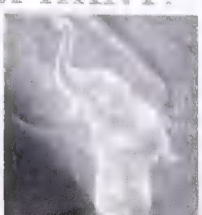
$1.25 Mail Orders add 25¢ postage.

FREE CRAFT BOOK LITERATURE - send self-addressed envelope with stamp for copy.

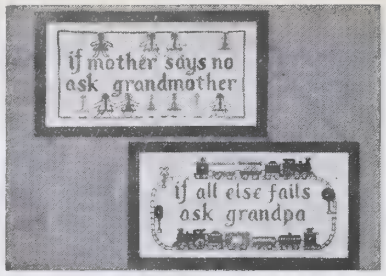
FREE INFO

MANGELSEN'S, Dept. TS, Box 3314, Omaha, NE. 68103

"Yes, you're seeing A PINK ELEPHANT!"

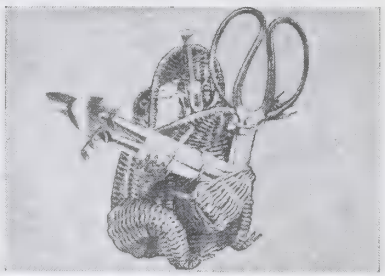


An intoxicating 2½" tall elephant of clear-pink glass. A real prize for any miniature animal-hunter. Order Mini Pink Elephant(s) #14605 @ $2.99 plus 55¢ post. & handl. ea. Send check or m.o. to **Palm Co., Dept. 7083, 4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33059.** (N.Y. & Fla. res. add sales tax.)



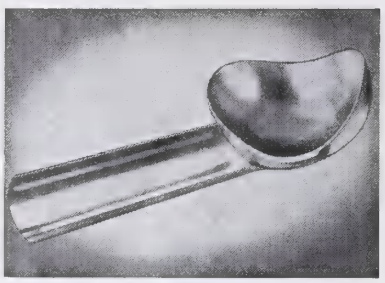
Stitchery delights!

Grandmother's Sampler, "if mother says no ask grandmother," or Grandfather's Sampler, "if all else fails, ask grandpa," are marvelous to colorfully cross-stitch on stamped oyster linen. Each kit has all you need plus 8½" x 15" wood frame. $3.75 plus 45¢ hdlg. each kit. Victoria Gifts, 12 J Water St., Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.



Rattan garden frog

Here's your personal gardener: a hand-woven enchanter for the indoor gardener. He's filled with the necessities for plant perfection—scissors, rake, spade, hoe and spray atomizer. Compact, practical and so adorable! 8" high; 7" wide. $10.95 plus $1 hdlg. Catalog, 25¢. Fran's Basket House, Dept. LH11, Route 10, Succasunna, NJ 07876.



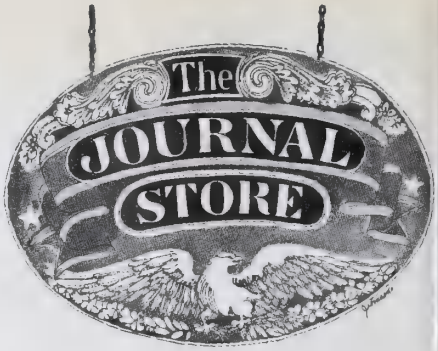
Ice cream, ice cream

They'll all scream for it with this Super Scooper to dip and power-out portion after portion. Lets you quickly scoop even the hardest ice cream with ease—a self-defrosting liquid hermetically sealed in handle does the trick. Rustproof. $5.95. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1711-H, Wheatridge, CO 80033.



U.S. Presidents stamps

Dramatic collection of foreign stamps pictures and honors some of our greatest presidents. 21 all-different genuine postage stamps from faraway countries are unique and seldom seen. 10¢. Also other stamps to examine free. Buy any or none; return balance; cancel service anytime. With catalog. H.E. Harris, Dept. PP-176, Boston, MA 02117.



LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



Cheese, please!

Pecan-Cheddar Wheel turns parties into good-fortune eating. It's a splendid taste treat in a delicious blend of layers of choice pecans and the best aged Cheddar. 1½-lb. wheel, $6.95; 3-lb., $10.95. Write for free 92-pg. color, gift catalog plus $12 in free discount coupons. The Swiss Colony, Dept. WL, 1112 7th Ave., Monroe, WI 53566.



Photo greeting cards

What a nice way to say Merry Christmas: color photo cards made from your own snapshot. 3½" x 7" cards have elegant rounded corners, borderless textured silk finish. With envelopes. Send color negative (with color print, add $1.50, color slide 75¢). 20 for $4.59 plus 45¢ hdlg. Keystone Photo, Dept. ED30, Box 1766, New York, NY 10001.



Go get 'em, for tiger

You *and* your mate can stalk around the house in cozy comfort in these warm, stretch-to-fit Tiger Slipper Socks. Orange/black Orlon acrylic paw print topped with "ferocious" white-felt claws. Genuine leather heels, soles. A roarin' foot-fun for anyone. $3.98 plus 25¢ hdlg. Holiday Gifts, 1711-F, Wheatridge, CO 80033.



Each month . . . A look into the nostalgic past through authentic photos, drawings, cartoons, comics, memories, features, songs, poems, letters, ads, etc., from the turn of the century up to a decade or so ago.

You'll relive those days and events through the pages of this one and only magazine of its kind.

For about the cost of a good movie, you can receive this big entertainment value each month for the next 12 months! We guarantee . . . that you will be thrilled beyond words . . . or you can have your money back!

Like old time comics?

You'll find complete comic pages from the past featuring such characters as: • Barney Google • Happy Holligan • Boob McNutt • Tillie the Toiler • Little Annie Rooney • Little Nemo — plus many, many others.

We're embarrassed by the kind words in letters such as these

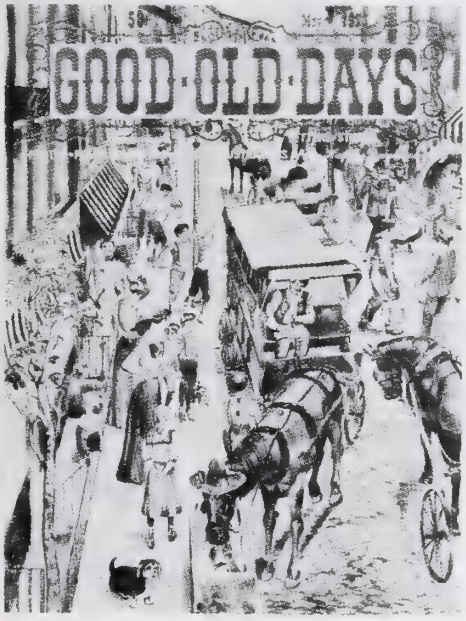
Dear Sir

Frankly it's a good thing that "Good Old Days" is not harmful to our health because it certainly is habit-forming, also hard to find on news stands too. I'm breaking loose with the four dollars for a year's subscription. I believe anything as good as you've got deserves support. It's refreshing to see a magazine that can sell itself without the use of sexy covers, lurid stories, and above all, a lack of violence.

Honestly, reading G O D gives a feeling of peace no drug can match!

M J P

West New York, N.J.



JUST A FEW OF THE FEATURES PREFERRED DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

- Thank heaven for Bisquits!
- Armistice Day of Long Ago!
- I remember Butchering Day
- Remember those Movie kids?
- Early 1900's Shoe Repair
- Looking Hollywood Way
- Growing Pains of a Country Boy
- My 5¢ nickel
- The Old Huckster Wagon
- Dry goods store — 1910 style
- Horse Hitching Posts
- Days of the Woodshed
- Bloomer girl
- Superstitions 60 years ago
- Straw ticks & feather beds
- They danced for 20 days
- Halloween Memories
- A little red schoolhouse
- Grandma what's a coalbin?
- Glorious Fourths, family style
- Oh women of yesterday!
- Shoe factory work in the 20's
- 1st women's lib — 1910 —
- Durable doll of yesterday





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Just $5.00 for 14 Big full Issues!

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- ☐ 14 months for $5.00 (Canada $5.50)
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☐ GOOD OLD DAYS SPECIAL ISSUES $2.00 FOR 1 YEAR

Past issues can be found in our Good Old Days Big Books (19 vols. in all) $1.00 per vol. vol. _____ Big Books

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Hold your portable T.V. right where you want it without awkward tables or stands. Takes any width up to 14" deep. 17" high. Black decorator pole has spring tension rod to adjust to 7½ to 8½ ft. ceiling heights. Can be set up in Hi or Low position. Hi position is great for reclining watchers!

Made in U.S.A.

$12.95 plus 1.00 postage

We ship in 24 hrs.

Extension for higher ceiling, add $2.00

Write for FREE catalog

Holiday Gifts

Dept. 1711-A
Wheat Ridge, Colo. 80033



NEEDLEPOINT TREE ORNAMENTS are easy to make for Christmas. Each kit includes canvas, Paterna Persian wool, needle, design chart, and instructions. Size 3½" to 5" tall.

Raggedy Andy Kit	$2.00
Soldier Kit	$2.00
Raggedy Ann Kit	$2.00
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PLUS 50¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING
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Christmas memories

Old-fashioned Christmas postcards are beautiful to send and delightful to receive. Full color, authentic designs and reproductions of Christmas cards used 60, 70 years ago, they're lovely enough to frame. 12 designs, 24 cards to a package, $1.25. From Tower Press, Inc. Box 428-CER, Seabrook, NH 03874.

WALLET PHOTOS



actual size 2½" × 3½"

BORDERLESS 20% LARGER PICTURE AREA

FULL COLOR 20 for $2.35

add 35¢ postage & handling each set

SILK TEXTURED SMUDGE-PROOF SURFACE

BLACK & WHITE 40 for $1.35

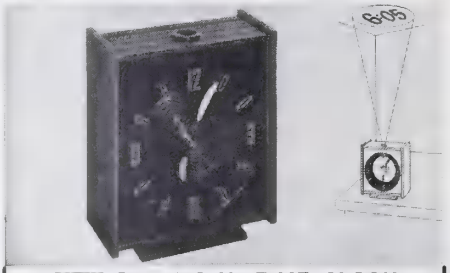
DELUXE ROUNDED CORNERS

Just the thing for family and friends! Send your favorite photo (up to 5"x7") or negative for top quality reproduction. Original returned unharmed.

KEYSTONE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. L11

FORMERLY ROY PHOTO SERVICE
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NEW DELUXE HI TIME CLOCK

Imagine! Time "tip-toeing" across the ceiling over your bed. You won't have to rouse yourself into wakefulness merely to check on the nightly hour . . . just glance at the ceiling and there it is. Projected by an invisible beam in large clear numerals 3" in size, so you won't need your glasses (when clock is placed 62" from ceiling). Walnut wood and gleaming Brass finish. Electric with alarm 2¾" x 6¼" x 5½". 1 year factory warranty. Gift Catalog .50¢.
$39.95 Ppd. Ill. Res. add 5% Tax. Charge cards accepted.

HOUSE OF MINNEL

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Personalized pet charms

We'll bet a bark or meow that animal lovers "must have" these sterling silver charms with breed of dog, cat or bird embossed on front. Persian, Tabby, Siamese, Angora; Parakeet, Canary; any breed of dog. Print name to engrave on back. ¾". $5.95. In 14K gold. $15. Jamaica Silversmith, LHJ11, 407 Rockaway Ave., Valley Stream, NY 11581.

MAKE MONEY FAST NOW!

BUY YOUR OWN RECORDS AT WHOLESALE

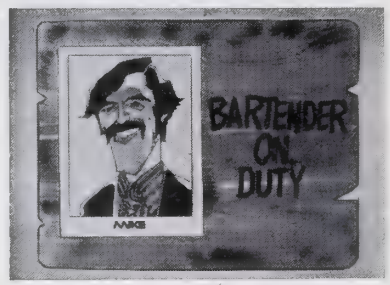
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Washington to Nixon — 36 in all! **Intricately detailed!** 2¾" tall. (See Picture of Kennedy at left.) Name, dates of office and number of his Presidency inscribed on pedestal base. An inexpensive educational gift! Only $3.98 for complete collection. Special — 6 sets for $18.00. Immediate delivery – in time for Xmas.
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By gin, it's Joe!

Whoever your tender barkeep is, his (or her) name is hand-lettered on this wood grain Bartender Plaque, *plus* a caricature drawing from photo you send (returned unharmed). Be sure to state name, color of eyes, and hair. 10" x 15". Cheers to a smashing gift! $15. Bolind, Dept. LH-11, Boulder, CO 80302.

5 foreign coins, 10¢

We will actually send you, for 10¢, seldom seen coins from Spain, Finland, Sierra Leone, Turkey and Czechoslovakia. Just to get your name for our mailing list. And we'll include our free catalog of coins, paper money, collector's supplies. Send 10¢, name, address and zip to:

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Cut Food Bills by 1/3

Eat the same quality food you purchased at your local supermarket last week for 1/3 less this week. Now available, a consumer report that explains why food producers value your patronage and are willing to pay for it. Send $2.95 — Check or Moneyorder to:

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74 Cannon Street, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601
Refund within 10 days if not satisfied with the results

Easy to grow in soil or water

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Hawaiian "Good Luck"

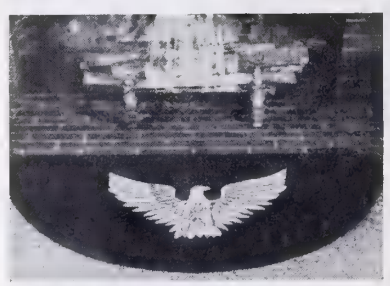


It grows out of a log - so fast you can almost see it grow! All you do is put the Ti log in water and watch it grow. When it sprouts, put it in a pot. The bigger the pot, the bigger it will grow... from one to six feet tall. You can have the size you want. Grow it in the sun or shade - it blossoms! The Hawaiian Ti Plant makes an ideal gift. Your choice of red or green leaves. Guaranteed to grow!

ONE FOR $1.00 3 FOR $2.50

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ROBERTA'S DEPARTMENT HJ-4
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Fireside finery

It's so comfy and cozy by the fire, but it's an excellent idea to spark-protect your carpet or floor with an Eagle Flameproof Rug. Of heavy flameproof cotton duck, rug is black with a bright gold eagle. 22" × 44". Nice for foyer entrance, etc., as well. $5.98 plus 50¢ hdlg. From Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1711-E, Wheatridge, CO 80033.

Was Eve Flat Chested?

Heredity vs. the Bust Developer

Ever since Eve, women have sought or—and discovered—newer and better ways to enhance their beauty of face and figure. But when it came to small or underdeveloped bustlines, most women simply shrugged their shoulders, threw up their hands and said, "I'm flat-chested because of heredity. There's nothing that can be done!"... *And then came Mark Eden.*

Q. You mean there is something you can do besides buying padded bras?

A. *Thousands of women who have lovely, full, rounded bustlines today were born with flat or smaller than average breasts. If heredity had been the final answer, if nature had meant for them to remain underdeveloped, they would not have found it so easy to quickly add inches of firm, shapely beauty to their bustlines. It all happened when they discovered the Mark Eden Developer.*

Q. Do you mean there is hope even for a 32A like me?

A. *Mark Eden is the world's most successful bustline developer. Over two million have been sold—all with money back guarantee of satisfaction—to women who, like you, wanted fuller, shapelier bustlines. For thousands Mark Eden has transformed flat bustlines into firm, shapely fullness. For many others it has reshaped the drooping look to a tauter, smarter, younger silhouette.*

Q. What does that "fuller, shapelier bustline" mean to me in terms of inches? I mean, what kind of gains can I look forward to with Mark Eden?

A. *Many, many women report that Mark Eden has added 2, 3, 4, 5 inches more to their bustlines in just a few short weeks. For years only Mark Eden has carefully documented and published actual photographs of the women who have achieved dramatic new bustline size and beauty with the Mark Eden Developer and while we do not state that every woman will achieve results, thousands of women are reporting that the Mark Eden Developer has given them the kind of bustline they have always dreamed of.*



Q. Will my bust lift and become firmer as well as larger?

A. *The Mark Eden Developer—not a cream or an artificial stimulator—is an exclusive exerciser that employs special techniques safely and effectively resulting in an absolutely unique method for molding the bustline. If you could see all the photos of women who have used the Mark Eden program and read their statements, you would be so impressed by how many of these modern day Eves are absolutely thrilled, not only because their bustlines have become so much larger and fuller, but also because they have achieved a new uplift, a firmness, roundness and shapeliness to their bustlines that they have never known before.*

Q. And Mark Eden guarantees all of this?

A. *The Mark Eden Guarantee is your protection: If after using the Mark Eden Bustline Developer and Course for only two weeks, you do not see a significant difference in your bustline development, simply return the developer and course to Mark Eden and your money will be promptly refunded.*

The Mark Eden Developer costs only $9.95 complete—you receive the fabulous Mark Eden Developer... you receive a complete course of instructions, fully illustrated by photographs, which shows and tells you exactly how to use this remarkable developer for your maximum results ... and you receive the MARK EDEN MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Mark Eden

P.O. Box 7843 Dept. LH-32
San Francisco, CA 94120

Please **RUSH** me my Mark Eden Developer and Bustline Contouring Course. I understand that this course is complete and that there will be nothing else to buy, and that if I do not see satisfactory results in bustline development within two weeks, I can return everything to Mark Eden and receive my money back.

For the above complete course and Bustline Developer I enclose $9.95 plus .50 for postage and handling.

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No COD's accepted.

Shipped in plain wrapper.

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BRONZE PLATED
IN
SOLID METAL
Only
$3.99
a pair



GUARANTEED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

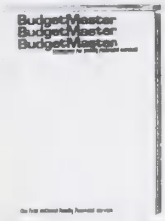
Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL, for only $3.99 pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. 100% Money-back guarantee. Also Portrait Stands (shown above), ashtrays, bookends, TV lamps at great savings. Thrillingly beautiful. The perfect Gift for Dad or Grandparents. SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address today for full details, money-saving certificate and handy mailing sack. WRITE TODAY!

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Budget Master, the first national family financial service to give a simple, unique system for budgeting and managing your money. It offers the kind of financial counseling only qualified experts can give. Our guide with easy-to-use worksheets shows how to make income exceed expenditures to equal cash surplus. MONEY TO SAVE. MONEY TO ENJOY. MONEY FOR FUTURE SECURITY. Join Budget Master, the fastest growing program for family financial survival. Don't hesitate. Regular price $5.95. SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE ... ONLY $4.95. Send coupon with check or money order today!



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Please send me The Budget Master Family Financial Survival Guide.

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COLOR 25 for $3.50 Add 50¢ Postg. & Handlg

Complete with envelopes. Additional cards 15¢ ea. Made from your square color negative. From color photo, add $1.50

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. No C.O.D.'s. Send cash, check or M.O. Many other designs available. Write for booklet. FREE Christmas offer expires November 15.

PHILIPS FOTO CO. DEPT. L4 ELMSFORD, N.Y. 10523

$18.95 plus $1.50 postage

SEND 25¢ FOR CATALOG

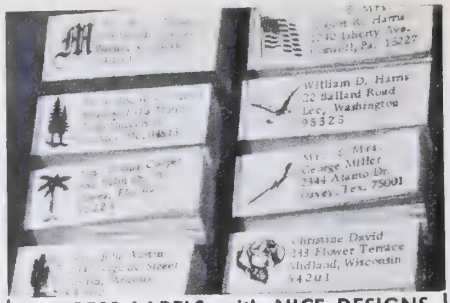


RATTAN SWAG LAMP

Beautifully handwoven of natural rattan. Fully electrified with dimmer switch, adjustable height from ceiling. 14" spread, 16" high with 18 ft. rattan cord and hooks for hanging included. Spray painted white, green, pink, yellow, blue, orange or black add $3.00. Use up to 150 watt bulb.

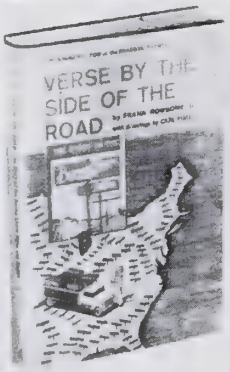
Visit our "New" Warehouse Showroom

FRAN'S BASKET HOUSE
Route 10, Dept. LHJ4



ADDRESS LABELS with NICE DESIGNS

Any Initial, American Flag, Pine, Gull, Palm, Roadrunner, Saguaro, Rose. (Also available are Texas Flag, Maple Tree, Treble Clef, or Palette). Up to 20 letters per line, 4 lines. Printed in black on white or gold gummed labels 1⅓x½". 500 on white or 250 on gold for $2.50 ppd. Or on DE-LUXE SIZE, 1¾" long, $3.50 with design or $2.50 without, ppd. Specify Initial or Design desired. Via Air add 39¢ per order. Bruce Bolind, 311 Bolind Bldg., Boulder, Colo. 80302. (Since 1956, Thanks to You!)



THE STORY OF THE BURMA SHAVE SIGNS

Enjoy a bit of nostalgia with this marvelous collection called "Verse By The Side Of The Road." All 600 verses (illustrated), it's the story of the Burma-Shave signs and jingles that for years made motor travel extra fun. Makes a handsome gift—it's a hardbound beauty. Will delight everyone. $4.95 Ppd.

HOLIDAY GIFTS
Dept. 1711-G, Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033



CUSTOM PRINTED SHIRTS

The latest craze—you think of the slogan and we'll print it! Any slogan, Seasons Greetings, your favorite hobby, sport or club, etc. Up to 30 letters printed on these quality cotton sweatshirts or T-shirts. Machine washable, paint will not run or fade. Colors are navy blue or powder blue. Size S, M, L, XL. Specify size & color. Add $2.00 extra for printing on both sides. We ship in 48 hours!

Sweatshirt ..... $6.95 ppd.
T Shirt ..... $4.95 ppd.

HOLIDAY GIFTS
DEPT. 1711-G, WHEAT RIDGE, COLORADO 80033



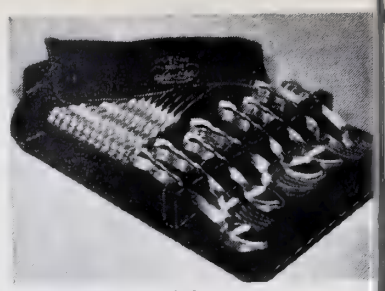
JEWELRY FOR THE EQUESTRIENNE, particularly nice gift for a teen-ager. Handsome horse pins and bracelet to accent a casual shirtwaist dress, a suit or a skirt and sweater outfit. Nicely finished in heavy silver plate with darkened details. Set of 2 pins and bracelet, $7.00. Matching earrings $2.50.



A Day For Each Child

Lovely children-of-the-week charms are inscribed with proper phrase for each day's child. "Friday's Child Is Loving and Giving," "Thursday's Child Has Far to Go," etc. State child's name and birth date to be engraved on back. 14K gold, 1-in. diameter, $20; ¾ in., $15. Sterling, $6.95; $5.95.

The Jamaica Silversmith
107 Rockaway Ave.
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11581



Good-bye tarnish

Gorham silverware drawer pads of Pacific Silvercloth keep your silverware neat, clean, and always ready for last-minute company. Standard size (14x12x2½") holds 108 pieces, $8.98. Jumbo (17½x14x2½") holds 120 pieces $9.98. Add 95¢ hdlg. Holiday Gift Dept. 1711-D, Wheatridge, CO 80033



Let's face it

Unsightly hair on arms, legs and face can be downright embarrassing. Perma Tweez, a do-it-yourself electrolysis device, safely and permanently removes unwanted hair without puncturing the skin. Appears in various medical journals. $16.95. General Medical Company, Dept. LJE-21, 5701 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90016.



Unsocial security

Burglar proof lock for sliding doors provides security against intruders. "Safety bar" fits all doors and adjusts up to 50" long. Installs without tools or screws. Of aluminum with anodized satin finish. $6.98 plus $1.19 hdlg. Catalog, 50¢. House of Minnel, 611 Deerpath Rd., Batavia, IL 60510.



Color photo bargains

Receive 16 wallet size; 12 wallet s with free 5x7; three 5x7 enlargemen or, one 8x10, from any color ph (8x10 or smaller), color negative, slide (returned). Finest quality s finish smudgeproof paper. Your cho $2 per offer. Add 35¢ hdlg. Add s extra for 1st class service. Robin Studio LH11, New Rochelle, NY 108

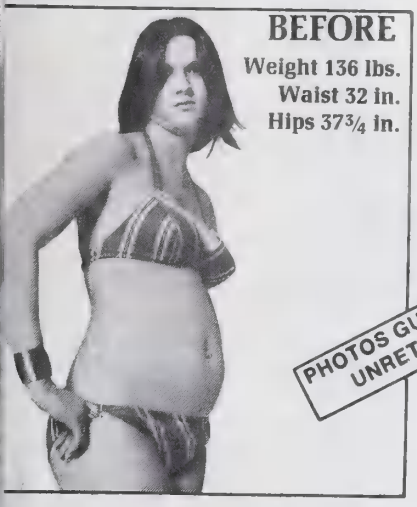
)ver 500,000 Flabby People Have Chosen This Easy Way To Shape Up, Fast...At Home!

Case #920150

Research Editor of Shape Up Magazine questions **Linda Simon**, who claims....

"I lost 7 lbs. and 5¾ inches off my waist in only 9 days!"

inda Simon ....overweight, bulging at the ist and hips, the day she started the 5-Minute dy Shaper Plan.



Linda Simon ....after 9 days with the 5-Minute Body Shaper plan. She's a lot slimmer, trimmer, more energetic.



PHOTOS GUARANTEED UNRETOUCHED

Hanley, Research Director for **Shape Up** mag ne, records his interview with Linda Simon—to ify her results with the 5-Minute Body Shaper. Hanley is a former athletic director and has extensive experience with many body build and weight reduction plans.

(Hanley): How Do You Account for Your Incredible Results With The Body Shaper? Frank I Found It Hard To Believe.

(Simon): I can't blame you for being skeptical. I was, too, at first. But, I followed the , just the way it was outlined in the booklet comes with the Body Shaper. It was quite ple, really. But losing 7 pounds—5¾ inches my waistline—in only 9 days was a lot more I ever expected.

Do You Know How It Happened?

Yes, I just did the 5-minute exercise with the Body Shaper—once in the morning and again ight—lying on my back. It was that easy! I the same foods I usually eat...**It wasn't necesto diet.**

What Made You Start With The Body Shaper?

Well, look at my picture BEFORE I started! I was flabby, tired, out of shape. Now, everytells me how great I look. I'm so much mer. And I feel like a new person. I've never happier.

Would You Recommend The Body Shaper To A Friend?

You bet I would! And I did. My friends found t hard to believe that I could show such quick ts with so little effort. They thought I had t weeks working out at a gym or health spa—at I might be starving myself. But it wasn't ssary. The Body Shaper Plan is such a simple to shape up fast—at home—and without wing a strict diet. It's great!

at Is This Ingenious Plan?

Weider '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan is based oing one continuous, coordinated rhythmic ise—twice daily and cutting down about 20% ur food intake—without giving up any of the you like.

This one, five-minute exercise is designed to slim and firm your flabby waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look), as well as take off excess body fat FAST by speeding up your metabolism, burning off stored calories, and releasing excess water. At the same time, it helps to reshape your bustline, hips, firms your arms and legs—improves your total figure.

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts. No disrobing. Do it in the privacy of your own home—even while watching TV. The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there is floor space—anytime. Even while watching television.

What The Experts Say:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Athletic Coaches ...agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan they have seen yet.

What Satisfied Customers Say:

Here are reported results from but a few of the thousands and thousands of customers who have used the plan. Each of the cases reported below, was **certified, measured** and **weighed** by experts.

That's why we can guarantee that **every** result reported is **absolutely** accurate.

"I lost 25 lbs. and 5¾ inches in 14 days," G.C. **"I lost 32 lbs. and 6⅜ inches in 21 days,"** M.F. **"I lost 15 lbs. and 3 inches in 10 days,"** W.E. **"I lost 22 lbs. and 6 inches in 21 days,"** M.B. **"I lost 3¾ inches off my waist in 5 days,"** R.M. **"I lost 10 lbs. and 6¾ inches in 11 days,"** C.J. **"I lost 10 lbs., 6¼ inches off my waist and 3" off my hips in 14 days,"** P.O. **"I lost 10 lbs. and 5 inches off my waist in 11 days,"** J.C. **"I lost 7 lbs. and 5 inches off my waist in 14 days,"** S.D.

Results vary depending upon how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 10 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, even while watching TV—(and just cutting down about 20% on the foods they eat—without giving up the foods they love). Naturally, their impressive results vary. **But, we guarantee that you, too, can expect to lose from 5 to 10 pounds and from 2 to 4 inches in 14 days—or your $9.95 will be refunded.**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts agree—the only way to firm, shape and trim your body is by **working off the inches. The Body Shaper** is a simple way to do it. No gimmicks involved—you will not be ripped off as in the past by so-called "effortless exercisers".

So, we make you this unconditional guarantee: **"Get it off fast"—and see measurable and firming results in 14 days or return the exerciser for your refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Total Body Shaper?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!!

After receiving your Body Shaper and instruction booklet, use this plan for 14 days. If you do not see your new body shaping up, return the total Body Shaper Plan for your $9.95 refund.



Weighs only 16 ounces.

WEIDER BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

5 MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY **$9.95**

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. BA/W
5-MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Dear Mr. Weider:

I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. And, I want to lose it quickly. Please send me the 5-Minute Body Shaper and Plan. If I should fail to see and feel a dramatic improvement in the first 14 days, I may return it for my $9.95 refund.

☐ **I am enclosing $9.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.**

Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ cash, for total $..... (Calif. res. add 6% sales tax).

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP .....

IN CANADA: '5' Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

Pending © COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER 1974

"No," Brian said.

"Whatever it is you're sore at me about . . ." she began.

"I'm not sore," Brian said. "I'm just not coming back, Connie. I know nothing but a miracle could change you. I've tried to change myself, but I can't. You said in the beginning that the best way to make a marriage last was to keep a packed suitcase so you always knew you were free to walk away. . . ."

"You're the one who's walking out," Connie said.

"But I wanted to unpack the suitcase and settle down," he said slowly.

"Then you mustn't break up our marriage," she cried out.

"Doesn't your crowd keep saying that marriage is obsolete? Of course, it's not really a sacrament anymore—ours wasn't—but I thought of it as an honest partnership."

She became bitterly aware that he had choked up, and that it was disappointment that choked him. He was disappointed that their marriage hadn't worked, so he must have really loved her. She focused her attention and heard him say, trying to laugh at himself, "When we used to look at each other, I always thought we had the same dream, at least, but now our eyes are as empty as the eyes of animals in cages."

"If you'll give me one more chance," she said. "Brian—"

"I can't," Brian said. "Don't you see that this is the time I'd slide over—it'll get me too. I'll be in the quicksand and lose myself. There's got to be a time when you don't *dare*. . . ."

"I promise you—I promise—" Connie began.

"You couldn't do it," Brian said. "You don't believe in any of it. You don't believe in anything. I don't want my children to have a mother who had to be forced to quit pills in four different colors at the point of divorce. If I come back, I'll be nothing but a mercenary, so let's quit fooling around—"

"If you hang up," Connie said, "I will kill myself."

"Oh, God," Brian said violently.

"If you force me to a divorce, what would I have to live for? I tell you, I will. You'd better believe me, Brian."

Brian's voice changed. "People who talk about it never do it!" he said contemptuously. "I don't like threats."

"Neither do I," Connie said, "like you threatening me with a divorce."

"Half your crowd are already on their second marriages," Brian said. "Maybe you can find a man who plays bridge, and I can find a girl who loves gardens."

"Listen," said Connie. "I've got a whole bottle of—"

"Well, be my guest," Brian said, and he sounded so bushed. "You won't take enough and we'll just have to pump your stomach out and you'll be a martyr."

"Brian, this time I mean it—"

The phone went dead. The break was so sharp, she ran her hand along the wire to see whether it had been cut.

"I'll show him," she said to herself. *"I'll show him!"*

"Spite?" Connie said to me. "It's such a petty—you know what I mean—such a horrid, petty word. I wanted to *spite* him. I kept thinking he'd be sorry. I could see him bending over me when they found me and crying: Connie, Connie—come back to me."

"You wouldn't have been there," I pointed out.

"But I thought I would." Connie said.

First she brushed her hair so it would shine and put on a little pale coral lipstick. Then she got back into bed with the bottle of pills in one hand and a book in the other, so she could pretend not to think about what she was doing to end her heartache—to show how unhappy she was but how brave.

Two by two—everything always goes two by two—but I am one by one. The pills go down easily two by two—two by two—no more heartache from being one by one. He can marry some crumb who likes gardens.

She held herself together carefully. The carpet was cold to her bare toes. She was sitting on the edge of the big double king-size bed and the dangling prisms of the lampshade sent black and white flickers across Brian's picture, that face that was so alive.

Alive?

I'm alive, she thought, with a burst of happiness. If I can see that picture I am alive, alive!

Aloud she said: "Oh, God, he was right. I didn't take enough."

Then a voice said: "Oh, yes, you did."

It was a voice she had never he before.

"No," she said, "there's my cigar box and Brian's picture. I'm exa where I *was*."

"Where did you expect to be?" voice said. "You can't die out of thing; you have to live out of it."

"Oh, no, no, no," Connie said, "th not fair. You have to be able to d out of things if you can't handle th don't you? Everybody knows there dropouts?"

"No," the voice said. "Not here hereafter."

"Who are you?" Connie cried. "W is all this—who are you?"

"I was sent to meet you," the v said. "If you decide to go back, I ca with you, to give you courage. . . ."

"Courage?" Connie said. "Courag

She saw then that her tears v streaming down so that her breasts v wet with them.

What do you think happened?" C nie asked. "I keep thinking and thinl about it all the time. Did I just not enough—I mean, was it like some l of miracle—or did I—I just don't kn

"You asked for a second chance, di you?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "Honestly—"

"Why did you choose to come ba

"I—I just couldn't do that to Bri she said. "I couldn't leave him. I him—I *must* love him."

"Then you don't have to worry said. "And Connie, *you* know, don't You *do* know?"

She stared at me, and all at once color swept up into her face. It like a sunrise, all the light of day da ing as though it were the first day, w God said: Let there be light. The l lay on her face and her eyes were s ing with it.

"Yes," she said, "I know. I have courage, so I must know."

And off she went to Oregon.



"If you must know, yes! *I* was *happier when I was a frog!"*

ES HOM DECEMBER 1974 75¢

Journal

most bountiful
stmas issue!
, fashions, gifts to make

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IARD BURTON
Without Liz

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THE WORLD'S ONLY SEXTUPLETS
Their Mother's Story

BILLY GRAHAM
Prayer for a President

RALPH NADER
Ways to Cut Home Heating Costs



OW POLITICS WRECKED MY MARRIAGE
BY MARTHA MITCHELL

By special arrangement with the *National Enquirer*



Nice 'n Easy® haircolor

It sells the most.

Behind these beautiful machines there's a great-looking you.

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Clairol 3 Way Mist Hairsetter
Exclusive Kindness® Rollers give you prettier, longer-lasting sets.

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Four different settings let you see yourself in the light you'll be seen in.

Clairol Air Brush® Styling Dryer Super-quick power. Makes wet hair wash and wear in minutes.

Clairol Crazy Curl® and Crazy Twirler® Styling Wands
Quick little flips or crazy little curls in seconds with a Crazy Curl Steam Styling Wand or its new cousin Crazy Twirler (the dry styling wand). You'll love 'em both like crazy.

Clairol Skin Machine®
Whirls away dirt and leaves your skin looking clean, feeling great.

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The sunny floor that shines without waxing:

Solarian® by Armstrong

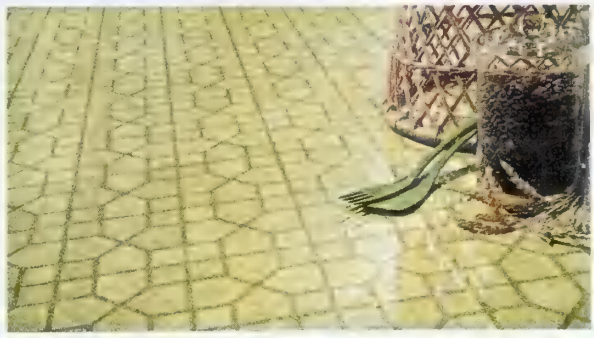
What's the secret? Solarian's special Mirabond® wear surface that keeps its high gloss, without waxing, far longer than an ordinary vinyl floor. And the cleaner you keep it, the brighter it shines: just sponge-mop with a detergent and rinse thoroughly. Black heel marks come up easier, too.

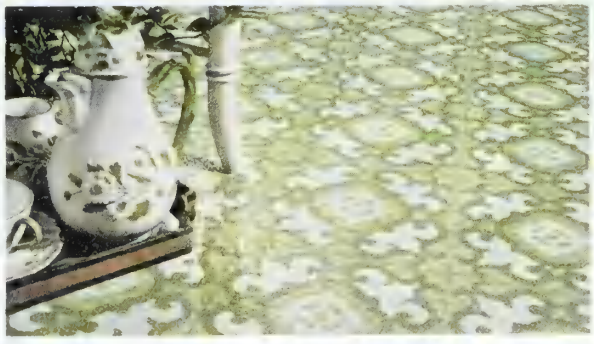
Where foot traffic is heaviest, you may eventually see a reduction in gloss. So, if you need it, your Armstrong retailer can supply a special Solarian Floor Finish, which can be applied occasionally to maintain the shine the way you like it.



You'll find your nearest Armstrong retailer in the Yellow Pages under "Floor Materials." Many are authorized "Floor Fashion Center®" retailers, offering a complete selection of Armstrong floors, color-coordination assistance, and professional installation. Look for this sign.

Shown here are just three of the many Armstrong patterns with our "shines-without-waxing" Mirabond wear surface. See them all at your retailer. Or we'll send you free color brochures. Write Armstrong, 7412 King St., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.





Armstrong

CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD®

Floor designs copyrighted by Armstrong Cork Company



EDITOR'S DIARY

BY LENORE HERSHEY

Holiday wishes

To all our readers, whether they are celebrating Christmas or Hanukkah, a very special wish for happy holidays. For our staff, 1974 has been a year of many forward steps and new horizons. 1975 looks exciting, too. In January, for example, we'll be announcing a new program of recognition for women athletes. In cooperation with the ABC Television Network, the JOURNAL will present the finals of "The Superstars for Women." Watch for the story in our January issue—and watch for the show on February 2nd. Meanwhile, trim the tree and light the candles with thankfulness that we have weathered recent storms and can face new ones unafraid.

But meanwhile, too . . .

Let us consider that not all babies are as plump and thriving as those sextuplets on our cover. It may be a grim subject to bring up at the start of a happy season and a bountiful magazine, but it is an urgent one. The word is *starvation*. It is difficult to put the total impact of hunger into vivid words. But it is widespread, and it mostly hits children.

Margaret Hickey, our Public Affairs Editor, is Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid, AID, Department of State, and it is she who regularly hits us with the shock realities of how hunger is rising among young children in places such as Barbados, Guatemala, Niger, Bangladesh, Thailand and India. Almost one third of the world, it has been estimated, is suffering from the effects of hunger. Roughly *fifteen million children each year die before the age of five*. They die of the combined effects of infection and malnutrition, and this constitutes about a quarter of all the deaths in the world. And this does not count the children who are left physically or mentally handicapped by simply not having enough to eat.

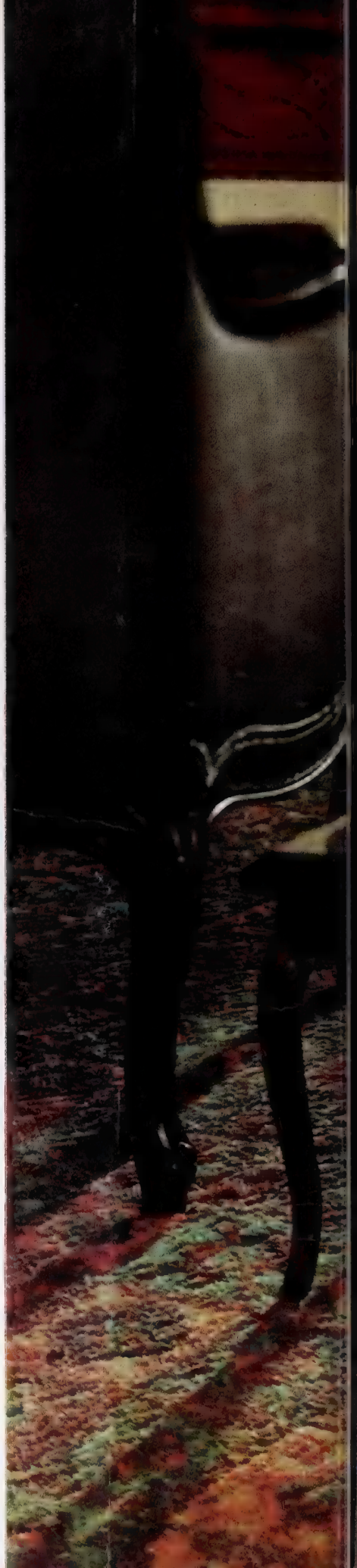
Some progress has been made against the desperate inroads of famine. But now there are new pressures: bad weather, inflation in energy and food costs, and the runaway population explosion which continues to provide some 200,000 human beings each day. Our American food reserves, so dependable in the past, are running dangerously low. As this magazine goes to press, a World Food Congress will be meeting in Rome to discuss new ways of expanding food production, and to harness the efforts of all nations in stemming hunger and malnutrition. The World Food gathering may be only a first step. But we must do something quickly to give children something more than the staring eyes, matchstick legs and the swollen stomachs of stark starvation. Yes, home needs come first, but the American people want to help those in still greater need.

What can YOU do?

Margaret told us that many local religious and community groups were working on famine relief, and were making special holiday appeals. But if you lack the time or the connections to seek them out, here is a list of national organizations that will gratefully accept your check or money order (made out to FAMINE RELIEF). This Christmas and Hanukkah of 1974, make your donation to one of these:

CARE, Inc., 660 First Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
Catholic Relief Services, 1011 First Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
Church World Service, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027
American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, 60 East 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017
American Red Cross, Washington, D.C. 20006
Lutheran World Relief, 315 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010
Africare, 2204 "R" St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008

Then you can trim the tree and light the candles with a lightened heart! —LH



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Armstrong introduces

GRAND NOBLE™

So exotically beautiful, it could make you believe in magic carpets again.

If you don't believe in magic, walk around Grand Noble in your bare feet.

You'll feel magically sculptured, soft pile deep enough to wriggle your toes down into.

You'll be amazed at the magical tricks the silky, soft fibers play with light and shadow. Like the finest velvets, Grand Noble carpets alternately absorb the light or reflect it . . . depending on where you happen to be standing. The color subtly appears to change its value as you walk from one end to the other. So every step becomes an adventure . . . a kaleidoscopic journey you'll never grow tired of.

Grand Noble is made of dense, heavy pile specially chosen for durability and stain resistance. And Grand Noble has its own thick foam cushioning on the back for comfort and quiet underfoot.

You can have Grand Noble as a room-size rug with luscious, thick fringe or as wall-to-wall carpet.

Grand Noble carpet, rugs—for people who want a little realistic magic in their lives.

Want to see more of Grand Noble? We'll send you a free color brochure. Write Armstrong, 7412 Paul Street, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

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CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD®

WHAT'S HAPPENING BY GENE SHALIT



Movies this month—3 winners (big ones) and 2 losers. The TV scene is full of sentimental favorites and, for a surprise Christmas suggestion . . . well, wait and see.

The movie screen scene

Some movies are out of bounds, but good movies abound, so millions of evening-outers are theater-bound this month, the busiest of the movie-going year. Here's what to see and what to skip, starting with a high-sea saga:

A British ocean liner with Omar Sharif in command is luxuriating across the Atlantic, and before we can wonder what an Egyptian is doing on the bridge of a British liner a telephone rings in London and a voice calling itself "Juggernaut" warns that seven bombs have been planted on board and unless one and a half million dollars are paid by dawn the ship will blow up, hurling 1,200 extras into the sea. The steamship company advocates paying up, but the government exhorts against extortion. Instead, it sends Richard Harris, a champion de-bomber of bombs, parachuting into mid-ocean. He climbs aboard to save the ship. Back in England, Scotland Yard speeds through the night trying to track the terrorist, amid a philosophical conflict between the military, the government, and the steamship company—some men ready to capitulate, others willing to trade lives for principle. And all the while, wily Richard Harris pokes and probes with finger-trembling precision to abort the bombs. As a sea storm rocks the boat, questions come up: Will the bombs explode? Will Richard Harris cut the right wire? Is the left wire the right wire? Can the cast swim? Richard Lester has directed *Juggernaut* with a style and splash that make it a superior breath-holder.

One of the best in years

Federico Fellini's new movie is called *Amarcord*. It means "I remember." It is one of the fine films of the year and instantly one of the best in many years. No one has a richer imagination than Federico Fellini, and we are all richer for it! Fellini delves into his childhood with stirring memories stirred into a mix of dreams, fantasy and fantastic reality. The setting is one year in an Italian village in the 1930's. A series of episodes, a time remembered and, where not remembered, invented. There is no continuous narrative, but a series of episodes that bring us all to life, a series of matchable moments: Uncle Teo in a tree-top shouting for a woman—*any* woman . . . the ocean liner *Rex* passing through the night . . . a mosaic of inept elementary school teachers and pranking pupils. The film floods with scenes and senses, characters and caricatures, funny, sunny, rowdy, touching, tender, tumultuous. Give yourself a Christmas gift: See *Amarcord*.

Memorable Bergman

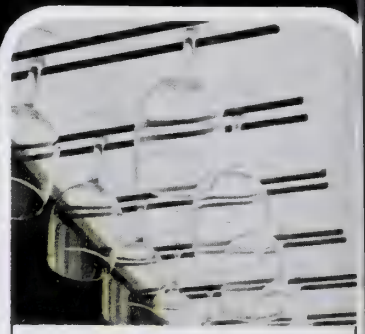
Ingmar Bergman's new film *Scenes from a Marriage* uses a series of episodes to cover 12 years in the lives of a woman and man whom we meet as husband and wife and leave as friend and lover. They are portrayed by Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson. *Scenes from A Marriage* was a six-hour production for Scandinavian television, but Bergman has reshaped it for theatrical release to just under three hours with an intermission. She's a lawyer, he's a professor who say they have everything they need. So it seems. But soon the seams come apart and *they* part, because their sex life has been a lie, and now they lie apart. Early in the film they boast that they have no problems. But Liv Ullmann subsequently says that perhaps having no problems can be a problem. Their own marriage is a void of silence avoiding the unspeakable. Then slowly, slowly, Bergman peels their pretense with a perception and intensity rarely revealed on screen: their separation, their separate ways, their way back to a relationship of a new sort that sorts out their authentic feelings—a sort of honesty at last. The performances are expert, especially Miss Ullmann's. With a tentative smile or a gentle gesture, she can convey more than others can with a convoy of words. It is an exquisite performance. So, call it television transformed or soap opera reformed, call it art, call it entertainment—whatever you call it, I call *Scenes from A Marriage* a memorable movie.

And then we have . . .

California Split is the story of two compulsive gamblers who will bet on anything. You might call them *The Odds Couple*. Elliott Gould lives with a couple of bird-brained call girls one of whom, Ann Prentice, lives largely on corn flakes and Fruit Loops. Gould lives largely to gamble. He loves the horses and he nags George Segal into going to the track. Segal succumbs and their horse says plenty. George pulls up *(continued)*



Two sculptured, decorative braces enhance the textured charm of the Colonial Sampler Chandelier Ceiling.



Wood dowels attached to the bar ceiling hold stemmed glasses. Recessed lighting creates a shimmering effect.



A reembroidered fabric border stretched over a plywood frame outlines a tiny window. Lacy curtains complete the fantasy.

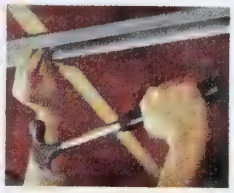


The same fabric border is sewn onto the sofa coverings carrying through the easy-to-do decorating scheme.

You can turn your low-down basement into a high-spirited recreation room and say "I-Did-It-Myself™."

Start with an Armstrong Chandelier® Ceiling.

You can capture the cozy spirit of this Irish pub! The Armstrong Interior Designers have created a magical recreation area from an unexceptional basement. You can follow their lead and be your own decorating leprechaun. The dining table is deceptively easy to make, and the brass filigree edging adds the final fillip. Turning tiny windows into these large airy-looking ones is another of the Armstrong Designers' bewitching tricks. The charming, old-fashioned dining area is separated from the sitting room and bar with shamrock green indoor-outdoor carpet by Armstrong (also used for the vibrant wallcovering around the fireplace). You can do it, too! Start with an Armstrong Chandelier Ceiling. Which one? Colonial Sampler. Its traditional sculptured design sets the country mood. The ceiling tiles are installed with the Armstrong Integrid™ installation system. It's easy to do; it's easy for you! Imagine your very own Irish pub. It's green, white, and spirited!



Install runners



Slide tiles in



Lock in place





A painted barrel is topped with stained plywood. Stock brass trim is tacked around the edge for an original game/dining table.

Who would have thought of enlarging tiny basement windows with stretched fabric over plywood frames, rounding off a table top with brass filigree, and adding simple dowels to hold stemmed glasses? The Armstrong Designers brewed it all up! Would you like more "I-Did-It-Myself" decorating and remodeling ideas? We'd love to send you our brand-new booklet! Write Armstrong, 7412 Moore Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17604.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued

stakes and sells just about everything he has to get into a high-stakes poker game in Reno, then shuffles over to 21, roulette and dice, getting hot and blitzing through a phenomenal winning streak that flings him to the movie's inconclusive conclusion. There are all sorts of set pieces along the way: A transvestite scene, poker scenes, a bus-to-the-track scene, but nothing hangs together. The characters are strangers when we meet them and strangers when they part. It is all surface and no satisfaction, so *California Split* is not a particularly good bet.

Dirk Bogard is brilliant and Charlotte Rampling is good in a sado-masochistic movie called *The Night Porter*, filled with perversion and pretense. Bogard is a former Nazi concentration camp guard, and Charlotte Rampling is a former prisoner whom he has ravaged. Years have passed, he is now the night porter of a hotel in Vienna, she is the wife of a leading opera conductor. They meet by chance in the hotel lobby, and resume their debased behavior. This is an X-rated movie that has gotten away with an R. It was released by Joseph E. Levine. I don't blame him. I wouldn't want it lying around *my* office, either.

The TV screen scene

The holidays reverberate with re-runs or, as some stations refer to them with pinkies raised, Encores. But winter re-winds are not the same as summer sludge: they're winners for children and addicted adults. I know a woman who marks her calendar a month in advance so she'll be home for the Dr. Seuss classic, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. That's why her December calendar is marked this year for Friday the 13th—an appropriate date since the narrator is Boris Karloff. It's on CBS, which will also repeat these holiday favorites: *Frosty the Snowman* (Dec. 8) . . . *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* (Dec. 13) . . . *A Charlie Brown Christmas* (Dec. 17) . . . *I Heard the Owl Call My Name* (Dec. 23) . . . and *Aesop's Fables* (Dec. 23) with Bill Cosby narrating. So circle your calendar for those and add these: *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town* with the voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney and Keenan Wynn (ABC Dec. 5) . . . *The Borrowers* starring Eddie Albert, Tammy Grimes and Dame Edith Evans (NBC Dec. 13) . . . *The Little Drummer Boy* narrated by Greer Garson (NBC Dec. 15) . . . and *The Bear Who Slept Through Christmas* with the voices of Tommy Smothers, Arte Johnson and Barbara Feldon (NBC Dec. 16). There are some prizes in those *(continued)*

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Animal Crackers. The Marx Brothers in their 1930 classic in which Groucho is Captain Spaulding, the African explorer who wonders how that elephant got into his pajamas.

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz. Richard Dreyfuss is admirably loathsome in this densely detailed story of a Sammy Glick in Montreal. A heavy film about a rotten kid on the make.

The Black Windmill. Michael Caine of British intelligence sets out to track down his little boy's kidnapper. Donald Pleasance is outstanding as the man who gets in the way. *Black Windmill* may give you quite a turn.

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia. Few movies are as tedious. Bring me the head of the studio that released this one.

Chinatown. Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway and John Houston in an evocation of 1930s Los Angeles. Filled with mystery, murder and mood, *Chinatown* takes the starch out of everyone who says they don't make 'em like they used to.

Claudine. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll are winning as a couple in this black movie about a boisterous garbage man and a suburban maid who try to make it despite her six kids and his abhorrence of welfare. Rated PG but the language and incidents are rough.

Conrack. A Southern white teacher in a black shack-of-a-school off the coast of the Carolinas. John Voight is brilliant. It will melt the heart of everybody in your family. See it, see it, see it!

Daisy Miller. Fatuous film based on Henry James' novel. Cybil Shepherd is Daisy and Peter Bogdanovich is Daisy's petal pusher.

Escape to Nowhere. An action thriller involving British-Russian espionage. Intelligent, topflight entertainment.

For Pete's Sake. Barbra Streisand misused in a comedy that alternately doesn't work or works too hard.

A Free Woman. A compelling drama about a divorced woman trying to make an independent life for herself. First-rate direction and performances.

The Girl from Petrovka. Goldie Hawn and Hal Holbrook in a non-story with the glacial pace of a serial in an annual magazine.

Harry and Tonto. An endearing movie, with Art Carney in a shining performance as he adventures across America.

The Mad Adventures of "Rabbi" Jacob. An explosively funny farce for every member of the family. Louis De Funes is an inspired comic actor. Don't miss it.

The Parallax View. Warren Beatty in a flawed but headlong thriller about a national conspiracy that assassinates politicians on assignment.

The Seduction of Mimi. Rich and ribald social comedy, filled with fun and tinged with sadness. Perfect for adults; imperfect for kiddies.

S*P*Y*S. Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland loafing through a Paris caper. I've seen japer.

The Tamarind Seed. Julie Andrews is West and Omar Sharif is East and the twain meet in Barbados. A romantic mystery to take off your shoes by.

That's Entertainment. Some of the best production numbers from some of the best MGM musicals. All singing, all dancing, all talking, all together now, *let's go!*

The White Dawn. Timothy Bottoms, Warren Oates and Lou Gosset rescued by Eskimos. Brilliant performances. Rated R because of occasional bare bosoms, but that shouldn't keep intelligent high schoolers from joining you. A superior film.



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reprises, but is anything new? Plenty: *'Twas The Night Before Christmas*, based on Clement Moore's poem, with the voices of Joel Grey, Tammy Grimes, and George Gobel (CBS Dec. 8) . . . *The Year Without a Santa Claus* is based on a tale about an oversleeping St. Nick by Phyllis McGinley, the Pulitzer prize-winning author. Mickey Rooney, that Hardy perennial, provides the voice of Santa in this musical fable, and the narrator—Shirley Booth—also speaks for Mrs. Claus (ABC Dec. 10). . . . Can anyone possibly imagine TV-watching youngsters making it through December without knowing that Christmas is coming? Such a surfeit of Santas!

How to be a big wheel at Christmas

Millions of bicycles will be given as gifts this month, and I suggest that if a bike is on your list, you also add a book or two for added safety and for fun. The government is all for bikes—gasoline is saved by pumping yourself. There is even a trans-America bike trail shaping up for 1976. It is called The Bike Centennial. (These are the jokes, folks.) More bikes were sold in America this year than cars—16 million to 10 million. That's a lot of spokes, folks.

Gift suggestions: *The New Complete Book of Bicycling* (Simon & Schuster) is the updated version of this standard and comprehensive work. The author, Eugene A. Sloane, says we should no longer refer to a bicycling boom, but to a bicycling renaissance. The heart of this valuable book has always been its clear, concise, fully illustrated bicycle maintenance manual. If a kid can ride a bike, he should know how to fix it, and so should she.

How to Choose and Use a Bicycle Without Doing Something Dumb (Dell) by Peter Braddock is a guide to how to choose and use a bicycle without doing something dumb. Like walking into a store and buying the first pretty bike that catches your eye.

Bicycles come in enormous varieties of makes, models, shapes, sizes, speeds and designs. The trick is getting the bike that is precisely right. Size is highly important and Braddock also warns that a six- or nine-year-old will have a tough time with hand brakes.

Two paperbacks that are easy to slip into your knapsack on bicycle trips are *Richard's Bicycle Book* (Ballantine) by Richard Ballantine and *Cycling* (Stadia Sports Publishing) by Tony Christopher. Both are illustrated and can be a quick reference for on-the-road bicycle maintenance. . . . I hope you'll keep Shalit's Law in mind this holiday: a book with a bite. **End**

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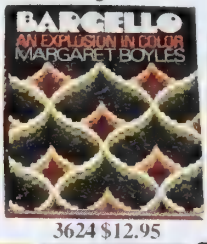
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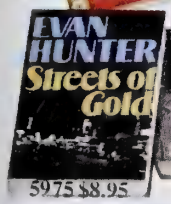
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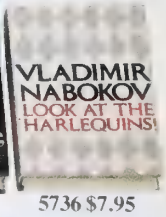
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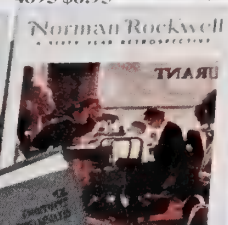


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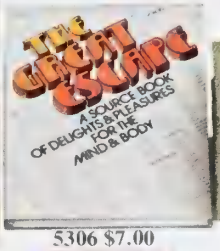


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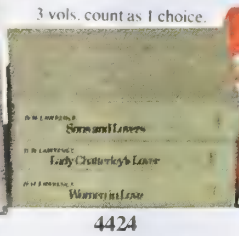


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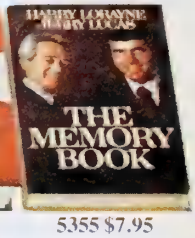
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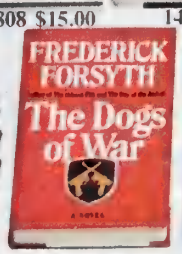
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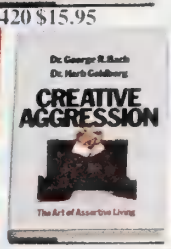
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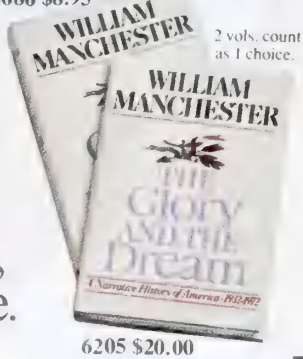
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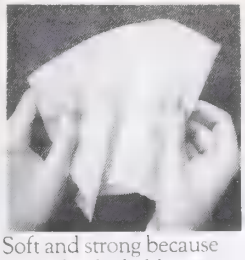
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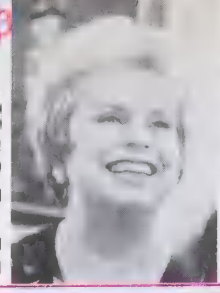
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Sweet Earth Fragrance Oils. The longest-lasting of all Sweet Earth forms. To be used on your body, or in your bath. Available in 10 fragrances. ½ ounce for $2.50.

© Coty, New York


The Sweet Earth Soft Mist Cologne. The softest version of the Sweet Earth fragrances. A gentle, fresh spray of nature. Available in 6 fragrances. 2 ounces for $2.75.
The Sweet Earth Candle. A candle of Sweet Earth fragrances. Each comes with 3 packages of scented wax chips to blend together or layer for a fresh, fragrant candle. And the pot is a gift in itself, a reusable glass flower pot. Available in the woods, and the rare flower fragrances. $3.95.
COTY
Sweet Earth
HERB FRAGRANCES
Soft Mist of CLOVER
NET WT. 2.0 OZ.
COTY
Sweet Earth
GRASS FRAGRANCES
Soft Mist of CLOVER
COTY
Sweet Earth
HERB FRAGRANCES
SAGE
COTY
Sweet Earth
HERB FRAGRANCES
SAGE
The Sweet Earth Individual Compact. A little cream-perfume compact for tucking in a pocket. Or the toe of a Christmas stocking. Available in 8 long-lasting fragrances. $1.75.

AMY VANDERBILT: QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE



Handling that first Christmas as a divorcée . . . . Giving clergymen clothes for the holiday . . . . The debate over nonsexist salutations. . . . Must jewelry match a dress? . . . Tipping lounge attendants.

Christmas charity

Every year our friends and relatives ask what kind of gifts we want for Christmas. Since we really have most things, would it be correct to tell them to donate our gift to a charity we both like?

You may certainly do this, but wait until they ask. Every year some people drop out of the gift-giving category.

Wineglass

Should you hold a wineglass with your fingers around the bowl of the glass?

White wines, which are served cold, are better held by the stem. Red wines (except a sparkling burgundy, which is treated like champagne) may be held by the bowl to warm the wine gently.

Divorcée's Christmas

This will be my first Christmas as a divorcée. How should I sign my cards so that I can include my young son's name?

If you are sending the cards to people who know you are divorced, I suggest that you sign "Kathy Jones," and beneath that, "and Billy." Don't send cards to people who don't know and who might think that your husband died. And don't send cards with any explanation of what has happened. Wait until after the first of the year, then drop brief explanatory notes to people to whom you would ordinarily send a Christmas card.

Sherbet

Recently, at a dinner party, we were served individual dishes of sherbet with the main course. Is this a new custom or just a brainchild of the hostess?

This is a very old custom. In formal service, the sherbet (or in French, *sorbet*) was served between the fish and the meat to "clear the palate." In some parts of this country a cranberry sherbet is served with turkey. I would like to hear from readers who follow this custom.

Clothes for the pastor

In my small church, several women give the minister clothing on his birthday. His salary is quite low. Is this proper?

I discussed this with a clergyman, who responded as follows: "Since clothing is a very personal thing, it might be wiser to give the minister the money to buy what he wishes. In that way he isn't on the spot to have to accept graciously whatever is given. Clergy in general are becoming increasingly sensitive about "barter" arrangements and even resist accepting discounts because they think that such practices continue to keep clergy's stipends at a far lower level than those of other professions."

Printed cards

I dislike receiving Christmas cards with the name of the sender printed instead of handwritten. What is your opinion?

I like the personal touch myself. However, people who send hundreds, sometimes thousands, of cards feel that they have no option.

Teaching etiquette

It seems that parents today are passing on the job of teaching good manners to schoolteachers. Shouldn't etiquette be taught in the home, not in school?

I have always said that table manners, particularly, are best absorbed by children in the home atmosphere. Fortunately, etiquette is learnable in school—even if parents have been careless about passing on the necessary information to their children.

Baby-sitter

I am 14 and have just started to babysit for a new couple. The husband is always opening and holding doors for me and helping me on with my coat. I am not used to this and I would like to know what to say.

One social grace is to be able to accept such courtesies gracefully. It isn't actually necessary to say anything, but I am always grateful for these courtesies myself, and I say "Thank you."

Non-sexist salutation

Our office staff is interested in deviating from the standard business letter salutation, "Gentlemen." We have discussed "Gentlepersons" or "Gentlepeople" and a simple "Good Morning" or "Greetings," but we find them all too informal. "To whom it may concern" and "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam" seem too formal. Do you have any suggestions?

I think we are straying far too much on this situation. "Gentlemen" is still a good salutation to a firm made up presumably mainly of men but perhaps with some women on the staff. Some people are opting for "Gentlemen/Ladies." When you know the firm is all women, you may certainly use "Mesdames." "To whom it may concern" is not correct. I think that most of the other things you suggest are inappropriate.

Titles on cards

We have known our family doctor for 25 years, professionally and socially. The last few Christmas cards have been signed by the doctor's wife as "Mrs. and Dr. John Doe," yet she uses our first names. I sign our correspondence to them with our first names only. How should this particular question be handled in the future?

The doctor's wife is wrong. The cards should be *signed* John and Mary Doe. If they were imprinted, then the names would have been Dr. and Mrs. John Doe (but not the other way around). Never *sign* any communication with your titles of Mr. and Mrs. A signature is always handwritten and should comprise a first and last name: for example, Edith and Lawrence Holt. But joint signatures should be used only on greeting cards or in telegrams, not in personal letters or notes.

Jewelry

I gave my daughter-in-law a ring consisting of three square-cut sapphires surrounded by diamonds. She says she cannot wear the ring to her son's wedding because she isn't wearing a blue dress, that jewels must match one's dress. Is that right?

The jewels need not, of course, match the dresses or outfits with which they are worn. What I suspect is that jewelry of this kind is not your daughter-in-law's "style." Don't keep questioning her about it, but do stress that the ring is a nice family piece. Perhaps in time she will come to enjoy it or she may have the stones reset.

Sympathy note

Should sympathy notes be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. John Doe upon the death of a parent or only to the spouse whose parent died?

(continued)

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

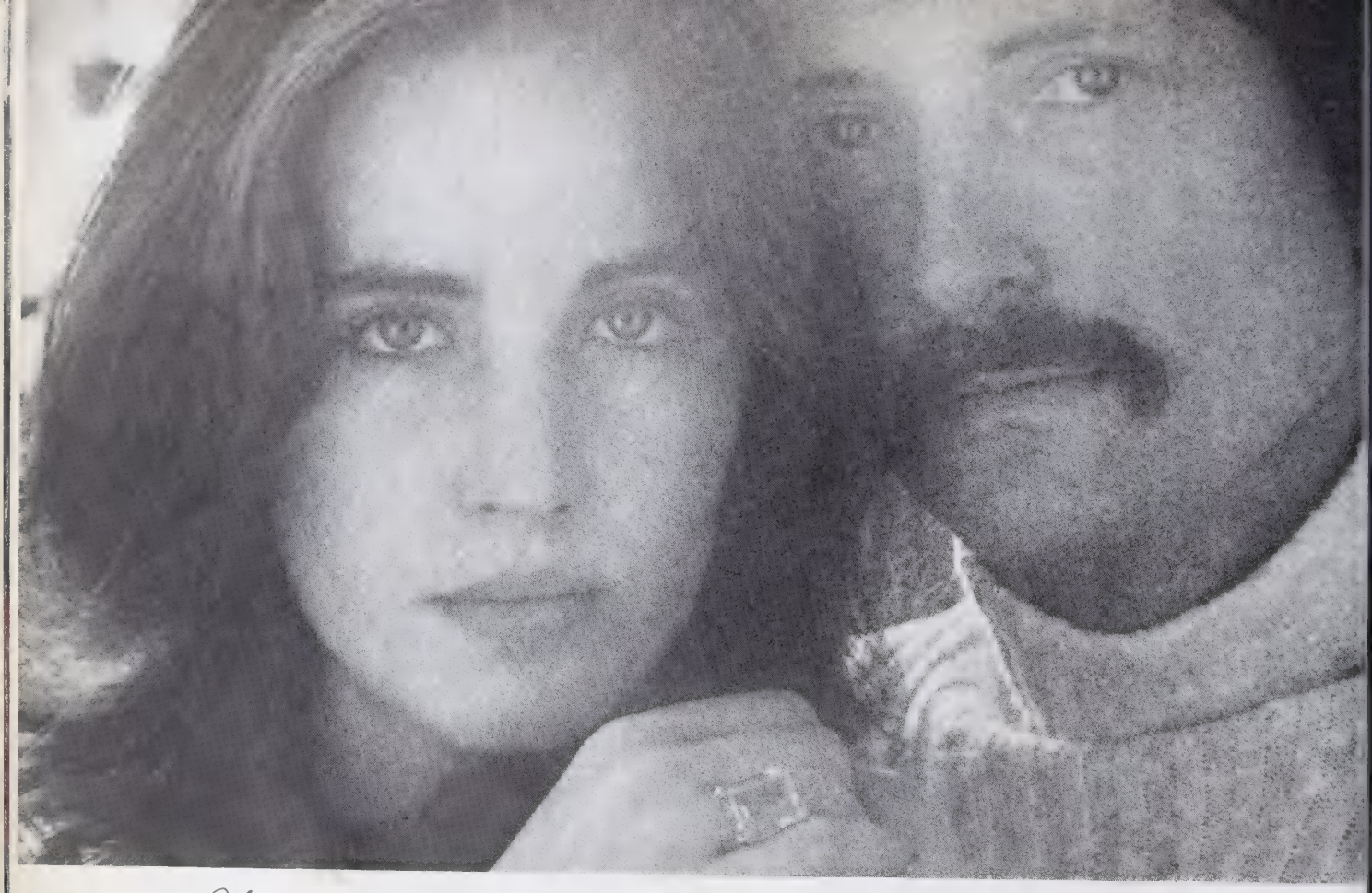
Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, house warmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send $1 for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1115, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



This Christmas I'm really glad I'm a Skinny Dip girl!

I just can't believe all these great gifts! There's Skinny Dip Cologne with a shoulder tote, a strawberry candle, a pretty pack of note paper, and *oodles more*. Great gifts to give *and* great gifts to get! But best of all, Skinny Dip makes me feel pretty...and what more could any girl ask for?

Skinny Dip makes a girl feel pretty.



If there's anybody who
really knows me, it's Michael.
He says he loves the smell
of my skin, and he likes my
perfume because he says it brings
out what I am to him.
More of a woman. More honest.
More open. Less helpless.
I used to think being
more of a woman
meant acting hard to get.
Today I think it means
not acting at all.



Want him to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman.

Emeraude by Coty.

©Coty, New York

Last year I gave Jim a really exclusive
French cologne for Christmas.
He hated it.
So this year he gave
me a hint: Roman Brio.
Beautiful! No more big decisions!
Now...should I get him the Decanter?
It's so good looking...
But the Travel Kit is so practical...
Or maybe Jim would like
Roman Brio Leather.
Yes, I think he would...
Okay, that's my final decision!
But then again...



ROMAN BRIO
Think about it.

AMY VANDERBILT
continued

It is usual to address the note to the couple as it is assumed that they both feel bereaved.

Pushing food

Should my two-year-old son use a roll to shove food onto his fork?

Yes, let him do this. Even adults may use bread as a pusher, but not the fingers.

Wedding

My son and his girl friend want to have a large wedding, even though they have a year-old baby. Isn't this improper?

I am sure that a small, family wedding would be much more comprehensible to close friends and family.

Married Miss

Do you ever call a married woman "Miss" with her first name—such as "Miss Sally"? I heard a fellow teacher correct a child for using this.

I see that you live in the South, where it is quite customary for a married woman to be called "Miss Sally"—especially by children, as a term of respect. I see no objection to it in the South, but it would seem strange to hear this in the North.

Serving snacks

When having a party, should you bring out snacks as the evening progresses, or should you fill the tables with cheese, dips, etc., before anyone arrives?

The second way is easier, but the first is more interesting if you can manage it.

Lounge tipping

If there is a uniformed attendant in a ladies' lounge, I tip only if she has performed a service for me. Is this correct?

It is usual to leave a quarter, even when no specific service is performed.

Feet on the furniture

What can one do about children who sit with their feet up on sofas and chairs and don't remove their shoes?

They shouldn't sit with their feet on sofas or chairs even with their shoes *off*. The hostess should say to a parent, "Please ask the children to take their feet off the furniture." If the parents are not around, then the hostess should tell them in a kindly way, as they may not have had the proper instructions at home.

Hanging Christmas cards

When displaying Christmas cards, should you hang them at a slight tilt straight so they can be read easily?

It is done both ways, but they take less room on a slant.

Funeral wake

Should a person who has been cl friends with a family for many years with the family at the wake if asked do so?

Yes. And anyone asked to do so m sit there. **E**

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Pauline Havard

Fox-footprints on the moonlit snow
Are light but evident; while deer
Most definitely have been here.
It is good to leave the house;
It is good to walk outside.
Seeing the vista no walls hide:
The prints of birds' feet that zig-zag
Across the white and gleaming earth;
Recalling the illustrious birth
Of One who loved not only Man,
But little things—the fox-cub, quail,
The squirrel with his bushy tail.
Tonight it's suitable to scan
The signature of such as these
Under the quietly breathing trees.

For people who suffer from arthritis.

More pain reliever in a special formulation.

You know what plain aspirin tablets can do. But for your minor arthritis pain, you should know that Arthritis Strength Bufferin® is more effective than plain aspirin tablets, because each two-tablet dose has 5 grains more pain reliever and is specially formulated to go to work faster. So it puts much more pain reliever in your bloodstream in the first minutes. Relief lasts for hours. And the special ingredients in this formulation are also there to help protect against the stomach upset plain aspirin can cause. Try Arthritis Strength Bufferin. Remember, read and follow label instructions.
It's everything the name says it is.



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THINK THINS



THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures.
Filter: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SPENDING YOUR MONEY BY SYLVIA PORTER



Who's better off—a bachelor or a married man? Are imported toys checked for safety? Are we paying too much for home furnishings? Don't throw those savings stamps away.

Word and deed

In line with your advice, I'm making a big (for me) charitable pledge to my church before December 31. I plan to deduct the entire amount when I file my income tax next April. This is the way to do it, isn't it?

Not entirely! You must actually *make* your contribution before December 31—not just pledge it—to get a charitable deduction on your 1974 tax return, which you'll file next spring. Your pledge without the payment itself will not be deductible. Your charitable contribution will be considered paid this year if your check is put in the mail this year (assuming it doesn't bounce).

Necessity or luxury?

My husband and I have just calculated that we are committing 20 percent of 1975's budget to purchases of furniture, home appliances (including a sewing machine and a color TV set) and floor coverings. Does this strike you as excessive? I tend to think of these things as "luxuries," but my husband sees them as necessities.

You're asking for a value judgment—which I can't give you. However, I *can* tell you that according to the latest available figures, the average yearly expenditure for all household durables in the 1968–72 period was $261, with the largest chunk of this ($82) going to furniture and the next largest ($44) going to TV sets. And obviously, prices of all major categories of household equipment have risen substantially since then.

Another way to measure your family's spending is against the estimate that 7 percent of the typical U.S. family budget goes for "home equipment." So your family's budget would be nearly three times this "norm."

Travel plans

How far in advance do you have to book Amtrak reservations for Christmas season?

Most space immediately before and after Christmas and New Year's is quite possibly already booked up, so I suggest you check into the reservations situation immediately. Also, be prepared to juggle your schedule to fit what space is still available if you want to go by train during the busy holiday season.

Vocational schools

I have heard a lot about fly-by-night vocational schools that either charge excessively high fees for inadequate instruction or train people for jobs that simply don't exist. I'm planning to go to a vocational school this spring. How can I avoid these traps?

The "Pocket Guide to Choosing a Vocational School," available free from Consumer Information, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, will help you. Send for this guide and also check with your nearest Better Business Bureau to make sure the specific school you are considering isn't a fly-by-night outfit.

Marrieds have an edge

Just out of curiosity, who is likely to be better off financially—a married man or a bachelor?

According to the U.S. Census Bureau, married men make up only two thirds of the nation's population of adult men. However, nearly two thirds of this country's top holders of wealth are men and five out of six of these are married.

Other indicators that married men are better off financially: virtually all married men hold jobs; and unemployment among family breadwinners is the lowest of any major category of workers.

P.S. Married men also live longer than unmarried men.

Safe toys for children

I'm aware that Christmas toys are supposed to be closely scrutinized by the Consumer Product Safety Commission in Washington and taken off the market if they are found to be dangerous. But does the commission's vigilance extend to the huge volume of imports, particularly in this season?

It certainly does. In fact, imports of all of the following items are subject to CPSC inspection—and the U.S. Customs Bureau is not permitted to release the imports without the commission's stamp of approval:

- Artificial Christmas trees and ornaments
- Fireworks, poppers and caps for toy guns
- Hobby supplies and kits
- Cribs
- Toys and novelties
- Bicycles
- Playground and athletic equipment
- Flammable fabrics, including woven and pressed yard goods, wearing apparel (including children's sleepwear), interior furnishings, and related materials that can be used in the commodities listed above—zippers, stays, etc.
- Household cleaners
- Small electrical appliances
- Cigarette lighters

Redeeming stamps

This may seem like a minor problem, but it still bugs me: I have a drawer full of green stamps, but the local redemption center doesn't have a single item I need or want. Still, I can't bring myself to throw them out or give them away; the books are just too much like money.

Under a 1973 Federal Trade Commission order, the Sperry & Hutchinson Co., which puts out S&H green stamps, is required to redeem stamp books for cash for $2 each, if customers want this. The order also requires the company to redeem incomplete stamp books containing as few as 300 stamps at the rate of 50¢ per 300 stamps. (A full book contains 1200 stamps.) If you want the cash, redeem your books.

Dining in or out

Aren't people overlooking the fact that most of the rise in food prices in recent times is due to the rise in the cost of eating out in restaurants?

Yes. In contrast to the trends in 1973, in the first half of 1974 the cost of eating at home rose 3 percent while the cost of eating out soared almost 12 percent.

Deceptive toy packaging

There ought to be a "Truth in Packaging" law against stack-filling of toy packages as well as food packages! It's not only disappointing to the children but infuriating to us to open, say, a bulky box of blocks or craft toys and find it only half full, when the pictures on the box suggest a full box.

While there may not actually be a law to prohibit this type of deception, it certainly falls within the jurisdiction of the Federal Trade Commission, the federal agency in charge of policing deceptive advertising and promotion techniques.

So if this happens to you again this Christmas season, take *(continued)*


The first dishwasher detergent for dry-hards. Electrasol.
Dry-hards are tough-to-clean foods—like baked beans, eggs, oatmeal, sauces—that dry and cake and stick. And stick. On plates. On forks. Filming glasses. But Electrasol, with its special formula, gets rid of dry-hards. Lets your dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.
CLEANS EVEN DRIED-ON FOOD SOILS
Electra sol
for CLEAN, CLEAR AUTOMATIC DISHWASHING
Approved by all leading dishwasher manufacturers
Good Housekeeping
ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC. St. Paul, Minnesota

Five of the world's most preciously guarded secrets.



Emeraude
A frankly provocative fragrance for the untamed.

L'Aimant
The most beautiful bouquet of mystery and roses ever created.

Imprévu
This fresh exciting fragrance celebrates the sheer joy of living.

Muguet des bois
Never has a fragrance captured the allure of innocence so completely.

L'Origan
This classically subtle fragrance has been called one of the greatest ever conceived.

by Coty.

©Coty, New

Make someone happy.



Master Charge can help you this holiday season. It's the gifted card... good in more places for more kinds of gifts than any other card in the U.S.A. And with Master Charge, if you like you can stretch out your payments till after Christmas.

Relax...you've got Master Charge

master charge.
THE INTERBANK CARD.

PENDING YOUR MONEY
ontinued

he facts—and the stack-filled toy pack-ge—to the FTC's nearest office.

ssets-to-debts ratio

ome time ago you published the mount of assets U.S. consumers owned counterbalance each dollar of their ebts. What's the current ratio? Does quity in your house count in the assets?

s of the first quarter of 1974, the asset-debt ratio of the American consumer as 11.7 to 1—excluding home-ownership. When you include the $820 billion quity we had in our homes, and also he billions we still owed on our mortages, the ratio drops to 5.7 to 1. Incidentally, the equity we have in our omes makes up more than 80 percent f our overall assets.

If what you're looking for is a yardtick against which to measure your own sset-to-debt status, there are your figres: 11.7 to 1, excluding your home; .7 to 1 including your home.

"Patent specialist"

have worked up three inventions over he years that I believe have merit but hat I have never bothered to have patnted because I simply don't know how o go about it. I recently saw an advertisement for a "patent specialist," and wonder whether this is the type of talent I should hire to help me at this point. What do patent specialists do?

In this instance, probably rip you off. For one thing, registered patent attorneys and agents are not permitted to advertise—so there's no telling what the qualifications are of the person whose ad you saw. For another, so flagrant have been promoters' misrepresentations of the amount of financial benefit you're likely to get from their services that the Federal Trade Commission has, in recent months, been examining their ads and their practices.

Before you hire any patent specialist —registered or unregistered—send 15¢ to the U.S. Superintendent of Documents (Washington, D.C. 20402) and ask for a copy of "Patents and Inventions, an Information Aid for Inventors."

Also, get a free copy of "Facts for Inventors" from the Better Business Bureau of Metropolitan New York. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Bureau at 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10011.

GI alternatives

The GI Bill benefits enabling ex-servicemen to go to college are well known and of great value, I know, to those who want to continue their educations after their tour of duty. But what about me, a veteran who hasn't finished high school and who can't afford to take the necessary courses to graduate without financial assistance?

The GI Bill provides monthly stipends of $220 to single servicemen and women who want to complete high school. Raises are under consideration to be passed shortly.

But . . . note these deadlines: veterans discharged between Jan. 31, 1955, and 1966 who want to get further education-training in college, vocational school or business school will have only until May 31, 1976, to complete their training. For those of you who are pursuing farm cooperative or flight training or who will go into apprenticeship or on-the-job training programs, the deadline for using benefits will be August 30, 1977.

P.S. If you are a woman veteran who was discharged in the late 1950's or early 1960's and if you never took advantage of GI educational benefits because you married and started raising a family, now (when your children are probably grown up and more or less on their own) is the time to reconsider further education or training in the field in which you might want to work in the future. **End**



Here's How You Can Sponsor A Child

Here's What You Do

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country.

Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
- Enclose your first monthly check. The cost is only $15 each month to help a child who needs you.

Here's What You Will Receive

- In about two weeks you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder with photograph and information on the child you sponsor and a description of the project where the child receives help.
- Later on . . . a "welcome letter" from the overseas field office.
- Progress reports on the child when you request them.
- A Christmas greeting from the child.
- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
- Letters from the child answering your correspondence. You receive the child's original letter and an English translation from an overseas office. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)
- And the satisfaction that comes from helping a deserving child.

Here's What Your Sponsored Child Receives

- In children's homes: supplementary food, clothing, medical care, and dedicated housemothers.
- In Family Helper Projects: school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker.
- Special aid depending on the country and the type of project.
- Psychological support because the child knows *you* care.

Sponsors are urgently needed for children in: Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

LH22DO

MEDICINE TODAY: A GUIDE TO WHAT'S NEW



New findings on breast cancer. . . . What too many vitamin pills can do to you. . . . "Deep-freeze" therapy for hemorrhoids. . . . Swedish cure for stage fright.

By David R. Zimmerman

Breast Cancer. Betty Ford's recent ordeal spotlighted the preliminary results of a major research study announced two days after surgeons removed the First Lady's cancerous right breast. The study follows up, after two years, 1,700 women operated on for breast cancer in 37 hospitals. It shows that the standard radical mastectomy has been actually no better in preventing cancer recurrences—in women whose cancers are confined to the breast—than the less mutilating operation called total (or simple) mastectomy, in which only the breast is removed.

This may be important news for many of the 90,000 American women who get breast cancer each year and must now undergo radical mastectomies that entail the removal of the breast, chest muscle and lymph glands back to the armpit. This may produce life-long weakness, swelling and discomfort. Such aftereffects are absent or far less pronounced after total mastectomy than after radical surgery.

Mrs. Ford's surgeon, William Fouty, M.D., knew of the study results when he operated on the First Lady, but described the radical mastectomy, which he performed on her, as "a solid procedure that has worked in the past."

Vitamins. A 55-year-old woman entered a Chicago hospital because she was tired and run-down. She was eating poorly and had lost 35 pounds. Her hair was falling out, her skin was dry and itchy, and her liver was enlarged. The doctors thought she might be an alcoholic, but she swore she did not drink. They were stumped. She checked out, only to return, even sicker. Then, on her bedside table, doctors found the cause of her troubles: a bottle of vitamin-A tablets. She had been taking 20 to 250 times the required daily amount, in order, she said, to keep regular. When she stopped megadosing herself, her symptoms disappeared. If *you* take vitamin pills, do not exceed recommended daily allowances.

Fright plight. Many musicians suffer from stage fright. Their adrenalin (the "fight or flight" hormone) flows too freely, their hearts quake and their hands tremble. Violinists are the m handicapped because their bows qui producing distressing, dithering sou Doctors at University Hospital in Un Sweden, can now quell these sympt with a drug that obstructs adrena access to the nervous system.

Blood bath. Doctors found they c relieve painful sickle cell anemia cris in which misshapen red blood cells up tiny blood vessels—by administe the drug sodium cyanate. But sod cyanate can have serious side effe So an internist at the University of K sas, Dennis Diederich, M.D., takes bl from the patient, treats it with cya in a bag, washes out the cyanate, then reinfuses the blood into the pati He says this safely forestalls sick crises.

Freezing hemorrhoids. Fear of "unb able" post-operative pain leads m sufferers of hemorrhoids to shun surg says surgeon Changyul Oh, M.D. Mount Sinai Hospital in New York C Dr. Oh has used a "comparatively p less" alternative on 180 patients: freezes (and thus destroys) the fending tissue at minus 150° F. "Pai minimal," he says. Patients can be b at work in a week.

Rape trauma. Rape is on the rise in United States, and its victims need fessional help. Nurse Ann Burgess sociologist Lynda Holmstrom h counseled rape victims at Boston C Hospital within 30 minutes after sexual attack. They found that m victims suffered a two-stage agc which they call "rape trauma s drome." The first stage involved f ful, anxious, angry, humiliated feeli and personality disorganization. Th a longer period began—during wh the woman was beset with continu fears of being raped.

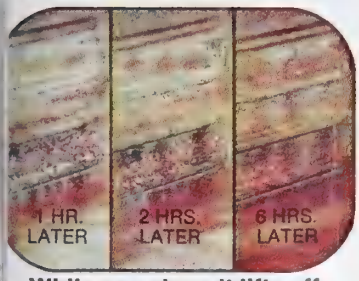
After the attack many of the r victims moved, visited their familie took long trips. Some obtained new listed telephone numbers. Some of women, helped by counselors Burg and Holmstrom, successfully restr tured their lives—though not compl ly. As one victim said, "On the exter I am OK, but inside [I feel] every m is the rapist."



MR. MUSCLE™ WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP.



Just spray it on.



While you sleep it lifts off
ıe baked-on grease and grime.



Next morning,
just wipe it clean.

Introducing Mr. Muscle. The unique new overnight oven cleaner. It self-scours while you sleep.

Mr. Muscle is a completely new and different oven cleaner...specially formulated to work the easy, overnight way. It's easy because Mr. Muscle does the dirty work for you while you sleep.

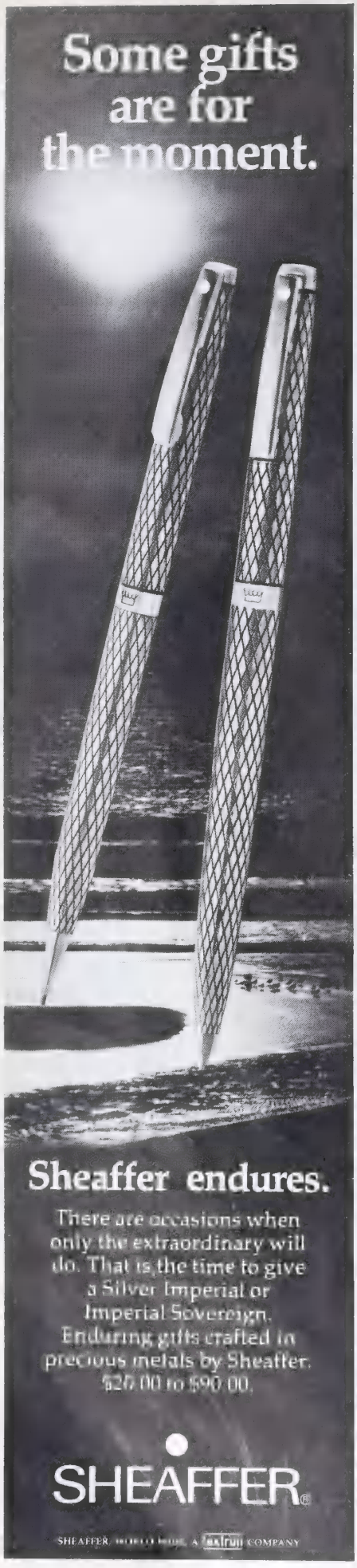
(And it doesn't have all the irritating caustic fumes you get with most other oven cleaners.)

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So, in the morning, you just wipe out the dirty foam for a sparkling clean oven.



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PET JOURNAL: GIVING UP YOUR CAT OR DOG



Into some people's lives comes the painful moment when they must find a new home for a beloved pet. Here's the right way to go about it—right for you and right for the animal.
By Gini Kopecky

Once there was a man whose company abruptly decided to transfer him and his family to Australia. The move had to be arranged in so short a time that the man had no chance to find a new home for his basset hounds. Instead, he placed them in a shelter.

It happens every day. People move, families grow and shrink, lifestyles change. Sometimes a beloved pet must suddenly be given up. Most pet experts agree that in such a situation, the best thing a family can do is try to find the animal a new home.

The first place to look is among friends or relatives—people who are familiar with and already fond of the animal. This eases the transition in two ways. First, the family is secure in the knowledge that their pet is being well cared for by people they know and trust. Second, the pet—especially a dog and particularly an older dog—does not face as difficult an adjustment.

If no friend or relative can adopt the pet, the family might try advertising in a local newspaper or posting a notice at the neighborhood supermarket or laundromat. Says Dr. Pierre Thouin, Medical Director of the Humane Society of New York, "An adult cat should be spayed, vaccinated and, if necessary, declawed before it is put up for adoption. Dogs should be housebroken. Any pet becomes much more adoptable if a family assumes these expenses rather than passing them on to the new owner."

Is it necessary to match the pet's new environment with its old one? Dr. Thouin thinks not. "The only important thing is that the pet be placed in a home where it will be loved and well treated." However, Richard Carlson, spokesman for Bide-A-Wee Home Association (a New York City animal shelter with an excellent reputation for caring for homeless pets until they are adopted), offers a word of caution. "Six months ago I would have told people to use their own discretion," he says. "But now professional dog fighting has grown to frightening popularity. And it seems owners often let their fighting dogs practice on litters of puppies and kittens. So now I would by all means find out why someone is interested in adopting your pet." Carlson also suggests that the family give away the pet's favorite blanket or toy along with the animal, "to ease the adjustment."

Only when all else fails should a f ily consider placing the animal i shelter. At present, most animal shel are pitifully overcrowded—due prim ly to the irresponsible attitudes of n human beings. "First of all," Car says, "too many people buy pets w out thinking about the responsib involved. Dogs particularly require tention and affection. Once people r ize the amount of work connected v owning a pet, they often lose inte and get rid of it.

"The second problem is that, o people *do* decide to get rid of an ani they often make no attempt to plac in a new home. Instead, they liter dump it on a shelter." What many p ple do not realize, says Carlson, is t most shelters have waiting lists. Bide-A-Wee, appointments must made at least one month in adva (The more animals are adopted *f* the shelter, the more it can take "We've had people walk in with an mal and insist that we take it," s Carlson. "When we try to explain w we cannot, they simply tie the ani to a lamppost and drive away."

On the other hand, some people reluctant to give their pets to a she for fear it will be put to sleep. The s plest way to make sure what will h pen to an animal, says Carlson, is to "Any reputable shelter will state q honestly what their policy is. Eit they do not destroy an animal, or they destroy it after a certain tim (Shelters that do not destroy anim are likeliest to have waiting lists.)

Nevertheless, there are times wh putting an animal to sleep is the m humane solution. Says Carlson, "I pet is ten, twelve or fourteen years o we usually refuse to accept it. Older a mals are harder to place than kitt and puppies. And it would be inhum to put the animal in a cage for the res its life after it has been a house pet so many years. Some of these pets wo even be miserable in a new home."

For the Christmas season, Mr. C son offers sobering advice. "Pupp and kittens—often bought as Christ presents for children—are living thin not toys. They must be treated gen And don't buy pets as gifts for other p ple. Usually the recipient really does really want a pet, and the animal en up in a shelter by New Year's Day." **E**



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THE PRESSURE TO BE PERFECT



Every once in a while along comes a writer who can voice what many women feel but cannot express. This is such a writer, and such a story. Perhaps you'll see a bit of yourself here. By Consuelo Saah Baehr

For years I've lived with the belief that one day soon—if I tried hard enough—my house, husband, children and weight would be exactly as I want them. I would then be able to give the dinner party to end all dinner parties and, unlike Holden Caulfield, everyone I cared to invite would be alive and available. While I never see beyond this shining moment, it is assumed that the rest of my life would then unfold in glorious Technicolor, or maybe muted shades of all the earth colors (a more tasteful choice).

This is a daily operating fantasy and I am unblinkingly faithful to it. Yet it springs from such a nether, unaired part of my being that, were you to call it to my attention, I would stubbornly disagree with you.

Sometimes at night, watching the children sleep, there's a lucid moment. My second child, the gentle one, barely three, lies in his bed making old-man noises in sleep, settling in with a final satisfied cluck. Watching, I promise myself that tomorrow, I'll let him squeeze play dough through the garlic press and carry his puzzle pieces in my French vegetable steamer (it closes so neatly).

Not an evil deed in the lot. What does he know of evil, this vulnerable tot snoring softly, stretched flat out as only the carefree can lie? The older one has already begun to curl up in sleep, and the cement gorillas come to visit every night. And the baby, she just lies in a heap as she fell, exhausted. But the middle child, with his easygoing independence, he brings the soul-challenging choices of life into daily focus.

After breakfast, he drifts off for a joyful day with his play family parking garage. Ring-a-ding! Elevator going up! I sneak off to fulfill my dream of a perfect life. At night I promise him mothering. By morning I've fallen in love with the vision of a home that's been plumped, scrubbed, smoothed. The lucite wine rack is filled with young Beaujolais and old sherry. Fresh country flowers brighten dark places. A museum-quality patchwork quilt covers our marriage bed. Every scrap of fabric in the sewing room has been transformed into haute couture. The refrigerator has nothing in it over two days old. The freezer is brimming with coq au vin, boeuf bourguignon, homemade pea soup, last summer's home-grown vegetables and a few supermarket pizzas for catholicity.

The super-achievers of the society page spur me on. The aristocrats who ride their thoroughbreds through the high-fashion press taunt me. I attack the chaos, listening for sounds of disaster from the playroom. Putting off pleas of "Help me, Mommy." Giving second-hand assurance through the older child. Summoning up five minutes of cheerful camaraderie to make nap time go smoothly. Plying the baby with Animal Crackers and lonely games.

Sometimes I think I've spent my entire adulthood working toward this grand conclusion, yet never thinking beyond it. Improving my brain, my body and my lot in life for the sole purpose of arriving at that one perfect moment when I could use everything I had in me, to capture the elusive nuances of a "perfect" life and ride on the crest of that achievement like a seagull rides a thermal. Thermal lift allows a clumsy bird to soar, it's true. But in order to prolong the ride, the bird usually has to fly in circles.

It does not regularly occur to me that while I'm dancing to this empty tune, the glory of my present slightly imperfect life might be going by unnoticed.

It's not that I'm not there. I participate. I sing "Happy Birthday" loud and clear. My heart thumps crazily when one or the other child is on anything that even resembles a stage. I will turn meat loaf into boeuf en croute for unexpected good news. I even lie next to my sleeping children at night and whisper beneficial phrases to their content, unworried faces. Yet much of the time, I have the distinct feeling that my life has not yet started and I'm still waiting for the proper moment to begin.

There are days when all I want to do is shop. I want to haunt special boutiques for one-of-a-kind paisley shirts, paisley wallpaper, paisley sofas, paisley anything. I want to discover hand-thrown, daintily painted ceramic planters and fill them with plants that never droop, wilt or turn yellow. Ferns that grow to twice their usual circumference, bridal veil that blooms indoors and begonias that look positively voluptuous. I want to find rings of indeterminate value to wear on my index finger and make believe my grandmother left them to me.

When I play tag with the children in the park, I want to see them giggling in the sun instead of asking for ice cream bars. When we visit museums, I don't *(continued on page 156)*

Photograph by Steve Horn



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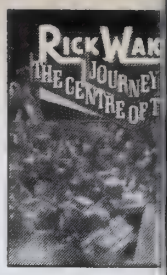
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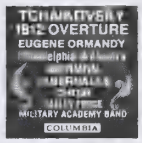
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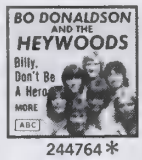
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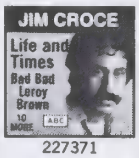
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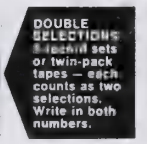
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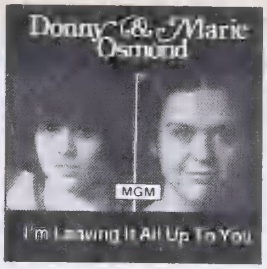
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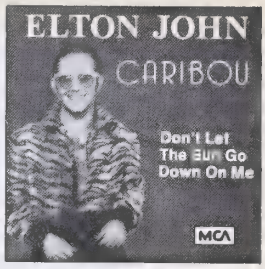
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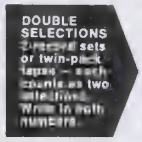
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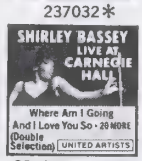




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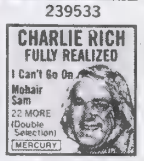
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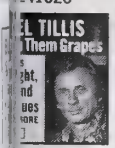
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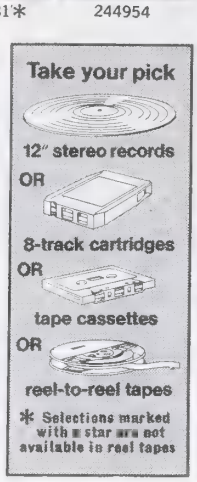
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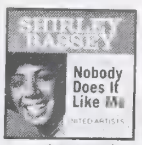
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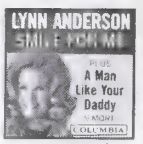
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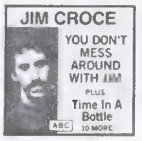
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? DELLA AND BOB—FIVE YEARS LATER



What happens to the couples in "Can This Marriage Be Saved"? Do they live happily ever after—or do their relationships collapse once the counseling stops? This is a follow-up on one such marriage.

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

A wise person checks his or her health with a physician at least once a year. With early discovery, most illnesses are much easier to treat or cure. It is equally smart to treat your marriage in the same way. Why not plan to undergo a "marital check-up" every five years? Husband and wife can consult a counselor together, or either one can begin by going alone. Counselors for marriage and family problems are not hard to find. If you don't know one, your doctor or a clergyman can frequently be a safe and reliable resource, either as a therapist—since many of them have had some training in this field and have no axe to grind—or as a consultant who can refer you to a qualified specialist. Some couples prefer not to consult their own clergyman, but to talk with a minister of another church—a person who does not know them. The clergy looks on such counseling as a real contribution to good citizenship. (A modest financial contribution is always welcome.) Larger churches frequently have a special member of the staff identified for this purpose. Difficulties appear sooner or later in every family; don't let yours grow neglected and untreated.—Counselors in this case were Samuel McDill and Allan Brown, Jr.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the
Board of Trustees,
The American Institute
of Family Relations

Della talks first

"The trouble with my marriage this time is Bob's overwhelming preoccupation with his business. It's wrecked our family life and is ruining our boys," said 33-year-old Della, who with her husband had been counseled five years ago at the Institute—because of his infidelity.

"It nearly killed me when I discovered Bob was having an affair," said Della, a shy blonde woman whose pink-cheeked, Dresden-doll prettiness was diminished by a fluttery, ill-at-ease manner. "The other woman—Clara—was Bob's secretary at his previous job; she was a divorcée with two children. Until counseling at the Institute brought my husband back to his senses, he wanted to divorce me and marry Clara. At that time he was quite willing to give up our three children in order to adopt her two. It was a bitter blow, believe me.

"For quite a while after Bob ended his affair and we were reconciled, I hated Clara, although I had never met or even seen her. But then one Sunday I read in the paper that she had been killed in an automobile crash. The tragedy made me ashamed of my ugly, vengeful feelings; I forgave and forgot. I'm fairly certain Bob also forgot all about his infatuation; anyhow, I hope so."

For a moment, the memory of the pain shadowed Della's sky-blue eyes. She touched an expensive gold-and-diamond crucifix pinned to the lapel of her custom-tailored suit, as though to gather strength from it, then continued: "It now seems as if Bob transferred his passion for Clara into a passion for his business. He quit his job as a salesman when he broke off with her and established his own cosmetics company. Within a year, the firm was a success. His annual income now averages around $50,000.

"Yet Bob won't let up and relax. He travels two weeks every month on selling trips, and when he is in town he's at the office from twelve to eighteen hours a day. His health and his disposition have suffered. He now flies into terrible fits of temper and has a pre-ulcer condition. Our two boys, particularly seventeen-year-old Randy, are in desperate need of a father's guidance. I just can't handle them alone. Without help, I'm afraid one or both of them will acquire a criminal record. And I *mean* criminal. I'm just about certain that Randy, who dropped out of high school last September, is headed in that direction right now."

Again Della touched the diamond-studded cross on her lapel. "Bob has no patience with either Randy or Phil, our younger son. A month ago, he confiscated the keys to Randy's sports car—the pride of the boy's life—then pushed him out of the house and locked the door. It was the middle of the night and raining hard. I was already in bed, but I heard the commotion. For a moment I prayed to the Lord for guidance. Then I pulled on a robe and hunted up my purse, which I'd had to keep hidden so Randy wouldn't help himself to my household money to buy gasoline. (When Randy dropped out of school Bob cut off his allowance—a bad mistake, in my opinion.)

"By the time I reached the foyer, the whole family was on the scene. Bob had his shoulder braced against the door while Randy pounded furiously on the other side, shouting that he intended to break in and get those car keys. Sixteen-year-old Phil, who worships his big brother, was beating on his daddy's back and yelling that if Randy was put out of our home he was going with him. Our daughter Chrissie, who's ten, was crying in the corner.

"Chrissie is Bob's favorite—indeed the only one of our children he cares anything about. But she, too, was on Randy's side, despite the fact that he had frequently robbed her piggybank to pay for gas. I told Chrissie that Randy would be OK and told Phil to wash his little sister's face and put her back in bed. I handed my purse to Bob and told him it wasn't right for a seventeen-year-old boy to be sent off in a rainstorm without a cent. If our son caught pneumonia and died, I said, it would be Bob's fault and God would punish him.

"At that very moment the pounding on the door stopped. So did Randy's yelling. When Bob unlocked the door, our boy was gone. I burst into tears, picturing him wandering through the dark—frightened, homeless, penniless. Bob then told me in a sarcastic voice to dry my eyes. Randy wasn't penniless, he said. On the contrary, said Bob, our son had a brand-new $100 bill and two new $50 bills in his wallet. The fight had begun when Bob inquired where Randy got that money and Randy refused to answer.

"Well, I didn't sleep a wink the rest of the night. I listened to the rain, cried and I prayed that my son would be sheltered and protected by a Higher Power. I tried to believe the money in Randy's wallet came from a legitimate source, but I couldn't do it.

"The next day I learned from Phil that Randy had slept in the garage of his girl friend's parents. He is still camping out there at night. During the day, whenever Randy feels sure his father isn't around—which, as I said, is most of the time—he comes home so I can feed him and he can watch TV and use our telephone.

"At least once a week, he has received calls at our number from an older man with a Spanish accent. After each of the calls, Randy races off in his car. I found his car keys. I have begged Randy to tell me who this man is—and what is going on between them. He won't answer. I have begged Phil to tell me but he won't, either. *(continued on page 4*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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Onion

Tiny green onions give these Tater Tots a little bite.



Bacon Flavor

acon flavored vegetable protein gives these Tater Tots a real bacon taste.

Cheese Flavor

These Tater Tots are laced with real Parmesan cheese and Cheddar cheese flavoring.

These are the different flavors of Tater Tots® Ore-Ida makes. And...



Regular Tater Tots

The original Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes. Tiny potato nuggets mixed with our own secret spices.

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Taters Italia

Preheat your oven to 425° F. And grease a 2-qt. casserole. In a large skillet, over high heat, combine 2 cans (16 oz. each) STEWED TOMATOES, undrained, 1-1/2 tbsp. SUGAR, 1/2 tsp. SALT, 1/4 tsp. BASIL LEAVES, 1/8 tsp. PEPPER and a pinch of OREGANO. Mix well and bring to a full roll boil. Pour into a casse role. Top with 1 packa (16 oz.) frozen ORE-I TATER TOTS, any fla Bake 30 minutes or u bubbly in the center Remove from oven a sprinkle with 1/3 cup shredded CHEDDAR CHEESE. Serves six

Seaferer's Newburg

Prepare 1 package (16 oz.) frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS according to package directions. Meanwhile, take out a medium skillet and heat 1/4 cup BUTTER or MARGARINE over me drum heat. Stir in 1/4 cup FLOUR and 1/2 tsp. SALT until blended. Gradually st in 1-3/4 cups MILK, 1/4 cup DRY SHERRY and 1 can (10-1/2 oz.) condensed CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP (undiluted). Stir constantly until sauce is thickened and smooth. Stir in 1 can (4-1/2 oz.) deveined SHRIMP (drained), 1 cup chopped CELERY, and 1/4 cup grated CHEDDAR CHEESE. Heat to boiling, stirring often. To serve, spoon the sauce over the hot Tater Tots. Serves four to six.

Bacon Tater Bites

According to the number of snacks you'll need, cook strips of BACON, cut in half, until lightly browned but still limp. Meanwhile, prepare frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS® brand potatoes any flavor, according to package directions. Cut slices of AMERICAN CHEESE into thirds and wrap a strip of chees around each hot Tater Tot. Wrap limp bacon around the cheese and secure with a toothpick. Broil, turning once, until bacon is cr Serve hot with this sauce: Blend 1/2 cup MUSTA 1/4 cup BROWN SUGAR and 1/2 tsp. GINGER



Little People's Potatoes
Make a good, hot lunch. And while you're at it, open a box of frozen ORE-IDA TATER TOTS® any flavor. Spread them in a single layer on a baking sheet and put them in a preheated (450°) oven. Take them out of the oven 12-15 minutes later, and you'll have some good, hot potatoes to go with lunch.

these are the different dishes you can make with Ore-Ida Tater Tots®.

You can cook up all kinds of dishes with Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes.

But if you want something different for a snack, try serving them plain. They're pretty special all by themselves.

We make them with tiny potato nuggets and a secret blend of spices. (For variety, we also make them with tiny green onions, cheese flavor or bacon flavoring*.)

Then we deep fry them and freeze them.

So, if you want something different to go with lunch or dinner, or a hot snack, you just decide what kind of Tater Tots you want.

And heat them up in your oven.





You've made us America's favorite frozen potato.

*Bacon flavored vegetable protein

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Because Ore-Ida makes Golden Crinkles® look what a great dinner you can make.

Ore-Ida Golden Crinkles® fry up so crisp on the outside, so moist and meaty on the inside, they make a perfect companion for luscious dinner ideas like barbecued ribs.

And they're so easy to make, you can concentrate on the main event.

Kitchen Barbecued Ribs: Bake 3 lbs. *pork spareribs* at 350° for 1 hour. Then spoon sauce over ribs and bake 30 minutes more. (Follow package directions for pan frying 1 package of *Golden Crinkles.*) Serves 4.

Kitchen Barbecue Sauce: Combine 1 cup *Heinz Ketchup*, ¼ cup drained, *crushed pineapple* and 2 tbsp. *soy sauce*. Use one-third of sauce for basting ribs. Serve the rest in individual cups for dipping Golden Crinkles.



You've made us America's favorite frozen potato.

Golden Crinkles® is a registered trademark of Ore-Ida Foods, Inc.
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"Bob's lack of religious faith has been an abiding sorrow to me, but during our seventeen years together, I have known him to sacrifice himself for my sake. He married me out of pity and compassion—I was pregnant with his child. At that time, Bob had just graduated from college and was planning to sail around the world on a freighter. When I broke my bad news he gave up all his plans, took the first available job and signed the lease on our first apartment.

"Bob didn't welcome Randy's birth, however—maybe that was too much to expect of him. He took no pride in our baby son; he didn't help feed or bathe Randy, nor would he wheel the carriage to church on Sunday.

"When I became pregnant with our second son, Bob was holding down two jobs and we could have afforded a nice apartment. Instead we lived crammed in a two-bedroom walk-up because Bob's no-good father had landed on our doorstep out of nowhere without a penny—and Bob took him in. My father-in-law, a chronic alcoholic, abandoned Bob when he was three years old. Nevertheless, Bob supported and paid the sky-high medical bills of that nasty old man until he died of cirrhosis of the liver two years later.

"Those years were far harder on me and the boys than on Bob, whose work took him out of town so often that he was rarely in our jam-packed apartment. I sometimes think Bob acquired his prejudice against Phil because of our overcrowded living conditions. Anyhow, he has always been unfair to both boys."

Suddenly Della bowed her head and wept for several minutes before she could speak again.

"Last Monday I found out where Randy got the money in his wallet," she said. "I listened in on the bedroom phone and found out the connection between my son and the older man he talks to over our phone—the man is a dope pusher and Randy is working for him. For several months, Randy has been selling drugs at the junior high school Phil attends. I think Phil may also be in the man's pay.

"Both boys had denied being involved with drugs in any way, but I hadn't believed them. After listening in on that phone call, I had proof of Randy's guilt and he knew it. Yesterday he got so provoked by my questions and my tears that he said he and Phil would run away if I didn't stop bugging them. They would go to Mexico, he said, and start smuggling drugs in wholesale lots and I would be to blame.

"I'm terrified that Randy may carry out his threat, terrified that my boys may be caught and arrested any time now. Yet I don't dare confide in Bob or appeal to him for advice. I'm afraid he might report our sons to the police and have them put in jail."

[*A few days after Della's visit to the Institute, Randy and Phil ran away from home. The following week, Bob came to the counselor's office.*]

Bob's turn to talk

"For the last eighteen years, I have failed at everything in life except making money. Now it's too late for money to bring me any joy," said 38-year-old Bob, a towering, tortoise-spectacled man with a freckle-spattered face and big, nervous hands. "I've been a failure as a husband and it's obvious I'm a failure as a father.

"A week ago, we sent out a five-state alarm for the kids, but so far we've had no trace of them. Personally, I doubt that they'd head for Mexico in spite of Randy's threat; I wouldn't be surprised if we got a call any day, but I could be wrong.

"I'm not close to either Randy or Phil, and neither of them gives a hoot for me; of course, there is no reason why they should. But those kids ought to love Della, who has always done her best for them. They should have left some kind of message to relieve her anxiety instead of sneaking off in the night, leaving her crazy with worry.

"Apparently my boys care for no one except themselves. Look, when Randy dropped out of school last September I cut off his allowance—but I wrote him a check to buy a car, on the theory that he would use it to hunt a job, as he promised. I soon learned my mistake. He bought a fancy, gas-guzzling sports car second-hand. He considered it a bargain, but it has cost me a fortune in repairs, maintenance and mammoth insurance premiums.

"Nor did he use the car to find a job. He was too proud or too lazy to soil his hands with honest work. It turned out he preferred peddling dope and dragging his brother in on the dirty business. The worst I suspected of Randy was that he was subsidizing his gasoline and girl friend expenses by gambling or by conning Della into bankrolling him.

"Della appears to think I'm responsible for the whole mess, that I drove my youngsters into pushing dope and running away from home by cutting off Randy's allowance. How on earth was I suppose to instill a sense of values into a defiant, cocksure kid who wouldn't go to school and wouldn't work? For seven months I watched that boy lie around the house, sprawled before the television set, swilling soft drinks by the dozen, too lazy to get up off his tail and carry out the empty bottles.

"Many a time I slept on a couch at the office rather than drive home and walk into a living room littered with potato chips and empty soda bottles left by my two sons—Phil copies Randy in everything—who were too immersed in their TV program to look up and say hello to their old man.

"Maybe I *was* too hard on the boys but I couldn't control my impatience. Randy has always gotten under my skin; I didn't hit it off with him even as an infant, although I should be ashamed to admit it. As I'm sure Della told you, I was hurried into marriage and into fatherhood before I was anywhere near ready. I don't say Della held a shotgun to my head, but neither did she play fair and square. The day I first saw her, she was crying on a bench at a bus stop. She was such a woeful-looking little thing that I sat down to find out what was wrong and try to cheer her up.

"There are times when I get this irresistible compulsion to help people in trouble. Well, Della said she was eighteen years old. She told me she was crying because her stepfather had seduced her at age fifteen; she said he still bothered her in bed at night, and that she was afraid her mother might find out and jump off a bridge.

"Actually, Della was only sixteen years old. The real reason she was crying was because she had just flunked a math test and was afraid her father and his new wife—her mother was dead—would give her a beating. Della had no stepfather, she had not been seduced; indeed, she was a virgin—as I was shocked to discover the first time I made love to her." Again Bob sighed. "The fact remains that I was five years older than Della. The minute I found out her true age, her inexperience and naiveté, I should have cut and run. I wasn't smart enough. We went steady several months and then she became pregnant.

"At that point I felt obligated. When Della hysterically refused to consider an abortion—I still halfway believe she got herself pregnant accidentally-on-purpose—I decided that it was up to me to make it legal. At her tearful request, I agreed to a wedding in her church, but I wouldn't join it. To this day Della prays that I will be converted to her faith. She had Randy and Phil baptized at birth, and she prays constantly for their spiritual welfare. I certainly wish she'd had better luck in that direction."

Bob paused. "One blessing for which I can be thankful is that I will never have to re-live the early years of my marriage. Even then, the wives and girl friends of all my college classmates expected to carry their share of the financial load. But Della wanted to be a Wife and a Mother. She fully intended me to be the sole support of the family. While Randy was still in diapers, she purposely got herself pregnant with our second son. She threw away her diaphragm, ignoring my objections.

"I guess she tried to be a good housekeeper, but she had no sense of order whatsoever. In the years *(continued)*

before I could afford the services of a cleaning woman, a self-respecting pig would have turned up his snout at the home we lived in with two squalling babies. Dirty diapers floated in the toilet, dripping wet diapers soaked in the sink along with our pots and pans and wet diapers flapped like banners on lines in the kitchen.

"The unexpected arrival of my father, who moved into the larger of our two small bedrooms, did not improve our living conditions. But the old man was slowly dying of cirrhosis and I was sucker enough to take him in and try to forget how he had deserted me as a child.

"My mother disappeared even sooner. Three days after I was born, she put on her clothes and walked out of the hospital, leaving me behind in the nursery. It should be said to my father's credit that he struggled for three years to rear a motherless kid—a fractious kid, I've been told—before throwing in the sponge and handing me over to the first of a long series of foster homes.

"In the six foster homes that I remember, the surrogate moms and pops hired by the state to look after unwanted children weren't unkind and cruel, but neither were they warm. The homes were orderly and clean, the food was plentiful and better cooked than Della has ever managed. There were too many rules and regulations, too much Bible-reading and church-going for my taste—but, as I was frequently reminded, boys like me require discipline to build character.

"During my early years with Della, I tried to sell her on the benefits of discipline, to convince her that following a regular schedule with routine tasks might help her. Invariably the most tactful comment from me hurt her feelings. Della was as supersensitive as she was hopelessly disorganized.

"Often she would stand motionless in the middle of an unholy mess, staring at it as though hypnotized. I watched her ponder where to begin. Should she sweep the boys' stepped-on, broken toys off the floor or change their pants and get their soaking diapers out of the toilet? Or should she carry out and wash the half-filled coffee cups and half-eaten sandwiches my father set down everywhere? Or should she empty the wastebasket and overflowing garbage can—or just where should she begin?

"So I would suggest she start by changing the boys' pants and finishing up the entire diaper bit for that one day. Immediately she would interpret the suggestion as a piece of wounding, gratuitous criticism. Cut to the heart, she would sink into a chair and cry for an hour, bitterly lamenting her stupidity and inefficiency. As a result, she never got a start on any task and the mess would be even worse the next day.

"For a while I attempted to boost Della's self-confidence, to persuade her that with the exercise of a little effort she could be as competent as any other woman—which happens to be true. She was not to be persuaded. Eventually, I got tired of my role as the eternal comforter, I got tired of my wife, I got sick and tired of my home and I went there as seldom as possible.

"After my father died, the situation eased somewhat. I got a raise, I was able to quit my second job and we bought a home. Oddly enough, Della kept that seven-room house tidier than she ever kept our three-room apartment. Chrissie's birth was a pleasure. Della had finally figured out how to keep a baby sweet-smelling and dry.

"But then, about the time Chrissie entered kindergarten, I met Clara." Bob sighed. "Clara was my private secretary—the complete opposite of Della in every way. She was efficient, energetic, self-sufficient—the sole support of two small girls. After working all day in my office at top speed, Clara drove home and cooked a delicious meal in an immaculate kitchen. Her daughters were charming little girls, but withdrawn and excessively shy of men—with good reason. Clara's ex-husband, who voluntarily committed himself after their divorce, was a certifiable schizoid. More than once before the divorce, he suffered violent depressions, went berserk and chased Clara and the little girls with an axe.

"I helped Clara solve the problem of her children's shyness and fear of males. As my relationship with Clara developed, her little girls learned to love me, too. Clara dedicated herself to me and my interests. She supported me in all my ambitions; it was she who encouraged me to establish my own business.

"Five years ago," Bob said heavily, "I rewarded Clara's devotion by breaking off our relationship. Three weeks later she was killed in an automobile crash. Clara was alone driving on a country road in broad daylight when she smashed into a tree. There were no witnesses.

"But since the day I heard the news I have been haunted by the thought that the crash might have been deliberate, suicidal; that my decision to break up with Clara had led to her death.

"Frankly, I doubt that I can ever be a good husband to Della. Naturally, I intend to stand by my wife until our boys return home. But when we hear from Randy and Phil, I think Della and I should seriously consider divorce."

The counselor's turn

"While Della and Bob were working with me in their second encounter with marital counseling, they got a long-distance call from their runaway sons," the counselor began. "En route to Arizona—not Mexico—Randy's car had broken down on the road. The boys had been befriended by a good Samaritan, the owner of a nearby ranch who also happened to be a dedicated evangelist. As Della puts it, the consequences of the incident sound like a modern miracle.

"The evangelist rancher used the large compound where he lived as a sort of Halfway House to shelter and aid troubled youngsters; they labor by day on his premises and in the evening hold religious services under his direction. It was at this good man's urging that Randy telephoned home to alleviate his parents' worry and to ask permission—which was immediately granted—for him and Phil to remain at the ranch for six months. While at the ranch, the two boys were converted to Christianity and eventually returned to their family in Los Angeles, pledging to lead their lives by the rules of the evangelical Christian faith.

"What about Della and Bob and other developments flowing from their two widely separated experiences with counseling? Five years ago, when they terminated counseling after Bob left Clara and was reconciled with Della, their marriage appeared to be in good shape and pointed toward a bright future. This was far from the case, of course.

"Communication is the name of the game in every satisfactory marriage. When Della and Bob returned to us for marital advice, they were completely out of touch with each other. Although they shared the same roof, they shared none of their inner feelings and thoughts. Della had no idea Bob still felt guilty about Clara's death. Similarly, Bob had no idea how the dangerous activities of his sons were a gnawing, continuous anxiety to Della.

"It was clear that Bob and Della had responded to miserable childhoods in dissimilar ways. Although Della ranked above average in our intelligence tests, she had an utter lack of self-esteem. Small in stature, she fantasized herself as a helpless child—the little princess who ought to be protected from hardship and villainy by a powerful male.

"Bob had responded to the challenge offered by a long series of foster homes with a burning, compulsive desire to please. In order to win friendship, he felt obligated to help everyone solve his or her problems. It is significant that every woman who ever appealed to Bob was loaded with problems.

"In the last five years, many of the techniques of counseling have altered. Emphasis is placed upon the here and now rather than the past. Psychologists and counselors try to show disturbed couples how to change destructive behavior to improve the marriage.

(continued on page 157)

Don't spend your holidays in the kitchen.

Ore-Ida Tater Tots® and Armour Star Ham help you wrap up a holiday snack or meal in a hurry.

It's the same thing every year. Guests coming over. Meals and snacks to prepare. Everybody has a good time except the cook. That's why Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes and Armour Star Ham are such a nice holiday idea. The crisp potato taste of the Tater Tots goes perfectly with the rich flavor and delicate tenderness of Armour Star Ham. And the preparation is so easy, it helps make your holiday a holiday.

Snack Recipe: Prepare Tater Tots according to package directions. Slice Armour Star Ham, and American cheese, into thin strips. When Tater Tots are heated, wrap with cheese and ham. Secure with wooden picks. Broil until cheese begins to melt. Serve hot with Mustard Dip.

Mustard Dip: Combine ¼ cup prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon horseradish and a dash of freshly ground pepper with ½ cup sour cream or mayonnaise.

Ham Steak with Mustard Sauce: Slice Armour Star Ham into ¼" slices, broil 3-4 minutes on each side until lightly browned. For sauce, melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in small saucepan over low heat. Stir in 2 tbsp. flour. Gradually add 1 cup milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in ½ cup sour cream and 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, heat thoroughly. Pour over ham steaks to serve.



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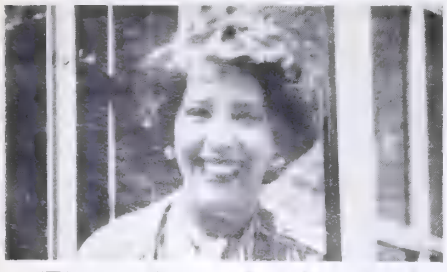
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Make Your Own Christmas Wrappings

BY SUSAN PURDY

How to Marbleize Paper (pages 90–91)

Marbleizing is an elegant and deceptively simple craft technique based on the principle that oil and water do not mix. Basically, one floats oil paint on water; when paper is set atop the water, the paint adheres to it.

Variety in design is limitless, depending only upon how you swirl or distribute the paint on the water. Variety in color is limited only by your imagination and by the flowing qualities of the paint. The latter depends upon brand and color used. Experiment to find out. Do not expect perfect results with each paper; some will be magnificent, some you will save for less imposing wrappings. Plan on marbleizing more sheets of paper than you think you will need, in order to have a wide selection. Use similar colors for several sheets, which can be combined to wrap an extra-large package.

Materials: A container for the water slightly larger than the size paper you need (for example, a plastic dish pan, kitty litter tray, garbage pail or paint bucket). The kitchen sink works well for large sheets, but should be lined (as should any other container you will reuse) with plastic. For this, use a large plastic garbage bag with one side and the end slit; open bag and attach well with masking tape. Or use sheet plastic. Water (4 or 5 inches in container, room temperature, is sufficient); paper towel; paint thinner or turpentine; rubber gloves (optional); stirrers (Popsicle sticks, open paper clips, pencils); newspapers (to cover work area); enamel paint (such as the ¼-oz. model-makers' enamels sold in hobby or toy shops—buy several jars of each color if you plan to do a lot of paper, or use small cans of decorator enamels found in paint stores); paper (any paper will work–we used brown paper bags cut and opened flat, as well as brown wrapping paper).
Procedure: Line container, add water. Cut paper sheets to size, which can easily be set into and lifted out of water container. Set paper near water container. Put on rubber gloves if you use them. Open and stir paints. Have paper toweling, torn into separate sheets, nearby. Spread 3–4 *drops* of paint onto surface of water; drop paint from a stirrer or pour it *very gently*. Use very little paint, as it spreads into a thin film. Use more paint if the area is large. Add additional colors if desired. Swirl or feather paint into a design by gently cutting through water surface with a stirrer. Work quickly before the paint forms a dry film, which will cling to the stirrer. (This becomes easier after a few tries.) Hold paper by the edge and immediately set it on top of the water, lightly patting the sheet down from one side toward the other to eliminate air bubbles. Then lift paper and set it down paint side up on flat surface to dry. One sheet will use the majority of the paint; occasionally you can do two sheets before adding more paint. Dried paint film clutters the water and should be removed between every few papers by wiping the surface of the water with paper towel pads. Change water if it becomes too murky. When the paint is thinly applied, the paper will dry quickly; occasionally thick drops of enamel cling to the paper and these should be thoroughly dry before using papers for gift wrapping. This may take a few hours or overnight if the enamel is very thick.

Eraser Print Papers (pages 92–93)

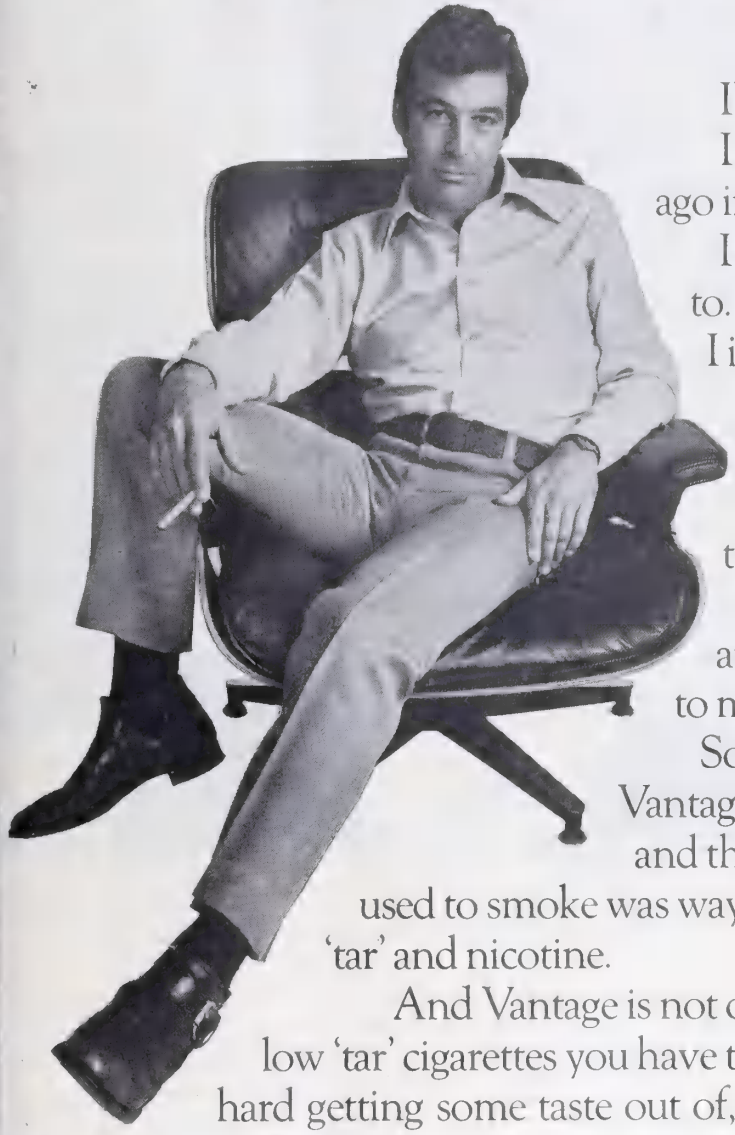
Prints made with artgum (soap) erasers are similar to potato prints. They are quick and easy to make and produce an attractive effect. Erasers are more flexible than potatoes, can be washed, dried, and reused indefinitely, and their strength makes them suitable for stamping pressing a pattern on wrapping paper.
Materials: Artgum erasers (1″ x 2″ or 2″ x 3″ size, found in art supply and stationery stores), *Exacto* or utility knife or sharp block-printing tools, thick water-base tempera (poster) paint or block-printing ink, paint brush, paper towels, newspaper, scrap paper, pencil.
Procedure: Sketch design, which should be bold and simple, on scrap paper. Copy design onto surface of eraser, drawing with paint brush or ball point pen (pencil will scratch surface). Designs can be made on each surface of the eraser, giving a wide variety of patterns to work with. Cut design out with knife or "v" gouge tool; remember that raised portion prints, cut-away area does not. To keep design areas sturdy, try not to undercut the edges. Spread newspaper flat on work area. Brush paint across *raised* surface of eraser. Turn eraser paint-side-down and press it firmly onto paper. Lift, repeat.

If paint cakes on edges, rinse eraser in warm water, dry thoroughly with paper towel, reuse.

Bold designs in bright colors are most effective on newsprint. Patterns can be made by repeating a single shape, or combining several shapes. Print one shape in one color, another in a second color, or print the same shape in varying colors. Overlap shapes, print them upside down or sideways, side-by-side or in half-drop repeat. With several designs and a few colors, the possibilities are nearly infinite. Tempera paint dries very quickly and the papers can be used a relatively short time after they have been decorated.

© 1974—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

What I'm doing about smoking.



I'm smoking Vantage.

I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.

I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it.

So I did. I started to smoke Vantage.

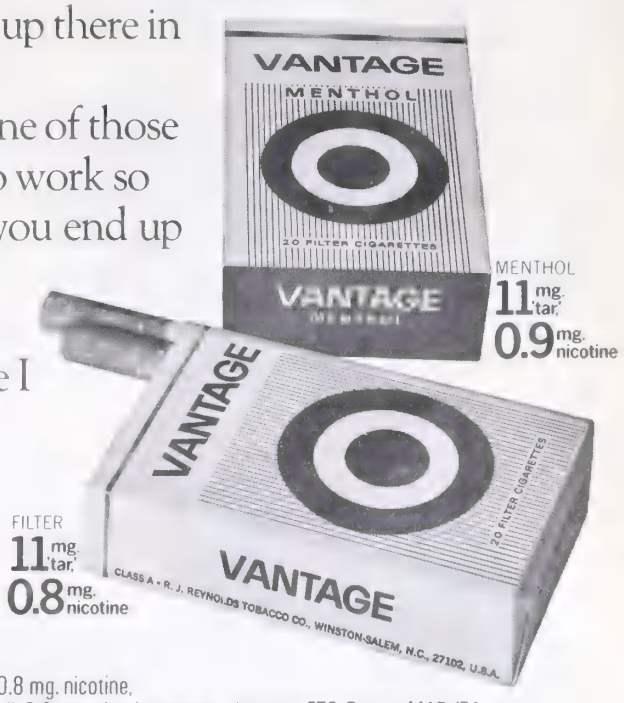
Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

James Shannon
New York, New York



MENTHOL
11 mg. 'tar'
0.9 mg. nicotine

FILTER
11 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

BEAUTY JOURNAL

Scent: Which Is What?

Now that the countdown to Christmas has begun in earnest, it's time to get those lists into final draft. A perennial favorite for givers and getters has long been fragrance—as much as 70 percent of annual perfume sales take place during the holiday season. We know it's been said before, but a highly informal survey we conducted indicates many people still aren't sure of which is what in fragrance strengths, so here's a reminder—for your pocket, or someone else's.

Perfume (*parfum* or *extrait* in the French version). Strongest, most concentrated and therefore the longest lasting (and costly). Usually packaged in small bottles since only a few drops are needed to "carry."

Toilet Water (*eau de toilette*). Next in strength to perfume with the scent expanded (diluted with alcohol and water) to make it lighter and more subtle. Used more lavishly than perfume with good lasting power.

Cologne. Named for the city in Germany where the first "fragrant" water was developed in the 17th century. Cologne is *lighter* than toilet water and often sold as an aerosol spray.

Splash-ons. The lightest of all and designed as a fragrant finish to the bath or shower. Shortest on staying power—and price.

Savings-on-Scents

- On colognes and toilet waters, buy a large bottle, remove the cap and insert your own "pump" type atomizer. It's more efficient.
- Don't save any scent. It evaporates.
- Sometimes the best buy of all in fragrances is bath oil—it's highly concentrated and doubles perfectly as perfume.

Double the Pleasure

Speaking of fragrance, many scents and scented products come in containers nice enough to treasure long after original contents disappear. Some suggestions, from the left: A classic ginger jar in blue and white Chinoiserie pattern is packed with Blue Grass Fluffy Milk Bath salts. Use it later to hold dried flowers. Elizabeth Arden, $17.50. For any room in the house, this white ceramic pear that starts off holding a candle scented with Aliage. Later it can store cotton balls or cookies. Estée Lauder, $12.50. A "pewter" finish shows up nicely in a basket weave pendant. This one is hinged and holds Cachet solid (creamy gel) perfume. We see it worn on its own or together with other pendants in a collection. Prince Matchabelli, $10. For a man with a highly developed sense of order, this jewelry box is the perfect present with three Aramis products tucked inside. $20. This good-size shaker (a "muffineer") comes filled with Youth Dew dusting powder. Later, rinse it out, move it to a buffet table and fill with Parmesan cheese or confectioners' sugar, depending on the menu. Estée Lauder, $15. An attaché case, in black canvas with a green stripe, comes filled with all sorts of Brut. Our idea is to put the products on a shelf where they're handy for the men of the house to enjoy, and grab the bag. Fabergé, $32.50.











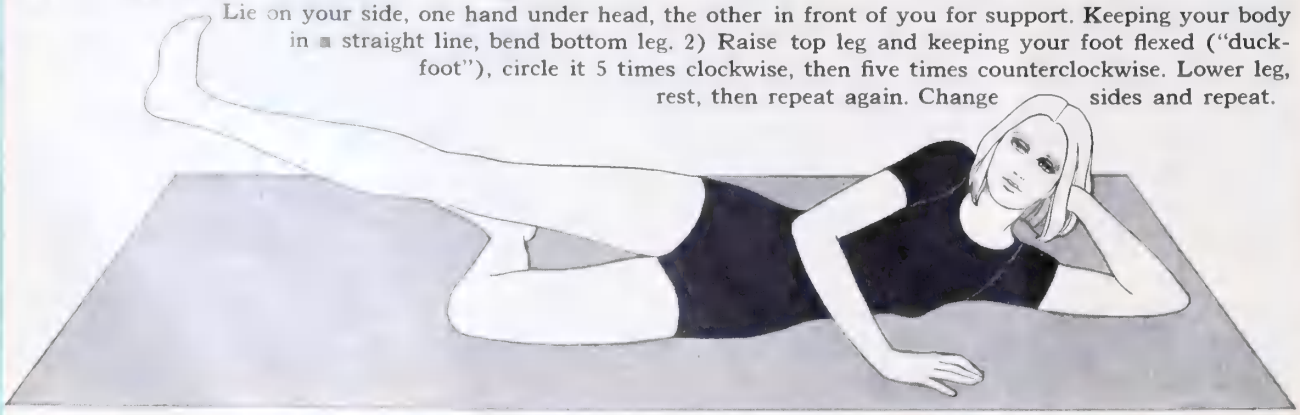


Q. *I am a 37-year-old mother of [illegible] children. During the past six years, we have lived many places both in this country and abroad. Suddenly my skin has become increasingly dry and inclined to blemishes.—J.C., Ariz.*

A. The Arizona climate, with its low humidity, may be causing the natural moisture in your skin to evaporate. The way to combat this is to adopt a thorough dry-skin regimen: cleanse with a lotion, follow up with a *very* mild astringent, and moisturize with products for dry skin. Never go without a slathering of moisturizer in the morning, do use a night cream and if you can steal a moment when children are napping, give your skin another moisturizing.

Q. *[illegible] exercise that would help get rid of them.—S.H., Tenn.*

A. "Pongs" is a new word to us, but we're pretty sure you mean pads of fat on each thigh. Here's a good exercise: 1) Lie on your side, one hand under head, the other in front of you for support. Keeping your body in a straight line, bend bottom leg. 2) Raise top leg and keeping your foot flexed ("duck-foot"), circle it 5 times clockwise, then five times counterclockwise. Lower leg, rest, then repeat again. Change sides and repeat.



Drawings by Theo Kleros

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uarantees you smoother, softer, better-looking skin in 20 days.

The breakthrough news: those tiny, strawberry-colored 'isolates' we call 'ferments lactique'—our exclusive pure milk protein. Skin Dew can truly improve your skin's appearance, really protect you against the drying effects of your environment.

Now here's what you can expect: A light, lotion-y cream that's absorbed almost instantly to help safeguard your skin against moisture loss from below. It will reward you with a new look of smoothness and softness. A difference you can see and feel. It is formulated to create a pH balanced environment for your skin. And it will actually help improve the texture of your skin for as long as you use it.



Now with strawberry-colored 'isolates' of pure milk protein you can actually see.

Truth is, new Skin Dew works. Give it 20 days and your skin will look better. We guarantee it.

We believe you'll see a noticeable improvement in the appearance of your skin after 20 days. If not, send unused portion and proof of purchase date to: Helena Rubinstein, 300 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. And we'll send your money back.

Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

How Politics Wrecked My Marriage

By Martha Mitchell with Winzola McLendon



While it was happening, Martha Mitchell only hinted at the factors that destroyed her 17-year marriage to John Mitchell. Now, for the first time, she tells her version of what killed a union both Washington and Martha herself thought was indestructible.

A few months ago, my attorney told a reporter that he was naming Richard Nixon as a third party in my marriage separation suit against John Mitchell. My attorney was being facetious.

But it's true. Politics, and our former President, was the force that splintered the Mitchell marriage.

It took more than six years—years during which politics, the White House and I were constantly engaged in a power play for possession of John Mitchell. I wanted John and Martha and Marty (our daughter) to continue as a happy, compatible and loving family. I wanted to continue to share John Mitchell's life—his thoughts, his hopes, his joys, his problems. The President wanted John Mitchell at his constant beck and call. Yes, availability was part of the job. But it became an all-pervading part of our lives. And even though I knew politics, I wasn't quite ready for this total involvement.

For the longest time, John tried to play both sides. Finally, when he had to choose, he left me. Looking back, I don't know why I was surprised. All those telephone calls to our New York apartment should have alerted me. The President called. Bebe Rebozo called. Robert Abplanalp kept in touch. John Mitchell chose to stick with the President, tying in his fate with the man he believed would weather the storm, the man he thought had a direct line with destiny.

What puzzles me, though, even today, is how John Mitchell, a man I considered to be so smart, so honest, so brilliant, could have gotten himself into such a position. He may have been dazzled by politics and the association with the Presidency, but he had nothing to gain from Richard Nixon himself. John was an established man. He had wealth, prestige, position.

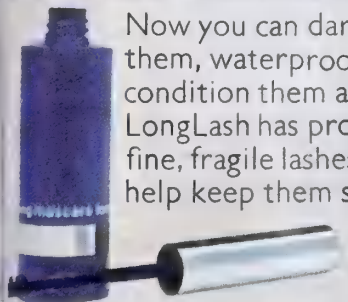
It's more confusing to me that John Mitchell would get himself into such a mess for a Republican. Politically, John Mitchell was actually a Democrat—a "Kennedy man." He'd been John F. Kennedy's commanding officer *(continued)*

Photo by Jerry Abramowitz

Color that cares: Beautiful color that's also a beauty treatment.

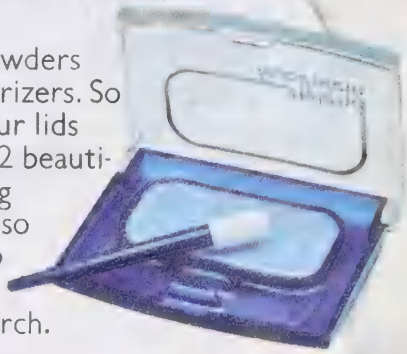


ngLash Brush-On Conditioning Mascara: lps keep lashes soft, never stiff, never brittle.



Now you can darken them, thicken them, waterproof them—and condition them at the same time. For LongLash has proteins that care for fine, fragile lashes. And emollients to help keep them silky.

Shadow Smooth: keeps lids smooth, no drying, no crêping.



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elena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

during World War II, and he had openly supported Kennedy in his successful Presidential race in 1960 against Richard Nixon.

I was the one who liked Richard Nixon politically. Like most of my close friends, I thought the United States had gone too far to the left. We believed Richard Nixon would swing it back. I'm to blame for changing John Mitchell from Democrat to Republican, and for encouraging him actively to enter politics and support Richard Nixon. It was the biggest mistake I ever made.

John Mitchell, on the other hand, has said that his big mistake was merging his old law firm with Richard Nixon's. John's original firm was a lucrative business that made him, a man of limited means, into a multimillionaire.

It wasn't until after Nixon lost his bid for governor of California in 1962 and came to New York to practice law that the two men got to know each other. Their firms worked together on one or two projects—John's firm represented the bond sellers and Nixon's the underwriters.

Nixon needed Mitchell

Eventually John Mitchell was asked to merge his firm with Nixon's. I regret to say I encouraged him to do it. It never crossed my mind that Nixon was looking for a political aide, not a law partner. Nixon was gathering a group of wealthy, influential people into a "Nixon for President" committee—it was a way to sidestep the Republican regulars, a way of forming his own power base. John Mitchell was important to Nixon. As a result of Mitchell's bond practice, he knew politicians at all levels in any number of states and cities (although he had always told me that he had no respect for politicians and had often criticized them and their policies). Friendship with these politicians was an invaluable asset to Richard Nixon, who was going to run for President in 1968.

I was so enthusiastic about the prospective merger of the two law firms that I gave a dinner party at our house in Rye, New York, for the Nixons and the other senior partners of the Nixon firm. I invited about forty guests and had a small orchestra to play for dancing. When the musicians took a break, Richard Nixon played the piano. Although there have been any number of articles written indicating a close social bond between the Mitchells and Nixons, that night was the only time they were ever in our house.

On January 1, 1967, the firms merged. Within six weeks John Mitchell was actively engaged in politics and Nixon's drive for the Presidency, and took over as manager of Nixon's 1968 Presidential campaign. I helped get John into that, too, when I said, "If you're going into politics, go the whole way or else forget it. Don't fool around with state activities. Run the whole show."

Naturally, I thought we'd both be active in the campaign. So did our friends. They told John how great it was that he had me to help him, that I could take over the social side of politics for him and entertain the people important to the campaign. I'd always loved giving parties and having a lot of people around. I really looked forward to helping Richard Nixon get elected.

It didn't work out that way. Before long I realized that I was on the outside while John Mitchell was devoting all of his time to politics. John seldom came home—claiming he was busy with campaign business—and when he did come home it was late at night.

The campaign completely changed our way of life. Before, we lived a normal suburban existence. I used to get up every morning to cook breakfast for John and Marty, before chauffeuring him to the eight o'clock commuter train, and her to school. In the afternoon, the procedure was reversed. I picked up Marty at school and later met John Mitchell at the station—at the same time every night, 6:05.

In the evening, if we weren't having guests or going out, John and I sat together discussing his daily encounters on Wall Street, his problems in the law firm and his hopes for the future. He looked to me for advice, or I acted his sounding board. He often told me had the most perceptive insight into h man nature of any person he had ev known. He claimed he found me ve stable in my thoughts and often not that I was able to sort that which w pertinent from that which was unir portant.

No time for Martha

The 1968 campaign changed all th It was soon apparent that politics w completely enveloping John Mitchel separating John from me and separati him from his law firm. Since John Mitc ell was so busy with campaign matte he no longer had time to see what w happening at the firm. He lost cont of his own law affairs and never regain it. He left the firm by mutual agreeme after he was indicted in May, 1973.

Midway in the 1968 campaign, I t John Mitchell, "This race has taken y away from Marty and me. We no long have a home. We no longer have a thing together."

John wouldn't listen, and I continu to feel put upon and neglected. I was a part of anything. I wasn't allowed go to the 1968 Republican Conventi in Miami Beach and at no time duri the campaign—nor between the electi and the inauguration—was I inside Nix headquarters. I just sat home in R answering the telephones, which ra constantly. As it happened, many of t telephone calls were from *(continue*



"And no sexist toys!"

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Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty

women. That, coupled with the nights away from home, made me suspect there was more than politics keeping John Mitchell busy. I decided I'd had enough and I hired a lawyer, Henry Rothblatt, to start divorce proceedings.

The day after Richard Nixon was elected President, John Mitchell refused his invitation to go to Key Biscayne, to relax with the President-elect and a small group of his male friends, and came home to talk me out of a divorce. I fell for his sweet talk and patriotic speeches so completely that I even became enthusiastic about going to Washington. I wanted to be part of a "law and order" administration and to support a President who had a "secret plan" to stop that miserable war in Vietnam. I expected to help the United States to become a better country.

It didn't work out the way I had visualized it. As Attorney General, John Mitchell was busier than ever before. Many evenings when John and I had plans to go out, the President would call at six o'clock and say, "We're going out on the boat [the Presidential yacht *Sequoia*] and I want you there" at such and such a time. It didn't matter that I was already dressed for a party; neither did it matter that a hostess was left without two of her guests. Heaven only knows what excuses John's secretary made for us. For all I know, she blamed it on me.

"I didn't exist"

Many were the times when Richard Nixon asked John Mitchell to take off and go to Florida with him. Once John told me there was a "very crucial meeting," but I learned later they were vacationing on Robert Abplanalp's island in the Bahamas. It hurt me tremendously. On other occasions the President might ask John to go for a week-end at Camp David, again without me. I didn't even exist.

Even the nights when John was home, he was busy on the telephone with the President or with the President's business. People called him at all hours. Every time there was a newspaper article or a television program in any way unfavorable to Richard Nixon, he—or one of his assistants, Bob Haldeman, John Ehrlichman or Richard Moore—called John Mitchell. The President reacted to criticism of any kind.

Then there were the calls or visits from disgruntled Cabinet members and people with government agencies. As Washington observers have pointed out, the President would have little to do with most of the Cabinet, except at Cabinet meetings. Very often these people complained to John Mitchell and he tried to appease them.

Even Rose Mary Woods, who had been Nixon's loyal personal secretary since his Senate days, came to our Watergate apartment to cry over the treatment she was getting from Bob Haldeman. I believe John talked her out of quitting.

John Mitchell was on the phone so much that even Marty complained. He was supposed to help her with her math lessons. Although I had taught school and could assist her with other subjects, the new math completely stumped me. Many nights Marty sat and waited for her father until ten or eleven o'clock, before she could complete her lessons and go to bed. She cried and cried over it, and even wrote in her diary that she didn't get enough attention to make her happy.

Our week-ends weren't safe from interference, either. No matter what we planned it seemed the President had other arrangements for John, and the President's arrangements always took priority.

If I did go on an out-of-town trip with John, the President still monopolized his time. One summer when he was spending a month or two at the Western White House at San Clemente, he suggested that John and I take a house near his. We did, and we were constantly having to make appearances. For instance, the President would decide at four o'clock in the afternoon that he wanted some people in for dinner. Then he'd call John and say that we must come over, too. There was never any thought of refusing.

When we were in Washington, John Mitchell was so busy that I couldn't consult him on any of my problems. I resented the fact that I had to make decisions about things I knew little about—especially my role as a Cabinet wife. No one had ever instructed me on what was expected of a Cabinet member's wife, so I had to play it by ear. Often my actions weren't those the Administration wanted and consequently I was criticized severely.

Another thing that annoyed me was that the Administration used me. The would tell me to do something and the criticize me for doing it. It bothered m that John let them do it to me and tha he was a party to it himself. One suc case was the time I "lobbied" for th appointment of Judge Clement Hayns worth to the Supreme Court. John aske me to call several of my friends in Ar kansas and ask them to put pressure o Senator J. William Fulbright to vote fo Judge Haynsworth. He said *"they"*—th Administration—wanted me to do it. Af ter Mrs. Fulbright complained about Cabinet wife "lobbying," I was criticize and held up to ridicule. To this day neither John nor any one from the Ad ministration has come forward to say "We told her to do it."

"Give 'em hell!"

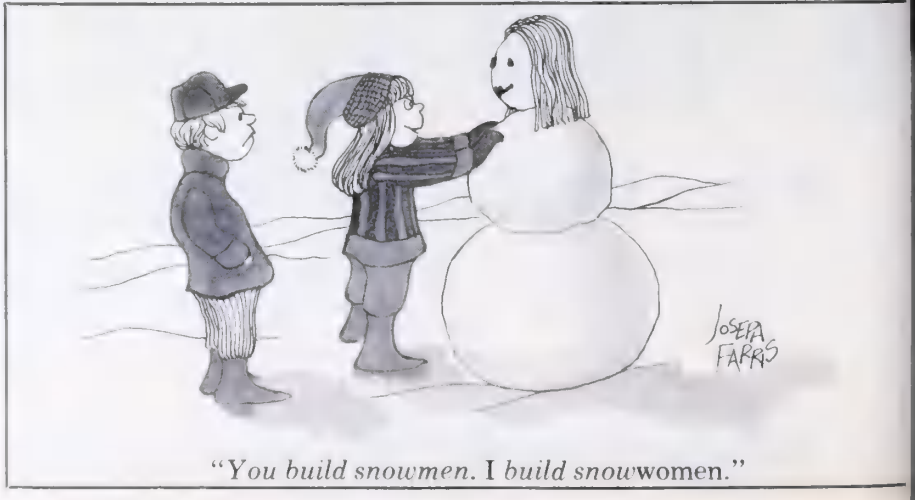
Neither has anyone admitted that was Herb Klein, then the White Hous communications director, who booke me on that CBS television show wher I said that John Mitchell had compare an anti-war demonstration to the Russia Revolution. Publicly, I was criticized but privately the President sent me handwritten letter in which he encou aged me to continue speaking out. H also sent a message to me through John telling me to "give 'em hell!"

But what concerned me the most wa that I felt John had begun not to thin for himself. It had become apparen to me that he had been manipulate out of all the things he stood for an all the things he had gone to Washing ton to accomplish.

I talked to him constantly about hov he had to stand on his own two feet, hov I wasn't sure the President was righ in many of his decisions. I pointed ou that Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlich man were influencing the President, an I would ask John: "Are you sure yo agree with those two characters?" I bothered me that John Mitchell was be coming a yes man. Any woman loses re spect for a man who lets this happen.

Once I asked John what I should d

(continued on page 148)



*"You build snowmen. I build snow*women."

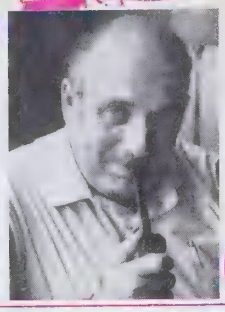


There are times when you couldn't care less that Santa's the jolly old elf who flies through the air to bring you toys. All you want is down.



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DR. RUBIN: YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED



What makes a girl hate her name? Can the weather affect one's joints? Why does my husband nap in front of the TV? Dr. Rubin answers these and other reader inquiries.

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Father-son arguments

My husband and his father really love each other, yet they never fail to get into an argument just about ten minutes after they are in the same room. These arguments never end in bitterness and seem to have no effect on their relationship, but the habit is most disconcerting to me. Why can't they get along if they are truly fond of each other?

Arguing can be a way of feeling and sharing love, particularly between men who love each other but feel that a more obvious means of showing their love is less than masculine. Friendly—and even not-so-friendly—arguments are often used as a means of making and sustaining contact. This is a continuation of the "horsing around" and bantering that is so popular between adolescent boys.

Arguing may also indicate confused and unresolved feelings about mutual roles. Your husband may not feel completely grown up in relation to his father. His father may feel threatened in his need to surrender parental authority and to give his grown son equal-adult status. As a result, your father-in-law's arguing could represent his unconscious attempt to reaffirm and sustain his superior position, while your husband's arguing is his attempt to establish a new, grown-up position for himself. The fact that these arguments do not result in bitter feelings between father and son is evidence that they are trying to work things out rather than to destroy anything. This should be reassuring to you and make it easier for you to cope with their actions.

Marriage-minded mother

At age 24, I am still single, but I've been seeing the same man for two and a half years. Neither of us feels ready to marry and have a family. My mother constantly urges me to get married, despite my repeated statements that I'm not yet ready to marry. Why should she feel more strongly about marriage than I do?

There are several factors that could be involved here. Many people are influenced by convention, and convention dictates that a sustained relationship of a sexual nature ought to be legitimatized socially, legally and religiously by marriage. To many parents, marriage—especially of a daughter—indicates the daughter's full adulthood and self-responsibility. Thus, marriage of a daughter means that a parent's job of raising her was well-done and is *finished;* the mother feels she can now be liberated from daughter-raising.

Marriage of an offspring also means grandchildren, and thus represents self-continuation and perpetuation of one's origins. These are some of the powerful influences that may consciously or unconsciously cause your mother to ignore your feelings in the matter and to urge you to wed. I would suggest that you and your mother have a heart-to-heart talk in which you both express your true feelings. But you should be prepared for the fact that the conversation may change nothing. In any event, marriage is a very private and important step that no man or woman should take unless he or she feels certain that it is a right decision—a decision that he or she is fully ready to accept.

Pain and weather

I have aches and pains in my muscles and joints. They are not severe, but they do come and go. When I consulted my doctor, he said that I had a common affliction—a light form of rheumatism. Since I feel much better on sunny days, I'm wondering if perhaps my doctor was wrong and the pains are just my imagination? Can the weather really affect my muscles and joints? I thought that was just an old wives' tale.

Atmospheric changes can affect the way you feel physically, and this is especially true of symptoms involving muscles and joints. Your moods are often strongly affected by the weather and this, in turn, can have a physical effect on you. If you feel happier when the sun is out, you will also feel more relaxed. Being relaxed will untense your muscles, causing pain to subside.

Hating a name

My 13-year-old daughter Betty Jane insists on changing her name. When the subject first came up about a year ago, my husband and I didn't take her seriously, but now we realize that she is adamant about the matter. She has no particular name in mind, but says she hates Betty Jane. When we ask her why, she can't give us an answer other than to say that she doesn't know why, she just knows she hates her name. What can this be all about?

Your daughter's vehement dislike of her name could be her way of expressing an unconscious dislike of herself. Her self-rejection may largely be focused on her name because she sees her name as that which epitomizes and symbolizes her identity in all areas. Changing her name, therefore, would represent a simplistic attempt to change herself and all the things she dislikes about herself.

This kind of self-hate sometimes occurs in idealistic children who develop great guilt when they first become aware of sexual feelings and urges. Self-hate could also be connected with any number of dissatisfactions with self, including a lack of popularity with peers, poor performance in school, conflicting feelings toward parents, etc. It may be a good idea for you to see that your daughter has a consultation with a psychoanalyst who specializes in adolescent psychiatry.

Overly demonstrative husband

My question concerns my husband's apparent need to keep telling me he loves me countless times during the day. He also feels that I should respond in kind every time. We have been married almost 47 years. He is very demonstrative, both at home and in public, and while I am not exactly cold, I don't feel it is necessary to always be demonstrative in return. I think my actions during these many years of our good and bad times should reassure him of my feelings. My husband has had two heart attacks during the past two years, and I think that whenever he feels uncertain about his future, he tells me he loves me. My situation may sound trifling to some, but at our ages (my husband is 70 and I am 70), I don't feel we should constantly have annoying, "do-you-love-me?" debates. Can you help us understand or correct this situation?

(continued on page 85)

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal, marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of SHRINK! *(Popular Library). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in this column can be answered.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

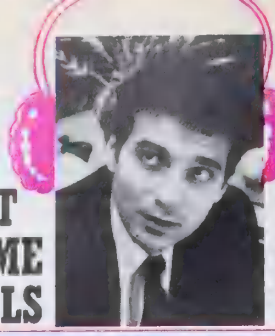


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Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

RALPH NADER REPORTS: WAYS TO CUT HOME HEATING BILLS



Proper insulation, caulking and turning down the thermostat are correct steps to take, says the consumer advocate. But more is needed—such as challenging the source of the utility problem.

Utility companies and government energy experts continue to exhort consumers to conserve on energy. But consumers are becoming skeptical—and with reason. When they reduce their energy demands, they could be hit with higher utility rates to pay for the power they *didn't* use—for the ironic reason that the utilities' revenues are down!

Homeowners who have diligently invested in storm windows and better insulation, who have caulked their windows and doors against leakage, and turned down thermostats, have seen their potential savings on electric and gas bills wiped out by soaring prices.

Despite the need to reduce energy consumption, utility companies continue plans for costly expansions, which are increasingly paid for by higher rates charged their customers.

Challenging your power company

None of these are reasons for individuals not to try to save energy. However, they do indicate that conserving energy at home is not enough to bring down prices for the consumer—nor to solve the overall problem of energy waste and mismanagement. To do that, consumers will have to challenge wasteful and discriminatory practices within the power industry itself.

The place to begin is with your local utility company, whose policies may not only be costing you money but wasting precious energy resources as well. When a company asks for a rate increase, citizens have the right to intervene before the state regulatory commission—and are doing so in increasing numbers. You don't have to wait for a rate case, though, to file a complaint or ask the commission to investigate questionable policies. An excellent guide on how to proceed is *How to Challenge Your Local Utility: A Citizen's Guide to the Power Industry*, published by the Environmental Action Foundation, 720 Dupont Circle Building, Washington, D.C. 20036 (1–9 copies cost $1.50 each; 10–99 copies, $1 each; 100 or more, 75¢ each).

One of the most important issues on which citizens should challenge their power companies is profits, or the rate of return on investment, a major factor in utilities' requests for rate increases. Recently, the average rate of return for electric utilities has been around 11 percent, often higher. Last August, Federal Energy Administrator John Sawhill informed state governors that the Administration favors a 15 percent rate of return. The result was an immediate request for rate increases by a number of companies. Four days later, for example, one state's electric power company requested a rate increase bringing its rate of return up to 14.9 percent.

Energy waste

Citizen challengers can justifiably argue that a 15 percent rate of return is shockingly high, especially for a monopoly such as a public utility. They can also force a reconsideration of the growth policies by which companies seek higher rates in order to attract investors and the large amounts of capital needed to finance construction of new facilities—facilities based on projections for continual promotion of energy waste which may themselves be against the consumer's interest in conservation.

A second issue on which companies may be challenged is their rate structures, which charge the average householder far more per kilowatt-hour than the large industrial user. The heaviest burdens are on the aged, the poor and other minorities, who pay twice as much per kilowatt-hour as larger residential users and three or four times as much as large industrial users.

Consumer groups are successfully challenging these discriminatory policies. One Michigan company has been ordered to eliminate volume discounts for residential customers. The Michigan utilities commission has also flattened the residential rate structure of another company, so that each user pays a service charge and flat charge per kilowatt-hour.

Lawyers for the Vermont and Massachusetts Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs) are leading a national drive for Lifeline Service, which would reverse the system of charging the household consumer more than the industrial consumer. Under Lifeline Service, utilities would sell a minimum amount of electricity to residential users at low cost and exempt small users from any rate increase. (For copies of the Lifeline proposal, send a self-addressed, stamped, legal-size envelope to Citizen Action Group, 133 C Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.)

(continued)

HOW TO CUT YOUR UTILITY BILLS

Each year we waste 30 percent of all the energy produced in the United States. But it is possible to reduce if not reverse this trend. Here are a few simple tips for saving energy—and money:

1. Lower thermostats to 65 to 68 degrees during the day and 60 degrees at night. A difference of 5 degrees from the daytime setting can save 15 percent to 20 percent of fuel.

2. Caulk and weatherstrip doors and windows. This can often be done without professional help and can save up to 10 percent on your fuel bill.

3. Use higher-energy household equipment more prudently. This means becoming more aware of how much energy each appliance consumes. A good general rule to keep in mind is that appliances that create heat consume more energy than appliances that don't build heat. Also remember that a color TV set uses more than a black and white set; a solid-state more than a filament (tube) set. If your set has an instant turn-on feature, disconnect it when it is not in use because the set is, of course, consuming electricity 24 hours a day. On your furnace a switch-operated electric starter can be substituted for a pilot light. (Pilot lights account for at least 10 percent of all natural gas consumption.)

4. When designing a new house, take climate and energy-conserving factors into account. There are literally dozens of ways in which good design and energy-saving features complement one another.

5. Ask your employer to institute on-the-job energy-saving measures. This is especially vital, since only 30 percent of the electricity consumed in this country is used in the home; the balance is used by commerce and industry.

Two sources containing many more useful ideas on saving energy are the free *Tips for Energy Savers*, available from the Office of Energy Conservation and Environment, Federal Energy Administration, Washington, D.C. 20461, and the *Eco-Tips* #5, available for 25¢ from Concern, Inc., 2233 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

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Why not admit you'd enjoy it? Looking younger to the man you care for is one of the undeniable pleasures of being a woman. There are countless ways to gain personal satisfaction, of course. Fulfilling a demanding job. Running a home beautifully. Stretching your mind by going back to college. Still, almost every woman finds a basic feminine enjoyment in knowing that she is appealing and attractive to a special man. Looking as young as possible is part of that appeal.

Join the knowledgeable, younger-looking women from many parts of the world who share the special secret of the remarkable benefits of an unusual beauty fluid that eases away dryness . . . the dryness that can make you look older than need be. It is unlikely you have ever before come upon anything precisely like this complexion-cherishing lotion, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Let your skin drink in Oil of Olay, a discovery of beauty connoisseurs. Smooth it on your face and neck with gentle upward strokes. You will be astonished to see how quickly and completely the beauty fluid penetrates. And it leaves no greasy feeling on your skin. Your complexion grows softer and more supple from the very first days you use Oil of Olay. Appreciative glances soon confirm what your mirror so quickly reveals, an important difference in your appearance.

Remarkable Oil of Olay works hand in hand with nature to help your skin maintain its delicate oil-moisture balance, essential if you are to look your youngest. The skin-compatible fluid helps retain the skin's own natural moisture, an added complexion benefit as the years pass.



Devoted users wouldn't dream of beginning the day without Oil of Olay. Fast-penetrating and non-greasy, Oil of Olay is an excellent makeup base to let cosmetics stay fresh-faced hour after hour. And at night, the wealth of pure moisture, with tropical oils and other emollients, soothes and cherishes skin while you sleep.

Allow yourself the pleasure of looking younger to that special man and, perhaps even more important, to yourself. Oil of Olay (from your drugstore) can show you the way.

Beauty Secrets

Pay extra attention to the area around the eyes where little aging signs often show themselves first. More frequent applications of Oil of Olay can help make these little lines less noticeable.

* * *

Oil of Olay® is marvelous under makeup. Try smoothing onto your eyelids before applying eyeshadow. You'll like both the feeling and the look.

HOME HEATING BILLS
continued

Few changes are being made, however, in low promotional rates for large and industrial customers, rates that offer little conservation incentive to industry and commerce, which consume 70 percent of the nation's electricity.

Paying for golf balls?

A third issue to raise with your power company is the "cost of service," which may include such questionable items as promotional advertising and high executive salaries. In some cases, customers have been paying for advertising aimed at convincing them (the customers) of the need for a rate increase! One Southern power company attempted to include in "cost of services" its legal fees in the unsuccessful defense of a racial discrimination suit. Other companies have tried to include fines for violations of Atomic Energy Commission regulations at nuclear power plants. Even golf balls and country club memberships for executives have turned up in "cost of services."

Promotional activities have been banned from cost of services to customers in some areas. These activities are not only indefensible as a charge to the consumer, they also affect the public interest by creating greater demands on the energy supply.

Citizens may raise other issues before regulatory commissions or the courts, including the following:

- Instituting a peak pricing system similar to higher telephone charges for calls made during hours of prime use. Meeting energy demands during peak consumption hours is the major reason cited by companies to justify expansion and demands for rate increases. A peak pricing system would encourage industries and other users to be less wasteful in their energy demands during the hours.
- Making rate increases conditional on the utility's compliance with pollution standards.
- Persuading power companies to have contractors to check homes for insulation needs. Companies could also arrange for customers to pay for added insulation on their utility bills, thus making it possible for small homeowners who could not get a bank loan to afford the insulation. Where this has been done in Michigan, the average homeowner's monthly bill after insulation was installed was no higher than before, due to the reduced energy use. The bill would be considerably less, of course, after the loan for the insulation had been paid for.

Organizing an effective challenge to a utility company means good coordination with other citizens and consumer groups. The Virginia Citizens Consumer Council, which is challenging Vepco

(continued on page 14)

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THE WORKING WOMAN: HELP WANTED (DOMESTIC)



With more and more women holding outside jobs, many rely heavily on domestic help. Here's a report on the sensitive relationship between these household workers and their employers.

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

"I made $26 per week working 9 to 4 and baby-sitting until 9 at least three nights a week for the same family. I got no benefits, either."

"I used to do everything—moving couches . . . cleaning garages, carrying groceries . . . and walking their stupid dog in all kinds of weather."

"I get vacation every year. When they take vacation, I take my vacation the same time—only I don't get paid for mine."

"I never worked on a job that paid sick benefits."

If you are a domestic worker, these complaints may ring a bell. If you employ a cleaning woman or housekeeper, they should remind you of the importance of establishing a harmonious working relationship with that valuable employee, so that these problems never come up.

The household workers quoted above participated in a pilot project conducted in five Ohio cities by the National Committee on Household Employment (NCHE), a nonprofit group dedicated to the concerns of household workers. But Ohio doesn't have a corner on exploited domestics. There are over 1.5 million household workers in the United States, almost 97 percent of them female, and about two thirds of them black. In 1972, their median annual income for full-time work was $2,365—on which many of these women must support themselves and their families. One in five black American women work as domestics. Because of educational and social disadvantages (only 21 percent are high-school graduates), these women have few job options. Even as domestic workers, they rarely enjoy benefits that most employees take for granted: sick leave, paid vacations, legal holidays, unemployment insurance and workmen's compensation. Until last May, they weren't even covered by federal minimum wage laws.

Many employers discriminate deviously in hiring domestics. Ads that say "European preferred" may as well specify "No blacks need apply." Other Help Wanted notices call for "Jamaican" or "Caribbean preferred"—a frequent smokescreen to hide the employer's intention to take advantage of workers whose immigrant status is tenuous or who are ignorant of American tax laws.

Low wages and infrequent benefits are the most glaring and visible inequities. But on the job, behind closed doors, exists an infinite variety of daily indignities. "The day worker may be expected to clean eight rooms, get up on a ladder and do the outside of the windows, scrub the oven and clean out the refrigerator all in one day," says Carolyn Reed, coordinator of the Progressive Household Technicians of New York.

"Honey" and "Mrs. Clark"

Each household has different demands and standards of performance. Some homes are disorganized as well as dirty; some employers are bossy, their children unruly or unkind. Employers may betray their disrespect for the household worker in several ways: by calling her "Mary" or "Honey" while insisting on being addressed as "Mrs. Clark"; by referring to her demeaningly as "the girl"; by asking her to eat her meals away from the family. Other employers still give cast-off clothes in lieu of a deserved salary increase.

Domestic workers may be fired at will or on whim, often with no notice. Frequently, a job applicant travels far to a job interview, only to find that she can't negotiate a decent wage—and must pay her own carfare back and forth anyway.

Lacking a specific or standard job description, a woman hired for certain duties may eventually find herself performing extra chores that weren't in the original bargain. Carolyn Reed gives a typical example: "Let's say the day worker is supposed to clean, vacuum and do light washing. But the employer discovers that the worker is super efficient; so little by little she's got her doing the mending, cooking dinner for the kids, running errands, ironing and doing *all* the wash. Unfortunately the more competent you are the worse off you are."

Live-in housekeepers (11 percent of all domestics) have the same problems as day workers—and then some. Because they're giving free room and board, employers feel they can pay live-ins less salary. Ms. Reed's answer is: "You want someone to live in because you want them available for work at odd hours—not because you want to give them a home. Most household workers prefer to live with their own families, but with the scarcity of jobs for black female heads of households, they take what they can get. If you want them to start breakfast and they would have to get up at 5 A.M. to reach your house by 7, it makes sense for both of you if the worker lives in. That makes the room and board a condition of employment, not a bonus."

While most working people put in a eight-hour day, the live-in housekeeper commonly stays on call from early morning until well after dinner is cleared away. Even her time off is not her own. She may be expected to baby-sit, answer phones, water the lawn, or receive deliveries or repair crews.

Chain of exploitation

As paid jobs lure women out of the home—where they did *unpaid* housework—other women will take their place to do *paid* housework. We do our own dishes for nothing, but the work isn't *worth* nothing. Similarly, we do our own electrical repairs free, but when we call in an electrician we pay for the professional service. Rather than continue the chain of exploitation, those who employ women in domestic jobs also must recognize them to be technicians.

Household workers continue to professionalize their work, seek training programs, organize for economic demands and inform themselves of their rights. During the 1960's, the pool of household workers decreased by one million. Since the median age of domestics is 46, the labor force will lose still more by attrition. To attract young women (who might otherwise be cashiers, clerks or salewomen), and to keep older women in the domestic field, certain improvements are essential:

WAGES. Effective last May, the new minimum wage law now covers household workers. Note on your calendar that the $1.90 hourly rate goes to $2 on January 1, 1975. (It rises to $2.20 on January 1, 1976 and $2.30 on January 1, 1977.) The minimum wage, plus time and a half for overtime, applies to domestic workers who receive at least $50 per calendar quarter from one employer or who work more than eight hours a week in one or more households. Exempt from coverage are casual baby-sitters and caretakers of the old and infirm. Live-in housekeepers are included in the minimum wage but not the provision for overtime pay.

Carmen Maymi, Director of the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, reminds employers, "In those states where the minimum wage is higher than that established by federal law, the state minimum must be paid." A 40-hour work week paid for at the minimum wage would yield only $80 a week or $4,160 annually (with paid vacation)—hardly a subsis- *(continued)*

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tence income, especially for heads of households who are trying to stave off welfare. The Progressive Household Technicians recommend a fair minimum of $3 an hour, while the United Church of Christ asks churchwomen to pay $3.95 an hour or more. In any case, wages should be reviewed at least once a year.

SOCIAL SECURITY. If a worker earns $50 or more per quarter, her employer must pay a share of the Social Security tax and take the remainder out of the domestic's salary. (Many employers agree to pay the entire tax as a fringe benefit to the employee.) The value of food, lodging or clothing given to a household employee is not subject to the Social Security tax. In this labor market, perhaps the most unemployable person is the *older* black female. It is important for this proud, hardworking wage-earner to have Social Security benefits in her later years.

VACATIONS. A day worker should receive one day of paid vacation per year for each day per week that she works in a household. Live-in workers should get two weeks vacation after one year of full-time employment. NCHE suggests that vacation time be renegotiated after two years.

SICK DAYS. The employer should specify in the job interview how many paid sick days will be allowed. NCHE recommends one per year for the once-a-week day worker and six paid sick days for the full-time or live-in employee.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE. Homeowners' or tenants' policies should include coverage for accidental injury to domestic workers. (Josephine Hulett, now Field Officer of NCHE, formed an affiliate in Youngstown, Ohio, as a result of angry reactions when a domestic worker who broke her hip on the job received no medical payment—although the employer's home was covered by personal liability insurance. Accident coverage is mandatory in Ohio as of last July 1.)

HOLIDAYS. NCHE calls for eight paid legal holidays per year for live-in workers; six holidays for full-time, live-out employees and one legal holiday per year for day workers when the holiday falls on the normal working day.

WORKING CONDITIONS AND PERFORMANCE STANDARDS. Agree on them in advance, ideally in writing:

1. Time schedule: Hour of arrival, departure, rest, meal breaks, vacation, willingness to work overtime, probation period (two to three weeks is fair, says Ms. Hulett).

2. Task list: Uvelia S. A. Bowen, founder-director of Household Employment Association for Re-Evaluation and Training (HEART), says an outlined workload allows the employee to be thorough, creative and satisfied by her accomplishment when she's finished. HEART also counsels employers to plan the workday realistically; strenuous tasks come first, followed by a five-minute rest period; in a two-story house, all the morning tasks should be on one floor, the afternoon tasks on another; sitting jobs should alternate with reaching, lifting and standing jobs. Employers should be as detailed as they like on the task list, but they shouldn't work alongside the employee. A professional household worker wants to be trusted to do things her own way, within the bounds of the employer's instructions.

3. Safety: Appliances should be in A-1 condition and appropriate cleaning products and materials should be available. Workers should not be asked to perform chores that imperil their health or safety. Employer and employee should read product or appliance instructions and warnings together so that both are responsible for their safe use.

4. Extras: Discuss the employee's attitude toward cast-off clothes and food leftovers. If a uniform is required, the worker should know whether she is expected to pay for it and its laundering. (Some domestics object to certain uniforms because of the Hollywood stereotype of the fat black maid in a black costume.)

5. Set policy regarding the household worker's children: During her child's school vacations or baby-sitter emergencies, can she bring them with her? (If anyone should understand child-care crises, it is women who employ other women!)

6. Work relationship: Have a periodic job review; revise the written or spoken contract to cover changed duties; discuss timing of raises; talk about personal slights or misunderstandings on either side as soon as they happen.

The employer should give the day-worker at least five days' notice if her services aren't needed; otherwise, compensate her for the lost day's pay. By the same token the employee should give the earliest possible notice of illness so the employer can get a replacement. Two weeks' notice should be given by either party if live-in employment is to be terminated from either direction.

Housework can be a happy art

Jasmine Twyman, 54, of Peekskill, N.Y., is a day worker who is so pleased with her six employers that once a year she throws a party for them. She has worked for some families up to 16 years. Ms. Twyman has always received Social Security contributions, paid vacations and paid sick leave. Her day rate is $25 plus carfare. Her hours are her own because her employers believe she knows how to manage their housecleaning better than they do.

"This has been my line of work since I was 14," says Ms. Twyman. "I'm a professional." She inspires respect, re sents familiar imitations of black lan guage and doesn't permit any employe to call her "Honey Chile" or to say "Hi y'all." She accepts cast-off clothe because "they're more beautiful tha anything I can afford to buy," but sh feels the clothes are given in friendship

Carolyn Reed also speaks of her pro fession with pride: "An experience household worker can walk into you home and understand your values. Sh can tell if you care about your plants if you're fanatic about your kitchen bu don't pay too much attention to the bed rooms, if your books matter to you. Sh can quickly determine the best appli ance or household product to use fo every job. You don't have to tell he where things are kept or when th closets need cleaning, or whether th floors are overwaxed. She enjoys pre paring a party, presenting beautifu food, seeing the house sparkle."

Household work must be upgrade and adequately compensated. Most im portant, the one-to-one relationship be tween employer and employee must b businesslike and based on mutual re spect and personal dignity.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

• Get more information about hous hold workers and news about NCHE occasional conferences. Contact: N tional Committee on Household Em ployment, 8120 Fenton St., Suite 30 Silver Spring, Md. 20910.

• Since NCHE would lose its tax-e empt status if it lobbied and becam involved in organizing projects, y might want to join *Progressive Hous hold Technicians,* an activist gro with branches in several states. Full d tails from Progressive Household Tec nicians of N.Y., Room 601, 370 Lexin ton Ave, New York, N.Y. 10017.

• *Personal Resources, Inc.,* offers tra ing services and several publicatio about housekeeping careers in hom and institutions: *What's a Day's Wor* ($3), a personnel practice guid *Housekeeping Careers—A New Front* ($3), a manual to help groups or dividuals start projects to upgra household employment; *Thursda People on the Move!* ($2.50), case h tories of household employees a employers; and *Training Househ Technicians* ($25), a comprehens training plan for community leaders, cial workers, women's groups. All fr Uvelia S. A. Bowen, 4131 N. Broad Philadelphia, Pa. 19140. **E**

Is there a topic you would like Le Cottin Pogrebin to cover in a fut column? Write "Working Woman," LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 641 Lexing Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Ms. P rebin regrets that she is unable to w personal answers to your letters.

Lorillard 1974



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Cigarette after cigarette, True's low tar and nicotine never tastes harsh or rough. Just the opposite. True tastes good and easy. And because True is so low in tar and nicotine, every cigarette is as easy on your mind as it is on your taste. Think about it.

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Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. By cigarette. FTC Report March '74.



"The minister to Presidents" voices words of hope for the man in the White House—and the one who has left it. Open question: what would be your *prayer for the President at this holy time?*

PRAYER FOR A PRESIDENT BY BILLY GRAHAM

Our Father and our God, Thou hast said, "Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord." We were founded "a nation under God." We thank Thee for this torch of faith handed to us by our forefathers. May it never be extinguished. Thou alone hast given us our prosperity, our freedom and our power. This faith in God is our heritage and our foundation!

Thou hast warned us in the Scriptures, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" As George Washington reminded us in his farewell address, morality and faith are the pillars of our society. We confess these pillars are being eroded in an increasingly materialistic and permissive society. The whole world is watching to see if the faith of our fathers will stand the trials and tests of the hour. Too long have we neglected Thy word and ignored Thy laws. Too long have we tried to solve our problems without reference to Thee. Too long have we tried to live by bread alone. We have sown to the wind and are now reaping a whirlwind of crime, division and rebellion.

And now, with the wages of our sins staring us in the face, we remember Thy words, "If my people who are called by my Name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land."

Help us this day to turn from our sins and to turn by simple faith to the One who said, "Ye must be born again."

So we pray, O God, as we enter a new era, that we as a nation may experience a moral and spiritual restoration. Thou hast said, "Promotion comes not from the east nor from the west, but from Thee." We acknowledge Thy sovereignty in the selection of our leaders. We remember the responsibility Thou hast placed upon each individual to honor those in authority, to obey those in authority and to pray for those in authority.

So we pray for President Ford and all who govern. We beseech Thee that he will have Thy divine guidance and power daily. Help him as Thou didst help Thy servants of old. Our Father, we know his burdens and responsibilities will be overwhelming. O God, our new President needs Thee as few men ever needed Thee in leading a people! There will be times when he will be overwhelmed by the problems at home and abroad that have been building up to the breaking point for many years. Protect him from physical danger. And in the lonely moments of decision, grant him an uncompromising courage to do what is morally right. Give him a cool head and a warm heart. Give him a compassion for those in physical, moral and spiritual need. We pray that Thou wilt so guide Gerald Ford in handling the affairs of state that the world will marvel and glorify Thee.

What we pray for President Ford we pray for his Vice-President, and for all members of the Cabinet. May they be given a wisdom and a courage that is beyond their own. Bless them as a team to lead America to the dawning of a new day with renewed trust in God that will lead to peace, justice and prosperity.

We pray especially for our former President and his family at this time, that in the days ahead they may know the peace that only Thou canst give, just as he sought to bring peace to the world.

We pray this humbly in the Name of the Prince of Peace who shed His blood on the Cross that men might have eternal life. Amen.



JCPenney packs a coupon for "free Tide" in every new washer. But that's not why you should use Tide.

Your kids are. That coupon for a free box of Tide is a good reason for trying Tide. But the way it gets out the really tough dirt in your wash... like the dirt your kids grind into their clothes... is the reason you should stick with it. You can count on Tide to get your kids' clothes clean. The rest of your wash, too.

is JCPenney 6 Program Cycle washer gives you the right washing conditions for most of today's fabrics tomatically. It has a hand-wash cycle for delicate articles and a soak setting for heavily soiled articles. And it will ndle up to an 18-pound washload.

de has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

e makers of 18 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

"Intelligent, well-to-do actor aged 48, twice-divorced, seeks nice lady aged between 28 and 38 to have baby by him. Will pay $50,000 if it is a manchild or $25,000 for girlchild. Mother will then legally surrender all rights over the child. Apply: Richard Burton, C.B.E."

Richard Burton waved a reckless arm over the lunch table and handed me his scribbled advertisement. "There," he said. "Insert that ad in your magazine. As wildly improbable as it may appear, the sound of a little son running around again would be the saving of me. I'm a bit tired of girls. My wives and I have shared six children between us, four of them girls." (The children are Kate and Rebecca Burton, from Richard's marriage to Sybil Williams; Michael and Christopher Wilding, from Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to Michael Wilding; Liza Todd, from Elizabeth's marriage to Mike Todd; and Maria Burton, whom Richard and Elizabeth adopted during their marriage.)

"I think I'd just call the new baby 'you' and kick him around a bit, toughen him up. Poor little lad.

"Let's see, if I got cracking now, I'd have the baby by the time I was forty-nine. We could then have five blissful years traveling around while I continue my gypsy life as an actor. Then, when I was fifty-four and the kid had to go to school, I would settle down. I'd have had a long run as an actor by then. It should be enough."

It is necessary at this point to emphasize that Mr. Burton's extravagant notions are not caused by an intake of alcohol. This past year he has experienced the end of his gaudy marriage to Elizabeth Taylor and the humiliation of having to be "dried out" at a clinic in Santa Monica, Calif., when, as he now confesses, the torrent of liquor threatened his very life.

Sullen mornings and enraged outbursts marked the apparent disintegration of an exceptional man. During the long torture of marital separation-reconciliation-failure and final divorce, he appeared to be a pathetic, lurching giant. Disposed. Dismissed.

This is made no less anguishing by the fact that he has reached that "menopausal" age



RICHARD BURTON: LIFE WITHOUT ELIZABETH

Having suffered through one of the most-publicized divorces of the century, Richard Burton turns to work and friends—and away from the bottle—to rebuild his life. *By Roger Falk*

when men question their pas when more of the world's off ings have slipped by than th are to come, when the futu unfolds as a series of questi marks.

Richard Burton is piec himself together again. A fi sign is his enthusiasm for own outrageous notion of g ting a son through the classif section. "The girl who answ that advertisement," he sa "would have to understar she's not getting a husband a the money."

On one day he will say witl trembling vehemence: "I sh never marry again." But tod he says to me airily: "Oh don't know. I'm still wary don't want to get married anyone at the moment. But, course, if some staggering cr ture swooped into my visior might go 'woof! woof!' and th would be the end of the bache Burton."

Apparently some "staggeri creature" did indeed swoop to Burton's vision, and app ently he did indeed go "wo woof." Because in mid-Octol Richard announced that hoped to marry 38-year-c Princess Elizabeth of Yug slavia, a second cousin of Br ain's Princess Anne and Prin Charles. That is, Burton sa he would marry her once s divorced her present husba 30-year-old English bank Neil Balfour.

But when I spoke to Bu ton, he did not mention new Elizabeth—because the mance had not yet bloom Instead he told how, most ev nings, he snuggles up in b with a book—although t wicked eye for the girls a the scalawag charm is retu ing. He was in Winchester, Er land, filming the last scenes o remake of Noel Coward's *Br Encounter* for NBC-TV's Ha mark Hall of Fame.

As a place to recuperate a reflect, Winchester can harc be better. The town has a sa air. Here, he is getting t much-abused body back in condition. In the privacy of room he lifts weights, skips does push-ups and rides a cycle at 5 A.M.

"I have always enjoyed dawn. I don't suppose I ha been into half-a-dozen nig clubs in my life. Riding cycle *(continued on page 16*



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ELIZABETH TAYLOR BY TRUMAN CAPOTE

"When you find what you've always wanted," she said, "that's not where the beginning begins, that's where the end starts." A memorable portrait of Elizabeth by a great writer who is also her good friend.

Painting by Sherry Wolf

Some years ago, rather more than fifteen, a friend and I decided to install, among the New York social curriculum, a series of surprise-guest lunch parties; the idea seemed amusing enough for February, the dreariest month in New York, so my friend and I invited four other friends to join us for lunch at a private apartment. The idea was that the six of us would, individually, supply an additional guest, a "mystery" guest—preferably someone interesting and well-known and yet not known personally to any or at least all of us. My choice was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, but he wasn't available that day; now I can't remember *who* I brought.

But I do remember the selection made by Lady Keith, who was then Mrs. Leland Hayward. Lady Keith, whom her friends call Slim, is a tall, coltish, California-bred aristocrat (northern California, need one add) with the most beautiful legs, ankles and feet extant. Her "surprise," Elizabeth Taylor, was rather a runt by comparison—like Mrs. Onassis, her legs are too short for the torso, the head too bulky for the figure in toto; but the face, with those lilac eyes, is a prisoner's dream, a secretary's self-fantasy: unreal, nonobtainable, at the same time shy, overly vulnerable, very human, with the flicker of suspicion constantly flaring behind the lilac eyes.

We had met once before—one summer afternoon on the farm of a mutual friend in Connecticut. At the time, her third husband, the tough and short and sexy Mike Todd, still had his plane crash ahead of him, was still alive and married to this beautiful child who seemed besotted by him.

Often, when couples make oozing displays of themselves, always kissing, gripping, groping—well, often one imagines their romance must be in serious difficulties. Not so with these two. I remember them, that afternoon, sprawled in the sun in a field of grass and daisies holding hands and kissing while a litter of six or eight fat Newfoundland puppies tumbled over their stomachs, tangled in their hair.

But it was not until I encountered her as Slim Hayward's guest that Elizabeth Taylor made an impression on me, at least as a person; as an act I'd always liked her—from *tional Velvet* straight on, especially as the rich girl *Place in the Sun.*

In the years since our meeting, much had happene her, but the two worst th were that Mike Todd had and that she had married "singer," Eddie Fisher event almost as unsuitabl Mrs. Kennedy's Grecian tials. Still, neither of these currences had dimmed the tic allure Taylor radiates li rather quivery light.

The lunch was long, we ta a lot. My first discovery a her was that despite an amu abundance of four-lettered fanity, she was in various a a moralist, quite a strict almost Calvinistic. For stance, she was agitated at thought of playing the starred, hedonistic heroin John O'Hara's *Butterfiel* she had an unbreakable obligation to do the role which she later won an A emy Award), but she wishe could get out of it becaus don't like that girl. I don't what she stands for. The sl emptiness of her. The men. sleeping around."

At this point I recalled a versation I'd once had Marilyn Monroe (not that making a comparison bet Taylor and Monroe; they different birds, the first b a take-or-leave-it professi the other a morbidly uncer naturally gifted primitive). Monroe's moral attitude similar: "I don't believe in ual sex. Right or wrong, if for a guy, I feel I ought to ry him. I don't know why. pid, maybe. But that's just way I feel. Or if not that, it should have meaning. C than something only phys Funny, when you think o reputation I have. And m deserve. Only I don't thin Deserve it, I mean. People don't understand what can pen to you. Without your consent at all. Inside cons

The second surprise was well-read Taylor seemed t —not that she made anythi it, or posed as an intellec but clearly she cared a books and, in haphazard s had absorbed a large numb them. And she discussed t with considerable underst ing of the literary *(contin*

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2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the front panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately, to Benson & Hedges 100's, at the P.O. Box number on the coupon below, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be postmarked by February 1, 1975 and received by February 10, 1975.

4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the numbers of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

5. Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes, by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.

6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Georgia, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.

7. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2476, Westbury, New York 11591.

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27 100 in. movie screen and projector

28 100 sq. in. TRASH trash compacter

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30 100 stuffed animals

31 100 miles toilet paper

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100 ft. licorice

34 100 thous. candy kisses

35 100 thous. feather goose down quilt

36 100 lbs. Tigers Milk® mix

37 100 live worms and rowboat

38 100 million facts: Encyclopaedia Britannica

39 100 assorted kites

100 year old rocking chair

41 100 jars 100% honey

42 100 gals. apple cider

43 100 yds. sausage

44 100 pecks corn on the cob

45 100 gothic novels

46 100 prism crystal chandelier

100 pieces sterling flatware

48 100 lb. box of chocolates

49 100 $5 chips in Vegas

50 100 mins. in a gondola in Venice*

51 100 lbs. filet mignon

52 100 power telescope and tripod

53 100 hrs Mardi Gras in Rio*

100 thous. s and sewing machine

55 100 sq. in. remote control color TV

56 100 dives and scuba gear

57 100 year old weather

58 100 $5 bills

59 100 silk flowers

60 100 packs film and Polaroid SX-70

100 lbs. modeling clay

62 100 doz. boxes animal crackers

63 100 qts. root beer

64 100 pts. pickled watermelon

65 100 $10 bags groceries

66 100 boxes Engraved engraved stationery

67 100 sq. ft. sail and sailboat

100 ft. ont vacation in Hawaii*

69 100 cookbooks

70 100 Indian Head pennies

71 100 PURE GOLD vintage comic books

72 100 gals. gas gasoline

73 100 sq. yds. slipcovers

74 100 movie posters

100 prs. suspenders

76 100 ft. track and HO gauge trains

77 100 gals. spaghetti sauce

78 100 prs. frozen frogs' legs

79 100 mins. opera at La Scala*

80 100 hrs. Kung Fu lessons

81 100 lbs self-cleaning oven

100 phonies on records

83 100 oles in Mexico City*

84 100 holes of golf in Scotland*

85 100 pts. ruby solitaire

100 lbs hili con carne

87 100 doz. eggs and omelet pan

88 100 hrs secretarial school

89 100 arrows and bow and target

100 lbs in lamb chops

91 100 magic tricks

92 100 cu. ft tree house

93 100 sq. in marble coffee table

94 100 gals. VICHY Vichy water

100 100 cartons

100 strings worry beads

96 100 key organ

97 100 shares MUTUAL FUNDS mutual funds

98 100 million year old dinosaur track

99 100 gals 100% olive oil

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At long last I've decided which sweepstakes to enter and I've carefully read the rules.

The sweepstakes number is_____and the prize is_____

NAME_____

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*Plus transportation and accommodations for two.

process; all in all, it made one wonder about the men in her life—with the exception of Mike Todd, who had had a certain flashbulb-brightness, a certain neon-savvy, her husbands thus far had not been a whiplash lot: Nicky Hilton, Michael Wilding, Mr. Fisher—what on earth did this very alert and swift-minded young woman find to talk to them about? "Well, one doesn't always fry the fish one wants to fry. Some of the men I've really liked really didn't like women."

Dear, dear Monty

And so we began to discuss a mutual friend, Montgomery Clift, the young actor with whom she had starred in *A Place in the Sun*, and toward whom she felt an affectionate protectiveness. She said, "You know, it happened at my house. Or rather, just after he'd left my house. He'd had a lot to drink, and he lost control of his car. He was really all right before that—before the accident. Well, he always drank too much—but it was after the accident, getting hooked on all those pills and pain-killers. Nobody beats that rap forever. I haven't seen him for over a year. Have you?"

And I said yes, I had. He called a few days before Christmas, and he sounded fine. He wanted to know what I was doing for lunch, and I wasn't doing anything, I was going Christmas shopping, so he said he'd buy me lunch at Le Pavillon if I'd take him shopping. He had a couple of martinis at lunch, but he was rational, very amusing; but on the way he stopped in the gents, and while he was in there he must have taken something, because about twenty minutes later he was flying.

We were in Gucci, and he had picked out and piled on the counter perhaps two dozen very expensive sweaters. Suddenly, he grabbed up all the sweaters and sauntered outside, where it was pouring rain. He threw the sweaters into the street and began kicking them around.

The Gucci personnel took it calmly. One of the attendants produced a pen and sales pad and asked me, "To whom shall I charge these sweaters?" The thing was he really didn't know. He said he wanted some identification. So I went out into the street, where Monty was still kicking the sweaters around (observed by amassing voyeurs), and asked him if he had a charge card. He looked at me with the most manic, far-gone hauteur, and said, "My face is my charge card!"

Taylor, her eyes always so liquid with life, acquired an additional mistiness. "He can't go on like that. It will kill him." She was right; it did. But not before, greatly because of her sympathy and insistence at a time when producers were reluctant to use Clift, they worked together in *Suddenly, Last Summer*—which contained Clift's last worthy performance, and one of Taylor's best—except, many years later, the subtlety and shrewish, constrained hysteria with which she pigmented the role of the alcoholic wife in Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Some years went by before we met again, on this occasion in London, where she was biding time before heading for Rome and the start of the doomed *Cleopatra* production. She and "The Busboy," as Mr. Fisher was called by many of Mrs. Fisher's friends, were living in a penthouse at the Dorchester.

I'd visited that same penthouse often, as another friend had once lived there. Oliver Messel had tarted it up, and it was rather pretty, or had been: during the Taylor residency, the rooms were so crowded with shedding cats and unhousebroken dogs and a general atmosphere of disorderly paraphernalia that one could not easily espy the Messel touch.

On the first evening I saw Taylor in this particular surrounding, she tried her best to give me a charming calico cat she had gathered up off some street. "No? That's really very mean of you. I can't cart all *this* . . ." she extended her arms, indicating the vastness of her burdens—enough animals to stock a pet shop, a male secretary serving drinks, a maid whisking in and out of the room displaying newly arrived dresses ("All from Paris. But I'll have to send most of them back. I can't afford it. I really haven't any money. *He* doesn't have any either. Debbie Reynolds—if you'll pardon the expression—got it all"), not to mention "The Busboy," who sat on the couch rubbing his eyes as if trying to rouse himself from a nap.

She said to him, "What's the matter? Why do you keep rubbing your eyes?"

"It's all that reading!" he complained.

"All *what* reading?"

"That *thing* you tell me I gotta read. I've tried. I can't get through it som how."

Her gaze disdainfully glided aw from him. "He means *To Kill a Mockin bird*. Have you read it? It just came ou I think it's a really lovely book."

Yes, I'd read it; as a matter of fact, told her, the author, Harper Lee, was childhood friend. We'd grown up t gether in a small Alabama town, an her book was more or less autobiograph cal, a *roman à clef;* indeed, Dill, one the principal characters, was suppose to be me.

"You *see*," she told her husband, may not have had a particular educ tion, but somehow I knew that book w true. I like the truth."

"The Busboy" regarded her oddl "Oh, yeah?"

A few mornings later I rang her u and was informed by her secretary th she was in the hospital, a circumstan the London evening press confirme LIZ CRITICAL.

When I got Mr. Fisher on the phon he was already balanced on the prec pice of mourning: "It looks like I'm g ing to lose my girl." He was so destine though not in the style he presumed.

The Flick Queen

Then I heard she hadn't died after a so I stopped by the hospital to leave h some books, and to my surprise, w ushered straightaway to her room. was so impressed by the smallness it; at least she wasn't in a ward, b this claustrophobic closet, entire stuffed by one narrow iron bed and o wooden chair, did not seem an a propriate arena for the life-death stru gles of a Flick Queen.

She was very lively, though one cou see she had undergone a massive orde She was whiter by far than the hospita bedsheets; her eyes, without makeu seemed bruised and swollen, like weeping child's. What she was recove ing from was a form of pneumonia. "M chest and lungs were filled with a so of thick black fire. They had to cut hole in my throat to *(continue*



"Eight paper napkins! Oh, boy! We must be having spaghetti!"

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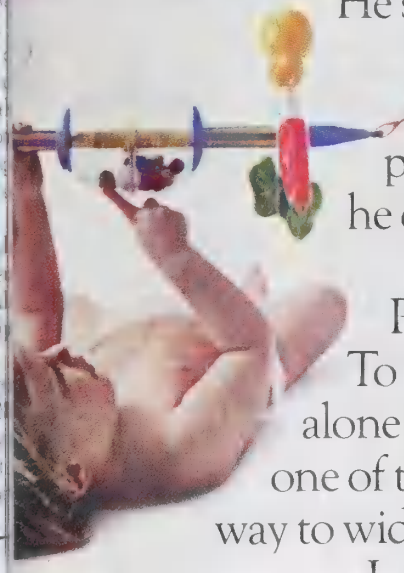


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drain out the fire. You see," she said, pointing at a wound in her throat that was stoppered with a small rubber plug. "If I pull this out my voice disappears," and she pulled it out, and indeed her voice did disappear, an effect which made me nervous, which made her merry.

She was laughing, but I didn't hear her laughter until she had reinserted the plug. "This is the second time in my life that I felt—that I *knew*—I was dying. Or maybe the third. But this was the most real. It was like riding on a rough ocean. Then slipping over the edge of the horizon. With the roar of the ocean in my head. Which I suppose was really the noise of my trying to breathe. No," she said, answering a question, "I wasn't afraid. I didn't have time to be. I was too busy fighting. I didn't want to go over that horizon. And I never will. I'm not the type."

Perhaps not; not like Marilyn Monroe and Judy Garland, both of whom had yearned to go over the horizon, some darker rainbow, and, before succeeding, had attempted the voyage innumerable times. And yet there was some common thread between these three, Taylor, Monroe, Garland—I knew the last two fairly well, and yes, there *was* something. An emotional extremism, a dangerously greater need to be loved than to love, the hotheaded willingness of an incompetent gambler to throw good money after bad.

"Would you like some champagne?" she said, indicating a bottle of Dom Perignon cooling in a bucket beside the bed. "I'm not supposed to have any. But—— that. I mean when you've been through what I've been through. . . ." She laughed, and once more uncorked the throat incision, sending her laughter into soundless oblivion.

I opened the champagne, and filled two ugly white plastic hospital glasses.

She sighed. "Hmm, that's good. I really like only champagne. The trouble is, it gives you permanently bad breath. Tell me, have you ever thought you were dying?"

"Yes. Once I had a burst appendix. And another time, when I was wading in a creek, I was bitten by a cottonmouth moccasin."

"And were you afraid?"

"Well, I was only a child. Of course I was afraid. I don't know whether I would be now."

"I can't afford to die"

She pondered, then, "My problem is I can't afford to die. Not that I have any great artistic commitments (before Mike, before what happened to him, I'd been planning to get the hell out of movies; I thought I'd had enough of the whole damn thing). Just financial commitments, emotional: what would become of my children? Or my dogs, for that matter?" She'd finished her champagne, I poured her another glass, and when she spoke again she seemed, essentially, to be addressing herself. "Everyone wants to live. Even when they *don't* want to, *think* they don't. But what I really believe is: Something is going to happen to me. That will change everything. What do you suppose it might be?"

"Love?"

"But what kind of love?"

"Well. Ah. The usual."

"This can't be anything usual."

"Then perhaps a religious vision?"

"Bull!" She bit her lip, concerned. But after a while she laughed and said, "How about love *combined* with a religious vision?"

It was years before we met again, and then it seemed to me that I was the one undergoing a religious vision. This was one winter night in New York, and I was in a limousine together with Taylor and Richard Burton, the gifted coalminer's son who had replaced "The Busboy."

The Burtons' chauffeur was driving *(continued on page 151)*

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Week after week of uncommonly good television.

OCT. 3
THURSDAY



"The Way It Was"

ppy days are here again! The best orts classics in a 13-part series hosted by rt Gowdy. **PBS Thursdays, 8 PM.**

OCT. 6
SUNDAY



Lord Peter Wimsey returns.

Two Masterpiece Theatre puzzlers: "Murder Must Advertise" and, starting April 13, "The Nine Tailors." **PBS Sundays, 8:30 PM.**

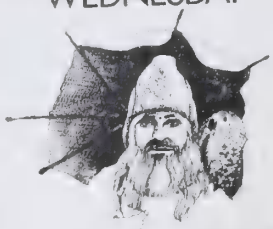
NOV. 3
SUNDAY



"Upstairs, Downstairs"

Another 13 weeks of Edwardian drama in this. Emmy-award-winning Masterpiece Theatre series. **PBS Sundays, 8:30 PM.**

NOV. 27
WEDNESDAY



"Robinson Crusoe"

Mobil Showcase The co-production of one of the all-time-great adventure tales. **NBC, 8-10 PM (EDT).**

DEC. 10
TUESDAY



A Children's TV Workshop family special.

bil Showcase Theatre presents the CTW ulars plus an all-star cast. Such great fun! C, 9-10 PM (EST).

JAN. 6
MONDAY



"Ceremonies in Dark Old Men"

Mobil Showcase Theatre presents the Negro Ensemble Company's award-winning, original-cast drama. **ABC, 9-11 PM (EST).**

JAN. 7
TUESDAY



"The Ascent of Man"

Jacob Bronowski's towering exploration of man's cultural evolution, filmed on location in 27 countries. **PBS Tuesdays, 8:30 PM.**

FEB. 2
SUNDAY



"Country Matters"

Four tales of life in rural England in the 30's. Another Masterpiece Theatre series. **PBS Sundays, 8:30 PM.**

MAR. 2
SUNDAY



"Vienna 1900"

s of Vienna when life was joyous and it med the good times would last forever! sterpiece Theatre. **PBS Sundays, 8:30 PM.**

APR. 10
THURSDAY



"Classic Theatre"

Great plays – ranging from Shakespeare to George Bernard Shaw – adapted for TV by the BBC. **PBS Thursdays, 9 PM.**

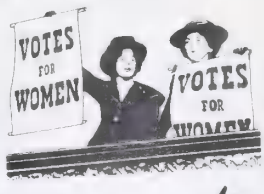
MAY 22
THURSDAY



"A Moon for the Misbegotten"

Mobil Showcase Theatre presents O'Neill's classic with original cast, Colleen Dewhurst and Jason Robards. **ABC, 9-11 PM (EDT).**

JUN. 19-20
THURSDAY-FRIDAY



"Shoulder to Shoulder"

Mobil Showcase Theatre explores the early Suffragette Movement that rocked Britain and the U.S. **CBS, 9-11 PM (EDT).**

There will be no commercial interruption during one hour-shows. Shows over one hour will have only one commercial interruption, during intermission.

Mobil

STEVE ALLEN'S SEARCH FOR HIS LOST BROTHER





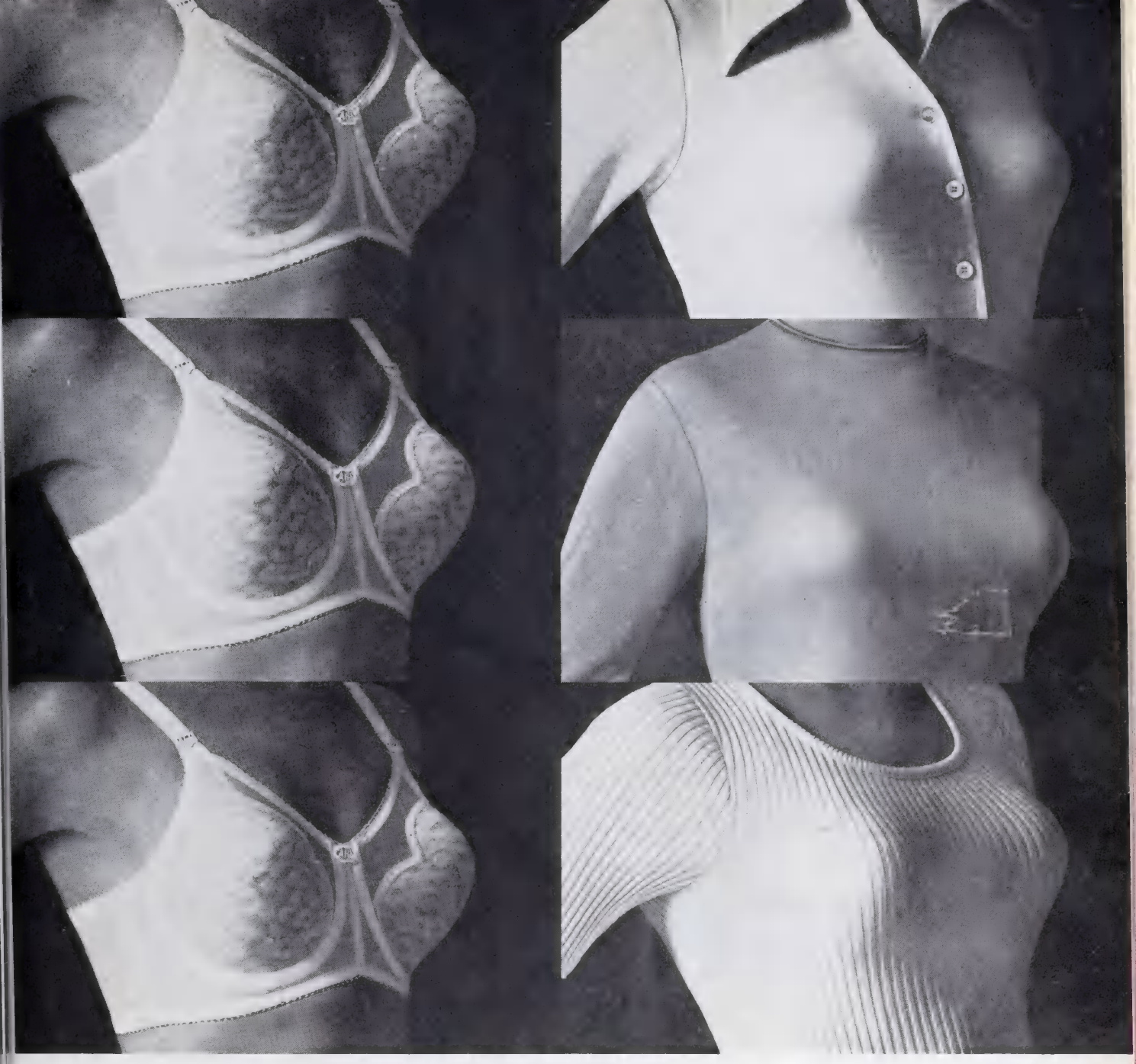
For the first time, Steve Allen tells the story of his ten-year search for "Edwin"—the half-brother he has never met. Is the child in this photograph Edwin, and is he still alive? **By D. L. Lyons**

It sounds like a plot for a long-running soap opera. But it's a true story. Steve Allen, the TV entertainer, has spent the past ten years of his life in search of a brother he has never seen or spoken to.

So far, his quest has been a disappointing one—a curious odyssey marked by dead-end leads, blind alleys and a pervading sense of mystery. Yet Steve continues to look for the half-brother Edwin, who was born ten years before him. He has only a few clues to Edwin's possible whereabouts, but he has narrowed the search to the state of Alabama, to a college and to a handful of names.

If Edwin is alive, he may well have seen his half-brother on television, read one of his books or listened to his music. It is even possible that he is aware of Steve's manhunt and chooses to cloak his identity for reasons of his own.

Edwin was the illegitimate son of Steve's late mother, vaudeville trouper Belle Montrose. Belle was the only person who could have told Steve the entire story of Edwin. *(continued on page 136)*



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Next to you is our Wonder-Fil lining. And the fabric is Perma-Prest,® (including the Dacron® polyester lace), so it keeps its shape through many washings.

You'll find saleswomen in our Figure Shop, trained to measure and fit you correctly. So come try on. Then sit back and say "Ah-h."

Also in tricot, original lace, or lace longline. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. larger stores. Also in the catalog.

Sears

The Figure Shop

*We guarantee your Ah-h Bra underwire will stay in place for the life of the garment or return bra for free replacement.

I Found God on the Moon

Moonwalking was more than a feat of science to Apollo 15 astronaut Jim Irwin. On the lunar surface he recaptured his faith. Here, from his new book, "To Rule the Night," is his inspiring story. By James B. Irwin and William A. Emerson, Jr.

When you lean far back and look up, you can see the earth like a beautiful, fragile Christmas tree ornament hanging against the blackness of space. It's as if you could reach out and hold it in your hand. That's a feeling, a perception, I had never anticipated. And I don't think it's blasphemous for me to say that when I was on the moon I felt I was seeing the earth with the eyes of God. I believe, looking back on it now, that the good Lord did have His hand in it.

Before the flight of Apollo 15 on July 26, 1971, I considered myself a technician, a test pilot—a nuts-and-bolts type. During the years of training, and the many months of competition with the other astronauts for assignment as a primary crewman for the moon mission, I had been so absorbed in preparing for the *scientific* flight that it never even occurred to me how high the *spiritual* flight could be. As we reached out phy cally to the heavens, we were moved spiritual As we flew into space we had a new sense of o selves, of the earth, and of the nearness of G We were outside ordinary reality; I sensed the ginning of some sort of deep change taking pl inside me. Looking back at that spaceship we earth, I was touched by a desire to convince m that he has a unique place to live, that he i unique creature, and that he must learn to l with his neighbors.

The first time we could see the whole earth Apollo 15 hurtled toward the moon, we saw i a ball in the sky. It was about the size of a bask ball, and the most beautiful thing you could e want to see in all your life. Then, as we got fart and farther away, we saw it shrink to the size baseball, and then to the size of a golf ball, finally to the size of a marble. From the moon earth looked just like a marble, the most bea ful marble you can imagine. It was the only wa living object that we saw in space.

During this sort of flight, you are too busy reflect on the splendor *(continued on page 8*

Copyright © 1973 by James B. Irwin and William A. Emerson, Jr. From their book, "To Rule the Night," published by A. J. Holman Company, division of J. B. Lippincott Com

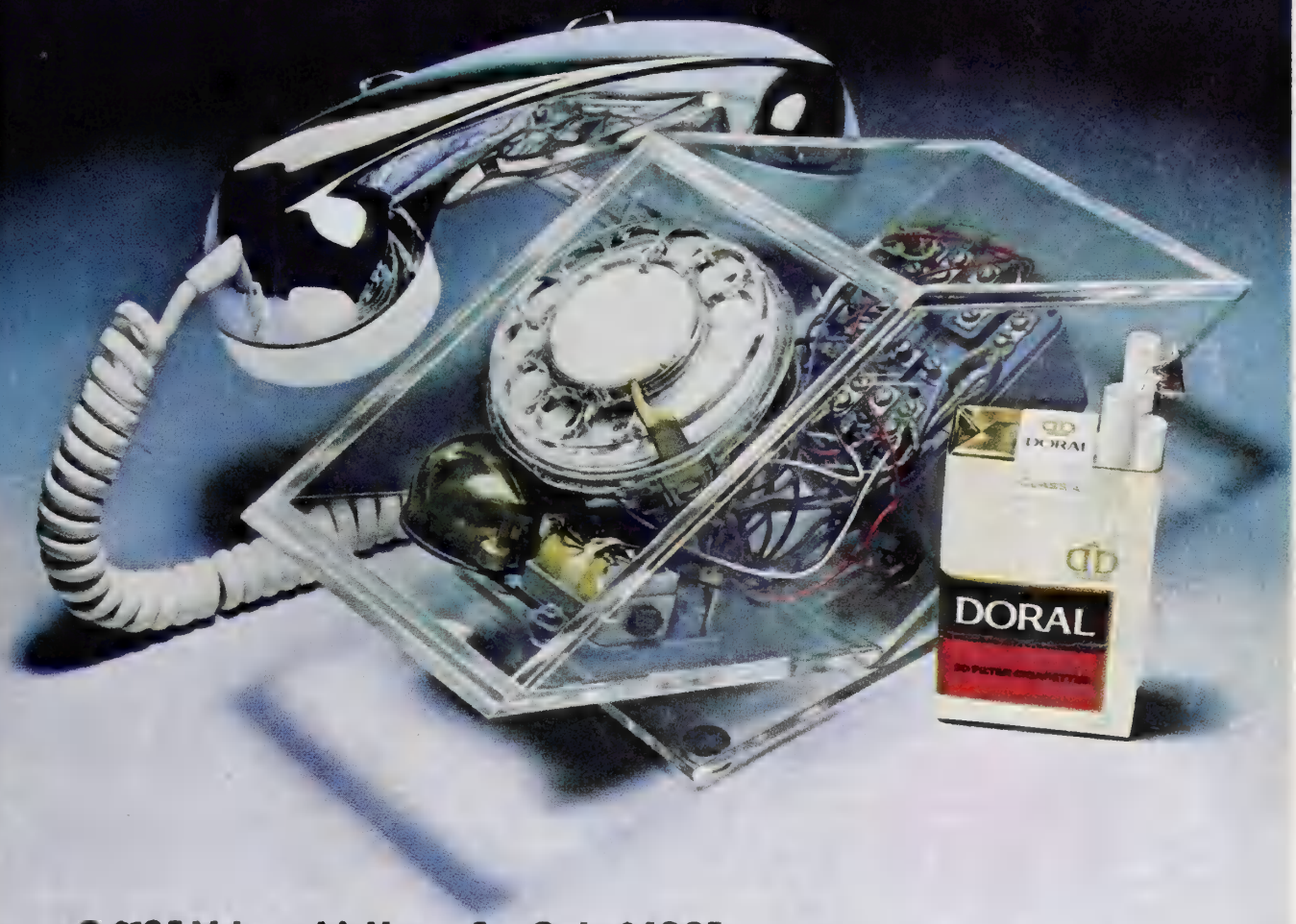


Photographs courtesy of and J. B. Lippinco

Astronaut-turned-missionary Jim Irwin (right) saluting the American flag on the moon (below). "God is alive," he says, "not only on the earth but on the moon."



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Please send me_____Doral telephone(s) of tomorrow. I am enclosing a check or money order for $69.95 for each phone ordered. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

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LHJ



GOD ON THE MOON

continued

of space or on the secret awakenings that come from the inner flight that takes place at the same time. You have to try to register these experiences and examine them later. It has been sort of a slow-breaking revelation for me. The ultimate effect has been to deepen and strengthen all the religious insight I ever had. It has remade my faith. I had become a skeptic about God. On the moon the total picture of the power of God and His Son Jesus Christ became clear.

I had the answer

I felt an overwhelming sense of the presence of God on the moon. I felt His spirit more closely than I have ever felt it on the earth—right there beside me. It was amazing. I didn't change my habits. I prayed at the same times that I do on earth—a brief prayer before I go to sleep and when I wake up. But there was a gradually enhanced feeling of God's nearness. And when we were struggling with the difficult tasks on the first EVA (Extra-Vehicular Activity, *i.e.*, activities away from our Lunar Module on the surface of the moon), I prayed when a key string broke and I couldn't get the science station up. Immediately I had the answer.

I am not the only astronaut to be affected by this experience on the moon and in space. All of us have been, but we express it in different ways. Everybody felt that they were much more efficient in space than on the earth, that they had achieved a feeling of mental power. We all thought with a new clarity, almost a clairvoyance.

I think there are things that God does not intend man to understand, things that man has to take on faith. Of course, religion is a matter of faith, and I think that God means it to be. Man needs something—or, better, *someone* to believe in—and nothing will ever surpass the beauty and simplicity of the message of Christ.

When I came back from the flight, I was baptized at the Nassau Bay Baptist Church in Houston with my daughter Jill. I had accepted Christ when I was a boy of 11 in New Port Richey, Fla., at a revival meeting, but I didn't stay as close to the Lord as I should have. I drifted away, coming back occasionally and then straying again. But after the moon flight, the power of God was working in me; I was possessed by a growing feeling that God did have a new mission for me. I know that a flight to the moon doesn't satisfy a man's soul; he is still looking for a meaning to life, for a plan. When I reach out to people, I find they are searching, too.

I tell people that God has a plan for *them*. I say that if God controls the universe—the motion of the planets and the stars—with such infinite precision, this is the working out of a perfect plan for outer space. I believe He also has the perfect plan for the inner space of man, the spirit of man.

Hearts and souls

The response from people everywhere, of all nationalities and even all religions, has been tremendously moving. Everybody wants to talk to a man who has been to the moon. They think that since he has seen something they have not seen and will never see, he must know something they do not know. They are interested in the scientific voyage, but they are also interested in the mythic voyage. They are interested in what happened inside us, in our hearts and souls. They can't go to the moon, but they can take this flight.

Since I've been back on earth, I feel at home. No matter where I am on earth, I feel completely relaxed. I do not feel foreign, I do not feel alien. I have visited a great many countries since my return, and the experience has made me feel a close kinship with everyone. When you see the earth from the perspective of space, you don't see any evidence of the existence of man at all. Human problems seem insignificant, puny.

(continued on page 158)

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

continued from page 58

Your husband's actions indicate that he is feeling his age and is looking to you for reassurance.

When he tells you he loves you—and when you reply that you love him, too—he interprets it as signifying that his life has been meaningful and will continue to be meaningful so long as you love him.

He obviously has death on his mind. I would, therefore, suggest that you do "antideath" things.

One mistake we make as we grow older is to pull out of life rather than to participate fully in the things that are available. The feeling is, now that we're getting on, we have to let up. The opposite is true; the older we get, the more involved we should be.

I would suggest that you and your husband get involved on several fronts with friends, art, projects, hobbies, travel, etc. In other words, get him thinking about things other than himself and his age.

And in helping your husband, you will find that you will improve your own situation and, therefore, help yourself, too.

Napping and watching TV

My husband insists on taking naps in the living room while the rest of the family is sitting around watching television or talking. Our noise and chatter often disturbs his sleep and he gets very angry. I've suggested that he nap in the bedroom, but he refuses. Does this seem as ridiculous to you as it does to us?

It sounds to me as if your husband is trying to combine two different activities at the same time: he is trying to nap and he is trying to socialize with his family.

Even though your husband's actions are an imposition on the rest of the family, he probably sees what he does as a great time-saver.

Sleeping on the sofa in front of the family could also be an attempt on your husband's part to be in charge of whatever is going on in his home and in his family. Some men cannot give up their desire to be in the center of things and in charge of things—even while they sleep.

Your husband could choose to nap on the sofa because he can't stand to be alone at any time. Has he tried napping in the bedroom or in the den with the radio on?

People who don't like to be alone often find it helpful to have a radio or TV on—to give them the illusion of the presence of other people. **End**

A PRAYER FOR HANUKKAH

By Malcolm Boyd

Illumine our consciences, O God, with the lighting of the candles of the Hanukkah Menorah.

For we remember the successful struggle by a small number of Jews in the land of Israel to maintain their own identity in the face of an authoritarian society.

Before the outbreak of the struggle, King Antiochus ordered the Jews and all other peoples of his empire to follow a single religion. Jews were expressly forbidden to perform the rite of circumcision and to observe their customs of holidays.

Hanukkah actually means "the dedication," and it commemorates forever the Jewish people's struggle for independence. Now it is observed by the lighting of the Menorah, by gift-giving and prayers of thanksgiving.

Keep alive in our minds and souls, O God, the meaning of Hanukkah for Jewish identity and freedom.

Don't buy a douche without smelling it first.

Because that's how you'll smell when you use it.

Send for sample packettes of Jenēēn– the only douche with the scent of fresh lilacs and roses.

When you use a douche, you find its scent all around you...on your body...in the air. That's why we gave Jenēēn® the scent of fresh lilacs and roses.

But that's not why you use it.

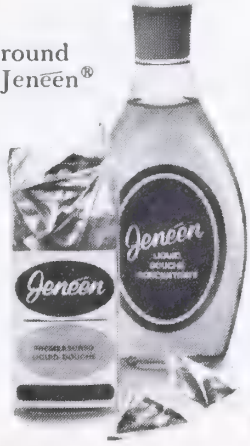
You use Jenēēn because it cleanses you effectively. It refreshes you. It helps remove odor. It leaves you sure of your personal hygiene.

And Jenēēn is easy to use. It's a liquid. It mixes instantly with water. So it can't cake or clump. And it comes in a convenient bottle as well as individual pre-measured packettes.

All these things are what douching is about.

The fact that you use Jenēēn means you'll smell as fresh as you'll feel.

And that's what douching's about, too, isn't it?



To: Mrs. Virginia Drake, R.N.
Dept. LR-412, The Norwich Pharmacal Co.
Norwich, N.Y. 13815.

Please send me 4 introductory packettes of Jenēēn. I am enclosing 50¢ to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

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NORWICH PRODUCTS/division of Morton-Norwich Products, Inc.

SEASON'S

A CHECKLIST OF KRAFT SNAKS TO GIVE YOU SOMI



TEEZ DIPS

- ☐ French Onion
- ☐ Blue Cheese
- ☐ Clam
- ☐ Garlic
- ☐ Bacon and Horseradish

Can guests still be impressed? Sure can when you casually bring out these real sour cream dips with the real fancy flavors. Keep them on hand just like you do a box of crackers. You don't have to save them for company. But for a special party hors-d'oeuvre, fill mushroom caps with any of the flavors.



HANDI-SNACK LINKS

- ☐ Bacon
- ☐ Smokelle®
- ☐ Jalapeño Pepper
- ☐ Garlic
- ☐ Sharp Nippy®

Easy slicing makes these pasteurized process cheese food links great for kabobs. You can make them with slices of fruit—like apples, pineapple chunks, mandarin oranges, melon—or with chunks of meat such as cold cooked ham or salami.

You can also slice these links for topping miniature hamburgers. Just pop them under the broiler for a few minutes, the cheese food melts quickly.

Or simply grill them between two slices of party rye rounds for a tasty hot appetizer. For a variation, add slices of sweet pickle or tomato inside the sandwich.



JAR CHEESE SPREAD

- ☐ Olive Pimento Neufchatel
- ☐ Old English Brand Sharp
- ☐ Pimento Neufchatel
- ☐ Roka Blue
- ☐ Pineapple Neufchatel
- ☐ Smokelle®
- ☐ Bacon

Learn to use all these snack—they're delightfully versa For the stack sandwich, alternate slices of luncheon meat with any of the flavor on party rye. Then cut into wedges.

For quick deviled eggs, cut hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Mash the yolks and add 1 jar of any of the flavors and 1 tablespoon m Refill the whites.

EATINGS

FESTIVE SNACK IDEAS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON



SQUEEZ-A-SNAK

- [ ] Sharp
- [ ] Bacon
- [ ] Garlic
- [ ] Swiss-American
- [ ] Pimento
- [ ] Hickory Smoke
- [ ] Jalapeño Pepper

se Squeez-A-Snak anytime, st because it's so much fun. etzels, celery, bread sticks, ackers square and round, t dogs, hamburgers— erything goes with Squeez-Snak process cheese read. And Squeez-A-Snak es everywhere because it ver needs refrigeration.

CHEEZ WHIZ

- [ ] Regular
- [ ] Pimento
- [ ] Jalapeño Pepper

The little glass jar that's full of ideas comes in a lot of flavors for even more good snacks. This fondue blends one 16-oz. jar of Jalapeño Cheez Whiz process cheese spread with ½ cup Parkay Margarine and ½ cup green onion slices. Serve with bread chunks for dipping, or for a heartier snack, cocktail franks.

READY TO SERVE DIPS

- [ ] Dill Pickle
- [ ] Blue Cheese
- [ ] Bacon and Horseradish
- [ ] Onion
- [ ] Clam

These rich, creamy neufchatel cheese dips have sprightly flavors that enhance any chip or cracker. Also try them with crisp vegetable dippers. Strips of carrots, celery, green pepper are good. So are pea pods, green onions and cauliflowerets. Or heat the Bacon and Horseradish flavor over low heat, stirring constantly. Serve with small meatballs.

Kraft Snaks

A GOOD TIME IS ONLY AS GOOD AS ITS FOOD

RAFT Division of **Kraftco Corporation**

©1974, The Procter & Gamble Company



"We wouldn't switch it for another toothpaste even if we got it free."

Mrs. Evan Wright, Jr., Portland, Tenn.

That's what Mrs. Wright said in a letter she wrote to us recently.

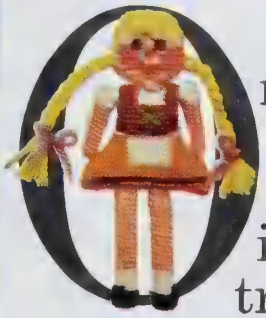
Her three kids, ages ten, eleven, and twelve, have been getting good checkups all their lives and they've never used any other toothpaste but Crest. Of course, it was also clear from Mrs. Wright's letter that her kids have been good about brushing and visiting the dentist regularly.

Over the last 20 years, we've gathered scientific proof that Crest's fluoride fights cavities from clinical tests using thousands of kids. But what really makes us feel good is when someone like Mrs. Wright tells us how well it worked for her family.

Why trust your family's teeth to anything else? You can't beat Crest for fighting cavities.

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

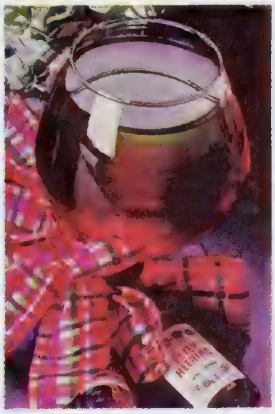
THE PLACE FOR CHRISTMAS IS AT HOME



On Christmas, America goes home. Even if it means a long trek on the highway or lengthy lines at the airport, somehow we manage to go home. We go to family, friends, old sights, smells, emotions and traditions. Christmas is a time to get in touch with others—and with ourselves. It happens talking by a fire, opening packages around a tree, eating at the kitchen table. Christmas happens, above all, at home, as you'll see in our portfolio of treats to make, eat, and give, plus great ways to decorate the house. The place for Christmas, too, is the next 10 pages of the Journal. . . .









The place for Christmas is the kitchen (top): A big, old-fashioned country kitchen gleaming with copper and decorated with the fixings for the feasts to come. Among the fixings: A roast goose, orange-cucumber gelatin, walnut-cranberry cake (recipes, p. 134); Three-Layered Liqueur Jelly (p. 128); and a cake wrapped up in a frosting package (p. 131).

Christmas is

BY THE HEARTH

You don't have to go out and paint the walls red to say Christmas. Holiday-time happens with the greatest of ease in this subtle brown and blue room. The Christmas additions take their cue from the room's own color scheme. The holiday garlands and wreaths are decorated with delicate knots of baby's breath and other dried plants that fit in beautifully with the warm brown tones in the room. Bleached stalks of herbs and foliage show up elsewhere as a giant bouquet. Even the presents are wrapped in shades of brown and blue (the paper, an ingenious idea we think, is recycled paper bags that we marbelized. Directions on page 48). Chocolate ladybugs and maple sugar candies decorate the tops of the packages. For contrast there's a scattering of Christmas red including the raffia plum tomatoes on the mantel, the throw pillows and a show of taffeta ribbon. A generous display of candles provides the final glowing touch.

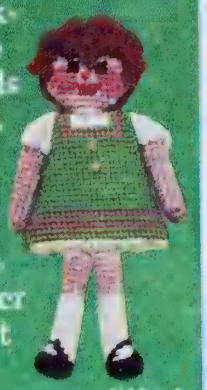
Photograph by Jerry Abramowitz. Stockwell wallpaper and matching fabric, Edwin Jackson mantel and fireplace equipment, Greenbaum Brothers furniture and accessories. More shopping information on page 153.

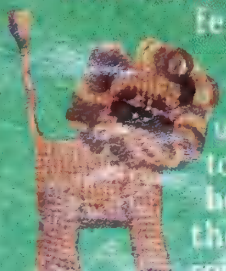




BENEATH THE TREE

This is a tree for people who think Christmas trees are a very personal experience, something you can't decorate off the assembly line. Everything on this dazzling tree is an original. Even the presents beneath it are wrapped in gift paper that started out as ordinary newspapers. (We show you how to superimpose your own block print designs, p. 48.) One advantage of all this handwork besides its inescapable charm is the low cost. The glistening satin chains, for example, are made from odds and ends of gift-wrap ribbon. The hand-holding paper dolls and the pleated fans are made from left-over wrapping-paper scraps. Other bright and inexpensive ideas: Ice cream cones filled with Christmas balls of different "flavors" and miniature needlepoint figures that are sure to become family heirlooms. And in the old tradition, some of the decorations, such as the tiny pretzels strung on gold cord, are even edible (other possible edibles: popcorn strings, gingerbread cookies, and cranberry chains). We show how to do all on p. 146.







Photograph by Jerry A... Cepelia rug, Frankel ... tree lights, Shiny Brite Christ... balls, toys of Gismet ... fabric. More shopping infor... on page 153.





The Place for Christmas Is

UNDER GLASS

There's no reason to keep our great collection of gifts under wraps. They are meant to be seen—and seen through, for that matter. Part one of each gift is a glistening glass container. Part two is what's inside—something unique or homemade. Part three is perhaps the most prized offering of all—your recipe, carefully inscribed on a decorative card. Check out our gifts-under-glass below and then, for the how-to information, turn to page 126.



Photograph by Michael O'Neill. Containers 1, 3, 7, 8 from Libbey Glass, 4 from Fostoria, 9 from Corning's Creative Glass. Other shopping information on page 153.



1. Custom-Blend Teas: Three heady aromatic teas with fruits, spices and other goodies in cork-topped glass jars. 2. Homemade Christmas cookies in a big milk pitcher. 3. Sumptuous Spaghetti: A tall glass container with curly spaghetti, tomato paste and a great recipe for Marinara Sauce. 4. Fragrant Potpourri in a hurricane globe. 5. Old-fashioned soaps in a glass apothecary jar. 6. Decorative napkins tucked into a shiny basket. 7. Three-Layered Liqueur Jelly in a brandy snifter. 8. One-of-a-kind cheeses: Three homemade cheese spreads fill stacking jars. 9. Soufflé Special: The glass soufflé dish, whisk and makings for a Lemon Macaroon Soufflé.


The Place for Christmas Is
THE
CAKE BOX



These Christmas conversation stoppers are cake and cake box, all in one. While they look elaborate, these decorative confections are actually rather simple to make. They begin with a plain layer cake that has been filled with your choice of filling and then cut into any one of several desired shapes (see photo, upper left). The outer frosting is a firm, candy-like fondant, which helps keep the cake inside oven-fresh. The fancy trim consists of store-bought candies placed in the fondant before it's completely set. Experiment, as we have, with "cake boxes" of different styles and shapes. Display as a Christmas party centerpiece or give to the favorite people on your gift list. Directions on page 131.

Photographs by Michael O'Neill

THE PLACE FOR CHRISTMAS IS

Once more it is Christmas. The weary and beleaguered months ha rolled around to the season of celebration and festivity that has imm morially crowned our year—a time for remembering and forgettir for the regeneration of goodwill and the calling out of heart to hea Irresistible Christmas—hung with its freight of tinsel and baubles, g axies of twinkling lights, starshine, candle-gleam, fire-glow, strains triumphant music, arpeggios of laughter—has always seemed to be c birthright. This year, under the clearing skies, we have so much to member, so much we are not yet able to forget.

Perhaps at no other time in our history has there been a more u gent need to renew that philosophy founded on faith, hope and lc that brought Christmas to birth. This system of thought was found on individual response, personal responsibility and enduring involv ment, and it offered a role to the humblest of humankind. It has p sisted for two thousand years. Faith, hope and love are not easily co by nor automatically sustained, since the requirement is forever on o self, but very little of value has been accomplished without them.

The founders of the American nation, whose thoughtful ponderin in the eighteenth century have stood us in such good stead in rec crises, took this personal requirement into account. They deemed tha free and informed and concerned electorate must inevitably achieve t common good. They endeavored to guarantee such an electorate. A g ernment of the people, by the people and for the people requires of the people, as they foresaw. There is no escaping this obligation i democracy, so that in whatever mischances have befallen us, we ha

WITHIN OUR HEARTS

ach had our portion. And in the shoring up of threatened ideals and stitutions—in the very architecture of the future—each of us has her escapable part. If we cannot dedicate ourselves to the best interests f the nation, above shortsighted self-interest, we scarcely deserve the ift of freedom, before which all material blandishments pale.

The measure of freedom is responsibility. If we are responsible to our-elves, we are then responsible one to another. It is for each to recognize is responsibility and live accordingly, for—wish it or not—we are inex-ricably involved with each other. Alienation will not cure it. Capitula-on to violence and outrage will not change it. Without faith, hope and ve can there really be life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Now it is Christmas again, brave in its frivolous trappings, and these rious thoughts intrude on time-honored splendor. But if we have lately een beset with faltering traditions, separations and divisions, cynicism, oubt, the straitened path, the tightened belt, it is time for a new be-nning. Christmas has always resided in less temporal things—in gen-ous instincts, capacities for kindness, the urge to give and share, the ill to compassion and understanding. Let us remember these and for-et bitterness and discouragement. True Christmas has always been njured by the outstretched hand, the soft word, trust in the eyes of a ild. Christmas happens in the heart, and may it happen in yours.

Though the winds of uncertainty may still buffet, the ancient stars ine through our scattering clouds. Let us press forward with renewed etermination to recapture the age-old dream and keep our Christmas erry still.

By Margaret Cousins

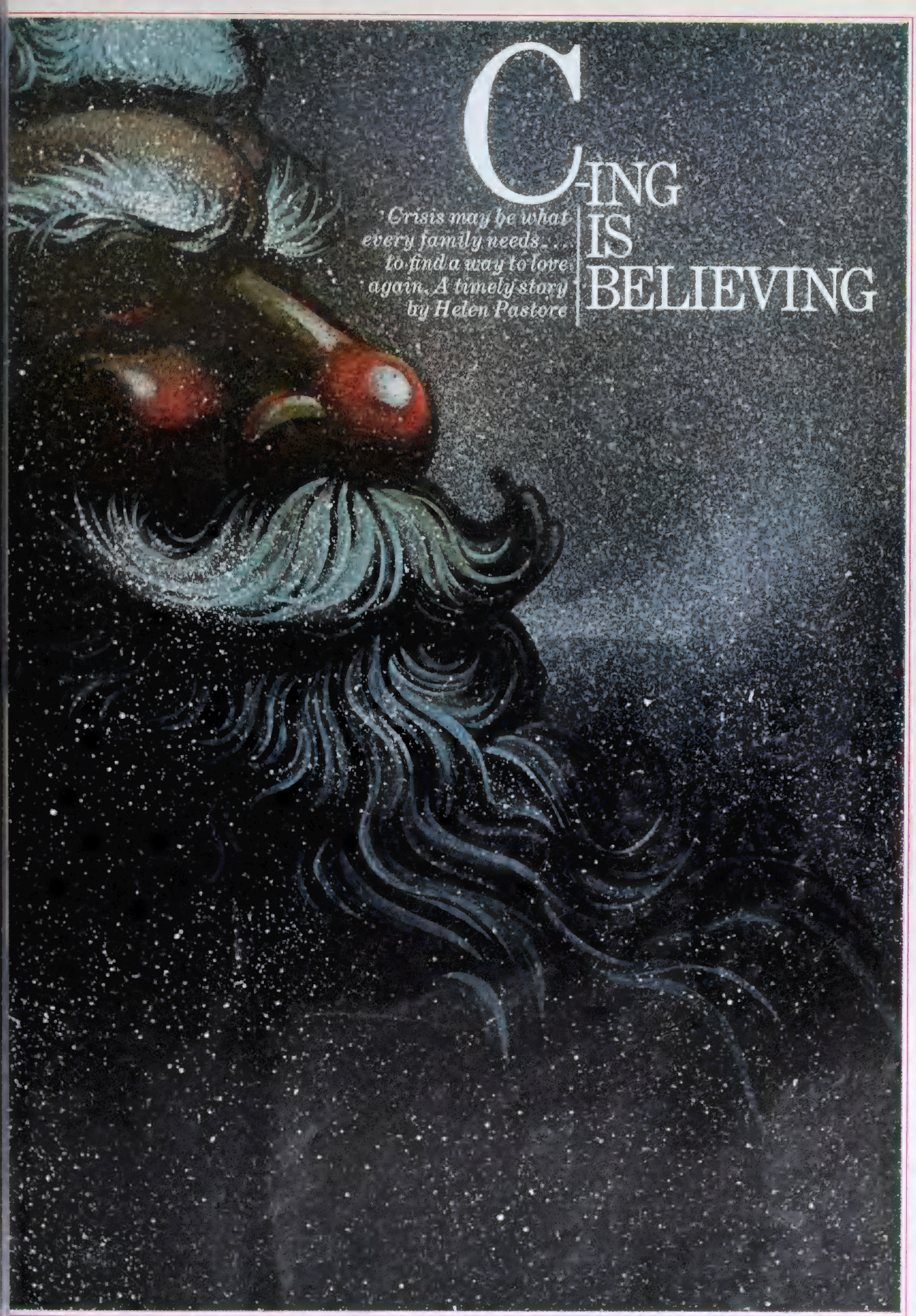
The pfeffernusse and the Kris Kringles and the fruitcake squares of [illegible] year, thought Liz Redmont, shutting off her cranky range oven and looking bleakly at the platter of organic cookies she had just baked. This year of diminution had had the reverse effect on her own and Don's poundage, so cookies were out for them. And poor Jim upstairs with his leg in a cast was still hipped on health food. Hence, these concoctions made with his natural cereal and clover honey, devoid of decoration.

Oh, well, she considered, it was better than opening a package from the store. Liz was well-trained in Pollyannaism these days. A cramped kitchen was more convenient than the huge stainless steel and walnut *boiserie* arena she used to have. One car, and a small one at that, required less attention and care, and the walk to the shopping center was good exercise, and a chance to meet new people. Don's present job was a far cry from being president of his own glamour company. But he was weathering the storm of having to start from scratch again, and he, and their marriage, seemed to be in good shape. Their empty nest was pleasantly half-filled, although it was [illegible] hurdling up there with [illegible] hi-fi blaring, [illegible] the [illegible] world of prep [illegible] ski slopes canceled indefinitely.

"Could it be possible that Jim, our [illegible] Jim, might have [illegible] crutches all year?" she [illegible] as she and Don [illegible]

(continued [illegible])





C-ING IS BELIEVING

Crisis may be what every family needs . . . to find a way to love again. A timely story by Helen Pastore



THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM

Our nostalgic new party fashions recall the clothes children wore in old-time storybooks. And it's so much fun parading around in this look of yesteryear that even modern blue-jean fans are eager to dress up. Our collection is to buy or sew at home. Complete fashion and accessory information will be found on page 153. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor

Vanessa (above) looks very Alice-in-Wonderland in her lace-trimmed gingham dress with its detachable pinafore. By Ceil Ainsworth, Ltd.
Photographs by Richard Noble. Hairstyles by Leonardo de Vega.



Liam plays the dandy in short suspender pants with shirt, by Fischel. His sister, Rosheen, is impeccably turned out in a pinafore dress by J. C. Penney.





Opposite: The pre-teen contingent is represented by three very turn-of-the-century types. Margie, left, is in prim white eyelet. The neckline is high and ruffled, the A-line skirt has a deep flounce. By Kate Greenaway. Dawn, center, wears a Victorian-inspired party dress with smocked juliet sleeves and a gingham dirndl skirt. Shutterbug. Tracey, right, wears an eyelet dress with a lacy yoke and a double-flounced skirt. By Shutterbug. Above: These two best friends are delighted with their new dressy dresses. Eileen's long-sleeved Victorian frock (left) is done in a delicate wallpaper stripe. Cinderella. Jennifer's hand-smocked dress has a high ruffled neck, full sleeves and its own velvet sash. Polly Flinders.

Complete fashion and accessory information on page 153.



SEW-AT-HOME FASHIONS

In this chapter of the children's album, demure party dresses in an old-fashioned mood to sew in modern, easy-care fabrics. Above: Two sisters pose with the utmost seriousness for their family portrait. Deirdre (left) wears an empire-waisted dress with puffy sleeves in a floral wallpaper print fabric. Colleen's gingham dress (right) has a white-eyelet front panel edged with a ruffle and grosgrain ribbon. Right: Brooke's high-necked portrait dress with leg o' mutton sleeves is trimmed with prim pleating at the neck, bodice and cuffs and accentuated with a velvet ribbon. The floral medallion print fabric is an appropriately nostalgic choice. Simplicity patterns. More information on page 155.



AT-HOME HAIR COLOR



They'd all thought about changing their hair color, but none of them had dared take the plunge. Besides, they didn't want to invest in the salon fees, and they weren't sure they could do it themselves. We convinced these three readers they could. We also helped settle their

FIRST-TIME WINNERS



confusion — shared by many women — about what kind of hair coloring product does what. And that's where we stepped out of the picture. They did the rest themselves. The next two pages tell how they achieved the great results above. By Maureen Lynch, Beauty Editor.

Photograph by John Vidol. Satin blouses by Blousecraft; Gerri's earrings and Ann's pearls from Laguna; Gini's earrings from Trifari.



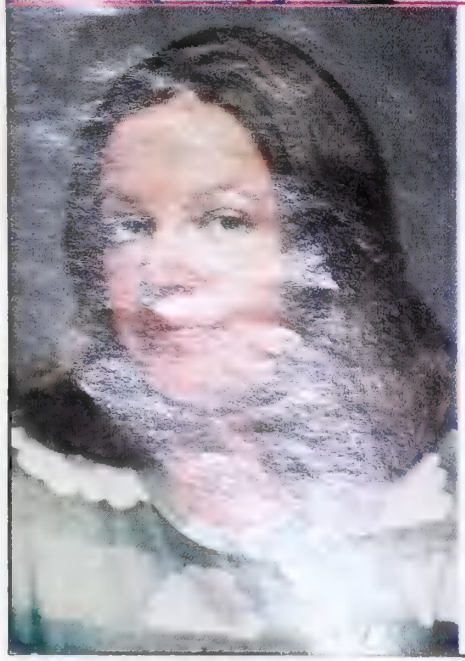
NAME: Geraldine Plummer
HOME: Cranford, New Jersey
AGE: 50
OCCUPATION: Owner of antique and gift shop
NATURAL HAIR COLOR: Brunette turned gray-white.
WHY DECIDED TO CHANGE COLOR: "Twice I've been mistaken for my mother's mother and once for my husband's mother."
NEW COLOR: Medium ash brown.
PRODUCT USED: Permanent shampoo-in color.
AFTER QUOTE: "I've received the same comments from everyone: 'You look ten years younger, more glamorous,' etc. A few people even asked if I'd lost weight."

Coloring Diary: I put t stuff on. It was a yello ish color and very foamy. was delighted it wasn't dri ping down my neck. Then I we into the bedroom and time myself for 20 minutes. I s on the chaise. My husband ca in and started to snicker. really couldn't figure o why, but when I went into t bathroom and looked at myse it looked like I had a bla bathing cap on. I think husband had the horrors th this was the way I was goi to look. Me, too.
I was afraid to leave it longer than 20 minutes, a though I knew I could lea



NAME: Gini Cook
HOME: New York City
AGE: 24
OCCUPATION: Assistant producer for a film company.
NATURAL HAIR COLOR: Medium brown.
WHY DECIDED TO CHANGE COLOR: "Winter in New York gets you down with the rain and snow and slush. I felt brown--my hair, my eyes, everything."
NEW COLOR: Deep auburn.
PRODUCT USED: Semi-permanent foam.
AFTER QUOTE: "It was a real ego boost. If you look good you feel more self-assured."

Coloring Diary: I waited a long time before I got started. I guess I kept thinking I didn't want to go through with it. I did the patch te and began to imagine that arm was burning, but wasn't. I knew I was just ma ing excuses, so I finally b gan. First I washed my ha according to the instru tions. The only thing thought sounded impossib was keeping the container foam upside down while y put the stuff on. In fact it very easy to do. There w more than enough foam for short hair and small head.
Then I put the plastic c on. I suddenly realized didn't have a hair clip to f



NAME: Ann Beckman
HOME: New York City
AGE: 33
OCCUPATION: Dental Hygienist.
NATURAL HAIR COLOR: Dark blonde.
WHY DECIDED TO CHANGE COLOR: "My hair is one solid blah color. It needs some kind of lightening around the face."
NEW COLOR: Blonde with light highlights.
PRODUCT USED: Permanent, streaking kit.
AFTER QUOTE: "I love it. Everyone said how well I looked, but no one realized why."

Coloring Diary: It's 7:40 P.M., and I'm in the confines of the bathroom. I'm getting a little apprehe sive. I start the strand te to get a feel of what fros ing is all about. I mix some the solution...very dry a chalky...globbed it onto hair in two spots and set t timer for 25 minutes. T TV is driving me crazy. must turn it off. It's ti to wash out strand. YIKE It's blonde. It works. T strand is too thick. I deci to do rest of strands thi ner. Okay I'm ready. I tu on John Denver and take t phone off the hook. I put cap and pull hair through. slop mix on and set timer f 35 minutes. Now I can rel

Hair Coloring Notes: On her gray hair, Gerry used Miss Clairol shampoo-in formula in the Moongold shade; Gini, our brunette, used Happiness foam, Light Auburn; Ann used Frost & Tip kit for her blonde streaks. All at-home hair coloring products by Clairol.

it on up till 45 minutes. When I washed and dried my hair I looked in the mirror and felt that I was seeing the me I knew, for the first time in ten years. I think that it hasn't covered the gray as well as it might have had I left the color shampoo on for the full 45 minutes. But even so, to me it's an enormous change. I'm so used to seeing white! (Ed. Note: Gerry would in fact have obtained better coverage had she left the color shampoo on longer. Many first-timers make the same mistake. Don't be afraid to trust the timing directions on the package.)



it as per the instructions. I improvised with a bobby pin. The cap, I think, is supposed to keep it from running, but it didn't. I used paper towels to blot it up every 60 seconds or so. (Ed. Note: Gini's foam dripped because she used more than she needed to cover her very short hair.) Didn't blow my hair dry, so when I went to bed I didn't see the change. When I got up in the morning I could really see the difference. I really like the look! It's an ego boost and I feel good about myself with it. Also, I like being able to try a variety of shades within my color range.



until it's done. I wash one strand. It's pale blonde. OK, the color's done. I rinse it all out. Big shock. Where is the blonde? It sure is natural looking, but is it enough? I turn on the drier and suddenly I see the blonde. It shows even more when I comb it back. I love it! (Ed. Note: Streaking also adds body to hair.) I think I could have done even more streaks. You don't realize how big your head is. I was very cautious about how much hair I pulled through the streaking cap. I pulled it through every three holes. Next time I'll be more daring.



HAIR COLORING GUIDE

Last year American women spent a whopping $265 million on home hair-coloring products. There's nothing mysterious about the process that anyone who can read a set of directions can't fathom. The key thing is to choose the type of product that suits your looks. There are three basic categories:

- Temporary hair color—Basically a rinse you put on your hair after shampooing. Temporary rinses come in liquid or powder form. They're ideal for toning—for softening a too brassy blonde or highlighting a drab gray. A temporary rinse will not create a drastic color change. You wash it out with your next shampoo.
- Semi-permanent color—Designed to wash out gradually. First-time users will find it lasts four to six shampoos; with continuous use the color builds up and will take more shampoos to wash out totally. The semi-permanent rinse comes in liquid form or in a foam applied from an aerosol can. Semi-permanent color is ideal to color partially gray or brighten a natural color.
- Permanent hair color—It does just what it says—it is there to stay. Any permanent hair coloring requires touching up, generally about once a month. In this category are the permanent-color shampoos and streaking and frosting products. Permanent coloring products can only transform your hair color a limited number of shades darker or lighter.

Makeup by Avy Vaknine of Charles of the Ritz, using their new Revenescence Series cosmetics; hair styled at the Charles of the Ritz Salon.

Life with the 6-tuplets

On January 11, 1974, Susan and Colin Rosenkowitz welcomed their third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth child—the world's only surviving sextuplets. Here's a year's-end report on how they're coping. By Otto Stupakoff.

It was an unusual New Year's present that 25-year-old Susan Rosenkow received from her doctor on January 1, 1974. That was when Susan fou out for the first time that in just ten days she and her husband, Colin, would become parents of six (count 'em, six!) babies. "Up till then," Su says, "Colin and I had been led to expect just four babies, and now, s denly—sextuplets! How did the news strike me? Frankly, I was a overwhelmed and frightened. Wouldn't any woman be, getting this kind news?" If Susan was overwhelmed and frightened, it was probably one the few times that being the mother of the world's only surviving s tuplets has daunted her. Both she and her husband seemed remarka calm as we chatted in the living room of their lovely, new six-bedroom br home in Constantia, a section of Cape Town, South Africa. We had just ished shooting the photographs you see on this page and on the cover of t JOURNAL—and the sextuplets were all still very *(continued on page 14*

David

Nicolette

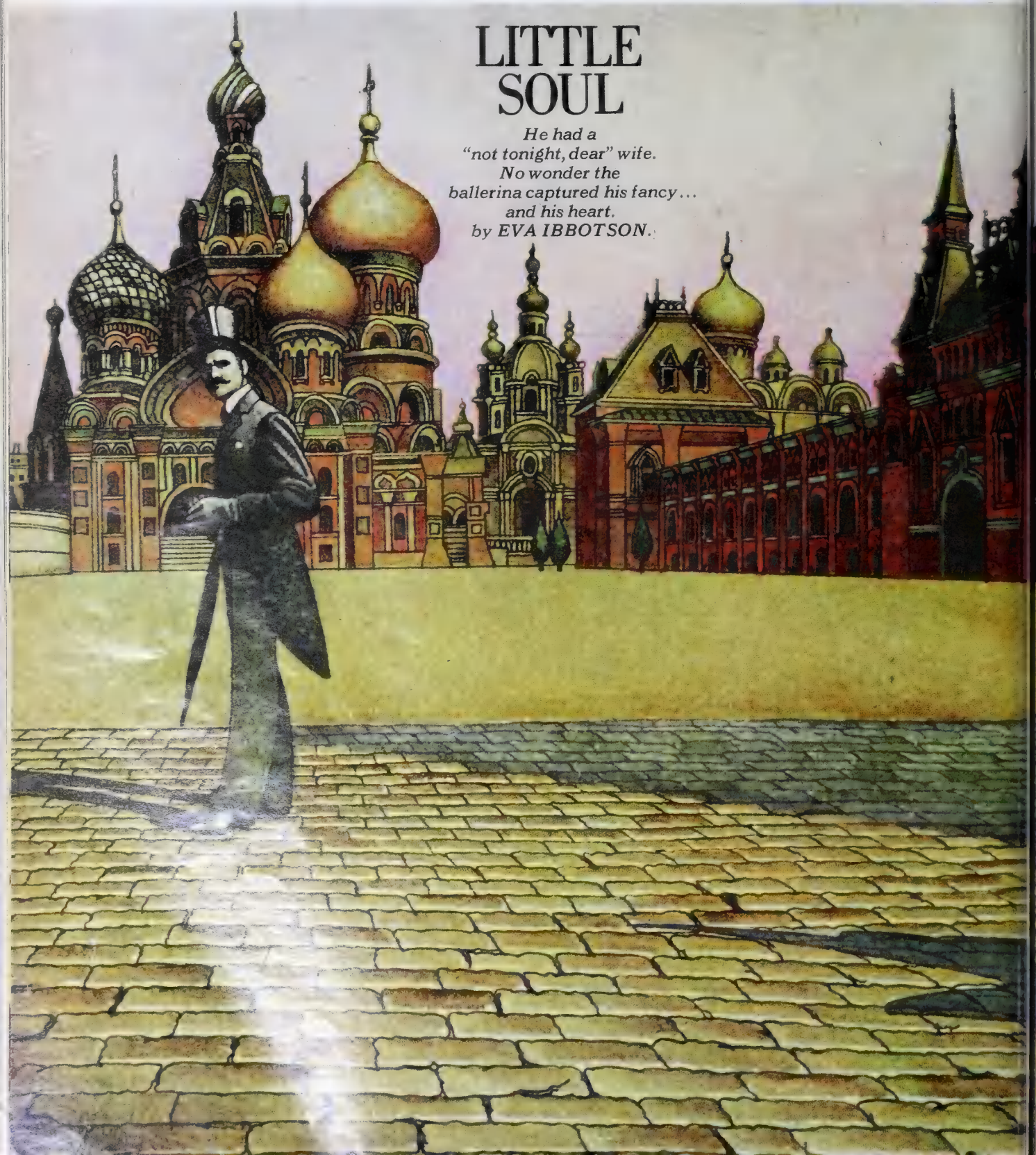
Grant

Photograph by Otto Stupakoff, courtesy of the National Enquirer.


Elizabeth
Emma
Jason

There was nothing odd about finding a photograph of Great-Uncle Edwin wedged at the back of a bureau drawer. It was a day for finding wedged great-uncles, crumpled brides cut from local newspapers, albums of yellowing babies. I was in my last year at Oxford and had come up to London to help my parents move to a new house.

But Great-Uncle Edwin? He had been a grocer, I remembered, in a south London suburb. Wimbledon? Teddington? So how di we come by this photograph in which he wor a high-necked, embroidered blouse, felt boot a round fur hat? Beside the mild, slightly su prised figure in its Russian clothes in th photograph, there was the usual draped tabl on which he rested a light hand. But wher was the aspidistra? Where the picture o Queen Victoria in the background? Tha couldn't be . . . but it was . . . a samova



LITTLE SOUL

He had a "not tonight, dear" wife. No wonder the ballerina captured his fancy... and his heart.

by EVA IBBOTSON.

I put the picture in my pocket, but I had to ait till the following Christmas for the visit my mother's eccentric older sister, my unt Geraldine, to hear the story.

"Edwin?" she said. "Ah, yes, poor Edwin. ear God, what a romantic that man was! nd then to marry Edith. . . . And yet. . . ."

"Would you tell me?" I asked. We were alking along the Embankment toward Chel- a Bridge. Beside us, the Thames snuffled gently against its walls, a slow barge went down toward Greenwich. It was all very English, very peaceful, very gray.

She looked at me, surprised, pleased, perhaps, that I—uncouth and awkward and young—should seem to care about the past.

"Edwin was obsessed," she said. "I don't know how it happened. Perhaps a label on a crate of smoked sturgeon from the Volga, a delivery note *(continued on page 152)*

Illustration by Charles Santore



Shortcuts to Christmas

It's the perennial holic
bind: How do you ma
all those Christmas specialties wi
out which it wouldn't quite
Christmas and still have the time a
energy to enjoy things yourse
Here's a collection of labor-savi
ideas to help undercut the crisis.
includes recipes for everything fr
appetizers to soup, bread, ma
course dishes, dessert and drink,
of which are designed to save y



Ham-Corn Chowder: A hearty soup that combines canned creamed corn, ham and cheese. ***Assembly time: 7 min.***

Cranberry-Turkey
A frozen turkey
roll cooked right fr
freezer, then stuffe
a prepared dressin
and whole cranber
Time: 25 min.

Christmas Bread: Traditional fruit braid starts with frozen bread. Quick, no fail. ***Time: 15 min.***

Winter Rice Salad: Rice with nuts, raisins and dates in an Italian dressing. ***Time: 5 min.***

Apple C
Hot s
cider
an apple cup. Amusing
for all. Time: 22 min.

Eggnog Mold: Eggnog and almonds in a rich, creamy gelatin mold for salad course or desser
Time: 17 min.

ne. All recipes couldn't be simpler
d, given these inflationary times,
ey're also designed to save
oney. Your actual working time
each is a matter of minutes.
ne rest is done independently
the oven, refrigerator or
eezer, during which time you
e free to organize another dish
or just relax and have fun.
ecipes on page 122. By Arlene
anderman, Food Editor.

Rum Raisin Nog:
A quick holiday treat with eggnog, rum, orange rind and ice cream. ***Time: 3 min.***

Cheese Tidbits/Puffs:
Two hot cheese hors d'oeuvres, easy to make in large quantities.
Time: 27 min.

Hot Mexican Dip:
A winning dip with cheese, tomatoes and chili pepper.
Time: 12 min.

ake Fruitcake:
bine graham cracker
bs, nuts, dried fruits,
ed milk. Let refrigerator
e rest. ***Time: 15 min.***

Plum Pudding with Whiskey Sauce:
Top a canned pudding with a quick vanilla glaze glamorized with whiskey and almonds.
Time: 19 min.

Cherry-Glazed Ham:
Canned ham glazed with cherry pie filling, ***8 min.*** *Surrounded by pumpkin potatoes,* ***7 min.***

Photographs by Michael O'Neill

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

READER RECIPE EXCHANGE



Candy Cane Coffee Cake



Gift of the Magi Bread

Pretty as a picture-book Christmas, these creative breads were born in the kitchen of Mrs. Richard Kester of Edinboro, Pa., last Christmas. Says Mrs. Kester: "I started with the basic sweet yeast dough and just let my imagination go from there."

CANDY CANE COFFEE CAKE

Dough (make two batches):
2½ cups unsifted flour
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 package active dry yeast
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons water
1 egg
Red food coloring (for red dough only)
Red filling:
⅓ cup chopped candied red cherries
2 tablespoons chopped candied pineapple
2 tablespoons chopped golden raisins
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
White filling:
⅓ cup chopped almonds
¼ cup shredded coconut
1 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
Frosting:
2 cups confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
½ teaspoon vanilla
Dash salt
3–4 tablespoons milk
Red food color (for red frosting only)

To prepare red and white doughs: Make two separate batches of dough, tinting one batch a medium pink, as directed below.

In a large bowl thoroughly mix 1 cup flour, sugar, salt and undissolved yeast.

Combine milk, butter or margarine, and water in a saucepan. Heat over low heat until liquids are very warm (120–130°). Gradually add to dry ingredients and beat 2 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer, scraping bowl occasionally. Add egg and ½ cup flour. Add red food coloring for the red dough only. Beat at high speed two minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Stir in remaining flour to make a soft dough. Knead for 5 minutes on a floured board. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place (85°) until doubled in bulk.

To prepare fillings: Prepare fillings separately by combining ingredients.

To form candy canes: Punch red dough down; turn out onto a well-floured board and roll out into a 12x18-in. rectangle. Cut in half lengthwise. Divide red filling and put down the center of each half and roll like a jelly roll, sealing well. Transfer each to a greased cookie sheet. Repeat procedure with white dough, using white filling. Gently twist one red and one white dough together and shape like a candy cane. Repeat procedure with remaining doughs. Let rise on cookie sheets in a warm place until doubled in bulk.

Preheat oven to 375°. Bake for 15–20 minutes. Remove to racks and allow to cool.

Send us your favorite recipe for quick breads. We'll pay $50 for our winners. Include some mention of origin, as we reserve the right to edit recipes. Send recipes to: Recipe Exchange, Family Circle Publishing Corp., 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Entries must be postmarked by December 31, 1977. Send Reader Recipe Exchange, Family Circle Publishing Corp., 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

To prepare frosting: Combine confectioners' sugar, shortening, vanilla, salt and enough milk to make a spreading consistency. Tint one half of frosting red. Frost the candy canes, using the white frosting on the white dough and red frosting on red dough. You can decorate with colored sugar, dragées, candied fruit. Makes two candy cane coffee cakes.

"Perhaps you wonder about the name 'Gift of the Magi Bread,'" writes Mrs. Marcy Knoester of Grand Rapids, Mich. "A small reason, of course, is that some of the ingredients have a Far Eastern origin. The real reason: the real gift of the Magi was love . . . and when we give this bread at Christmas, that's exactly what it is; a gift of love."

GIFT OF THE MAGI BREAD

½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
Pinch salt
1 cup mashed bananas (3 bananas)
1 can (11 oz.) mandarin orange segments, drained
1 package (6 oz.) chocolate pieces
1 cup shredded coconut
⅔ cup sliced almonds
½ cup chopped maraschino cherries
½ cup chopped dried figs
Confectioners' sugar

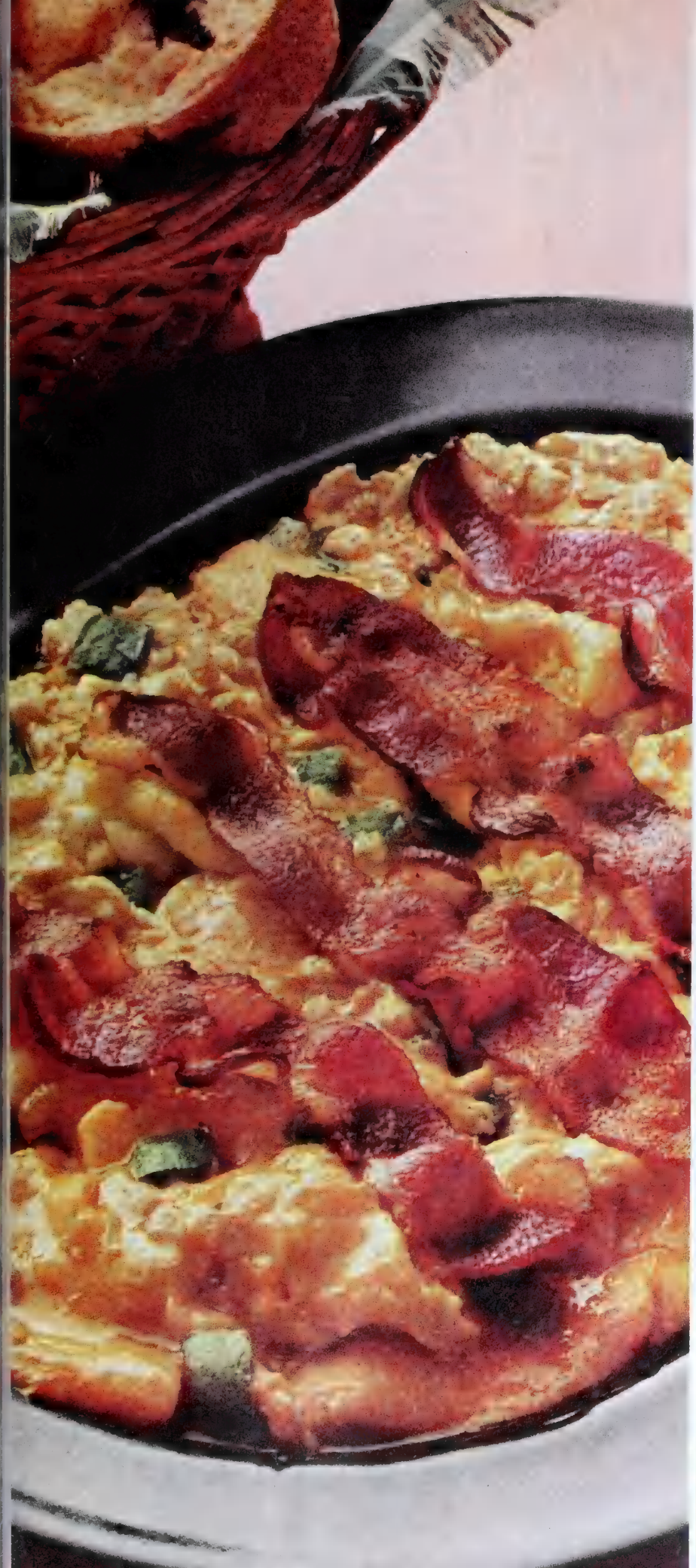
Preheat oven to 350°. Cream butter or margarine with granulated sugar. Add eggs and vanilla; beat until fluffy. Sift flour with baking soda and salt; add alternately with mashed banana. Stir in mandarin oranges, chocolate pieces, coconut, ½ cup sliced almonds, cherries, and figs. Pour into two greased 7½x3¾-in. loaf pans. Sprinkle remaining sliced almonds over tops. Bake in a 350° oven for 1 to 1¼ hours. When cool, sieve confectioners' sugar over the tops. Makes 2 loaves.

NEW CONVENIENCE, NEW FLAVORS

It's Christmas; it's Hanukkah; it's winter, and a lot of things are happening. Things like a partial eclipse of the sun on December 13, visible throughout most of North America. It's also Feast of the Radishes in Oaxaca, Mexico, a time for cleverly carving figurines of people and animals out of radishes. Cleverness abounds in the world of new convenience foods. *(continued)*

Sampler text by Louisa Rose

Border design by Barry Zaid; photographs by Charles



CAMPBELLED EGGS
To add variety to breakfast or brunch, just scramble up some Campbell's Soup.

When you scramble eggs with Campbell's Soup, you turn a plain dish into something different and delicious. A treat that makes any meal—from breakfast to midnight supper—a special occasion. Make Campbelled Eggs to suit your fancy—with Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup or with Campbell's Cream of Celery, Mushroom, Potato, Shrimp or New England Clam Chowder Soup.

CAMPBELLED EGGS

4 slices bacon
½ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup chopped onion
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
8 eggs, slightly beaten
Dash pepper

In 10-inch skillet, cook bacon until crisp; remove and crumble. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Cook green pepper and onion in drippings until tender. In bowl, stir soup until smooth; gradually blend in eggs and pepper. Pour into skillet. Cook over low heat. As mixture begins to set around edges, gently lift cooked portions with wide turner so that thin, uncooked portions can flow to the bottom. Continue gently lifting cooked portions until eggs are completely set, but still moist. Garnish with bacon. Makes 4 servings.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.00 with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!



FOOD SAMPLER

• General Foods has three fancy new instant coffee mixes: Café au Lait, Suisse Mocha and Cafe Vienna. All you need is a spoon to stir and some boiling water. Or for a satisfying finale to a good dinner, instead of dessert, why not top off your cup of coffee with whipped cream or liqueurs?

• Sara Lee is cleverly baking some rather buttery new Danish pastries. Look for Fruit 'n' Danish in three flavors—Apple, Blueberry and Cherry.

• Swiss Chalet has sly new ways to get more flavor into your salads: Salad Crispins (in six styles).

• A sneaky way of making health food yummy—that's what Kretschmer seems to be up to with two new flavored wheat germ products: Wheat Germ with Caramel Apple and Wheat Germ with Cinnamon Raisin.

• Last tricky idea and a good one for instant parties: A cocktail in a can. Arrow Liqueurs Co. has put together tequila and some other natural flavors and come up with The Club Tequilo Sunrise. Cheers!

NEW BOOKLET TIPS

Good bread and butter with some Norway sardines—and a few little tricks such as an unexpected touch of apple or a dash of cayenne—and you can make those terrific Scandinavian sandwiches at home. How? Order the *Sandwiches of Norway*, an attractive booklet with appealing soft-color illustrations. For your copy send 25¢ to Sandwiches of Norway, P.O. Box 7770, Dept. LHJ, San Francisco, Ca. 94120.

If someone gave you a bottle containing a "mysterious secret blend of rare tropical herbs and spices," what would you do with it? That's what the Angostura Cookbook—*From Everyday to Gourmet*—is all about. The Angostura people recommend adding their bitters by the spoonful to things like Charleston Chicken Fricassee, Baked Apples, Sour Cream Salad Dressing—and by the dash to your champagne cocktail. To order, send a postcard with name, address and ZIP code to Angostura Cookbook, Box 2186 LHJ, Astoria Station, N.Y., N.Y. 11102.

SEVEN OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH LEFTOVER HAM

• Serve ham in a sherried, spicy, fruited sauce over rice. Melt ⅓ cup raspberry jam and ½ T. butter. Combine ¼ cup dry sherry, ½ T. prepared mustard and 1 t. cornstarch. Add to jam along with 2 cups julienned cooked ham. Simmer 5 minutes. (Serves 2–3.)

• How about ham on rye with applesauce? Use equal amounts of applesauce and mayonnaise enlivened with a touch of horseradish. Spread on ham slices, close up the sandwich and surprise the world.

• Quick one-pot meal in a minute. Prepare 1 package (12 oz.) hashed brown potatoes according to package directions. After 5 minutes, add ¼ cup chopped onion and cook 3 minutes longer. Add 3 cups coarsely chopped cooked ham, 1 cup pork gravy, 1 package (10 oz.) cooked Brussels sprouts, pinch salt and pepper. Heat through. (Serves 4–6.)

• For the freshest tasting salad of the season, arrange a platter of chunks of pink cooked ham, bright orange sections, black olives, fresh raw green spinach. Season with Italian dressing and top with red onion rings. A still life.

• Use leftover thinly sliced baked ham in these "restaurant specialty" batter-dipped sandwiches. Trim crusts from bread slices to make 4-inch squares. Spread each slice with 2 t. sharp Cheddar cheese spread and cover with thin slices of baked ham. Roll bread very tightly and secure with toothpicks. Dip in mixture of 2 beaten eggs, ¼ cup milk, and a pinch of salt. Fry until golden brown in butter.

• Ham does wonderful things to soup. Here's a quick super-gumbo. We used a can (10¾ oz.) of chicken gumbo and 1 can water, 1 can (8 oz.) minced clams and 1 cup chopped cooked ham. Heat it all up, garnish with a sprinkle of parsley and serve 3–4 lucky soup lovers.

• Serve this sauce over poached eggs or vegetables on English muffins. Blend 3 oz. softened cream cheese with 2 egg yolks, add 1 T. lemon juice and ½ t. herb seasoning. Whip until mixture reaches a creamy consistency. Place over low heat. Slowly add 6 T. butter or margarine, making sure each tablespoon is melted before adding the next. Add the last bits of the holiday ham. **End**

GOOD-BYE SUGAR, HELLO FRUIT BOWL

As sugar prices zoom crazily, how can we still satisfy that sweet tooth?

Are you eating your 102 pounds of sugar this year? That's what sugar consumption averages out to in these United States. With sugar taking off—the last word as we go to press is that a five-pound bag will shortly reach $2.25—we're re-examining our sweet teeth, and we find many of them more silver and porcelain than enamel. That was part of the cost of sugar we never figured in: all in all, we take a Pollyanna-ish view of this latest commodity crisis. We'll continue to use sugar for special-occasion baked cakes and pastries; we'll use less in coffee, much less in hot cereal. 7 grains on the grapefruit. And we think that's all to the good; 102 pounds of sugar boggles the mind.

Sugar Substitutes

You know as well as anyone what the outrageous cost of sugar is doing to your food budget. With a five-pound bag now well over the two-dollar mark, are there any viable substitutes? Well, of course there's honey, molasses and corn syrup, but they have their drawbacks. Not too many people want molasses in their coffee, and in baking, sugar is still trumper.

When we enter the realm of chemically-derived sweeteners, we find the way strewn with cautions. Everybody remembers the big cyclamate to-do. Most chemical sweeteners now on the market are saccharin-based; on a regular basis, they're best used by people on weight-loss or special diets. There's a new substitute called Asparatame, but like other chemical products, it has limited use and is of no use in baking. The fact is, that until we hear otherwise, we'll stick with plain sugar or no sugar. And a large bowl of fruit for dessert after dinner.

Still a Penny

The future of the one-cent gumball, that venerable penny candy, is seriously threatened by the expense of sugar. One manufacturer, though, is holding the line. We talked to Leo Leary of the Ford Gum and Machine Company in Akron, N.Y. Ford Gum and gum machines are used by many civic clubs as ways to raise money for local charities. You may have noticed them in supermarkets, factories, banks. And in order to keep the price to a penny, Ford is making the centers of their gumballs just a little bit hollower. Just a bit. And as long as they're out front with us, we'll keep on buying. What else can you get for a penny?

Sampler text by Louisa R

Casino BRAND

OZZARELLA

ozzarella has a mild, delicate flavor
at mixes nicely with fruits
with weight-watching
icken salads like
s one.



Casino BRAND

MUENSTER

Muenster is a mellow cheese, perfect for light snacks and for after-dinner dessert with fresh fruit and coffee.



Casino BRAND

ONTEREY JACK

onterey Jack, the smooth
heese born and bred in the
est, is ideal for just about
y cooking use. Or, just
ain, too, with a
ass of wine.



Casino BRAND

BRICK

What would we do without bread! And a good, mild cheese to stack it with. Try Casino Brand Brick on rye bread with cold cuts.



Casino BRAND

ONTEREY JACK WITH LAPEÑO PEPPERS

these *Nachos*, made
h thin slices of Monterey
k with Jalapeño
ppers, melted on
tilla chips.



Casino BRAND

CARAWAY

Serve this Caraway-spiced cheese with Danish-style, open-faced sandwiches. Or, just plain, with beer and pretzels.



KRAFT

Division of **Kraftco Corporation**

CASINO BRAND. A fine name in natural cheese.

SHORTCUTS TO CHRISTMAS

continued from page 117

All recipes pictured on pages 116–117.

HAM-CORN CHOWDER

In a saucepan heat 2 cans (17 oz. each) cream-style corn, 1½ cups (8 oz.) chopped cooked ham, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese, 1 tablespoon instant minced onion, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 5–6.

CRANBERRY–TURKEY ROLL

Roast a 4-lb. frozen turkey roast according to package directions. Combine 1 cup fresh cranberries, ½ cup granulated sugar and 2 tablespoons water. Cook just until berries pop. Prepare 1 package (6 oz.) chicken-flavored stuffing mix according to package directions. Combine with cranberries. Slit pockets into the turkey roast by slicing down ⅔ of the way every ¾ in. Spread slices open and fill with cranberry stuffing. Return to oven for a few minutes to heat through before serving. Garnish with parsley sprigs. Serves 8.

CHRISTMAS BREAD

Thaw 1 lb. loaf frozen bread dough according to package directions. On a lightly floured board pull dough out until it is 12 in. long. Knead ½ cup each candied mixed fruit and chopped walnuts and ¼ cup mincemeat into the dough. With a sharp knife cut dough into 3 ropes, 12 in. long. Press the ropes together at one end and braid o a greased cookie sheet. Let rise in warm (90°) place until double in bull about 1½ hours. Bake in a preheate 350° oven for 25–30 minutes. Coo Combine 1 cup confectioners' sugar, teaspoons milk and ⅛ teaspoon groun cardamom. Spread glaze on braid.

WINTER RICE SALAD

Cook 1 cup rice according to packag directions. Chill for 1 hour. Combir rice with 1 cup walnuts, ½ cup eac golden raisins and chopped pitted date Toss with ¼ cup bottled Italian dressin Chill for 30 minutes. Garnish with lemon slice and fresh dill, if desire Serves 4–6.

EGGNOG MOLD

Sprinkle 2 envelopes unflavored gelat onto ½ cup cold water to soften. Plac over low heat, stirring until dissolve Add gelatin to 1 can (1 qt.) chille eggnog. Add 1 cup (3½ oz.) groun almonds. Pour into an oiled 5-cup mol Refrigerate until set, about 3–4 hour Unmold and garnish with 1 can (11 oz drained mandarin orange segments an whipped cream. Serves 4–6.

APPLE GLOGG

For each serving, slice off the top a red apple. Carve out the inside of th apple, leaving a ¼-in. shell, being car ful not to pierce the skin. Remove see from apple pulp and simmer in cover saucepan with ⅓ cup apple cider and teaspoons cinnamon red hots for 18 mi utes, or until apple pulp is cooked an cinnamon hots melted. Pour cider mi ture into apple receptacle. Whole a monds and raisins may be added. P a cinnamon stick through where th apple stem was, and add a green spr for a leaf. Serves 1.

RUM RAISIN NOG

Combine 1 can (1 qt.) chilled eggn with ⅓ cup light rum. Scoop in 1 pi rum raisin ice cream just before servin Sprinkle with grated orange rind an nutmeg. Makes 1½ quarts.

HOT MEXICAN DIP

In a saucepan combine 1 lb. process American cheese, 1 can (16 oz drained and chopped tomatoes, 1 c (4 oz.) drained and chopped gre chili peppers and hot pepper sauce taste. Heat until cheese is melted. Ser with tortilla chips. Makes 2½ cups.

NO-BAKE FRUIT CAKE

In a large bowl combine 1 packa (13½ oz.) graham cracker crumbs, 1 c (13 oz.) evaporated milk, 4 cups ca died mixed fruit, 4 cups chopped nu 1½ cups seedless raisins,1 cup chopp pitted dates, ½ cup each candied wh

(continued on page 12



Maybe your husband will notice his vegetables if you hide them in a little onion sauce.

When your husband sits down for dinner, he may never notice his vegetables. Even when he eats them.

But Birds Eye® has changed all that with Combination Vegetables. Like our Mixed Vegetables with Onion Sauce for instance. Corn, carrots, peas, green beans, and baby lima beans, nestled in a creamy onion sauce.

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Broil it. Fry it. Bake it. Shake it



1. Broiled or barbecued chicken.

2. Baked chicken.

3. Shaker bag chicken.

4. Sautéed chicken breasts.

But do it with lemons.

1. Broiled or barbecued chicken with lemon/pepper. Any way you fix it, chicken is better with lemon. Try this when you broil or BBQ. Combine 1/4 cup salad oil, 1 Tb. coarse black pepper, 2 t. finely snipped parsley, 2 t. grated lemon peel and 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Paint onto chicken while grilling.

2. Baked chicken with lemon inside and out. Before baking, stuff any bird with a handful of lemon chunks. Keeps it moist. Adds a delicate flavor. And here's a fine basting sauce for the last 30 minutes of roasting: Combine 1/2 cup honey, 2 t. grated lemon peel and 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice.

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adding 2 Tb.
d lemon peel
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n juice.
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4. Sautéed chicken breasts with lemon & sherry. An all-time great flavor combination. Sauté 4 split chicken breasts, boned and skinned, in 4 Tb. butter or margarine until done. Remove. Sauté 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms (or a drained 4 oz. can sliced mushrooms) and 1 Tb. chopped green onion. Add half a lemon cut into slices. Juice other lemon half and add 2 Tb. sherry. Simmer 1 to 2 minutes. Pour over chicken breasts. Superb.

It's not the same old chicken with Sunkist® lemons.

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SHORTCUTS
continued

red and green cherries. Press mixture into two waxed-paper-lined 7½ x 3¾-in. pans or one 14 x 4 in. glass dish. Garnish with additional candied cherries and walnut halves. Chill 24 hours. Keep leftovers refrigerated. Makes 25 slices.

CHEESE TIDBITS

Heat 3 cups vegetable oil to 350°. Cut 1 lb. semisoft cheese (Monterey Jack, mozzarella, Muenster) or hard cheese such as Cheddar into ½-in. cubes. Dip all cubes into 3 beaten eggs, then roll in 1⅓ cups Italian-flavored bread crumbs. Repeat breading procedure. Fry 10 cubes at a time in the heated oil until lightly browned, about 30 seconds. Drain on paper towels. Chill or freeze if desired. *To reheat:* Place thawed cubes on cookie sheet. Bake at 350° for 3–8 minutes (depending on the temperature of the cubes) until cubes are hot. Makes about 100.

CARAWAY–BLUE CHEESE PUFFS

Cut biscuits from 1 package (8 oz.) refrigerated buttermilk biscuits into quarters. Roll each piece into a ball, then roll in 3 tablespoons caraway seeds that have been spread thinly on a flat surface. Place balls in a 13 x 9 in. baking pan. Melt ⅓ cup butter or margarine and 1 package (4 oz.) blue cheese together in a small saucepan. Pour cheese mixture over balls and bake in a preheated 425° oven for about 10 minutes. Makes 40 hors d'oeuvres.

PLUM PUDDING WITH WHISKEY SAUCE

Heat 1 can (14½ oz.) plum pudding according to directions. Combine 1½ cups confectioners' sugar, ½ cup ground almonds, 3 tablespoons whiskey and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler. Place over hot water for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour sauce over pudding and garnish with a candied cherry and sliced almonds. Serves 4–6.

CHERRY-GLAZED HAM

Spread top of a 5-lb. fully cooked canned ham with 1 can (21 oz.) cherry pie filling. Bake according to instructions on can. If there are no instructions, bake on a rack in a 325° oven approximately 1¾ hours to an internal temperature of 140°. Baste with pan juices occasionally. Serve on a platter garnished with piped pumpkin potatoes (recipe below). Serves 8–10.

PUMPKIN POTATOES

Mix 1 can (16 oz.) canned pumpkin, ¼ cup light brown sugar and 1 teaspoon ground mace into 4 cups prepared instant mashed potatoes. Heat through. Fit decorating bag with pastry tube. Fill with mixture and pipe around platter for garnish. Serves 8–10.

CHRISTMAS UNDER GLASS
continued from page 95

All recipes are pictured on pages 94–95

1. Custom-Blend Teas

VERBENA CITRUS BLEND

Combine 2 cups orange pekoe tea leaves, 1 cup lemon verbena (herb tea) with ¼ cup each lemon and orange rind.

Use 1 teaspoon of tea leaves for each cup of boiling water in teapot. Steep 2–3 minutes. Serve hot with an orange and lemon slice, 1 teaspoon orange liqueur and 1 teaspoon sugar per cup.

SWEET ROSE BLEND

Combine 2 cups Darjeeling tea leaves, ½ cup rose hips, ½ cup dried rose buds, and 1 vanilla bean.

Use 1 teaspoon of tea leaves for each cup of boiling water in teapot. Steep 2–3 minutes. Serve hot with 1 tablespoon honey and ½ teaspoon rose water added to each cup. Garnish with dried rose petals if you wish.

SPICY BLEND

Combine 2 cups Ceylon tea leaves with ½ cup diced dried apricots, ½ cup chopped crystallized ginger, 2 cinnamon sticks and 1 tablespoon whole cloves.

Use 1 teaspoon of tea leaves for each cup of boiling water in teapot. Steep 2–3 minutes. Serve hot with 1 teaspoon orange marmalade added to each cup. Garnish with 1 cinnamon stick and a sliver of crystallized ginger.

Note: All teas should be allowed to stand at least two weeks before gift-giving.

2. Homemade Christmas Cookies

BUTTERY PRETZELS

Budget tip—a little sugar goes a long way in this recipe.

4 hard cooked egg yolks
4 raw eggs, separated
1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup granulated sugar
3 cups all-purpose flour
Additional granulated sugar

Sieve or mash hard-cooked egg yolks. Add the raw egg yolks and mix well.

Cream butter or margarine and 1 cup sugar well; blend into the egg yolk mixture. Blend flour into mixture.

Preheat oven to 350°. For each cookie, use one level teaspoon dough and roll out to a 5-in. length. Roll in granulated sugar. Form into a pretzel shape. Repeat process for each cookie. Brush cookies with lightly beaten egg whites.

Place cookies on greased baking sheets. Bake in a 350° oven for 8 minutes. Makes 5 dozen.

LEBKUCHEN

Cookies:
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup honey
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
3½ cups all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
¾ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup blanched slivered almonds
¾ cup chopped candied citron or orang peel
Glaze:
1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup water
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons sherry (optional)
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
Dash ground cloves
Dash ground nutmeg
Additional candied fruit

To prepare cookies: Bring brown sug honey, water and butter or margari to a boil in a saucepan. Remove fr heat and stir to blend; cool to roo temperature.

Sift together flour, cinnamon, ging cloves, baking powder and salt. S into honey mixture. Add almonds a candied fruit. Mix well.

Preheat oven to 300°. Roll dou out to a 16x15-in. rectangle. Cut dou into strips 15 in. long and ½ in. wi Cut each strip at 2½-in. intervals, ma ing 6 (½ in. wide and 2½ in. lon cookies from each of the 32 strips.

Place cookies on greased baki sheets. Bake in a 300° oven for minutes. Remove from baking she and cool on racks.

To prepare glaze: Combine all gredients except candied fruit in a sau pan. Bring to a boil and cook until reaches the soft crack stage (270°) o candy thermometer. With a small spoo spread glaze on cookies. If glaze becon too hard to work with, add a few dr of water. Garnish cookies with additio sliced candied fruit, if desired.

Cookies are best after being sto in tightly sealed jar or tin for at leas days. Makes 8½ dozen.

RUM CURRANT COOKIES

Another easy-on-the-sugar cookie.

¾ cup dried currants
¼ cup rum
⅔ cup sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups all-purpose flour

Add currants to rum and allow soak for two hours until currants plump.

Preheat oven to 375°. Cream sugar and butter or margarine w Add egg and vanilla, mixing u blended. Stir in the soaked curra and rum. Add flour, a little at a ti mixing well after each addition.

Drop rounded *(continu*



What every corn oil user should know about Kraft Safflower Oil.

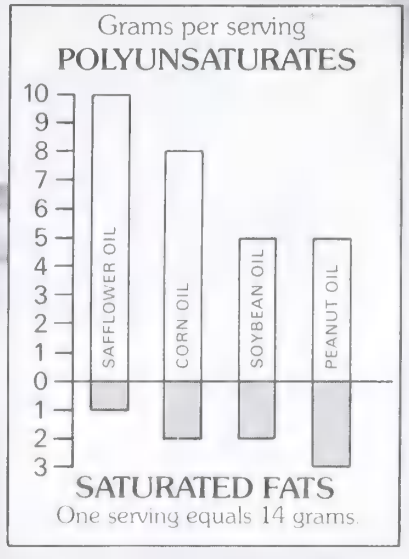
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teaspoonfuls of dough onto greased cookie sheets. Spread the dough slightly, keeping the cookies small and round.

Bake in a 375° oven for 5–6 minutes or until cookies are browned around edges. Remove from baking sheets and cool on a rack. Makes 5 dozen.

3. Sumptuous Spaghetti

SPAGHETTI WITH MARINARA SAUCE

2 cans (2 oz. each) anchovy fillets
1 cup chopped onion
3 to 4 cloves garlic, minced
3 cans (6 oz. each) tomato paste
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes
1 can (14 oz.) artichoke hearts, drained
2 cups water
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon basil, crumbled
½ teaspoon salt
½ lb. (1½ cups) mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ lb. fusilli (curly) spaghetti, cooked according to package directions
Grated Parmesan cheese

Drain and chop anchovies, reserving oil in a skillet. Sauté onion and garlic in oil until lightly golden. Remove onion and garlic to a large saucepan, reserving oil in skillet. Add tomato paste, tomatoes, artichoke hearts, water, sugar, basil and salt to saucepan. Simmer, uncovered, 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Sauté mushrooms in reserved oil and butter or margarine in skillet until lightly golden. Add mushrooms to sauce, partially cover, and simmer 15 minutes longer.

Serve sauce over cooked spaghetti. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Serves 8.

4. Potpourri

During the blooming season, gather roses from your garden to dry for potpourri. Cut them in the morning, after the dew has dried, selecting only those at the peak of bloom and fragrance. Remove the petals from the roses, discarding any that are blemished; spread the others in a single layer on a wire screen. Place the screen in an airy spot, raised from the floor to allow air to circulate all around the petals. Sunlight bleaches the color from petals, so keep them in the shade at all times. Until they become crisp and dry, turn the petals each day; drying may take as long as two weeks when there is a great deal of moisture in the atmosphere. Swifter drying is accomplished by placing petals on cookie sheets in an oven to dry by the heat from the pilot light, which takes a few days, or at a setting of 110°, which takes a few hours. Store dried petals in a tightly closed container, adding new batches of petals as they are dried, until you have enough to mix a potpourri. Although these directions are for the drying of rose petals, tiny, perfect rosebuds, and other flowers and petals can be dried in the same way. In addition to scented flowers and leaves, dry colorful flowers: cornflowers, deep blue delphinium, purple violets and the petals of orange lilies or marigolds will add color to your potpourri.

To mix a simple rose potpourri, measure your dried petals and place them in a large bowl or pan. For each quart of dried petals, sprinkle over the dried petals 4 tablespoons allspice, two tablespoons whole cloves, 1 stick cinnamon broken into small pieces, the dried and crushed peel of one orange, and 10 ounces of granulated orris root. Turn gently with your hands to mix spices and fixative through the petals; sprinkle with 8 drops of oil of roses and 8 drops of oil of lavender. Mix again, then transfer to a tightly covered container to age. Every few days, turn the mixture as you did when combining the ingredients. When all scents have blended, the potpourri will no longer smell raw. Fill with the potpourri a handsome Fostoria glass hurricane globe (style 2763/459) as we did, or into glass or pottery jars or a porcelain bowl, to give as a Christmas gift.

Books that include recipes for potpourris and additional information on ingredients to incorporate in the mixture are:

Potpourris and Other Fragrant Delights by Jacqueline Heriteau (Simon & Shuster), $4.95.

Potpourri, Incense and Other Fragrant Concoctions, by Ann Tucker (Workman Publishing Co.), $2.45.

Herbs and Things, by Jeanne Rose (Grosset & Dunlop), $2.95.

Fragrant oils, fixatives and all of the dried flowers for making potpourri can be ordered from:

Aphrodisia Products, Inc., 28 Carmine St., N.Y.C. 10014.

Caswell-Massey Co., Ltd., 518 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

Caprilands Herb Farm, Coventry, Ct. 06238.

7. Liqueur Jelly

The simplest way to buy the liqueurs called for here is to get those small "sampler" bottles.

THREE-LAYERED LIQUEUR JELLY

5¼ cups granulated sugar
1 bottle (4/5 qt.) dry white wine
1 bottle (6 oz.) liquid fruit pectin
¼ cup Cherry Heering
3 drops red food coloring (optional)
¼ cup Galliano liqueur
¼ cup green crème de menthe
Paraffin

Combine 1¾ cups sugar and 1 cup wine in a saucepan. Stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved. Remove from

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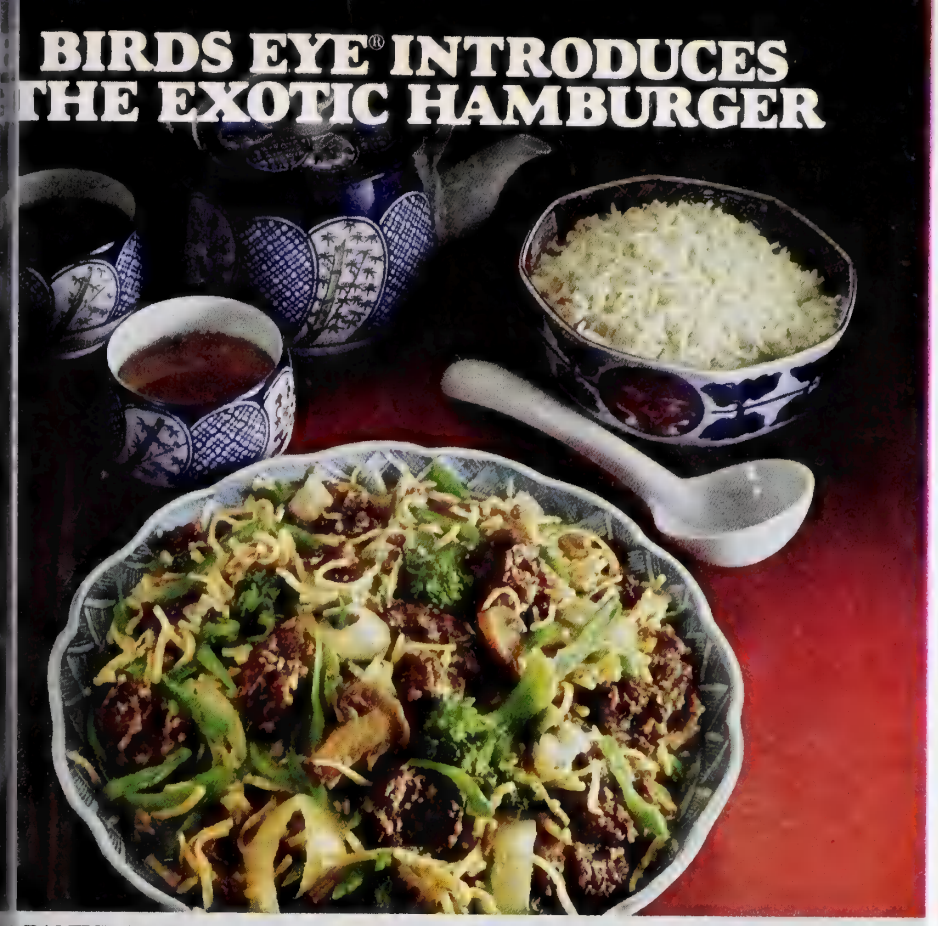
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APANESE STYLE
AMBURGER *3/4 pound*
ound beef • 2 teaspoons corn-
rch • 1/4 teaspoon salt • 1 cup
ter • 1 cup thin egg noodles •
ackage (10 oz.) Birds Eye®
anese Style Vegetables
h a Seasoned
uce • 1 to 2 tablespoons
sauce

Brown beef well in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Dissolve cornstarch and salt in water; add to skillet and bring to a boil. Stir in noodles; cover and simmer 2 minutes. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Stir in soy sauce. Makes 3 servings.

SEE COLUMN FOR MORE RECIPES.

GF

WITH OUR VEGETABLES AND YOUR HAMBURGER
WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL DINNERS TOGETHER

eat and quickly stir in ¼ cup liquid fruit ectin, Cherry Heering and red food oloring. Skim off foam with a metal poon. Quickly pour ¾ cup Cherry Heer-ng liqueur mixture into each of three 22–24 oz.) brandy snifters. Let stand –1 hour or until jelly begins to set and ill remain in place when glass is tipped. Prepare Galliano jelly, following bove directions, substituting Galliano or the Cherry Heering and red food olor. Carefully and slowly pour ¾ cup nto each brandy snifter over set jelly. et stand ½–1 hour or until jelly begins o set and will remain in place when lass is tipped. Prepare crème de menthe lly, following directions for Cherry leering jelly, substituting crème de menthe for the Cherry Heering and red food color. Carefully pour ¾ cup into each brandy snifter over set jelly.

Cover with ⅛ in. hot paraffin. Store in a cool place. Makes 3 (18-oz.) glasses.

8. One-of-a-Kind Cheeses

APPLE-CHEDDAR CHEESE SPREAD

2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar or Cheshire cheese
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons applejack, sherry or beer
¼ cup grated unpeeled red apple
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts

Combine first three ingredients until well blended. Stir in apple and walnuts. Chill. Makes about 1¼ cups. *continued*

MORE INTERNATIONAL DINNER RECIPES.

PRONTO MINESTRONE *1 tablespoon butter or margarine • 3/4 pound ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt • 1 cup hot water • 1 can (8-1/4 oz.) tomatoes • 1 bouillon cube • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Italian Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce*

Melt butter in a medium saucepan. Add ground beef and sprinkle with salt. Cook and stir until meat is well browned. Add water, tomatoes, bouillon cube and vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork, and stirring frequently until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Serve with Italian bread, if desired. Makes about 4 cups or 3 servings.



JAPANESE STYLE CHICKEN

1/4 cup unsifted all-purpose flour • 1 teaspoon salt • 1/8 teaspoon pepper • 2 pounds frying chicken pieces • 3 tablespoons salad oil • 1/2 cup water • 1 teaspoon soy sauce • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Japanese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce • Hot cooked rice (optional)

Combine flour, salt and pepper; dredge chicken pieces. Heat oil in large skillet; add chicken and brown well on both sides. Turn chicken skin-side up and add water. Bring to a boil; cover and simmer 30 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Place chicken on a platter and keep warm. Add soy sauce and vegetables to skillet. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Serve over chicken, with rice, if desired. Makes 3 servings.



HAMBURGER CHOW MEIN

3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 small onion, diced • 1-1/2 cups beef broth • 1 tablespoon cornstarch • 1-1/2 teaspoons sugar • 1 tablespoon soy sauce • 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Chinese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce*

*Or use 1 beef bouillon cube dissolved in 1-1/2 cups boiling water.

Sauté ground beef and onion in skillet until meat is browned and onion is tender. Pour broth over meat. Mix cornstarch and sugar with soy sauce. Pour into skillet, add vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



ROMANTIC HAMBURGER *1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Italian Style Vegetables • 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 can (8 oz.) spaghetti sauce • 1/2 cup water • 1/8 teaspoon oregano*

Brown ground beef in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Add spaghetti sauce, water and oregano. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil; separate vegetables and stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



UNDER GLASS
continued

PISTACHIO-GRUYÈRE CHEESE SPREAD

2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Gruyère or Swiss cheese
⅓ cup mayonnaise
3–4 tablespoons dry white wine
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
½ cup chopped pistachio nuts
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Combine cheese, mayonnaise, wine, dry mustard and garlic powder; mix until well blended.

Combine pistachio nuts, parsley and lemon rind.

Layer cheese and nut mixtures in a glass container. Chill. Makes about 1⅔ cups.

SAGE CREAM CHEESE SPREAD

1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
3 tablespoons milk
⅓ cup finely chopped fresh spinach
1 tablespoon chopped fresh chives or 1 teaspoon freeze-dried chives
1½–2 teaspoons sage
¼ teaspoon white pepper

Combine cream cheese and milk, mixing until well blended. Add remaining ingredients; mix well. Chill. Makes about 1¼ cups.

9. Soufflé Special

LEMON MACAROON SOUFFLÉ

1 teaspoon butter, softened
½ cup granulated sugar
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
5 eggs, separated
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups dry crushed macaroons
1 teaspoon confectioners' sugar

Butter the bottom and sides of a 3¼-in. high x 7¼-in. diameter soufflé dish with 1 teaspoon butter, then coat with 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Refrigerate.

Pour milk into a medium saucepan, add lemon rind; place over low heat and bring to a boil.

Meanwhile, beat egg yolks with a wire whisk or electric mixer until just combined. Gradually add remaining granulated sugar. Continue beating for 2 to 3 minutes until the mixture is pale yellow and forms ribbons. Add flour and mix until smooth. Slowly add the hot milk to the yolk mixture, beating constantly. Pour mixture back into saucepan and cook, stirring constantly with a whisk, until it is thick and almost comes to a boil. Pour mixture into a bowl. (Soufflé can be made to this point in advance and refrigerated. When ready to bake the soufflé, warm the mixture until it is barely warm to the touch.) Add crushed macaroons to egg yolk mixture.

Preheat oven to 375°. Beat egg whites cream of tartar and salt until they hold firm, shiny peaks; being careful not to overbeat. Stir about a third of the beaten egg whites into the egg yolk mixture. Fold in remaining egg whites.

Pour soufflé mixture into the prepared dish. Smooth the surface with a rubber spatula.

Set the dish in a 9-in. cake pan. Pour boiling water into cake pan to a depth of 1 in. Place in the middle of the center oven rack. Bake 30–35 minutes.

As soon as the soufflé is done, remove from the oven and sift confectioners' sugar over the top. Serve immediately. Serves 4–6.

FROM THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

By Carol Lynn Pearson

A new family is built
Upon the ruins of the old.
The archeology is clear
And the comfort is cold.

With history as teacher
I turn accepting eyes
On the dissolving of my house—
So that yours may rise.



N A CAKE BOX

ontinued from page 97

Cake layers. Our Christmas boxes are made from packaged cake mixes (18½ oz. each), but of course you can make your own from scratch. For all 11 cakes you'd need 5 packages of cake mix. To help you figure what you can do with less mix, here's how it works, and how easy it is. One package of mix will make the following: two 8-in. round cake layers *(or)* two 9-in. square cake layers *(or)* one 13½x9x2-in. rectangular layer. Following our detailed directions below, here are examples of what you can do with the finished layers: one 13½x9x2-in. layer will be enough to make cakes number 5 and 10 (in the drawing above and in directions below). Two 9-in. square layers are enough to make numbers 3, 7, and 8. Or the same two layers will make numbers 2, 4, 6, and 9. It takes four 8-in. round layers (two mixes) to make up numbers 1 and 11. There are other combinations, of course, but this shows you how.

When you've baked the layers, cutting out the proper sizes for our cake boxes is a simple matter of following a cardboard pattern or just a ruler. Cut as cleanly as possible with a sharp cake knife. Be sure, if you're making more than one box, that you make the most efficient use of the original cake layer. It will take a bit of juggling, but as a start, follow the suggestions we give above. To use leftovers, we give a simple Rum Ball recipe at the end of this story.

Other general information before we get down to specifics:

Prepare your favorite cake fillings, such as jams or preserves, butter creams, canned or packaged frostings or pie fillings. Use the filling between cake layers if the cake box you are making has more than one layer. For decoration we used ribbon candy, foil-wrapped assorted chocolates, crystallized mimosa, fondant candies, silver shot or balls (dragées), hand-decorated mints, chocomint lentils, fresh green leaves and hard candies as cake decoration.

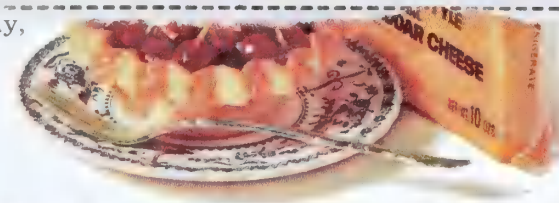
Icing. We use a no-cook fondant icing (recipe follows). In case you're not familiar with the technique, here's how it works, and it's the same for all our cakes. First, the cake should be completely cool. Using a long, thin, serrated knife, cut off crisp edges extending from sides. Examine layers and use the most symmetrical for top. If necessary, cut some cake away so the top is certain to be level. In sandwiching a layer cake, turn alternate layers upside down so that bottoms are joined to bottoms and tops to tops. After cake has been trimmed, brush away all loose crumbs. Any cracks or uneven spots on the surface of the cake should be filled in with small pieces of fondant.

Place cakes on a cake *(continued)*



Open Betty Crocker® creamy frosting mix, follow this simple recipe, and you've got a merry batch of candy for gifts and guests, or just for the family fun of it. And this Betty Crocker mix makes creamy, smooth and scrumptious frosting, too.

, and, by the way, t.



Medium Cheddar will probably be the most versatile cheese in your kitchen. It's ideal for meatless dishes, for all kinds of cooking where you want rich flavor to go a long way. Try it in casseroles, vegetable sauces, cheeseburgers, sandwiches.

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IN A CAKE BOX
continued

board or aluminum-foil-covered cardboard cut to the same size as the cake.

Dust a rolling pin and pastry board or waxed paper with sifted confectioners' sugar. Roll the fondant icing out into a round or square, depending on the shape of the cake. Cut the fondant with the aid of a ruler or compass and sharp knife into pieces slightly smaller than the surface measurements of the top and sides of the cake. Brush the surface of the cake with unbeaten egg white so that the fondant adheres well. Dust your hands with sifted confectioners' sugar and with your palms smooth the fondant over the surface, gently easing it to cover the cake. Join top and side pieces of fondant by dampening edges with water and then pressing edges together with fingers and palms of hands. For the larger pieces of fondant, it may be easier to leave the fondant on the waxed paper until it has been flipped into place on the cake, and then the waxed paper removed. Should any small air bubbles appear under the icing, prick them with a pin, then lightly rub the spot with your finger, or the heel of your hand. Trim any surplus fondant away with a sharp knife or scissors. Edge or sides of cakes may be decorated or marked with a crimpers or a straight-edge spatula.

1. White Violet Box: One 4-in. round cake. Make one recipe fondant icing, one quarter tinted violet, one quarter tinted green, and one half left white. Use canapé cutters to cut out violet-flower and green-leaf decorations. Use hand-decorated mint for decoration.

2. Large Yellow Square: Three 4-in. cake squares layered with your favorite lemon filling. Make one recipe fondant icing, three quarters tinted yellow and one quarter tinted green. Use yellow crystallized mimosa and hand-decorated yellow mints for decoration.

3. Large Orange Square: Three 4-in. cake squares layered with your favorite orange or apricot filling. Make one recipe fondant icing, three quarters tinted



quarter green and one quarter dark orange. Fondant roses are made by rolling two small pieces of dark orange fondant into cones. Shape small pieces of remaining fondant into petals. Press the base of the petals gently but firmly in layers around the cone. Use silver shot (dragées) for decoration.

7. Pink Rectangular Box: Two 3x6-in. rectangular cakes layered with your favorite strawberry, raspberry or cherry filling. Use one recipe fondant icing, tinted pink. Use pink ribbon candy, foil-wrapped chocolate and fresh green leaves for decoration.

8. Pink Square Box: One 3½-in. square cake. Use one half recipe fondant icing, tinting two thirds pink and leaving one third white. Use green hard candies and foil-wrapped chocolate for decoration.

9. Pink Pill Box: One 3-in. round cake layer. Use one half recipe of fondant icing, tinted pink. Use crinkled biscuit cutters to cut out graduated circles of fondant icing for top. Use silver shot (dragées) and French mint candy for decoration.

10. Small Yellow Box: One 2-in. square cake layer. Use one half recipe of fondant icing, two thirds tinted yellow and one third tinted green. Use yellow mimosa for decoration.

11. Green Hat Box: Three 6-in. round cakes, layered with your favorite lemon or lime filling. Use one recipe fondant tinted green. Use ribbon candy and white choco-mint lentils for decoration.

FONDANT ICING

⅓ cup butter, margarine or hydrogenated shortening
⅓ cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla, lemon, orange or peppermint extract
½ teaspoon salt
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar, sifted
Food coloring

Cream butter, margarine or shortening slightly in a large mixing bowl. (Shortening should be used if you wish any fondant icing to be left white.) Blend in corn syrup, extract and salt. Add confectioners' sugar all at once and mix in first with a spoon, then knead with hands. Turn out onto board and knead until mixture is well-blended.

If only one color and flavor is required, it may be added with the corn syrup, but if more than one color is to be made from the one quantity of fondant, divide after kneading and add the paste food color with the tip of a toothpick or the liquid food color by the drop. Then knead the color evenly into the fondant. Makes 1⅓ pounds.

RUM BALLS

Made from trimmings from our cakes

2 cups yellow or white cake crumbs
1 cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup butter
¼ cup rum
6 squares (1 oz. ea.) semisweet chocolate
½ cup chocolate sprinkles

Combine cake crumbs, walnuts, butter and rum. Form into 1½-in. balls. Chill.

Melt chocolate in top part of a double boiler. Cool slightly. Dip cake balls into chocolate. Roll in chocolate sprinkles. Chill about 2 hours. Makes 14. **En**



Cheese for Everyday.



Kraft still brings you the nice·to·have·around·the·house cheeses.

Back when J. L. Kraft delivered cheese to the stores in person, you could choose from a line of fine, everyday cheeses. Very little has changed. Today Kraft brings you that same cheese, conveniently packaged in a whole line of Cheddars and Colbys, in chunks and longhorn styles. You don't have to see the man on the wagon, just the Kraft name on the package, to know: here is consistently fine cheese, still the same good value when it comes to meal planning.

Colby is a mild cheese with an open texture. Serve it for snacks with crackers, rye bread, cold cuts and relishes. The famous longhorn—or half-moon—shape looks as good as it tastes on snack trays.



New York Extra Sharp. Everyday cheese lovers swear by this one. For fine, aged flavor and value, it can't be beat. Look for the tightly knit texture which is the mark of a good nibbling cheddar. Serve it as an appetizer, on cheese trays, or with fruit and wine for dessert.





Sharp Cheddar has the full, clear "bite" that makes it recommended for recipes where you want the cheddar flavor to stand out: omelets, rarebits, crepes, cheese pies, soups. If you do a lot of cooking with cheese, this reasonably priced, consistently fine cheese is the one to use.

Mild Natural Cheddar Cheese makes a fine dessert cheese because of its smooth, mellow flavor. A slice with apple pie is traditional, but it tastes equally good with any kind of fruit tart or cobbler. It stands alone very nicely, and, by the way, kids love it.





Medium Cheddar will probably be the most versatile cheese in your kitchen. It's ideal for meatless dishes, for all kinds of cooking where you want rich flavor to go a long way. Try it in casseroles, vegetable sauces, cheeseburgers, sandwiches.

KRAFT

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continued from page 89

All recipes pictured on page 89

CHRISTMAS ROAST GOOSE WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING

8 to 10 lb. goose
Stuffing:
½ lb. dried chestnuts
1 lb. chicken livers
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup chopped mushrooms
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
3 cups fresh whole wheat bread crumbs
1 cup golden raisins
3 tablespoons brandy
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon black pepper
Long grain and wild rice:
2 packages (6 oz. each) long grain and wild rice mix
1 cup golden raisins
1 apple, cored and sliced
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

If goose is frozen, thaw completely before cooking. Place goose, still in its original wrapper, on a tray in the refrigerator to thaw for 1 to 1½ days.

Remove neck and giblets from body cavity; cook them promptly or refrigerate until ready to use. Remove excess fat from body cavity and neck skin. Reserve fat and render for use in other cooking. Rinse bird and drain.

Wings may be removed at second joint or tied flat against body with cord around each wing and across back. If two end pieces of wings are removed, cook them with neck and giblets.

To prepare stuffing: Cover dried chestnuts with water. Simmer approximately 1 hour or until tender. Drain. Set aside 6–8 chestnuts for garnish. Chop remaining chestnuts; set aside. (Instead of the cooked dried chestnuts, 2½ cups canned whole chestnuts, which are unsweetened, may be used.)

In a medium skillet sauté chicken livers, onions and mushrooms in melted butter or margarine until livers and onion are tender.

In a large bowl combine all stuffing ingredients, except chestnuts set aside for garnish.

To roast goose: Preheat oven to 350°. Fill neck and body cavity of goose loosely with chestnut-chicken liver stuffing. Fasten neck skin to back with a skewer. Tie legs together.

Place goose, breast side up, on wire rack in a roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer deep into inside thigh muscle.

Roast in a 350° oven for 1 hour, then lower heat to 325°. Cover goose loosely with aluminum foil. Roast 1½ hours longer, basting every 30 minutes with pan drippings. Remove aluminum foil and roast 30 minutes longer or until thermometer in thigh registers 180°–185°.

If a thermometer is not used, press meaty part of leg between protected fingers. It should feel very soft. Also prick thigh with a fork. The juices running out of thigh should be beige in color, not pink. The skin should be golden brown and crisp.

To prepare long grain and wild rice mix: Prepare rice mix according to package directions, adding raisins at the beginning of the cooking time.

Sauté sliced apples in butter or margarine until just tender.

To carve and serve goose: Remove the goose to a warm serving platter. Arrange rice mixture around goose along with apple slices. Garnish with reserved chestnuts and huckleberry leaves.

Carving may be done in the kitchen or at the table, depending on the skill of the carver.

Begin by removing wing from body. Place wing on serving plate. Next remove drumstick and thigh in one piece at hip joint. Divide drumstick and thigh in two pieces.

Remove breast meat all in one piece from each side by inserting knife between the meat and keel bone. Cut down to the breast bone. Continue cutting along wishbone to wing joint.

With knife parallel to breastbone, lift meat up and away from breastbone and bones of rib cage.

Cut breast meat into two to four equal portions, depending on size of bird.

Repeat above steps with other side.

To serve: Spoon stuffing from cavity onto each serving plate. Add a portion of roast goose and top stuffing with gravy, if desired. Serves 6–8.

CHRISTMAS NUT MIX

A super-easy holiday snack. Lasts for weeks in the refrigerator.

6 slices white bread, trimmed and cubed
½ cup butter or margarine
6 tablespoons sugar
2 cans (8 oz. each) walnuts
1 cup dried apricots
1 cup dried apples
1 can (3½ oz.) blanched slivered almonds
1 package (2¾ oz.) hazelnuts (filberts)
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground mace

Sauté bread cubes in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar and sauté another minute.

In a large bowl, combine bread cubes, walnuts, apricots, apples, almonds and hazelnuts.

In a small saucepan, combine remaining 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons sugar, cinnamon, salt and mace. Heat and stir until butter is melted and sauce is smooth. Pour sauce over bread-nut-fruit mixture and toss to coat evenly. Store tightly covered in refrigerator. Makes 7 cups.

BLACK WALNUT CRANBERRY POUND CAKE

An easy, moist pound cake. After a couple of days, try it toasted (if there is any left).

1½ cups butter or margarine
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar
6 eggs
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup (4 oz.) black walnut pieces, chopped
1 cup chopped fresh cranberries
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind

Preheat oven to 300°. In a large bowl, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla. Add flour. Beat with an electric mixer on medium speed for 10 minutes. Stir in black walnuts, cranberries and lemon rind.

Pour into a greased 9-inch tube or 9-cup fluted tube cake pan. Bake in a 300° oven for 1½ hours or until cake is golden brown and pulls away from sides of pan. Cool 10 minutes in pan before inverting onto a cake rack to finish cooling. Serves 10–12.

ORANGE-CUCUMBER MOLD

An unusual combination for your molded-salad recipe file.

3 cups cold water
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup white wine
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1 can (20 oz.) pineapple tidbits, drained, reserving syrup
2½ cups orange or tangerine sections, membranes removed
1½ cups finely diced peeled cucumber, seeds removed

Pour 1 cup cold water into a medium saucepan. Sprinkle gelatin onto water and allow to soften. Place saucepan over low heat and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat; add the remaining 2 cups cold water, white wine, ground ginger and syrup drained from pineapple tidbits.

Place gelatin mixture in the refrigerator to chill.

Meanwhile, lightly oil an 8-cup mold. Prepare orange or tangerine sections and cucumber pieces. Save peels for garnish, if desired. Arrange about 1 cup of the orange or tangerine sections on the bottom of the mold in desired design. Pour about ½ cup of gelatin over fruit sections and place mold in the refrigerator to set.

When remaining gelatin is the consistency of egg whites, combine it with remaining orange or tangerine sections, cucumber and pineapple tidbits. Pour gelatin mixture into mold. Chill for 3–4 hours or until set.

Unmold gelatin onto serving platter. Garnish with roses made from the orange and cucumber peels and mint sprigs, if desired. Serves 6–8.



Virginia Slims looks back upon the self-made man (and all the women who made him possible).



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per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

ning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

STEVE ALLEN'S SEARCH

continued from page 80

Whimsically or otherwise, she left a few clues to the puzzle with Steve, some relatives and a few friends. But nobody has been able to assemble all the pieces of the puzzle.

"I suppose," Steve says, "half the blame for not knowing about Edwin belongs to me. I should have taken advantage of the situation on those rare occasions when Mother introduced the subject. I grew up realizing there was another, unknown, person in Mother's life. But she never mentioned Edwin directly. I learned of his existence through relatives, not through her.

"She made vague allusions to some college I might consider attending in the South, because someone very dear to her had gone to a school in that part of the country. Or she'd say there was an important story she wanted to tell me some day. Or there was something she was terribly sorry about, involving someone I would one day want to meet—someone down South very dear to her.

"But as a child I was always confused and alarmed by these conversations. They took place only when she was drinking, and I could never really communicate with her at those times. So I'd simply put the matter out of my mind for years at a time. In the last years of Mother's life, both Jayne [Steve's wife, actress Jayne Meadows] and I made a few oblique attempts to reopen the subject, but with no success."

To understand this lack of communication, it is necessary to know more about Belle Montrose. She was a fiercely independent woman, more dedicated to performing than to her family. For instance, her mother offered to take Belle and Edwin in after the baby's birth, but Belle said no. A relative remembers Belle saying, "I will never give up show business"—and she never did.

Circus Belle

She was capricious, hard-drinking, quixotic—and good company. She was also something of a wraith, spiriting herself away to vaudeville jobs in various parts of the country, joining troupes and leaving young Steve with relatives and friends throughout his childhood.

If she appeared indifferent to her own children it was, perhaps, understandable. She was a child herself when she began her career—a nine-year-old circus aerialist with the famed Watson-Sisters-and-Zamora Troupe that traveled through Europe.

Because of her unconventional ways, Belle was an outcast with her own family. Her friends were fellow vaudevillians, more likely to be found at the bottom of a bill than among the headliners. During her teens she fell in love—with the young scion of a wealthy family. She confided this to her friend and fellow performer, Alma Russell Morse. When she was about 18, Belle became pregnant and bore a son. In those Victorian days, unwed motherhood was a major scandal but Belle took the child with her on the road for four years.

Steve Allen talked to Alma Russell Morse after his mother died. It was his first contact with anyone besides his mother who had actually known the child Edwin. He tape-recorded his conversation with his mother's old friend, who told him: "Belle really loved Edwin, but she worried that he'd never get the right sort of upbringing. She'd say, 'He'll have no father—and I guess I'll just go on leading this gypsy life.'"

Mrs. Morse explained to Steve, "Your mother managed to take care of Edwin up to a point because she got a great deal of help from the rest of us who worked with her. Edwin was such an adorable little baby that we were glad to pitch in and do what we could. He was very lovable. When he was out on the street, he'd often run up and put his arms around a stranger and say, 'Hello, man,' with a big smile on his face.

"One Saturday night the group of us were down at the station in *(continued)*



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This glass was washed with a leading automatic dishwasher detergent.
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STOPS
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No drops. No spots.
Jet-Dry comes in Liquid form for machines with dispensers and Solid for machines without. Either way, it lasts over two months in normal use. Get Jet-Dry.

STEVE ALLEN'S SEARCH
continued

Birmingham, Alabama, waiting for the train to take us to our next stop. Belle wasn't there. We waited for her and had the feeling something was wrong. At the last minute she came walking in—without Edwin. We knew what had happened. She'd finally made the decision to give him away."

Thereafter, Belle seldom spoke of her tragedy. A few years later, however, she met and married a handsome, talented vaudevillian named Billy Allen, and she told him about Edwin. Belle and Billy became the comedy team of "Montrose & Allen." When Allen died in 1923, their son Steve was a toddler of less than two years.

The search begins

Steve Allen's search for Edwin began when his mother died in 1964, at the age of 78. Belle had kept few records, no diaries and only a smattering of correspondence. But her theatrical trunk was a trove of old costumes, theater bills and handwritten notes to herself.

Shortly before her death, she hinted to Steve that he would find some important information in her trunk. She was not explicit, but Steve suspected the trunk held the details of the mysterious "other person" in her life. But the information he found there was almost as fragmentary as their conversations had been.

"I assumed there would be some sort of chronicle about the family and Edwin," Steve recalls. "I should have known better. Mother was terribly disorganized about everything. She enjoyed life too much—going places, doing unusual things—to tackle the stuffy business of keeping accounts."

However, as he searched through his mother's effects, Steve did find four direct references to Edwin. One was written on the back of an envelope in Belle's hand. She had listed the names of seven members of the family and one or two close friends. Then she had made a notation that read:

Steve—Family
Edwin & "

A second scrap of paper noted:

Edwin (Young) Smith
Montgomery, Alabama
(Clyde Smith)

Here Steve had the first names and the first place he could associate with Edwin. The names Young and Smith and the city of Montgomery remain crucial clues to the mystery today.

But the most revealing shred of information was found in an ancient, spiral-bound composition book. It contained fewer than a half-dozen pages and included a plan of graves for a family burial plot in Chicago. It listed the names and addresses of friends and relatives, most of them familiar to Steve. There was even a bourbon-and-juniper-tar home remedy for coughs. But Steve's eyes were drawn to six lines that did not relate to anything else in the worn little book. Belle had written:

Young Smith Johnson—Eufaula, Alabama

She had crossed out the name Smith and misspelled Eufaula. Beneath these words she had scribbled:

Edwin (Young) Smythe Smith
(Here "Smythe" was crossed out)
Mrs. W. C. Smythe—776 Haight St., Montgomery, Ala.
Cocky Powers
Freddy Ridalphe

Then she had penned:

Spring Hill Catholic College—Mobile, Ala.

Among his mother's effects Steve also discovered two photographs of a handsome, golden-haired boy. One picture was taken at the approximate age of four and another at 12 or 13. Steve was convinced these were photographs of Edwin. The boy bears a faint resemblance to Steve when he was a child.

A final scrap of writing in his mother's hand—undated, like the others—contained the name *Oliver Sachs*, with a telephone number. Belle had written only: "This gentleman will explain and tell you what he knows."

These scraps of paper were all that Steve had to go on—except for one more clue from his taped interview with Alma Morse. She had told Steve: "The day your mother gave Edwin away she told me, 'Alma, I'm sorry, but I realize now I can't give Edwin the proper kind of care. The man I've given him to can give Edwin everything he deserves. He is the mayor of Birmingham, Alabama."

Now he had the names of four towns in Alabama—Birmingham, Montgomery, Eufaula and Mobile—in addition to the people named in Belle's notes. It wasn't much to go on, but it was better than nothing, and Steve began his search.

He researched the mayors of both Birmingham and Montgomery from 1905 through 1913, even writing to some of their children and grandchildren—only to eliminate all of them as possibilities. None of their names, nor dates in office, corresponded to the clues he'd gathered. Steve now suspects that his mother's story about the mayor may have been a flight of fancy, though he doesn't rule out the possibility that a mayor of either city might have played a role in Edwin's adoption.

He wrote to his aunts and cousins in Chicago. Both his aunt Rose and his cousin Mary confirmed that Belle had indeed had a son named Edwin when she was a young girl, and had given him to a family named Smith "down South." But he learned little else. To their deaths, most of his relatives remained reluctant to discuss their family "shame." Belle's people, particularly the older women, were traditional Irish Catholics who never forgot the stigma of Belle's unwed motherhood.

Steve wrote to strangers, too—usually under a pseudonym to avoid attracting celebrity-seekers. He wrote to people named Powers, Smythe, Johnson and Ridalphe in Mobile, Montgomery, Eufaula and Birmingham, asking them about their backgrounds and any possible ties to his family. Often he included copies of the photographs of the child he believed to be Edwin. *(continued)*

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Fred C. Danneman, Publisher

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Fred C. Danneman, Publisher

IT FEELS NICER TO WIN WHEN YOU KNOW YOU WEREN'T JUST LUCKY.

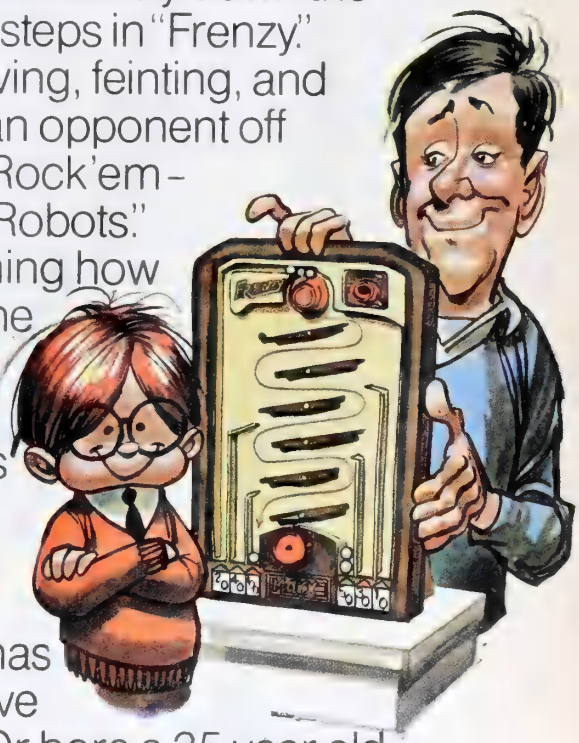


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STEVE ALLEN'S SEARCH
continued

Many who answered his letters were reluctant to reveal whatever facts they knew, if any. Dozens never answered at all.

He took ads in newspapers in those towns—again without success. He spent hours trying to pin down some identifying detail about "Oliver Sachs."

He contacted Spring Hill College in Alabama and was notified that nobody named Edwin Young Smith had ever attended school there.

Steve pursued this frustrating detective work off and on for several years before he got a response. Then an Alabama man named Young Johnston wrote that he had "limited knowledge" about two men named Cocky Powell and Freddy Rudolph. Steve compared the letter to Belle's notes. In spite of the difference, it was obvious that the two sources referred to the same men: *Cocky Powell* must have been *Cocky Powers; Freddy Rudolph—Freddy Ridalphe; Young Johnston—Young Johnson.*

A link is found

Unfortunately, the information Steve's correspondent could provide about Powell and Rudolph was indeed limited. But at least some link had been established between Belle's notes and someone living.

Then, about a year ago, Steve visited Spring Hill College in Mobile, and pored over old school yearbooks. He discovered that a man named Young Johnson (no "t") had attended the small Catholic college in 1865. Steve did some figuring, and decided that this man would have been nearly 55 years old when Edwin was given up for adoption. Could he have been Edwin's adoptive father?

Steve doesn't know, but he believes the Young Johnson who attended Spring Hill "is almost certainly connected to the case." He checked with his Alabama correspondent, who said his own father, William Young Johnston (with a "t"), died at the age of 52 in 1929—when Edwin would have been 18 years old.

The dates, the difference in spelling (Johnson/Johnston)—it is all confusing. Yet Steve feels the connection between Young Johnston and Edwin is tantalizingly close. He suspects that someone in Alabama could fill in the missing pieces of the puzzle. It is perhaps possible that Edwin lives there now. But would his name be Johnston, Johnson, Powell, Rudolph, Smith—or a name Steve has not yet heard?

Missing chapters

Steve now thinks he has carried his investigation as far as he can. He has not, however, lost his powerful desire to meet the shadowy figure from his mother's past.

"I find myself much interested in meeting Edwin, but the longer I wait the smaller the chances are.

"Descriptions of him as a child indicate he was a decidedly superior little fellow. It is probable, since he may have been reared in a good home and given various material advantages and a college education, that he turned out to be a man of substance. But whoever he is, if Edwin knows anything at all about his origins, he can fill in some missing chapters of my own early life, and I can certainly inform him about his mother and family background. I feel strongly the two of us should meet. After meeting, of course, we might never have occasion to see each other again. Except for the tie of blood, we will be two complete strangers. But I find myself as curious as I have always been to know what sort of man my brother is." **End**



"It's a new recipe, called apple pie."

C-ING IS BELIEVING
continued from page 101

big double bed last night. *That* was an improvement: the size of a garden apartment bedroom made the double bed compulsory, and the closeness had become emotional as well as physical.

"Hell," said Don. "He'll be lucky if it's that. The doctor says he's worried because there's no callus on those last X-rays. That bone should have shown union long before this."

"Maybe the new ones he had taken this morning . . ." she muttered hopefully. "I thought maybe calamity hadn't caught up with our new address."

"Cheer up," said Don, kissing the back of her neck with the tenderness trouble seemed to have revived. "We made it to Christmas. And the only one who's lost our address is our wandering daughter. But she's not worrying about us, so why don't we do the same. . . ."

Later, as Liz relaxedly mused in the dark, she remembered last Christmas. Was it possible that twelve months ago she was actually planning a Christmas buffet and dance for one hundred and fifty people in her own house, with a special heated tent over the patio and a staff of caterers (tax deductible as a business expense) buzzing all over the place? The children had been away, Jim skiing, and Cindy with her bearded, sullen Bob in Florida.

Liz had been going over menus and arranging centerpieces on tables when Don had suddenly appeared at the door, pale and stricken. And he'd stood there on the marble floor of the entrance to their two-hundred-thousand-dollar house and watched the caterers carrying in the cases of champagne and he asked in a strange, shaky voice, "I suppose it's too late to call off this damn party?"

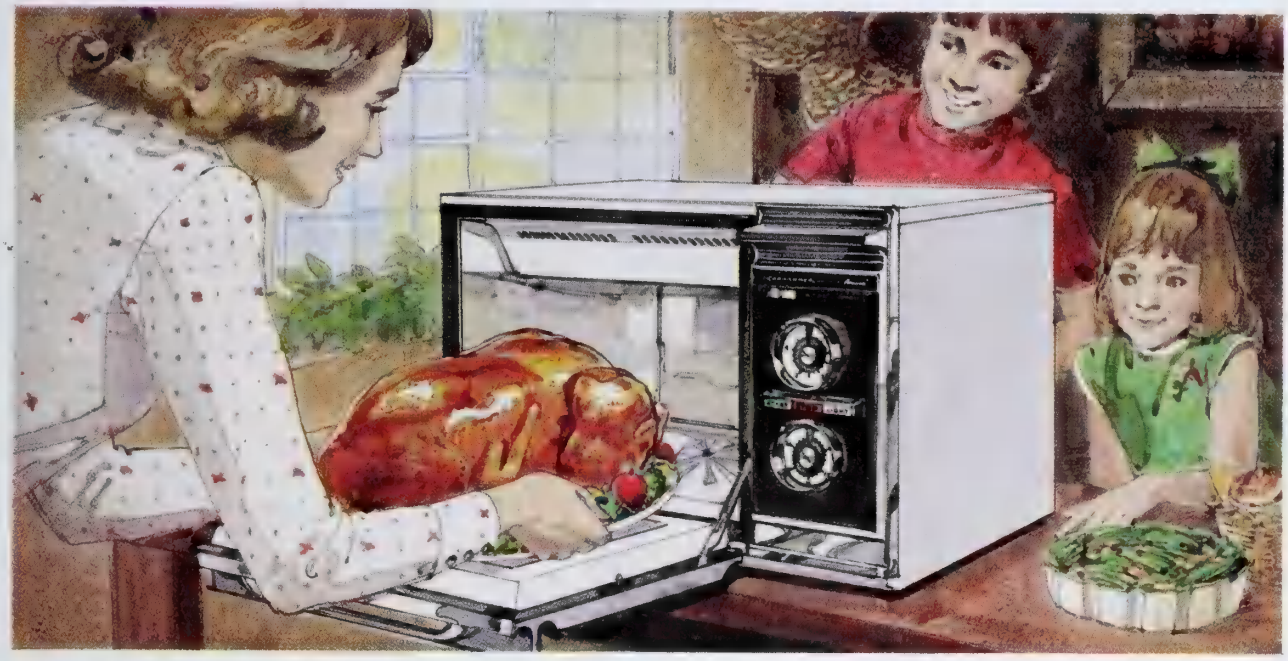
And she'd managed to find a quiet place upstairs. And he told her the whole grim story about the death of Redmont and Brown, the company he and Todd had built out of a dream and risk capital. About overconfidence, and overspending, and too little cash and too many loans, and conflict between him and Todd . . . and Evelyn. Evelyn, the supersexy, hard-driving Mrs. Brown, with ambitions of her own. She had played Don against Todd with her wiles, as Liz well knew, but it was refreshing to have it out in the open, with Don finally talking about it. It was Evelyn, in a pique, who had steered their best customer, the Marshall Group, to a competitor, and brought the whole house of cards down.

"What do we do now?" she had eventually managed to whisper.

"I guess we have the party," said Don. "And tomorrow we go broke. And find another way to live, if we can."

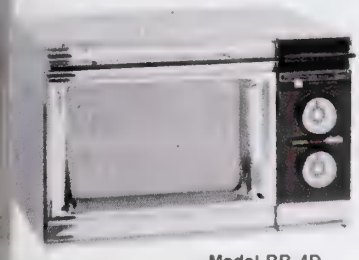
The party, of course, was a nightmare. Hordes of people, mostly *(continued)*

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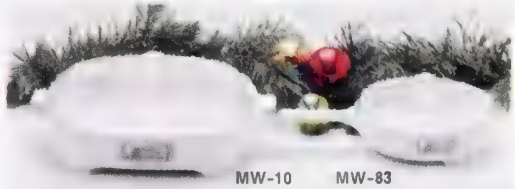
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MW-10 MW-83

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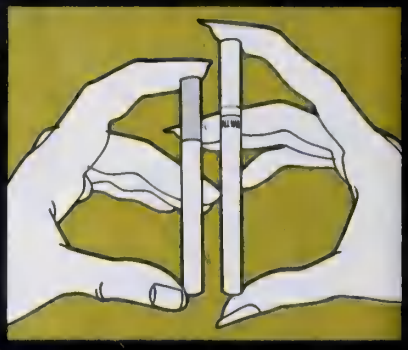
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report March '74.

C-ING IS BELIEVING

continued

strangers, all knowing they were dancing on a grave. At midnight, the appearance of Todd, very drunk, without Evelyn, making a reviling speech, linking Watergate and Don and Evelyn, and leading the crowd in a chorale of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." It was dreadful, and she had been ill all night.

Now it was a year later. And they had found a way they could live: curtailed, compact, condensed. Don, who loved clothes, hadn't had anything new in a year, and neither had she. They had sold everything anyone would buy, taken losses on every bit of stock they had bought in the good years, cleaned out savings accounts and learned to operate on a budget. In other words, they caught on to coping in the crunch. Everything these days seemed to begin with a C, thought Liz. Like yesterday, when she'd driven Jim to the doctor's for his X-rays, and she'd said, "Maybe they'll see healing this time. You know, the shinbone is connected to the Christmas season."

"Mom," said Jim, "you're a believer. Sometimes I think you're connected right to Mr. C." She was startled, thinking he was being irreverent, and he added, "I mean, Mom, you're still a sucker for Santa Claus." And she considered how much of everything in this particular season began with the letter-C. Starting with Christ and Claus, and carrying on from there to crisis, and change, and cutback, and conciliation, and communication. Even callus, which was the technical name for regenerating bone.

But back to the crummy cookies, said Liz to herself, arranging them on a plate. She stood at the bottom of the narrow carpeted stairs with their ugly wrought-iron guard railing and shouted up to Jim.

"Hey, limp down here and see what just came out of the oven."

He was down in a flash, handling his crutches adroitly. Never did he let his concern about his leg show. He'd broken the leg on a ridiculously easy slope, in the city park, and he hadn't forgiven himself. His seventeen-year-old pride would not allow him to admit how much it pained, or that it could be bad, even though the doctor had been candid.

"Say, you've done some decorating. Neat," said Jim, regarding the modestly ornamented mantel. She had conjured with candles, cones and cranberries. Tomorrow, she would get a tree, a small one, to fit their circumstances. Once more, all those C's. C as in Cindy, too.

"You and my sister still feuding?" asked Jim, appreciatively munching a cookie and reading her mind. "I wish you all would make up. Bob's not that bad."

"Look," said Liz. "I'm not in the mood for another lecture on changing li styles. In our house, we make the ru He can stay with you, or a friend, but with Cindy in that tiny guestroo Blame it on my age, or my uptightne Fortunately, your father and I agre

And they did agree. Don, as a mat of fact, was the adamant one, scorn all her comments on honesty vs. hypo sy. Secretly, Liz was more tolera Maybe it was because she found Cin happier and more giving since she n Bob. Cindy was the one who always joyed the luxuries she liked to mock the beautiful room, the car, the luxuri vacations, the understated but expens clothes. Now, with Bob, she, too skimping: biking, backpacking a learning how to cook in a one-room campus flat. If only. . . .

If only. . . . Famous last words. knew how to cook. What she had study now was how not to cling. Not clutch the past, and the things that w gone, and the image of herself that h been forged in the shadow of Don's o drive to make it. He had made it. A he had lost it. And somehow it all not bother her as much as she had pected it to. She'd even taken on a pa time job in a neighborhood booksto and it was a good feeling to be work again, and meeting people, and hav a sense of independence.



Not to cling. But, oh, thought Liz, here are so many things we want to cling to now, in this tough and disillusioned winter. A sense of caring and compassion as things grow tougher. We must be able to shrink without dwindling, to grow older and wiser without wizening. That was the real challenge as the years move on, and the rituals lose their first flush of innocence and spontaneity, and become just that, rituals, substituting for roots. Yes, she would pull her energies together and really plan a small Christmas dinner this year, even without Cindy. She'd invite Don's sister and her family. They would be easier to get along with now that there was less of a gap in the two families' finances. Maybe she'd ask Todd, and the new woman he was seeing: a social worker who was a far cry from Evelyn. Maybe she'd check around the country-club group and find some of their old friends who couldn't afford Vail or Nassau or St. Moritz this year. Nothing too fussy, just a turkey and some minimum fixings to say that they still believed in Christmas and ceremony. An act of grace to convey that the Redmonts were still committed to life-loving, even though cash was low.

There was a sound of a key in the front door lock. For some reason, it brought back the poignant fright of that moment just a year ago when Don had so come home unexpectedly. The door swung. It *was* Don. But he was grinning, and he held a bunch of packages in his arms.

"Hi, family," he said, nibbling at her cheek, and punching Jim on the shoulder, not to disturb his balance. (Good heavens, thought Liz irrelevantly, even crutch starts with a C.)

"What are you doing home early?" queried Liz, apprehensively. Don had landed back in his old firm, somewhere in the middle levels, but she would never again feel secure.

"I decided to take the afternoon off. Thought I'd help get this mansion into more of a Christmas mood. Come on in the living room, both of you while I open a few packages." He exchanged glances with Liz. She noted that one of the things he was carrying was a large flat envelope that could have contained X-ray films.

They followed him in. Liz sat next to Don on the sofa, and Jim slumped in an easy chair, his cast elevated on a hassock.

"First things first," said Don, taking out the flat envelope. "Doc Abrams called me at the office and told me to come down and bring this home for you." He took out the X-ray film and held it to the light. Liz always was uneasy looking at X-rays; they seemed so spookily impersonal, and she could see nothing but the heartbreaking cracks in the shadow that was Jim's tibia.

"See that little fuzziness *(continued)*

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C-ING IS BELIEVING

continued

there?" asked Don. Liz didn't, but she nodded. "That's the bone starting to heal itself. Doc Abrams says the suspense is over and that Jim's now starting to lay down callus. He should be in a walking cast in a month."

"Really?" asked Jim, his voice squeaky and tremulous. "You're not just putting me on?"

"Really," said Don. They both tried not to notice the tears welling up in their son's eyes. They hadn't seen him cry since he was thirteen, and his spaniel was run over by a truck. Liz's own eyes suddenly accumulated a haze, too.

"Now, to change the subject," said Don. "I have a few things for my wife. One's real, one's a freebie that came into the office today. Let's begin with that."

"That" was a small box that could have been a jewelry box, and her heart sank. They'd also sold the amethysts and diamonds he'd given her over the years, and she never wanted to see a precious gem again. But it was nothing but a silver-plated tape-measure, with a supplier's name and "Season's Greetings" printed on it.

"It's to keep track of our waistline as we trim down," said Don. "And for something more."

"Yes?"

"It's to remind us that we ought to measure our fortunes differently this year."

"You don't have to tell me," she answered fondly.

"And now for the other box," he said. "With it goes a story. Remember that client Evelyn stole from us last year—the Marshall Group?"

She nodded. How could she forget?

"Well, Dan Marshall came into my office last week, a chastened man. And today he signed up with our firm, and I got called into Ted Ingraham's office for some encouraging words, and believe it or not, in these tough times, a bonus check. Boy, that I'd live to see the day when a three-hundred-dollar bonus check would make my heart sing."

"Hey, Dad, that's great," said Jim. "I know this dumb leg is costing plenty."

"Now, open the other box," said Don.

With fumbling hands, she did. In the tissue, she glimpsed the small coil of gray and white fur, a tiny collar of chinchilla that would look smashing on her last year's gray satin caftan.

"Oh, Don," she said, and hugged him.

"It can't compare with that sable farm I bought you last year," he laughed. "But it's real chinchilla, and it leaves enough over to settle with Abrams and to have champagne with our Christmas dinner, too." (Chinchilla, collar, champagne: it was getting silly now.) Suddenly, she heard the phone ringing.

Don picked up the receiver and she knew it had to be Cindy.

"OK," he said. "If you say it's good news, let me put your mother on. Good news seems to be the order of the day."

"Hi, Mom," said Cindy.

"Hi, Cin."

"Are you sitting down?" Oddly enough, her heart fluttered in fright. Please don't tell me you've broken with Bob, she thought. I didn't want that: honestly, I didn't.

"We're coming home for Christmas!"

"Really?"

"On your terms." Well, that was something. Jim wouldn't like sharing the room, but. . . .

"Didn't you hear me, Mom? On your terms. Don't you understand?"

"Not really."

"It's Bob and me," Cindy screamed. "We got *married*. Two old squares, like you and Dad. We faced the facts over the weekend, got a license, and had the campus chaplain marry us. So if you still have that cubicle open next to your room, you can let us have it over the Christmas recess. If you want us."

"Wait a minute," gulped Liz. "They got *married*," she relayed dazedly to Don and Jim. "And they want to come hom

"Why didn't they have a wedd here?" shouted Don.

"Think of all the dough we save muttered Jim. "And all the argume about whether or not she could w white."

"Come on home," said Liz. "And g my love to Bob until we can congra late him ourselves."

Some moments later, after she hu up, little, nagging, feminine thoug crossed her mind. What facts had kids been facing? Certainly not just uneasiness of Don and herself? She w round the circle of C's again. C was the consequences of cohabitation and conception, too. But one did not ca gate one's child—and definitely not o possible grandchild—at Christmastir C was for convention. But it also was courage, and continuity and the chan less components of creation.

"Thank you, Mr. C," she said, not reverently, as she went into the cub hole she called a kitchen to make tu fish casserole for dinner. "Thank thee thy charity. Thou has cut us back, not cast us out. It can be a cheery Chr mas after all." E

HOME HEATING BILLS

continued from page 62

most recent rate increase request, is allying with small businessmen whose interests are also affected. The Virginia Council is also conducting a grassroots campaign, setting up tables at shopping centers to provide information and seek contributions for the expense of hiring a fulltime lawyer and a consultant for the case. (Check your state utilities regulations for provisions permitting intervenors to recover their costs.)

Another guide to effective citizen action that may be applied to a utilities challenge is our *Public Citizen's Action Manual*. For a copy, send $1 to Public Citizen, P.O. Box 19404, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Editor's note: The JOURNAL *welcomes comments on Mr. Nader's remarks. Send to Ralph Nader,* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.*

NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS: DIXY LEE RAY ANSWERS RALPH NADER

Dear Mrs. Hershey:

Being a recent and proud recipient of one of the JOURNAL's "Women of the Year" awards, I feel that I have a responsibility to let you and your readers know about my concern over "Ralph Nader Reports: Unsafe Nuclear Plants" in your October issue. Mr. Nader has recounted all of the risks—real or imagined—associated with the use of nuclear power to produce electricity in this country would point out, however, that:

Mr. Nader speaks to the consequen of a nuclear power plant accident as scribed in an uncompleted 1965 st based on hypothetical, worst-case sumptions. But he ignores the most c rent information, a study completed August, 1974, and based on realistic sumptions and sophisticated calculati al techniques. The study, the most finitive ever undertaken, concludes t the risks to the public associated w nuclear power are "very small" and t the likelihood of reactor accidents much smaller than many types of n nuclear accidents with similar con quences.

Mr. Nader says Congress, the A and the industry view ". . . a catastrop accident as probable enough to warr the unprecedented action by the fede government of providing liability ins ance to compensate victims. . . ." Aga he has ignored the AEC's recommen tions to the Congress last spring, and cent Congressional legislative action, signed to phase out the government demnity portion of the Price-Ander Act and shift that responsibility to nuclear power industry.

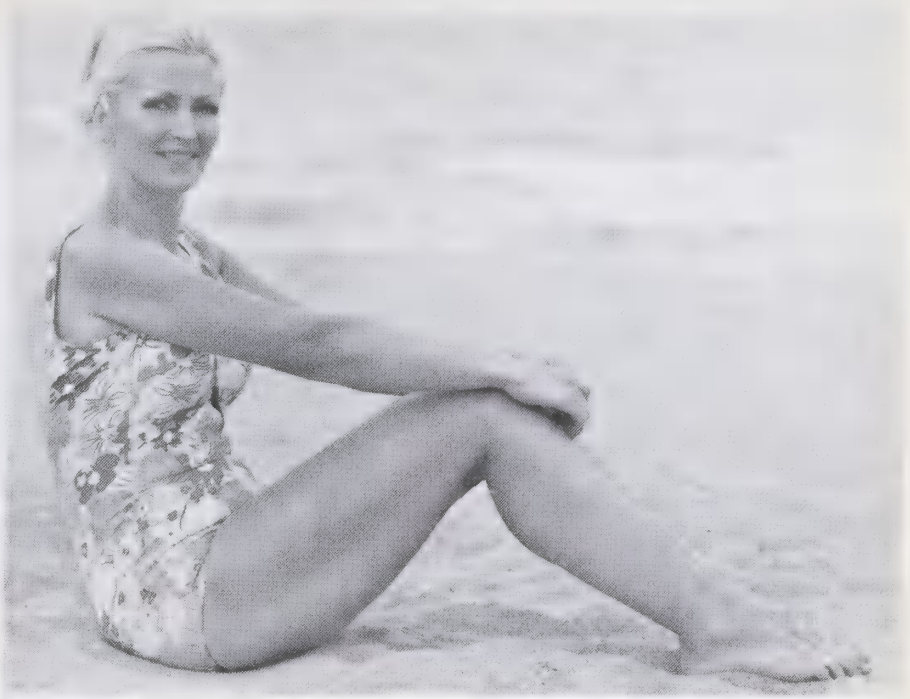
I do not suggest that the use of clear power to produce electricity is tally risk-free. It simply cannot be. the other hand, particularly in view other risks we commonly accept, it i "safe" means of helping to provide electricity we all demand and require

Dixy Lee R

Chairman, Atomic Energy Commiss



At 204 pounds, I had pudgy cheeks, big thighs and a bottom that was out of sight.



Now that I see these photographs of me side by side, I realize what a tremendous difference coming down to 138 pounds has made in my appearance. And my outlook on life, too.

The thought of wearing a bathing suit made me lose 66 pounds.

By Mavis Molina — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

From my own personal experience, I know there's nothing quite like being lonely, homesick and snowbound to turn a person's appetite on. In my case, I ate everything in sight and wound up weighing 204 pounds.

You see, I'm English by birth, married to an American Air Force man. Happily for me, our first years together were spent "at home" near my parents. But soon after our third child was born, we were transferred to the States. We had hoped to be sent to Florida, because I love the sun and swimming so much. But instead, we ended up in North Dakota.

I don't think I've ever felt so lonely in my life. Not that the people were unfriendly. But drifts of snow separated the 18 houses on the base and instead of ploughing out to visit neighbors, I stayed indoors, eating and fussing over the children from December until almost June.

I didn't have a scale or a full length mirror at the time. And although my jeans were getting tighter, I had no idea how big I really was until the summer thaw came. My parents had arrived for a visit about then, and one day we drove 35 miles into the nearest town for a look around.

That's when I saw a reflection of myself in a store window. I was so huge, I nearly died. Why, the very thought of my getting into a bathing suit made me shudder.

Right then I knew that I had to take some action. So I walked into a drug store and bought a bathroom scale and a box of Ayds®, the chocolate mint kind. You see, while I was snowbound, I'd read those stories of people who'd lost weight on the Ayds plan. And since I'd learned that Ayds Reducing Plan Candy contains vitamins and minerals, but no drugs, I wasn't afraid to start on the plan the next day.

I took one or two Ayds before each meal with a hot drink, and they really helped me cut down on what I ate. For breakfast, I'd have an egg and sometimes bacon. At noon, I'd have Ayds and coffee and maybe a chef's salad. For dinner, I'd have my Ayds and coffee again, then eat what the rest of the family did, but much smaller portions. And in the evening, instead of a piece of cake, I'd have a couple more Ayds. Soon the weight started coming off. The first two weeks on the Ayds plan, I lost nearly eight pounds. Then I tapered off to two pounds a week and later one pound, until at the end of the year I'd lost 66 pounds.

I think I ought to mention that during the time I was losing weight, we moved from North Dakota to Panama City, Florida, which gave me even more incentive to reduce.

You see, I couldn't stand the idea of being a fat blob on a beach of bikini-slim women. But that Ayds plan worked beautifully for me and it brought a lot of sunshine into my life.

One last thing. And I say this for the benefit of people like me who overeat when they get upset. Ayds are marvelous for controlling your appetite, whether you want to lose a little weight or a lot. I know, because several months ago my husband went off on a special tour of duty and loneliness moved right in on me. I immediately began to overeat and put on pounds again. But this time, thank goodness, I knew what the Ayds plan could do. In very short order, it made my bathing suit look great on me again.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5 '9"	5 '9"
Weight	204 lbs.	138 lbs.
Bust	42"	36½"
Waist	34"	28½"
Hips	44"	36½"
Dress	20½	12-14

UNDER THE TREE

continued from page 92

Christmas Decorations

Multi-colored Ribbon Chains

Materials: Hall Sheen ribbon, ¾″ wide —1 roll each shocking pink, purple, orange, pale yellow, turquoise and deep yellow.

Have at hand paper clips, a ruler and scissors. Ribbons are cut into 5″ lengths. Expedite your work by layering ribbons, one atop the other, in the color sequence given above. Make sure that ends of ribbon are even, and clip together with a paper clip. Measure 5″ of ribbon, place another paper clip just beyond the 5″ mark so that when you've cut the first lengths, the new ends of ribbon are held together. Ribbon lengths will be in the color sequence in which they're used in making the chain, so as you cut additional lengths, keep them in order; when the pile becomes unwieldy, hold them together with an elastic band. When all lengths have been cut, start your chain. First, moisten ⅜″ of one end of one length, and lap it over the other end, to make a ring about 1¼″ in diameter. Slip the next length through this ring, moisten ⅜″ of one end, and join it to the other end. The chain is made of rings, each new link slipped through the previous one before being joined. Finished chain will be about 60″ long.

Strings of Pretzels

Materials: Small pretzels, 1¾″ across, heavy gold cord.

Slip the cord through all the openings in the pretzel, and slide the pretzel to the end of the cord. To hold it there, tie the cord around the outer loop of the pretzel. String all pretzels, sliding each added one along the cord to touch the previously added one. When the cord is strung with pretzels, tie the end to the outer loop of the last pretzel.

Christmas Ball Cones

Materials: Cones (with pointed ends), shiny Christmas balls, 2⅜″ dia., glue and wire ornament hangers.

Glue a shiny Christmas ball in the top of each cone. Insert a wire ornament hanger through the edge of the cone to hang it to the bough of your tree.

Paper Fans

Materials: Leftover lengths of gift wrapping papers, gold cord, rubber cement. Have at hand a ruler, scissors, and a worn out (inkless) ball point pen to use as a scribe.

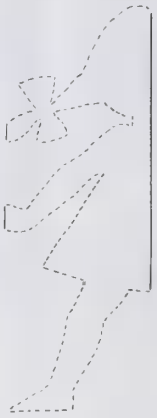
Rubber cement together, back to back, two sheets of gift wrap. Smooth out all air bubbles by pressing the cemented paper with the edge of a ruler. Cut 12″ x 4½″ strips to pleat into fans. Measure and cut precisely. Paper that is cemented together in this way is more difficult to fold evenly, so scribe where you will fold. On one side of the strip, measure and scribe lines every 1″ across the 12″ strip; turn over, and starting ½″ from the end, measure and scribe lines at 1″ intervals across the 12″ strip, ending ½″ from the far edge. Your strip is now scribed every ½″. Pleat accordion fashion on these scribed lines, folding toward the side on which you've drawn the line. Staple pleats together at one end, and tie with a gold cord. Fan out pleats at other end.

Paper Dolls

Materials: Leftover lengths of solid color gift wrappings.

Cut strips of gift paper to 26″ x 5½″. Fold the strip in half, end to end. Fold in half three more times, taking care that the ends of the strip are to the outside of the fold. When you've made the final fold, which is the center of the dolls, the folded strip will be 1⅝″ wide.

No matter how carefully you measu the ends of the folded strip won't even, so we've allowed an extra i When you place the outline of half doll (our sketch is about half si center its height on the strip. P the long line (the center of head, r and dress) against last made fold, v ends of pigtails hands meeting the on the opposite s The dotted outline the doll indicates wl to cut; do not cut l that are solid. Un carefully, and y have eight little with joined hands. in units of eight, two or more groups gether, or cut apart use singly as we di



NEEDLEPOINT ORNAMENTS UNDER THE TREE

Materials: #10 needlepoint canvas, tapestry yarns, needles, masking tape, and foam rubber or cotton for padding. (Use sections of canvas and lengths of yarns left from other needlepoint projects.)

Patterns are not given. Study the needlepoint ornaments on our tree, and those shown along the border of the page, as well as the outline drawings below. Using these as inspiration, plan your own ornament on paper. Sketch the front of the figure first, indicating hairline, eyes, mouth, sleeves, collar, socks and shoes. Using the same outline, draw the back of the figure. Head, arms, legs and body are made separately and joined together after all units have been completed. In transferring your design to canvas, you must allow 1″ of unworked canvas around each unit. You may want to redraw your design as a pattern with a 2″ space between units, or you can shift the canvas as you trace units, to allow 1″ all around each.

To transfer the design to canvas, tape the canvas over the finished drawing, and with a fine point permanent marker, trace a unit at a time on the canvas. out units, allowing 1″ of canvas around the outline, and bind edges v masking tape. Work in contine stitch, using the proper shade of ya skin tone for skin, blue for overalls,

Block completed units if necess if you've used an interlocking can these tiny pieces of needlepoint w need blocking.

When all units of a figure have b stitched, trim the allowance around unit to ¼″; fold allowance back and t to the wrong side of the needlepo Cut foam rubber or cotton pad slightly smaller than the unit. Sew fi and back sections of units together v an overcast stitch, using a match yarn (when the color of yarn use work the unit changes, change the y used in overcasting edges), but le an opening together. When all unit one ornament have been padded sewn closed, assemble the figure stitch units together. Add details to figures; feathers to an Indian's he dress or whiskers to the cat's face, Be as whimsical as you like.



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THE SEXTUPLETS

continued from page 113

much on the scene, as were the Rosenkowitz's two older children, Samantha, 7½, and Anthony, 5½. Three nurse-helpers were tending to the sextuplets, keeping strictly to the schedule that Susan and Colin have set up to keep their household from going completely round the bend. Susan says her daily routine goes something like this: "The babies wake up about seven in the morning and play till bath time begins at seven-thirty. Then they are fed about quarter past eight. How many get fed at once depends on how many of us there are to feed them. Sometimes one person will feed them all. After they are fed, the babies are put back to bed until about half-past eleven or twelve noon. Then we put them out on a blanket until lunch, at about twelve-thirty. After lunch, they go back to sleep until three—then up for a cool drink, play, another wash before supper time, then supper and back to sleep they go. There's always something to do. You just put the last one down in bed, wash up the bottles and it's almost wake-up time again.

"I have three in help. Maureen Tanner sort of supervises, and she has two helpers. Maureen and the babies sleep upstairs. The house has three bedrooms upstairs, three downstairs. Upstairs, Maureen has one room, the babies all sleep in another. We keep the third bedroom as an isolation room in case one of the babies gets ill and has to be separated from the rest."

Both Susan and Colin praised Maureen, especially since she has managed to wean the babies from their "dummies" (pacifiers). When I asked Maureen how she had managed that, she said, "I just took the dummies away."

"At first the babies cried a bit, but now they have learned to be patient for their milk," says Susan. "It is amazing," says Colin, "when you consider that Samantha still sucks her thumb and Anthony puts his fingers in his mouth once in a while. But the babies? No thumbs, no fingers, just patience."

"In our former house," recalls Susan, "we didn't have room enough for someone like Maureen to sleep in—so we had to have nurse's aides come in at various times during the day, and it was impossible to get into a routine. Once or twice when the bus service failed and the nurses didn't arrive, I was left alone to cope. I didn't stop running; it was as if I had skates on. I could never have kept it up for any length of time by myself."

Mrs. Rosenkowitz is sketchy about the medical details of the birth ("I don't feel I'm qualified to talk about the medical details," she insists), but she did say that the sextuplets were born by Caesarian section at Mobray Hospital. At birth, the babies' weights were (in order of their birth): David, 4 lbs., 6 oz.; Nicolette, 2 lbs., 12 oz.; Jason, 4 lbs., 8 oz.; Emma, 4 lbs.; Grant, 4 lbs., 2 oz.; Elizabeth, 4 lbs., 5 oz. Today their weights are: David, 16 lbs., 9 oz.; Nicolette, 13 lbs., 7 oz.; Jason, 15 lbs., 4 oz.; Emma, 14 lbs., 3 oz.; Grant, 14 lbs., 4 oz.; and Elizabeth, 15 lbs., 9 oz.

Colin, a manufacturer's representative who sells men and women's clothes, insists that no one at his office kidded him about the six babies, but some of his customers got in a joke or two. Things like, "Better you than me, mate!"—a comment that he deems tactless.

The sextuplets may have changed the Rosenkowitz's way of life, but not Susan and Colin themselves. "We've been invited to some jet-set type parties, but we steer clear of them," says Colin. "We are still just ordinary folks, our friends are the same friends we had before the babies were born."

About the only thing that bothers Susan and Colin are the false rumors about the babies, specifically the rumors that the South African government is subsidizing them. "When they were born," says Colin, "we got a telegram from the Prime Minister and one from the President of the State. The Minister of Health attended the *briss* [Jewish circumcision ceremony] for David, Jason and Grant —but that was the last we saw of him. Six babies mean we all have to work six times harder."

The inevitable question—Do you want any more children?—made Susan laugh: "Oh," she says, "I've been asked that question before and my answer is still the same: If a new baby was as well-behaved as the sextuplets, yes, I think I would like to have another."

Both of the Rosenkowitz's older children adore their six brothers and sisters, and Anthony prides himself on the fact that five minutes after the sextuplets came home from the hospital he could tell them apart.

Despite the hard work, the constant interruptions by photographers and reporters—"In the beginning we had them here almost every day," says Susan, "but now it's down to once or twice a week" —the mother, father, sister and brother of the world's only surviving sextuplets seem to be coping very well. No one has summed up the whole family's feelings better than Colin Rosenkowitz when he said, "It is unique, it is the miracle of our time—it's like a man landing on the moon." **End**

The story and photographs of the Rosenkowitz babies are published by special permission of the National Enquirer, *which has signed Mr. and Mrs. Rosenkowitz to a five-year contract. This gives the* Enquirer *exclusive North American rights to all interviews and pictures concerning the sextuplets and their parents.*

MARTHA MITCHELL

continued from page 56

about the boxes and boxes of mail I w receiving from people all over the Unit States. He said, "Throw it in the wast basket." His answer infuriated me. Fir because it wasn't the kind of reply I would have made before becoming involved with politics. Second, becau he wasn't helping me to do somethi that had to be done. I felt that if t public wanted something of me, if the were questions they wanted me to a swer, I was going to answer them—tha why I was in Washington.

In addition to everything else, Jo Mitchell began to take on Nixon's trai For instance, we would be having dinn with long-standing friends, and all of sudden Mitchell would ask these peop what he could do for them, or for the children, or for their relatives. He d this especially if a child was in the Arm or Navy or with the Civil Service. Th was a trait Nixon picked up in his ear experience in politics: do a political f vor for someone and guarantee his vot I disliked what I considered to be hyp critical "kindness."

From bad to worse

The struggle between politics and m for John Mitchell went from bad worse. After I told reporters, "Vietna stinks," while flying back from Californ on Air Force One, Nixon wouldn't allo me on the Presidential plane, althou there were times when he insisted th John ride with him. One time we we coming back from the Midwest wh something so humiliating and embarra sing happened that it pains me to thi of it even now. I had been attending two- or three-day ceremony celebrati the opening of a dam in Oklahoma, wh the President came to dedicate the da and brought John with him. Naturally thought John and I would fly home t gether, but without saying a word to m I was whisked to the airport and p on the back-up plane. John flew hom with the President on Air Force On I still haven't forgiven either of the for that.

John probably made his choice b tween politics and me in June, 1972, a though I didn't understand it at the tim It was the week following the Wate gate break-in, when I was held prison in a California hotel villa so I couldn reveal that James McCord and others i volved in the break-in held importa positions in the Committee to Re-ele the President. John had publicly deni this important connection the day aft the break-in. It's all in the record no

John undoubtedly played an impo tant role in having me forcibly detain and sedated at the hotel, against my wi Politics had completely consumed hi Protecting the President had, in m

opinion, become more important to John Mitchell than protecting his own wife.

When I flew from California to the Westchester Country Club, John came up there to plead with me to come back to Washington. I finally said I would, for two reasons. One: I was fool enough to think our marriage still could get John out from under the White House spell. And two: despite all Nixon had done to me, I still felt he would make a better President than his Democratic opponent, George McGovern.

Politics or me

But I laid down the law to John. I said, "It's politics or me. You have to give up one." He did, and the President telephoned me to say how sorry he was to lose John.

Until the publication of the transcripts of the Presidential tapes, I honestly believed John had resigned because I asked him to. But according to the tapes, he left in order to help Nixon with the Watergate mess.

When we left Washington and moved to New York, I really thought I was home free. John was back with his law firm, Marty was happy in her new school, and we had bought a beautiful Fifth Avenue apartment, where I planned to entertain the many important clients I was sure John would have.

I didn't know that John was still helping run the Nixon election campaign; I didn't know he was more and more involved in Watergate. When evidence came out that there was White House involvement, I urged John to disclose whatever he knew. When he refused, I publicly criticized the President and called for him to resign. John was furious. Any criticism of the President had become a criticism of him.

All the time I felt John Mitchell was doing what he was being dictated to do. I also felt he was beginning to realize that his political operations for the President of the United States had destroyed everything he had worked for all his life. The law firm situation, for instance, was intolerable. When John came back to New York he was not given his old office back; he wasn't given an office at all. He moved from room to room as other partners took their vacations. Neither was his name put back in the firm's title. He took to brooding at home and staying in his den for hours on end. He became increasingly more belligerent toward me and our living habits. He wouldn't come out to eat; his meals were served on trays in front of the television, where he sat and sat watching the Watergate hearings and taking copious notes. He told me, "My life is spent."

We grew further and further apart. Once we had been a deeply understanding couple who shared daily problems and happiness, but now we were two people who couldn't communicate at all.

On September 11, 1973, John Mitchell sneaked out of our apartment while I was still asleep. He did not say good-bye, and to this day he hasn't contacted me personally. He also has refused to accept my calls when I try to reach him.

I don't know what is in store for him, for our daughter or for me. But as I try to get my affairs in order, I continue to reflect on the past. I forage for the answer. How could politics and the White House overpower a strong, confident person like John Mitchell?

Gullible John

Perhaps that's the answer—through his own over-confidence, John Mitchell brought this all on himself. While I honestly believe John didn't realize what was happening to him until it was too late, I also know that John has always been a gullible man although he, himself, thought he knew everything about everything, including human nature!

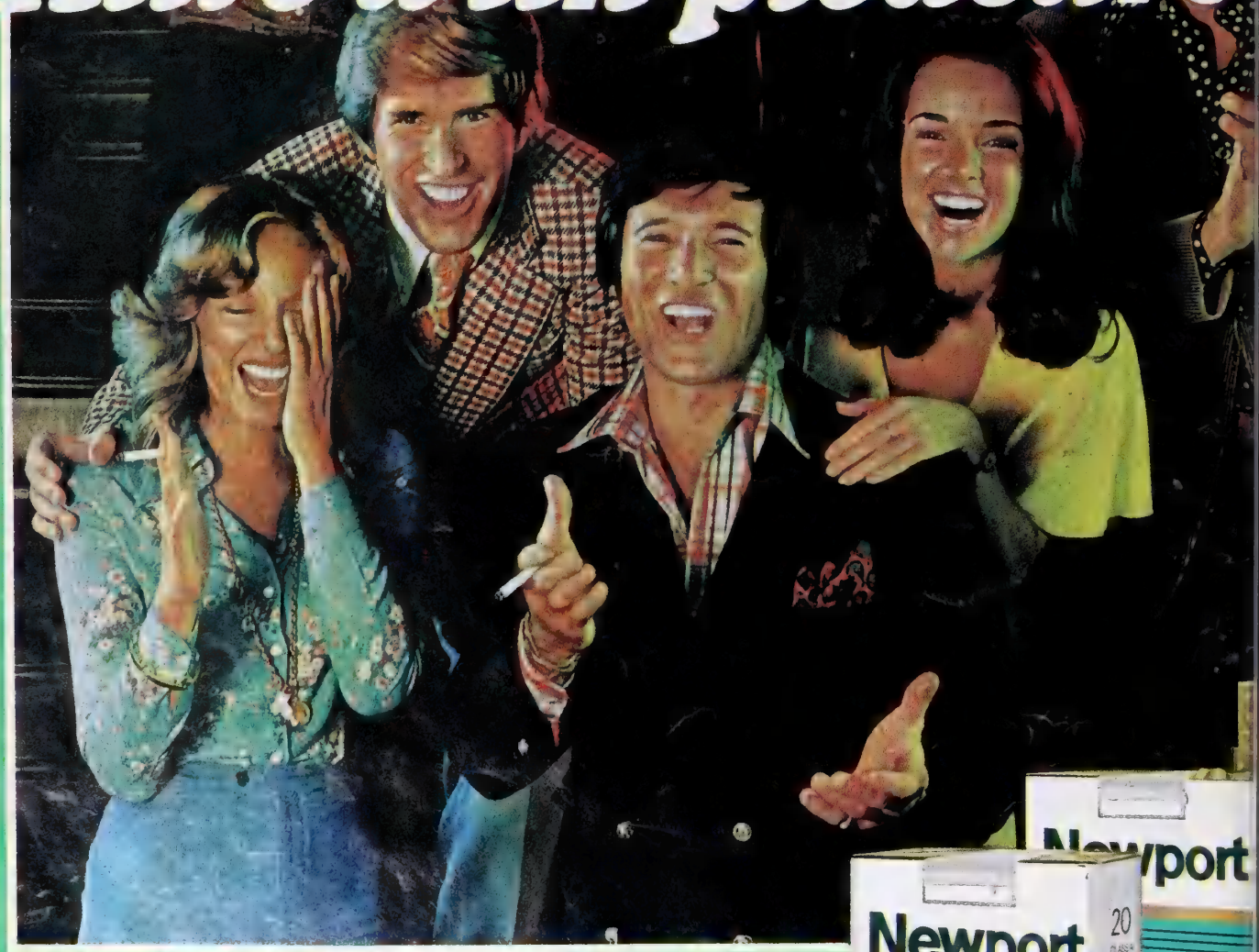
Also, it wasn't in John Mitchell's character ever to admit he was wrong. So when he found himself in this mess, he continued to hold his head high. Why not? Until now his pride had seen him through. But Richard Nixon's White House was more than one man's pride—or any man's wife—could handle. **End**



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

away from, or attempting to drive away from, a Broadway theater where Burton was appearing in a play. But the car couldn't move because of the thousands, really thousands, of people carousing the streets, cheering and shouting and insisting on a glimpse of the most celebrated lovers since Mrs. Simpson deigned to accept the King. Damp, ghostly faces were flattened against the car's windows; hefty girls, in exalted conditions of libidinous excitement, pounded the roof of the car; hundreds of ordinary folk, exiting from other theaters, found themselves engorged among the laughing, weeping Burton-Taylor freaks. The whole scene was like a stilled avalanche nothing could budge, not even a squad of mounted policemen badgering the mob, in a rather good-natured way, with their clubs.

Burton, a light-eyed man with a lilting, Welsh-valley voice and an acne-rough complexion you could scratch a match on, visibly relished the carrying-on. "It's just a phenomenon," he said, grinning a good grin full of expensive teeth. "Every night Elizabeth comes to pick me up after the show, and there are always these . . . these . . . these. . . ."

"Sex-maniacs," his wife interposed coolly.

"These *enthusiastic* crowds," he corrected her a little scoldingly, "waiting . . . waiting. . . ."

"To see a pair of sinful freaks. For God's sake, Richard, don't you realize the only reason all this is happening is because they think we're sinners and freaks."

Sinatra was impressed

An old man who had climbed on to the hood of the car shouted obscenities as the car suddenly started an abrupt escape and he slid off the hood under the hooves of prancing horses.

Taylor was upset. "That's the thing that always bothers me. That someone is going to get hurt."

But Burton seemed unconcerned. "Sinatra was with us the other night. He couldn't get over it. He said he'd never seen anything like it. He was really impressed."

Well, it *was* impressive. And depressing. Taylor was depressed by it, and as soon as we eventually arrived at the hotel where they were staying, and where there was another group to greet their arrival, she fixed herself a sort of triple vodka. So did Burton.

Champagne followed vodka, and from room service appeared a not very exciting after-midnight buffet. Burton and Taylor wolfed it down: I've noticed that actors and dancers always seem to have uncontrollable hungers—yet their weight stays at some strange, ethereal level (even Taylor, who never, off-camera, appears as plumpish as she occasionally does in photographs: the camera has a habit of adding 30 pounds—even Audrey Hepburn is no exception).

Gradually, one became aware of an excessive tension between the two: constant contradictions in dialogue, a repartee reminiscent of the husband and wife in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Yet it was the tension of romance, of two people who had made a physical, psychological commitment to one another. Jane Austen once said that all literature revolved around two themes: love and money. Burton, an exceptional conversationalist, encompassed the first theme ("I love this woman. She is the most interesting and exciting woman I've ever known"), and the second ("I care about money. I've never had any, and now I do, and I want—well, I don't know what you consider rich, but that's what I want to be"). Those two subjects, and literature—not acting, writing: "I never wanted to be an actor. I always wanted to be a writer. And that's what I will be if this circus ever stops. A writer."

When he said this, Taylor's eyes had a particularly prideful glow. Her enthusiasm for the man illuminated the room like a mass of Japanese lanterns.

He left the room to uncork another bottle of champagne.

She said, "Oh, we quarrel. But at least he's worth quarreling with. He's really brilliant. He's read everything and I can talk to him—there's nothing I can't talk to him about. All his friends. . . . Emlyn Williams told him he was a fool to marry me. He was a great actor. Could *be* a great actor. And I was *nothing*. A *movie* star. But the most important thing is what happens between a man and a woman who love each other. Or any two people who love each other."

Champagne and rain

She walked to the window and pushed back the curtain. It had started to rain and the rain was puttering against the window. "Rain makes me sleepy. I really don't want any more champagne. No. No. Don't go. We'll drink it anyway. And then either everything will be wonderful or we'll have a real fight. He thinks I drink too much. And I *know* he does. I'm just trying to stay in the mood. Keep up. I always want to be *where* he is. Remember, a long time ago, I told you there was something I wanted to live for?"

She closed the curtains against the rain, and looked at me sightlessly—Galatea surveying some ultimate horizon.

"Well, what do you think?" But it was a question with an answer already prepared. "What do you suppose will become of us? I guess, when you find what you've always wanted, that's not where the beginning begins, that's where the end starts."

End



"You see, kids, Santa Claus is suffering from inflation, too."

LITTLE SOUL

continued from page 115

for Ternov ham. You know he kept a grocer's shop in Putney?"

"Russia?" I said, and shivered as she nodded, because it is a devastating experience, finding a fellow sufferer from the same disease.

"If Edwin were walking along here with you now," said my Aunt Geraldine, "he wouldn't see this river."

"I know," I said. "He'd see the blue ice beginning to break up on the Neva, the pale façade of the Winter Palace, Rasputin's unspeakable head bobbing on the water . . ."

My aunt looked at me. A long look. "I see," she said. "Though, of course, in those days Rasputin was still alive.

"One can't choose one's obsessions," she went on, and I think she meant to comfort me. "I myself spent the first three years of my adolescence as Third Daughter in the House of the Four Winds in the province of Soo Chow. Outwardly, of course, I was Gerry Ferguson, the only girl in the Upper Fourth with acne *and* bunions. But inwardly I was Golden Bells, whose verses did not displease the Emperor." She stopped for a moment and we leant over the Embankment wall. "Something to do with reincarnation, perhaps," she said.

"And Uncle Edwin?" I prompted.

"Ah, yes. Well, he had it very badly. Words like *droshky* or *troika* would send him into a sort of trance. I imagine he must have been the only grocer in London who used as a stepladder three volumes of Tolstoi. But of course he never had a hope of going to Russia and he found the language almost impossible to learn."

"And then he married Edith?"

My aunt nodded, staring at the gentle, unfrozen, un-Russian Thames.

"I shall never know what made him do it," she said.

"What was she like?"

"If I know what she was like it is because I was with Edwin when he died. It was only in the last days of his life that he spoke freely. Before that he never complained."

I waited.

"She was a 'not tonight, dear' woman," said my aunt. "They're virtually extinct now, I gather, and thank God for that because they're killers. Slow killers. Poisoners. Edith didn't just have nights when it was too hot and nights when it was too cold and nights when she had cream on her face. She had nights when her stays had left her tender and nights when the neighbor's mother-in-law was asleep the other side of the wall."

"Poor Edwin."

"Poor Edwin indeed. Of course it just made him worse. He'd read Pushkin: 'soul of my soul, light of my heart,' sitting there on a barrel of pickled cucumbers, and then go upstairs and find Edith with her mouth shut like a trap, because it was the anniversary of the Prince Consort's funeral."

"So what happened then?"

"What happened then," said my Aunt Geraldine, "was that a man called Mr. Frobisher shot himself."

"He hadn't," said my aunt, "*meant* to shoot himself. He'd been after pheasants on his home moor when he tripped and fell and the gun went off. Mr. Frobisher was a retired haberdasher who'd done extremely well with the manufacturing of a patent spring clip for bow ties. He was also Edwin's godfather, and when the will was read, it turned out that he'd left Edwin a thousand pounds."

I stopped dead, a few yards from the Albert Bridge.

"No," I said. "He didn't."

My aunt nodded. "Yes," she said, "Edwin was a brave man. He went to Russia."

"Brave?" I said. "Idiotic! Insane!" To put all those dreams to the test . . . to travel on trains to whose wheels still clung ghostly shreds of Anna Karenina's muff . . . to let the sapphire curtains of the Marinsky part on the fabulous Kschessinska, mistress of the Czar . . .

"He left the shop in charge of his assistant," said my aunt, "sent Edith back to Mummy in Clapham (and weren't they both pleased!) and arrived, at the end of April, at the Finland Station in St. Petersburg."

Like everyone who dreams of Russia, he had envisioned it always under snow. But now it was spring. In the Alexander Gardens, where the English governesses sat watching diminutive princesses roll their hoops, the lime trees were green and gold. The Neva sparkled and danced between its granite banks, the air blew softly from the Gulf of Finland. From his hotel Edwin could see Peter the Great, bronze and invincible, astride his rearing horse; in the drawer of his writing desk, impressing him vastly, he found the visiting card of the room's former occupant: Lord Broomhaven of Craghill Castle, Yorks.

Edwin had no plans for his days. He just walked and walked, as pleased with the marble and jasper sarcophagi of the dead Romanovs as with a stall selling gingerbread from Tver.

And then one evening he was walking down Theatre Street. . . .

My aunt paused. "You've heard of it?"

"Oh, yes." I'd heard of it all right. A wide and elegant street running between the Alexandrinsky Theatre and the Fontanka River. A street peopled with limbo's most graceful ghosts: the young Pavlova running to the Summer Gardens to feed her swans; Karsavina, after her debut, ecstatic at Petipa praise; sledgeloads of nascent cygnet or Nutcracker fairies, or infant I Maidens driving to rehearsal at t Marinsky. . . . For on one side Theatre Street, half huge and splend palace, half nunnery, is the place whe it all began: The Imperial Ballet Scho

Edwin was no balletomane. It was t hour of the evening meal; the street w empty, he was on the way back to h hotel. What stopped him was a soun perhaps the most forlorn sound in t whole world. The sound of someone *n* crying.

He turned. Leaning against a close doorway at the side of the huge buildi was a young girl. She wore an old-fas ioned brown cloak a little small for he an ancient carpetbag lay like an u wanted animal across her feet, and c her long, dark lashes he could see t tears held steady by her bursting will.

"Are you locked out?" Edwin ma aged in his clumsy Russian.

She lifted her face to his. "Yes," s said. "But forever. I have been expell forever from the Imperial Ballet School

Her name was Kira. Edwin took h back to his hotel. And began, he sai his life.

"If you consider," said my aun "You'll realize that always, in every ag there's been a romantic ideal; a kind girl whose looks, whose whole way life, appeases that yearning for chival and tenderness that even the most s phisticated men don't seem able to stam out of themselves. All those Paris *mi inettes* with their poverty and hearts gold; those demure, oppressed Victoria governesses. And, or course, then as no the girls of the ballet."

Kira was barely seventeen, smal boned and supple as a willow. Not at a beautiful, Edwin told my aunt, despe ately proud of this piece of detachmen Not beautiful, then: a narrow face wit immense Byzantine eyes, smooth ha pulled up behind faun's ears; "and whe she sat down to listen to you," Edwi said, "it was her *feet* she folded."

As soon as he took charge of Kir Edwin changed. He might really hav been the Lord Broomhaven of Craghi whose visiting card he had taken carrying in his pocket. He ordered room for her in the hotel—was told the was no room—and got one. He ordere a meal to be served to them upstair was told it was too late, and presentl sat with her by his window over grille sturgeon and sparkling Crimean win And afterwards, lying on his bearski rug, shredding its loose fur with h narrow, nervous hands, Kira told him h story.

"How did he understand her?" asked, "if his Russian was so bad?"

My aunt shrugged. "He understoo

· because he *had* to understand her," said.

She was in her last year at the Ballet hool, due to leave soon and join the ps de ballet at the Marinsky. She de him see her life there very clearly: huge, empty rooms where they cticed, the vast dormitories, each h its own governess in her curtained l; the windows to the street of frosted ss because once a pupil had eloped h a young hussar. The discipline, the sterity was what came over most. But had been happy.

And then her father, an idealistic ntry schoolmaster, wrote a book t was regarded as seditious and was t to Siberia. A few *(continued)*

Journal Shopping Center

ECORATING: THE PLACE FOR CHRISTMAS

N THE KITCHEN: (small picture on page 89) allpaper, "Sultan" #2510-1, by C. W. Stockwell, c.*. Flooring, "Bradford Brick" red, 12" x 12" nyl asbestos Place 'n Press tiles by Armstrong. mulated, hand-hewn ceiling and wall beams of gid, expanded urethane, "Colony" in dark walut finish, by Paeco, Inc., 500 Market St., Perth mboy, N. J. All surfaces of counter on left wall e covered with Wormy Chestnut pattern Contact. All furniture is from Greenbaum Brothers, aterson, N. J. Large platter (holding goose), and l old copper molds are from La Cuisiniere, 867 adison Ave., N.Y.C.

Y THE HEARTH (PAGES 90–91) Wallpaper, Clairville" #2640-6, and matching fabric #72640-6, " wide cotton, by C. W. Stockwell, Inc.*. Pine antel, #1384X; serpentine fender #8267, andirons 3445, and fire tools #4273, all of brass, from Edin Jackson, 315 E. 62nd St., N.Y.C. All furniture, e rug, blue and white porcelains and Oriental tures are from Greenbaum Brothers, Paterson, J. Christmas balls by Shiny Brite.

ENEATH THE TREE (PAGES 92–93) "Wild ergy" rug, approx. 6' x 10', made in Poland, $585, om Cepelia, 63 E. 57th St., N. Y. C. Toys of lenoit deep pile fabric are Beatrix Potter's Peter abbit by Eden, and a Polar Bear by Bantam.

hrough decorators only.

ASHION: THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM

AGE 102: CEIL AINSWORTH LTD. lace-trimmed ngham dress and detachable ruffled pinafore bowes in the back. Polyester and cotton. Shown here 4-6x, $28. Also T2-4, $28 and 7-14, $32. Available at Lord & Taylor, all stores, 4-6x; The Betty hops Inc., Little Rock, Ark., all sizes; The Red alloon Ltd., Orange County, Calif., 4-6x.

AGE 103: FISCHEL BY JOHNSTON INC. short spender pants are gabardine and fully lined, and me with a back-buttoned shirt with piped collar. zes T2-4, $24. Available at Lord & Taylor, New ork; Thalhimers, Richmond; Joseph Horne, Pittsurgh; Maas Bros., Tampa; Jacobson's, Michigan; arshall Field & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin & Co., l Stores. **J.C. PENNEY** lace-trimmed pinafore ress has an apron effect of white lino. Kodel and tton, T2-4, $8.50. Available at most large J.C. nney stores.

AGE 104: KATE GREENWAY'S "KEEPSAKE OLLECTION" white eyelet dress with grosgrain bbon belt is of durable press polyester and cotn. Shown here in 7-12, $27, and also comes in 2-4, $21 and 3-6x, $23. Available at Saks Fifth venue. All Stores: 7-12; Jordan Marsh, Boston, 6x and 7-12; Miami, all sizes, Garfinckel's, Washgton, D.C., all sizes; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, 6x and 12; Dayton's, Minneapolis, 7-12 **BETSY ANIELS FOR SHUTTERBUG** pink and white rty dress has a flowery print bodice and ruffled ngham skirt in polyester and cotton. It's belted th a moss green ribbon. Sizes 7-14, $18. Available Gimbel's, New York and Milwaukee; Joseph orne, Pittsburgh; Parisian, Birmingham & Detur, Ala.; Godchaux's, New Orleans & Houma, ., and Edgewater, Miss.; B. Siegel, Detroit; Harzld's, Kansas City; Joske's, Houston; Nordstrom, attle. **SHUTTERBUG** mint green eyelet ruffled rty dress is of polyester and rayon and has a oss green sash, 7-14, $24. Available at Gimbel's, ew York; Parisian, Birmingham & Decatur, Ala.; odchaux's, New Orleans and Houma, La., and igewater, Miss.; Dayton's, Minneapolis; The Denr, Denver; Bullock's, Southern Calif. and Menlo ark

AGE 105: CINDERELLA BY ROSENAU BROS. ictorian dress in wallpaper print is lace trimmed d bow-ties in the back. Polyester and rayon; in 6x, $14. Available at Lord & Taylor, All Stores; ey's, Jacksonville; Loveman's, Chattanooga; wers, Minneapolis & St. Paul. **POLLY FLINERS BY BAYLIS BROS.** hand-smocked party ess of Kodel and rayon, 4-6x, $14. Available at rd & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; hn Wanamaker, Philadelphia; The Hecht Co., ashington, D.C. and Baltimore; Thalhimer, ichmond and Danville; Lazarus, Columbus; Buffm's, Southern Calif.

l prices are approximate. Party shoes on openg two pages by Stride-Rite; all others by Buster rown. Socks by Bonnie Doon. Ribbons from yman Hendler, New York. All jewelry shown is combination of genuine antiques and Tritari ntique reproductions.

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months later her brother, a student at the Conservatoire, got himself mixed up with a group of revolutionaries and was imprisoned in the dreaded fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Even then, she said, they wouldn't have done anything to her. The ballet was outside politics in Russia; it was their pride to have it so. But she had lost her head.

"It was knowing my brother was so near," she said, lifting her head to the window where the thin, gold spire of the fortress cathedral still pierced the pale light of a northern evening. "Just across the river."

She started creeping out at night to meet his friends, a group of hotheads who were making plans to free him. Inevitably she was discovered. And dismissed.

"But where will you go?" asked Edwin. "Is your mother still alive?"

Kira shook her head. There was only her Aunt Lydia, who lived in a small town near Kazan; a dreadful town, Kira said: two dusty streets, endless fields of sugar beets. "And chickens. You've never seen so many chickens."

It was this aunt she had been vainly awaiting when Edwin came.

"I hardly need tell you," said my Aunt Geraldine, as we made our way back along the river, "that Edwin behaved with perfect propriety . . ."

He sent another telegram to Kira's Aunt Lydia, installed Kira in his own room while he moved to a smaller one overlooking a courtyard, and prepared to make tolerable for the shocked and lonely girl the time of waiting.

He began formally enough with drives to the Islands, visits to museums. But soon he found that she liked, as he did, just to walk the streets, just to look and listen, and explore.

So they fed the pigeons in the Summer Gardens, bought hot *piroshki* and ate them leaning against the bronze horses of the Anichkov Bridge. In the evenings they strolled along the embankment and listened to the students play their mandolins, or drank lemonade on one of the barge cafés moored along the quays. And always, without seeming to do so, Edwin managed, in this city which was wholly strange to him, to avoid any place which might give her pain. Not just the Marinsky Theatre but all the theaters in this pleasure-loving town. Not just a poster announcing a ballet program but even the portrait of a dancer in an art gallery he could somehow smell out and keep from her.

Gradually her natural gaiety came to the surface, her eyes lost their shipwrecked look. On the day when she laughed out loud at a tiny Maltese terrier, like a white wig on casters, chasing a huge Borzoi across Mars Meadow, he felt as though he'd been given a million pounds. Already, knowing what the future would bring, he began to hoard those small, unimportant details memory uses to unlock the doors of love. The way she cupped her bowl of coffee, holding its warmth against her chest; the despairing shake of her head when he mispronounced, yet again, a poem she was teaching him about a crocodile walking down the Nevsky Prospect. She was a thief, too, unashamedly stealing sugar from the café tables to feed to the tired old *droshky* nags.

And every day as they returned to the hotel, Edwin would hold his breath, expecting to see the waiting figure of Aunt Lydia, whom he imagined always as a vast peasant woman in felt boots and sacking, with a basket of chickens in her lap. When she wasn't sitting there, he felt weak with relief. Another day's reprieve. Another day of idyll.

For what happened next, Edwin always blamed himself. He should have taken more care, supervised what she drank . . .

"One morning," said my aunt, "Kira woke flushed and feverish. She couldn't eat. By the evening she was very ill."

It was typhoid fever. The hotel insisted she be moved to the hospital. Edwin bribed and cajoled and blustered and they put up blankets dipped in disinfectant and let her stay. Edwin nursed her and let no one near. Two days earlier he had been shy of touching her elbow to guide her across the road. Now, he washed her, changed her nightclothes, held her head when she vomited. When the old-fashioned English doctor wanted her hair cut, Edwin himself cut the long, black tresses, strand by strand while she slept.

In her delirium, Kira went back into early childhood. She wept as the chickens of Kazan pecked her small fingers, ran after her brother begging him to wait, oh, *please* to wait for her, screamed as her mother's grave was filled again with earth. And always, like a brook running through the center of her experience, was this leitmotiv, the work of the ballet, as she murmured: "*Plié . . . battement tendu . . . soutenu . . .*," counted the beats and in her cracked and fever-ridden voice hummed snatches of music.

Edwin never left her, day or night. Before he'd had the luxury of a romantic and tender emotion; he'd been "in love." Now he cut right through that. Kira became his unborn child, the wife he had never had, the woman she would be when she was old. When it was over, he said, he *knew* her.

During the peak of Kira's illness Aunt Lydia arrived at the hotel. He had imagined her all wrong. She was a thin, anxious woman in an exhumed-looking black coat—the village schoolmistress. All the time he spoke to her she kept a handkerchief soaked in carbolic across her mouth. Illness terrified her; she dreaded being asked to stay and nurse her niece.

Edwin reassured her, gave her money for the journey back, told her he would bring Kira himself when she was well. And forgot her.

It's a slow illness, typhoid fever. Nearly a month passed before Kira was out of danger. Then suddenly she was sitting up in bed, convalescent. The illness seemed to have washed Kira free of her distress about the Ballet School. She asked no questions about the future, obeyed Edwin like a trusting child, seemed content to drift.

One beautiful day toward the end of May, with the sunlight streaming into the room, he picked her up and carried her from her bed to the open window.

"*Oh!*" she said. "Oh, Edwin, look. The river! The sky! Oh, isn't it *marvelous* that I'm not dead!"

And she turned in his arms and kissed him.

"Edwin was no fool," said my aunt. "He knew exactly what that kiss was about. Gratitude for a return to health, artless affection, nothing more. All the same, as a result of it, he decided to change his life."

Two days later he left Kira with some magazines, went along to the English grocer in Gogol Street and asked for a job. They needed English-speaking staff, were impressed by his knowledge of the trade, and told him he could start the following month.

Edwin didn't at once go back to Kira. He walked back across Palace Square and sat down on one of the benches in the Alexander Gardens.

It was a beautiful day. Babies in perambulators passed him, pushed by nurses with streamers in their caps; beside him on the grass a small girl in a white dress built a stick house for a captured beetle. Edwin closed his eyes and looked into the future.

WAKING

By Barbara Kunz Loots

How hard it is to winnow the dreams
from waking,
To watch the gold illusion lift away
And turning to the delicate grain
of morning,
Grind it into the plain bread of day.

He was a modest man, but he knew that he was better than Aunt Lydia and the chickens of Kazan. And sitting there, the sun on his face, Edwin lived through the life he would have with Kira.

He saw their little flat on the other bank of the Neva where everything was cheaper; two rooms, a window box, a canary to sing for Kira when he was out at work. He saw her sitting opposite him in the morning, cupping her bowl of coffee, while he told her how much, how very much it had grown in the night, her poor, shorn, duckling-feather hair; saw her running toward him in the evening in an apron too big for her. He felt her hand creep from her muff into his pocket as they walked the snowy streets to buy their Christmas tree; dusted the pollen off her nose after he had brought her the first daffodils. By the gay and gilded fountains of Peterhof they bandied preposterous names for their unborn child. At night, in their big wooden bed, he watched her spoon cherry jam into her tea and told her that her habits were disgusting, that he loved her more than life itself.

"When he was dying," said my Aunt Geraldine, jabbing the tip of her umbrella into a cracked paving stone, "he told me that of all the hours of his life, that hour in the Alexander Gardens was the one he would most like to have again."

It was noon when he returned to the hotel. He was a quiet man, always, and now, opening the door of his room, he made no sound.

Kira's back was to him. She was standing by the open window through which there flowed, badly played, relentlessly rhythmic, the sound of someone practicing a Schubert waltz. Kira's feet were folded in the fifth position; her arms were curved in to her side. And then as he watched, slowly, shakily, with the ghost of her former strength, she began one of her old routines: *glissade . . . jeté . . . attitude en avant. . . .*

Edwin stood very still, holding on to the knob of the door. He could see only her back and the nape of her neck with its heartbreaking, sawed-off hair, but he knew . . .

"You're crying," he said.

Her arms dropped. Her foot glided to rest like an autumn leaf.

"From the back of my neck you can tell I'm crying?" she said wonderingly.

Probably she grew up at that moment. At any rate she turned and came toward him and lifted her face to his, and he kissed her wet eyelids, her mouth, while everything inside him crumbled slowly into dust.

The next day he went to Druce's in the Nevsky Prospect and bought a pair of incredibly expensive English gloves. He said he didn't think he could have done it without those gloves. Then he took out Lord Broomhaven's visiting card and drove to Theatre Street.

"I'll never know how he managed it," said my aunt. "You'll notice I've used the same words about him again and again: 'meek,' 'quiet,' 'gentle.' " All the same, he confronted the principal and persuaded her that he really was an English aristocrat whose *entourage* had been horrified to find a member *(continued)*

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 106–107



6686 V-1 **6780 V-3** **6736 V-2**

All patterns, $1.00. All yardages quoted are based on 44/45" widths. Fabrics recommended are cottony synthetic blends.

SIMPLICITY #6686. Child's dress. 2–6. Size 4 (shown) required 2 yds. for dress; ¼ yd. for collar; 1½ yds. lace edging. Fabric: Floral wallpaper print by Peter Pan.

SIMPLICITY #6780. Toddler's dress, ½–3. Size 2 (shown) used 1⅜ yds. gingham; ¾ yd. contrast eyelet; 1⅞ yds. eyelet beading; 2¼ yds. grosgrain ribbon. Fabric: Gingham by Friend Fabrics, eyelet by Columbia Fabrics.

SIMPLICITY #6736. Girl's dress, 7–14. Size 10 (shown) required 3 yds. fabric; 1⅞ yds. pleated trim; 1⅝ yds. ribbon. Fabric: Antique-type medallion print by Valtex. Trimmings by Wrights and Sunny Styles. Ribbon by Century Ribbon Mills. Patterns are available in most stores from coast to coast. To order by mail, send check or money order (no cash), pattern number and size to: Simplicity Pattern Co., Dept. LHJ, 901 Wayne St., Niles, Michigan 49120. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Party shoes by Buster Brown. Socks by Bonnie Doon. Jewelry is a combination of genuine antique and Trifari antique reproductions.



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LITTLE SOUL
continued

of the Ballet School abandoned and at death's door. He hinted at a scandal in the English press, implied a special interest in Kira on the part of a high-ranking diplomat, and just at the right moment became a supplicant, stressing Kira's remorse and change of heart.

The decision to expel her had been unanimous. Now it was reversed.

And so, on a still gray morning, he drove Kira back to Theatre Street. At the last minute she was afraid and by the same door at which he'd found her she clung to him and said, "No! No! I want to stay with you!"

But he was beyond everything by now and gently loosened her arms, and picked up the great brass knocker shaped like the Imperial Eagle of the Czar, and then he just stood there very quietly and watched her go.

My aunt stopped talking. She'd finished her umbrella-jabbing and we stood side by side, our elbows on the parapet, looking at, and not seeing, the river Thames.

"That's all?" I said at last.

She shrugged. "He'd meant to go on, to see Moscow, Kiev, the Crimea. But his money had run out, of course, and anyway. . . ."

"So he went back to Edith?"

My aunt nodded. "Edith," she said, "was tired after the journey from Clapham. She was sitting up in bed with cream on her face and—"

"No! She didn't! She didn't say it to him. Not that first night!"

"She said it. And Edwin went up to her and said: 'Yes. Tonight. And any other night I choose.' And went on living with her for thirty years."

"Oh, damn," I said. "He had so little. For so short a time."

"No," said my aunt. "You're wrong. Edwin was all right."

I waited.

"I was with him at the end, I told you. And just before he died, suddenly he lifted up his head. . . ." She broke off. "I have never," she went on, "seen such a look of happiness on any human face. And then he said this one word. I didn't know what it was; I had to look it up."

"*Dousha*," I said, "Was it that? *Doushenka?*" And suddenly it seemed desperately, frantically important that I had guessed right.

My aunt looked up, startled. "That was it. It's an endearment, of course."

"Yes." It's an endearment, and for my money the best ever, the ultimate. "My soul," "My little soul. . . ."

"So you see," said my aunt, unfurling her umbrella, "he really was all right."

And we turned and left the quiet, grey, incurably English river and went home to tea. **End**

PRESSURE-PERFECT
continued from page 34

want them to wish they were home watching television instead.

These are at best elusive goals, and intellectually I could tick off a litany of disappointments that life will visit on those who are obsessed with such hollow pursuits. But my intellect has nothing to do with it. It's my emotions, my gut feelings that are being triggered by the rote-learned goals of adolescence. A collage of everything I've accumulated in my head, expressing taste, culture, sensitivity, comfort, appeal, charm, happiness. A certain indescribable *je ne sais quoi*, but you'll know it when you see it. And when I have it all together, what will I be? One of the unapproachable ladies of my fantasies? Ladies who take crisp twenty-dollar bills out of slim, hand-tooled leather wallets with no provisions for change or snapshots of the children. Ladies who wear their husbands' demands, idiosyncrasies and jobs like a cloak of many colors to be flung back over a chair at dimly lit lunches. Ladies who every summer spend a month in small provincial villages in the south of France (never where the tourists go) and whose children shake your hand vigorously and say, "How do you do?" when you meet them.

The thud of reality

Most days, by evening, reality hits with a thud. The perpetual plastic wall calendar from Denmark says July 4th and snow is on the ground. Two dead flies lie in the open honey jar. The water pick has a beige-green mold seeping from the joints. *Vogue* reports: The Baroness Philippe de Rothschild decorates her dinner table with "woodland fantasies, 'exquisite' landscapes done in flowers, plants, grasses—haunting, mysterious." Where on earth does that leave me, with my seven matching wineglasses?

If I survive the Baroness, there's always the Duchess of Cadiz, who is "beautiful in anything she puts on—with or without makeup—for she possesses a charisma, a certain confidence that carries her along." The last is also true of my cleaning woman who, unlike myself, seems not to agonize over her choices.

After supper my child comes slipping and sliding in his "feet" pajamas to bid me goodnight. "Are we going on the choo-choo train tomorrow?" he asks as he does every night. "Maybe," I answer, my head swimming with resolve. What's your pleasure, my darling? To spoon the coffee into the percolator? To use the spray hose in the sink? To have me to yourself for thirty whole minutes and not hear me say, "OK, now you play by yourself until Mommy's finished"? Finished with what? We all certainly know by now that Mommy is never going to be finished.



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I'm not really stupid. And inside I know that possessions don't bring happiness. But there are neither accolades nor interviews for the woman who wears her husband's socks to bed and sometimes has her lunch at the open refrigerator, mixing fish with fowl and gobbling up appetizers and desserts in unacceptable order. I don't want to be Mommy Wet Mop, an apt description that comes to mind when I contemplate my jelly-smeared life.

Is there a way out for me? Can I say good-bye to all the foolish lessons learned at MGM movies, and sometimes at my mother's knee? The ladies in those movies awoke with fresh lipstick and every hair in place. Children were blond and smiling. Husbands tall. Servants devoted. Dinners were always ready. Dishes mysteriously washed. Women were sneaky dumb or outright dumb but desirable. Is it any wonder that reality has such a bum rap?

What we need now is a soft sell for imperfection. A reconvincing that "neat as a pin" is a dubious virtue and not very accurate. That cool and self-contained might mean uptight and afraid. That French perfume sometimes gives you a headache. That selfishness is very useful and not to be avoided. That the small pleasures of the moment might be all there is. Until one day, hopefully, we come to terms with what we are. **End**

THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 46

"Group counseling is a favored tool. In group counseling, Della and Phil met contemporaries with similar troubles; they learned to communicate with each other as they learned to communicate with peers in no-holds-barred discussions. Della was advised that her self-pity and incessant claims of inadequacy were marital liabilities and should be discarded. Her super-sensitivity came under the gun. Slowly, Della learned to whine and complain less, to make an effort to be more independent and to make fewer demands on Bob. Slowly, he became more interested in her, in their home and children. He shortened his hours at the office, spent more time with the family. Incidentally, his ulcer condition improved.

"Bob began to realize that he owed his first loyalty to his own family, that yearning for a dead woman was futile and foolish. Bob had attended college on an athletic scholarship, but after graduation had rejected his interest in sports to concentrate on business. When Randy and Phil came home, their father impressed them by talking sports on a knowledgeable level. Before too long, Bob began to build a fragile bridge across the generation gap; he grew closer to his sons.

"Randy is now enrolled in high school again and doing well. Drugs are no longer a problem either to him or to Phil. These days Randy's major interest lies in operating a so-called Crisis Line. Three nights a week he sits at a telephone switchboard listening to the problems of anonymous strangers, advising the desperate how and where to locate community sources of aid. Eventually, Randy and Phil, who is also a good student and a Crisis Line volunteer, hope to go into social service work.

"Needless to say, Della and Bob still have unsolved difficulties—like everybody else. But their marriage is now on a reasonably even keel." **End**

MOMENT IN TIME

By Dorothy Shaw Lamb

This is the room that holds you still,
This room of almond-blossom pink.
You came, making it doubly dear.
Your architect's eye missed nothing:
The broad white doors, the tilting floors,
The simple elegance of the mantelpiece,
The folding shutters, old glass knobs.
"It has great charm," you said,
Your voice warm as the strawberry-colored curtains.
Firelight stroked the wall,
Turning Cézanne's salmon roofs to rose.

As I reconsider the whole experience and those extensive years of preparation, some things jell for me. The physical training was completely adequate. We had a few problems, but our procedures helped us solve them. I can't imagine any better preparation than the astronaut training program for the technical problems of the flight. The only thing I wasn't prepared for was the spiritual impact of the voyage to the moon. This sensing of God's presence, and the overwhelming feeling that He was there with us, was something I could not realize until some time after the flight.

No NASA involvement

Since Apollo 15 had been advertised as the first extended scientific mission to the moon, Dave Scott wanted to establish us as scientists. I had suggested we report our trip as pilots. Not only was I reluctant to pose as a scientist, I was becoming increasingly frustrated by being confined to the scientific message alone. I was much more aware of my religious or spiritual awakening, and I wanted to share this with our audiences. But I didn't want to get NASA involved, because its policy is to stay out of this area.

Quietly and unofficially, I began to visit churches every weekend. Then, on October 27, 1971, I spoke before a crowd of 50,000 Southern Baptists at the Astrodome in Houston. I told them how God had changed my life. This was my first real testimony.

There was an explosion of interest. Word went out like wildfire that Jim Irwin had a spiritual message that he was willing to share with people, and thousands of requests started coming in. This created a delicate problem of balancing my new mission with demands from the Space Center.

My life was going through a process of total change. From the sort of person who had never been active in church, never cared to speak in public, I was in the new role of being totally active, of volunteering to speak as often as it was physically possible. Nor was I just speaking; increasingly I was inviting people to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. It was one thing to tell them about the moon or the scientific mission, and then tell them about my spiritual voyage, and quite another to invite the audience to come forward and make a decision for Jesus Christ. It was a challenge to present the Gospel in such a way that people would respond. I still haven't completely mastered it yet, and in the beginning the experience was filled with anxieties and frustrations.

Almost without realizing it, I began to cover a much broader territory: I was going down to Florida, out to California, up to Chicago, and across the country to Boston. Normally, I would rent an airplane and fly the whole family with me. There was a tremendous pressure on the weekends. More and more I found myself living in the future, after retirement, when there would be time to share the spiritual message.

I had always planned to retire when my 20 years with the Air Force were up, but now I had my other work to do. I wanted to retire immediately. I had delayed my retirement when I was named to the prime crew of Apollo 15, but there was nothing to keep me now except my responsibilities as part of the back-up crew for Apollo 17. So I went ahead with my plans, and received my retirement papers in late July of 1972.

I still wanted flying to be part of my life, of course, and I wanted a job that would leave time for my mission and help me extend it. I ran into former astronaut Wally Schirra, and he put me in touch with Johns Manville in Denver. I told Dick Goodwin, Johns Manville's president, how I felt about sharing my message and about people and the earth, and he showed great interest. He said, "Jim, why don't you just come to work for Johns Manville. You do this thing you want to do as much as you want to do it, and when you have a few days free, you spend them with us." This really was the answer to prayer. I went to work for them on that basis.

That summer I went to the Southern Baptist Convention in Philadelphia and told the leaders of my denomination what I wanted to do. They offered to help me in every possible way. My objective was to create a nonprofit missionary foundation that could support and direct my efforts to share my message with people everywhere. My pastor, Bill Rittenhouse, helped me work out the design of this little corporation, and I named it High Flight, after the title of the poem by John Gillespie McGee, a young British aviator who was killed in World War II. In late summer of 1972, Bill Rittenhouse resigned after seven years as pastor in the Space Center community and became vice-president of High Flight—or, as I call him, "our Mission Director." The months ahead were a "high flight" in the sort of world ministry that I could not possibly have envisioned.

My new life

My new life really began in September, 1972; it was a fantastic month, and my wife Mary and the children were with me most of the time. In that month alone we visited Oklahoma, Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, North Carolina, Wyoming, Minnesota, and probably other states that I can't remember. There was always this question: "Jim, after you've been to the moon, what do you do? Don't you feel let down, now that you are back on the earth?"

I'd tell them, "I've never had the letdown. The Lord has kept me on one great big high."

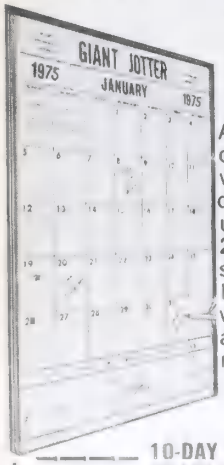
During October and November, our flights were higher and higher. My wife Mary and Jill and I toured Japan, Korea, Taiwan, and Vietnam. One of the highlights of my trip to Korea was my visit to the Air Force Academy on the outskirts of Seoul. I spoke to all the cadets who were assembled in the main auditorium. After making a speech on Apollo 15 and flying, I took the opportunity to give them my personal testimony. Then I invited them to step forward and accept Jesus Christ as personal Lord and Savior. It was an overwhelming experience for me—50 cadets came forward.

In Taiwan we had a big rally in Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall in Taipei. There were 5,000 in the audience, with the floor and the aisles packed to capacity. About a hundred people came forward, and I felt that we had enjoyed a great experience together.

The next day we had an opportunity to meet with Madame Chiang Kai-shek. She was most gracious and told me a Chinese myth about rabbits on the moon. I was able to give her a firsthand report: I didn't see any rabbits when I was up there.

Mary was playing a more and more important part in my mission. In Australia, I was scheduled *(continued)*

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GOD ON THE MOON

continued

to speak in the city hall in Sydney. The auditorium was completely filled when we got there, and hundreds of people were standing outside. We found there was a Baptist Church about two blocks away that was available. So Mary took the overflow crowd down to the church and ran the service herself. She did a great job.

The year 1972 ended with a most perfect trip to the Holy Land. Mary and the children were with me, and this was the most meaningful celebration of Christmas we have ever had. On Christmas day, I took part in a service at the Garden Tomb. It was a miraculous season for us and an incredible Christmas day.

Two days later, I met Golda Meir, the Prime Minister of Israel. Mrs. Meir asked me if the flight to the moon had really changed my life or if it had merely strengthened my faith.

Holy Land and High Flight

"Before the flight, I was really not a religious man," I said. "I believed in God, but I really had nothing to share. When I came back from the moon, I felt so strongly that I had something that I wanted to share with others, that I established High Flight in order to tell men everywhere that God is alive, not only on earth but also on the moon."

The whole experience in the Holy Land was the most inspiring way to turn the corner of the old year into a bright new year for High Flight. The experience moved us, and it gave us a chance to rededicate ourselves—to each other as a family and to our mission. We were sharing something much deeper than science, and the response helped us feel that our mission was blessed.

At that point, I couldn't help but look ahead and think of little Joe, a Vietnamese orphan we were adopting, joining us back in Colorado Springs. He would be a part of our lives and a part, too, of the family worship service that had really brought us together. Being in the Holy Land gave a sort of warm promise, a glow to the future. I am glad that I could not see everything that lay ahead, but I was right in being hopeful about the future.

On April 4, 1973, while I was playing handball in Denver, I had a heart attack. My high flight was brought down again. I was grounded one more time—or, as Mary said, "It was God taking charge again." Somehow He was changing my flight plan.

I was surprised by God. I couldn't imagine that I would have a heart attack. This was a hard thing to accept when it first happened, and when I had a chance to reflect on it, it embarrassed me. This heart attack made me more dependent on the Lord; it made me accept my own human weakness. I wonder if accepting weakness is not the first step toward new spiritual power?

I was never frightened; I remember having the thought that if the Lord was calling me, I was ready to go. It was a clear, definite feeling of surrender.

That first night I didn't articulate any prayers; I formed them in my mind. I prayed that Mary, the kids, and all of my family would be able to accept my death, if it happened. I had accepted this. I did not pray for my own recovery until after I left the intensive care unit. At first I was surprised that God had given me another night, and as I began to understand that God ruled the night the morning came: God had a plan for me. He had brought me into another night so that I could have another day.

The hand of Providence

I really see the hand of Providence in what happened to me. I believe the Lord sustained me to a certain point then He decided that I had to get a rest and reflect on what my future and the future of High Flight should be.

Well, my first reflection was that heart attack was the only way to slow me down. Looking back on my schedule, I realized that I had reached a breaking point during those last few weeks. I dreaded the commitments that I had made—every day on the calendar filled in for months ahead. I was getting to be resentful of the schedule, of what it was doing to my relationships with my family. I had hardly time to get acquainted with little Joe. Mary believed that the Lord wanted me to slow down.

Mary is the greatest nurse I could ever have asked for. It has been an ideal relationship since I got back—any old differences have paled. It is happening very simply, because when you know Jesus Christ, differences fade away. Mary is now a full-fledged partner in High Flight. She is a very strong force. She is witnessing and speaking, and she must say the right thing, because people come forward to accept Christ.

Mary tells me that we have never really had any time alone before—that this is a new experience for us. I see it as a new life within a new life. We know now what quiet times together are like—lying on the rug listening to music or playing chess. I know there is a tremendous future for Mary and me.

After the heart attack my prayers were for Mary and the family, and then they were for myself, and finally they are for High Flight. I am a stubborn man but I know I need help, and I am willing to accept it. I am grateful as the Lord reveals His plan for this flight, the highest flight of all.

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And You Get Your Choice Of HOW FAST You Want To Peel Off The Weight!

And remember, with *this* diet, you are not just losing *liquid* fat—the content of those ugly fat cells that have swelled your body since you were a child—*but you can now actually dissolve those very cell walls themselves!*

It's exactly as though your body—like the body of every naturally overweight person—*had millions upon millions of tiny fat-sponges distributed all over it!* And when you over-eat, these tiny sponges "soak up" the excess fat that's carried to them by your bloodstream!

Now you can see why ordinary diets don't last! Because, when you go on an ordinary diet, no matter how torturous it is, *that ordinary diet is designed simply to drain out the liquid fat from the INSIDE of those "sponge" cells!* It's exactly as though you'd squeezed them dry! They *shrink* alright! *But the "sponge" cells themselves are still there, waiting to soak up MORE AND MORE NEW FAT, once you go off that diet and begin eating normally again!*

But Dr. Collins' diet works on an entirely different principle! *It is specifically designed to eliminate the building blocks of those cells, at exactly the same time that it eliminates the liquid fat stored within them!* So *both* liquid and solid fat *pour out of your body at the same time!* The "sponge" is destroyed right along with ugly liquid that swelled it up! And—this time—(to quote Dr. Collins himself), *"When you resume a normal diet, you will STAY THIN more consistently"!* (Emphasis ours.)

Ingenious? Yes! But Still Only The Beginning! Because The Real Pay-Off Comes Now—In The Breathtaking New Flood Of Health That Pours In To Your Entire Body!

For you must understand this—Dr. Collins developed this powerful diet *as only one part of an all-over HOME HEALTH PLAN, designed to give average man and women, everywhere, who are worried about their weight or any other threat to their continued good health, SIMPLE MEDICAL TOOLS THAT GIVE THEM, AT HOME, NEW MEDICAL POWER TO DEAL WITH THEM!*

Yes, Dr. Collins gives you, not only new weight-control, *but new disease-control . . . new pain-control . . . new infection-control . . . new fatigue-control!* Administered by yourself, at home, *with startling results, in case after case, like this:*

For each of the major and minor diseases that may attack you or your family, Dr. Collins tells you at a glance: what *really* causes it . . . how to prevent it . . . how to treat it if it should strike . . . and (perhaps most important of all) *when you should do absolutely nothing, leave it alone, and let your body get rid of it itself!*

For example—

Most people think severe chest pain is the first warning sign of serious lung or heart disease, and therefore run immediately to their doctors. *Dr. Collins, however, gives you a simple 30-second test to help rule out heart trouble!* And then goes on to how an incredibly easy *adjustment* to your body may make that pain evaporate—for good!

Most people spend small fortunes trying to overcome chronic constipation, and go through needless agony that only grows worse and worse every year! Dr. Collins shows you a simple way to substitute *natural food* for those harmful laxatives, *and let gastrocolic reflexes give you the relief you want*—in many cases, *almost immediately!* And with *no* harmful side effects!

Yes, most people never dream of the simple *dietary* way to banish excruciating migraine pain . . . or how you can let your rheumatoid arthritis *burn itself out*, without treatment, and without drugs . . . or why many diabetics *can treat themselves* (unbelievable? See page 148) . . . or how 70% to 80% of kidney stones *don't have to be operated on at all* to stop them from causing pain . . . or how even an episode of multiple sclerosis can often be coaxed to *clear itself up, with nothing more than the gentlest home treatment!*

But The List Of Pain-Saving, Health-Saving, Dollar-Saving New Revelations Goes On And On! For Example...

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How women who wish to, can *delay menopause—for years!*

Why "old age diseases" are actually *a myth!* And why you can simply *laugh* at them!

And More! And More! And More! Everything You Want To Know To Protect Your Vitality And Health! PLUS THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW DIET THAT GIVES YOU BACK THE FIGURE OF YOUR DREAMS . . . FOR GOOD!

Once again, perhaps the best way to prove the overwhelming benefits this book will give you, is simply to turn at once to page 88, *and start on the most exciting new diet of your entire life!*

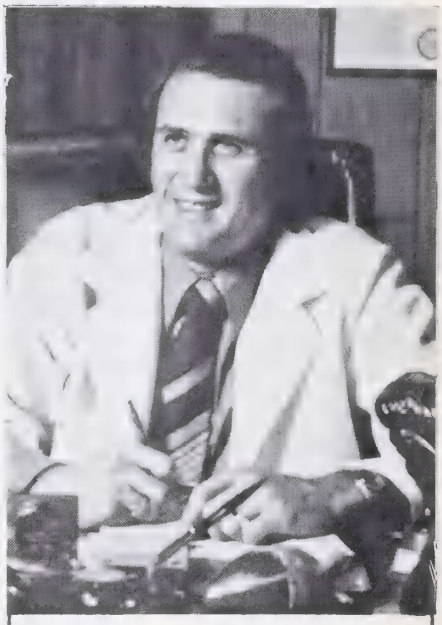
Remember, THIS diet not only drains out the liquid fat from your body, *but can actually destroy the fat cells themselves!* And does it, *without your giving up a single one of the foods you love on that blissful Free Day each week!*

Just think what you'll look like, *without* those ugly fat cells spread out in lumpy pockets all over your body!

And then imagine HOW MUCH BETTER YOU'LL FEEL AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME—because THIS book not only takes care of your fat-problem, *but most of your other health problems as well!*

Why not get started on the new, beautiful life it offers you—*today!*

© I. B. Co., 1974



MEET THE DOCTOR AND AUTHOR

R. DOUGLAS COLLINS, M.D. received his B.A. from Oberlin College and his M.D. in 1959 from New York Medical College. He served in the U.S. Air Force, where he practiced neurology and psychiatry, then completed his medical residency at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Polyclinic Hospital. He also was a resident in neurology at Jefferson Medical College. He is on the staff of five hospitals in Pennsylvania, one of them where he is Chief of Medicine.

Dr. Collins is the author of three well-known previously published books, *Illustrated Diagnosis of Systemic Disease, Illustrated Manual of Laboratory Diagnosis* and *Illustrated Manual of Neurologic Diagnosis* . . . plus medical articles in professional journals.

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Both designs are stamped on 100-percent Belgian linen; each kit includes floss, needle and easy instructions. Wood frames are available and easily assembled. —Ann B. Bradley





Wise words and charming motifs are combined in this museum-inspired "Give to the World" sampler (right). Size is 11 by 14 inches; design is stamped on Belgian linen. Kit includes floss, needle and easy instructions. Wood frame is also available.



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IFE WITHOUT ELIZABETH

ntinued from page 70

the early morning, I hardly see a soul these ancient streets.

"Being reasonably heavily muscled," explains, "I was always petrified of ing to fat. My type gets much flabbier an other physical types who do not re to exercise. Sometimes I go crazy d end up aching in every limb. That aziness for fitness is on me now. With e drinking, my eyes were puffy and y body polluted.

"The drink has been with me for years. sually it is the boredom that brings it : the boredom of the long delays be- veen filming scenes. Sometimes you d you have made a mistake and landed a movie that bores you.

"It is especially dangerous if you find congenial fellow actor who likes to ink, too." He is silent for a moment, erhaps recalling his encounter early is year with Lee Marvin, a drinker of vage reputation.

The film they made is called *The lansman,* and the place was Oroville in rthern California, where Burton and aylor, the screen's *Antony and Cleo- tra,* acted out a scene just as Shake- eare wrote it.

"Come, let's have one other gaudy ght," the doomed Antony implores eopatra. And Elizabeth Taylor agreed fore storming off, leaving him in Oro- lle, flirting with waitresses like an vay-from-home conventioneer and aching for the bottle. Later he placed mself in the Santa Monica clinic.

He adds gently: "I also drank because e world is so infinitely full of pain and hes, and the pain of its extraordinary riety is so great that occasionally you ve to kill the pain by drinking. I rather ve the world. It is fantastically exciting d diverse, infinitely threaded with ld. That fact needs celebrating, too.

"Then sometimes you see the threads at are lead, and you despair."

Shaking off despair

He shakes himself out of his somber oment and grins. "It is often very nice have a little despair flying around. nyway, the Celts (and I am a member that brilliant but rather melancholy ce) enjoy the feeling. I sometimes ink we invented being maudlin.

"Personally, when I am drunk I go to a rather acid sort of attitude. Eliza- th is a sensible social drinker, but hen I was really going, I suppose I was ocking off three bottles a day of vodka whiskey. I had to keep away from the m because I then fancied I could take Muhammad Ali or George Foreman. r, on a heavy day, both.

"I suppose it's six months since I last uched a drop. I did a whole film last ar, during my separation from Eliza- th, when I did not drink at all—not even a social drink in the evening." He has been swearing to friends that he'll never drink again. To me it seems an impossible self-discipline for so extravagant and indulgent a man.

I press him on this point and he concedes: "I am enjoying not drinking at the moment. I suppose I will start drinking again when I stop enjoying it. But I don't suppose it will be on the vast scale that I sometimes have achieved. There is also the fact that, with the booze, one should slow down as one gets older. I don't have the recuperative powers that I had at twenty-five. The body starts to shake and the bones creak."

Work is the answer

Part of his recovery plan is a frenzy of work. ("I am booked up for several thousand years ahead, it seems to me," he says.) Within a week of our lunch he had already begun work on yet another NBC-TV film, this one on Winston Churchill's life up to World War II.

Meanwhile, there's *Brief Encounter,* a love story about a small-town doctor (Burton) and a lawyer's wife (Sophia Loren) who meet on a railway station when he removes a piece of grit from her eye.

The shooting today is within the precincts of Winchester Cathedral, where the characters' love affair has its tentative beginnings. It is 10 A.M. when I first see Burton striding across the lawn. The creased face—"deliciously ruined," it was once described to me by a woman of great sophistication—bears a heavy tan makeup. He looks robust and compact in his charcoal-gray suit. His hair, now whitening rapidly, has been dyed dark, with a red tinge. His black shoes have Cuban heels because Sophia Loren is five feet, eight inches tall and had taken to wearing five-inch heels, giving her a small height advantage over the five-foot, 11-inch Burton.

"I threatened to creep into her dressing room and saw them off," he growls. Result: Sophia's heels are more sensible and the stars can now gaze effortlessly into each other's eyes during the love sequences.

During their first scene of the day they stroll under the flying buttresses on the south side of the Norman cathedral. A football is supposed to bounce off the wall, narrowly missing Burton. In rehearsal he picks it up and gives it a right-footed boot, sending it soaring beautifully into the air. "Not bad. Rugger is my game," he says.

But during the first "take" he miskicks. "Rugger *used* to be my game," he sighs.

In the dappled morning sun, the atmosphere is relaxed and comfortable. Then, suddenly, there is a freezing up—a switch of mood that I find inexplicable until a crew member whispers: "The *papparazzi* have arrived." *(continued)*

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LIFE WITHOUT ELIZABETH

continued

It is the notorious wolfpack of Italian photographers whose business is scandal. They come armed with cannon-like, trigger-operated cameras, and their objective is to obtain an unguarded picture of Burton and Loren in compromising juxtaposition. Nothing will dissuade these photographers from the conviction that Burton and his leading lady are having an affair, despite the fact that Richard stays with the film crew at the hotel and Sophia has a rented house with her two children and frequent visits from her husband, Carlo Ponti.

In a sense, part of the responsibility for this harassment rests with Burton himself. During his early-morning writing sessions, he has praised Sophia's talent and loveliness and his words were published. Further fuel has been added to the *papparazzi's* fired imagination by the fact that *Brief Encounter* is the second film Richard and Sophia have made together within a year, and that they will again co-star next year.

A very old friend

Yet Burton tells me: "It is only the *papparazzi* that pursue this romance nonsense. Sophia is really a very old friend of mine. I have known her for fifteen years. I have lived through her joys and troubles, her miscarriages and birth of her babies. That's what a friend is for. Perhaps there would be some justification for this close interest in Sophia and me if she were a young ingenue. But she has long been a respectably married lady.

"I was offered this role eighteen months ago," he says, "not with Sophia but with an English actress, and a very fine one. I turned it down. Who was going to believe in me as a $10,000-a-year doctor? I'm only doing it now because Robert Shaw, who was to have done it, was delayed on another film [*Jaws*]. They had already started shooting with Sophia and they were really stuck. I was in Switzerland for what I thought was going to be a nice six-week holiday. Sophia said to me, 'Just read the script.' Well, we'll just have to try to mute our natural flamboyance together."

Richard Burton ordinarily does not read his press clippings. ("Like the poet, T.S. Eliot, I read only the comic strips and the sporting pages," he says loftily.) But today I present a current clipping that makes him incredulous. The story creates a picture of a stricken, humbled ex-husband waiting for Elizabeth Taylor's bejeweled finger to be crooked in his direction, whereupon he will gratefully scurry back into the marital bed.

He drops the clipping to the carpet and snorts: "Rubbish!" Then with emphasis: "As far as I am concerned the marriage is over. Finished."

There can be no doubt that his pride took a beating, especially when Henry Wynberg, a Los Angeles businessman seven years his junior, became Elizabeth's suitor. For a long time Burton sulkily referred to Wynberg as "that man" and professed not to know his name—although it was printed in every popular newspaper around the globe.

Burton's attitude was touching and totally understandable, the natural defensive reaction of a vulnerable, temporarily bewildered middle-aged man.

In my presence he referred to Elizabeth's suitor as "Winsberg." Then later, over lunch, he said: "Actually, I don't know what his name is properly. What is it?"

I give him the correct spelling, and the pronunciation "Wineberg."

After a moment's reflection, Burton says: "Ah, I have got confused with a famous book called *Winesburg, Ohio,* by Sherwood Anderson. Wynberg, pronounced Wineberg," he muses. "It is a good name if it has wine in it. He must come from generations of drinkers. My father always said never to trust a man who doesn't drink."

He shrugs, pretending disinterest. "Anyway, I can never remember people's names. I once introduced Elizabeth as Phyllis. I actually did!"

How would Burton feel if Elizabeth did take a sixth husband?

Instantly, Richard replied: "I would be delighted if the bloke is all right. I was very relieved when my former wife Sybil remarried [Jordan Christopher]. I don't like them flying about all by themselves. A woman needs a man, it seems to me, much more than a man needs a woman. This chap [meaning Wynberg] seems all right from what I hear. He seems very amiable, very nice. And remember, a remarriage means accommodating all the kids. Our children are scattered, studying in London, New York, Hawaii and Switzerland, and a grown-up son on a commune in Wales. He ran into a little difficulty recently with the police over some cannabis [marijuana]. For heaven's sake, it is perfectly harmless. Anyway, I've helped with his legal fees.

"An interim bloke"

"This chap [meaning Wynberg again] also seems amiable enough as far as the kids are concerned—that is, if Elizabeth marries him. He may be an interim bloke for all I know. Elizabeth and I talk on the phone quite a lot. It's funny, but she never refers to him in any way. She asks me about my girls, although I never ask her about her gentlemen. It is a scruple of mine. She says: 'Who was that girl I saw you with in that newspaper picture?'—and I say, 'I don't know.' Then I have to hunt around to find out.

"Like today: some girl comes and stands beside me, and her mother takes her photograph—and so does the press. That ends up in the papers and Elizabeth reads of 'Richard Burton's new love.' "

He starts laughing throatily: "They had one of me and my daughter, Kate, who is about to be seventeen. She is tall and blonde and very beautiful. She was revealed in the newspaper captions as my new girl friend. She was absolutely delighted! When she went back to school, the girls said: 'So you are going to marry your father, right? A tiny touch of Welsh incest!' "

The conversation returns to the subject of Elizabeth Taylor—as it so often does. He says: "I am very fond of Elizabeth and she is very fond of me. It is a very amicable divorce. We are not like

(continued on page 170)

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But learning how to win didn't come easy.

Until a few years ago, my wife and I were like the average person. We would occasionally enter a contest that caught our attention ...with always the same results. Nothing. You may have experienced this same thing.

All my efforts left me frustrated. I knew I had to do something different to win. I decided to find out how I could improve my chances of winning. I started by interviewing the people who knew what it was all about. Contest judges.

I spent hours in writing letters and talking to judges. I studied carefully their advice and the techniques they suggested. With their help —and my own trial and error — I developed 14 simple — but effective rules — for entering and winning contests.

During the next three months my wife and I won valuable prizes in ten national contests ...an average of winning one prize every 10 days.

Believe me, this is not luck.

To prove what I am saying is true, here are just a few of the letters I received announcing my winnings:

- *— You will be happy to know that your entry has been selected as one of the winners in the Purina Dog Chow $150,000 Triple Treasure Sweepstake Spectacular.*
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- *— Congratulations...you are a winner in the "007 Colgate-Palmolive Sweepstakes." Please allow six weeks for delivery of your RCA Tape Recorder.*
- *— Your Polaroid camera is being forwarded to you as a winner in the Libby's Fine Foods Contest.*
- *— Congratulations on your cash prize. The Minute Maid Company is forwarding a check to you before the holiday season.*

Without contests and a systematical way of winning, these prizes were only a dream ...but now a dream come true.

Now you can make your dreams come true and experience the thrill of winning. You can master in a few hours what it took me two full years to discover.

The secret of winning.

I have written down every successful technique I have used. Every proven secret I have learned. And have included each of them in a book I have written, entitled "How to Win Contests."

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I will show you how to prepare.

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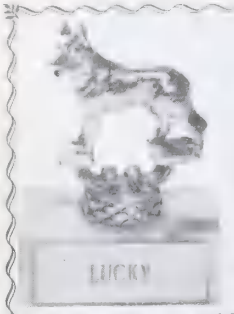
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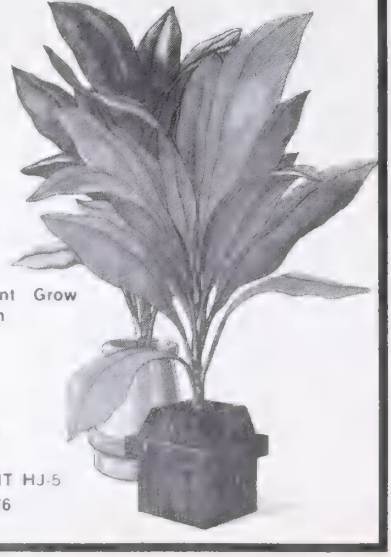
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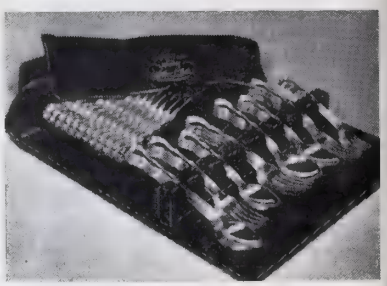
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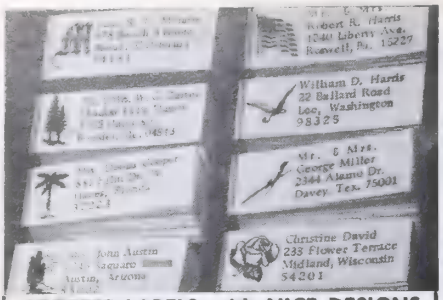
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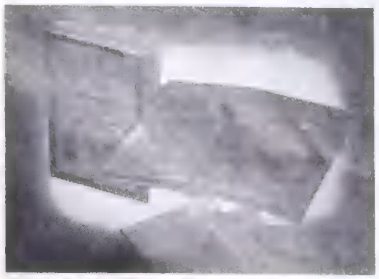
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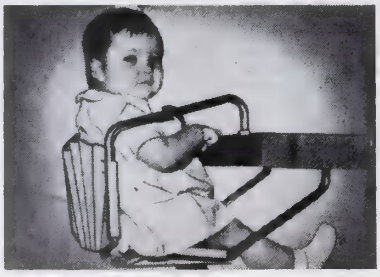
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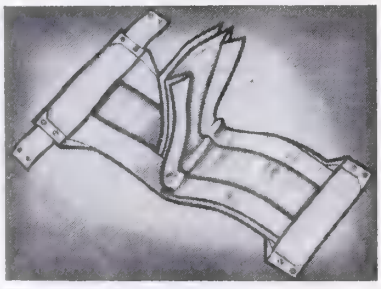
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Play it safe

"Ever-Safe" is a fine product for any who experience embarrassing "lack of control." Go anywhere, sit any place—be assured of protection. Soft vinyl. Weighs a mere 7 oz. Order by waist size. Garment with liner, $6.95; extra liner, $3.95; 50 disposable liners, $7.95. Ralco, Dept. 271, 1534 E. Edinger, Santa Ana, CA 92705.



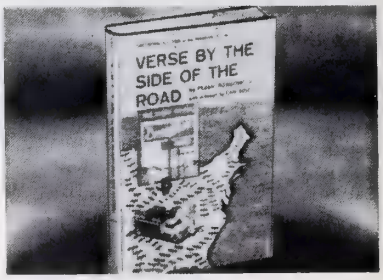
Victorian clothes rack

Stunning cast-iron rack sparks a friendly, homey touch to any wall. Versatile reproduction from the colorful Victorian era has 5 large swing-away arms with 3 hooks on each for hats, coats, etc. Extends 7½" from wall. 14" wide. $3.98 plus 75¢ hdlg. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1712-D, Wheatridge, CO 80033.



Lovers' Mizpah coin

Attached to two key rings, coin carries Old Testament quotation: "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another." Keep one; give the other half to the one. Sterling 1" size, $8.50; 1¼", $9.50; 1½", $10.50. 14K gold, $55, $75, $95. Engraving on back, 10¢ a letter. Jamaica Silversmith, LH12, 407 Rockaway Ave., Valley Stream, NY 11581.



Burma Shave signs

Too young to recall? "Verse by the Side of the Road" is the nostalgic story of famous Burma Shave signs that entertained all along the way when motoring was slow and easy. Hmmn, pretty much up to date, come to think of it! Hardbound. 600 illustrated verses. $4.95. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1712-C, Wheatridge, CO 80033.



Let's face it

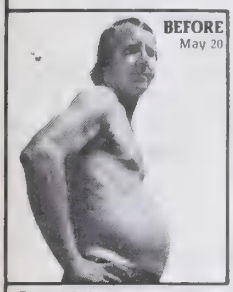
Unsightly hair on arms, legs and face can be downright embarrassing. Perma Tweez, a do-it-yourself electrolysis device, safely and permanently removes unwanted hair without puncturing the skin. Appears in various medical journals. $16.95. General Medical Company, Dept. LJE-22, 5701 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90016.

The Amazing 5 Minute Body Shaper Plan.

Over 500,000 flabby people have chosen this easy way to shape up fast-at home

"We guarantee you will see and feel results in 3 days! You will reduce from 2 to 5 inches off your waist. Lose from 5 to 15 pounds (depending on your present condition), within 14 days, without giving up the foods you like. The Body Shaper Plan must work...or it costs you nothing!"

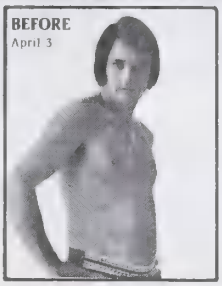
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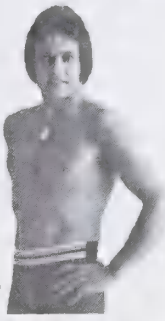




Case #5721 **AFTER 14 DAYS** June 3

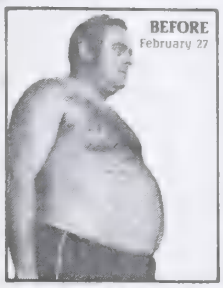
"In just 14 days I was 25 pounds lighter, lost 5¾ inches from my waist — just using the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Gordon Cox**





Case #91942 **AFTER 14 DAYS** April 17

"In just 14 days I lost 2¾ inches off my waist and 6 pounds of excess weight. It was easy with the Body Shaper." **Robin Torell**





Case #900150 **AFTER 11 DAYS** March 13

"I lost 25 flabby pounds, took 4¼ inches off my waistline in only 14 days, using the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Murray Feinberg**





Case #25012 **AFTER 14 DAYS** January 23

"I lost 10 pounds, 6¼ inches off my waist, 3 inches off my hips in 14 days, using the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Pamela Olson**





Case #2116 **AFTER 14 DAYS** July 5

"In just 14 days I lost 15 pounds, 6½ inches off my waist, 2¼ inches off my hips — with the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Jennifer McCarthy**





Case #920150 **AFTER 9 DAYS** March 22

"It took me just 9 days to lose 7 pounds and 5¼ inches off my waist — following the '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan." **Linda Simon**

They Saw and Felt Results in Just 3 Days!

What Is This Ingenious Plan?

The Weider '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan is based on doing one continuous, coordinated rhythmic exercise—twice daily and cutting down about 20% of your food intake—**but without giving up any of the foods you like.**

This one, five-minute exercise is designed to slim and firm your flabby waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look), as well as take off excess body fat FAST by speeding up your metabolism, burning off stored calories, and releasing excess water. At the same time, it helps to reshape your chest or bustline, waist or hips, firms your arms and legs—improves your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts. No disrobing. Do it in the privacy of your own home—even while watching TV. The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there is floor space—anytime. Even while watching television.

What The Experts Say:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Athletic Coaches ...agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan they have seen yet.

What Satisfied Customers Say:

Here are reported results from but a few of the thousands and thousands of customers who have used the plan. Each of the cases reported below, was **certified, measured** and **weighed** by experts. That's why we can guarantee that **every** result reported is **absolutely** accurate.

"I lost 25 lbs. and 5¾ inches in 14 days," G.C. **"I lost 32 lbs. and 6½ inches in 21 days,"** M.T. **"I lost 15 lbs. and 3 inches in 14 days,"** W.E. **"I lost 22 lbs. and 6 inches in 21 days,"** M.B. **"I lost 3¾ inches off my waist in 5 days,"** R.M. **"I lost 10 lbs. and 6¾ inches in 14 days,"** C.J. **"I lost 10 lbs., 6¼ inches off my waist and 3" off my hips in 14 days,"** P.O. **"I lost 10 lbs. and 5 inches off my waist in 14 days,"** J.C. **"I lost 7 lbs. and 5 inches off my waist in 14 days,"** S.D.

Results vary depending upon how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 10 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, even while watching TV—(and just cutting down about 20% on the foods they eat—without giving up the foods they love). Naturally, their impressive results vary. **But, we guarantee that you, too, can expect to lose from 5 to 15 pounds and from 2 to 5 inches off your waistline in 14 days—or your $9.95 will be refunded.**

Money Back Guarantee!

Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts agree—the only way to firm, shape and trim your body is by **working off the inches.** The **Body Shaper** is a simple way to do it. No gimmicks involved—you will not be ripped off as in the past by so-called "effortless exercisers".

So, we make you this unconditional guarantee:

Satisfaction Guaranteed!!

After receiving your Body Shaper and instruction booklet, use this plan for 14 days. If you do not see your new body shaping up, return the total Body Shaper Plan for your $9.95 refund.



Weighs only 16 ounces.

WEIDER BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

"Get it off fast"—and see measurable and firming results in 14 days or return the exerciser for your refund! Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Total Body Shaper?

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY **$9.95**

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. BA/X
5 MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Dear Mr. Weider:

I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. And, I want to lose it quickly. Please send me the 5-Minute Body Shaper and Plan. If I should fail to see and feel a dramatic improvement in the first 14 days, I may return it for my $9.95 refund.

☐ **I am enclosing $9.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.**

Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ cash, for total $..... (Calif. res. add 6% sales tax).

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP .....

IN CANADA: '5' Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

Pat. Pending. © Copyright Joe Weider 1974

LIFE WITHOUT ELIZABETH

continued from page 164

those quarrelsome couples who say: 'This belongs to me, that belongs to me. . . .' There has been no grabbing. My only personal demands were that I wanted my books and my Minimoke [a small, Jeep-like car]. I have about seven thousand books scattered about.

"Elizabeth said: 'I think you should have some of the paintings.' I said: 'I can't tell one from another and, as for the jewels, I don't see myself walking around with the Krupp diamond on one finger and the Cartier diamond on another. They look more suitable on you.' So she has kept all that stuff. She is a very sweet girl and very amiable and very loving. It really was a most unusual divorce, in that there was no unlovely scrabble for possessions.

"If I have any acquisitive streak at all, it is about books. If someone tries to steal a book from me or takes a book without my knowledge, then I become . . . well, woe betide them. I have been a bibliomaniac since I was a child, when books were hard to come by."

He gives a sly, I've-got-a-secret-smile. "You think women have been my passion? The real passion in my life has been books: not simply the contents—you can get those in paperback—but the feel, the way they are done, the bindings." He strokes the tablecloth. "I have a considerable collection of illuminated manuscripts which are a joy to touch. England is about the only country left with great binders and bookmakers."

Sharing the spoils

In the friendly sharing of the spoils of superstardom, Burton kept his rambling house at Celigny, outside Geneva, that he bought when he was married to Sybil, and Elizabeth has the Swiss chalet at the fashionable resort of Gstaad.

I asked about *Kalizma,* their 130-foot yacht. "I gave it to Elizabeth and advised her to sell the damn thing. In the eight years we have had it, I doubt that we have lived aboard for more than a total of six months. She is beginning to show her age and her bottom needs scraping every year—the boat, not Elizabeth. *Kalizma* costs $150,000 just to leave idle each year. Elizabeth should do what other people do: if she wants to cruise on a yacht, charter one."

Burton's own wealth is largely invested in land. He describes his situation as "comfortable." I'd worked out, as best I could with the available information, that his personal fortune must be in the region of $7,500,000.

He grins enigmatically and says: "It fluctuates from day to day. Sometimes I am a little ahead and sometimes behind. But then I don't really count that sort of money. Elizabeth is all right. She is far richer than I am. We did take one precaution against the time should we become undesirable as actors, or the children got into trouble, or anything like that. We formed two trusts for each other which we cannot invade. They are not enormous, but they are adequate—certainly for me but not for Elizabeth, because she invented living at the rate of one thousand dollars a second. We have never had to dip into these trusts because we keep on earning."

Since the break-up, Burton appears to have devised a simpler lifestyle for himself. "I am not living extravagantly," he says. And indeed, on the *Brief Encounter* set there is a noticeable absence of an entourage. His companions number two: Brook Williams, son of actor Emlyn Williams (who first set Burton on a stage), and makeup man Ron Berkeley.

We break off again while he runs through a scene with Sophia Loren on the cathedral lawn.

"Sophia," he says, returning, "is in the same class as Elizabeth. You see, I consider Elizabeth to be not just one of the greatest film actresses who ever lived. I think possibly she is *the* very greatest. I think she makes Garbo look as if she overacts. Elizabeth really is tremendous when she is properly cast. She doesn't need any direction and, as far as I know, she has never had any. Certainly not when I have been around.

"I remember doing an early scene with her in *Cleopatra.* I went on and behaved as if I was still at the Old Vic. I thought: 'That's funny. While I was carrying on and acting away, she didn't do anything.'

"It seemed very odd—especially as she was being paid one million dollars and I was being paid only half a million. I was furious about that.

"I wanted to see what she was doing to earn her money so I went along to see the film 'rushes' and, of course, everything was happening. I just looked as if I was hamming it up, I thought: 'Hello. I must watch this girl.' I learned most of how to act on films from Elizabeth.

"Actually, though, there is no such thing as a great actor. There are seven people who are very good and might be described as great in certain roles. They cannot possibly be described as great in every role."

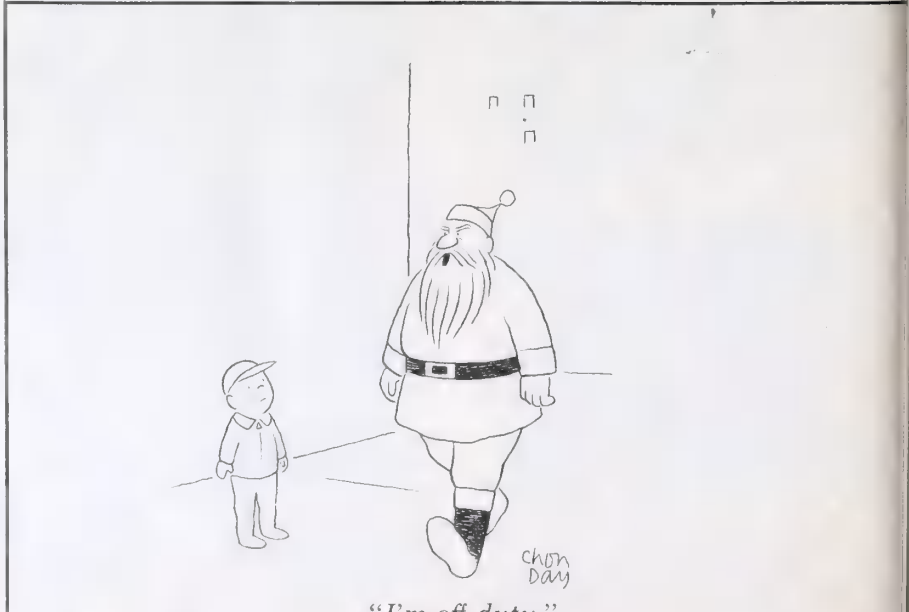
He has been sounded out to do Falstaff when the new National Theatre opens in London next year. But he shows little enthusiasm.

"Once you are in a play you don't really think about anything else. Films are different. You can switch them off. Since I have worked at Stratford and, more particularly, at the Old Vic, I know what the stresses and strains are. I have no intention of doing what I did the last time: I played Hamlet in New York for nearly a year and I damn nearly ended up in a looney bin. I just had to stop.

"You see, it is so different for Olivier, John Gielgud and Paul Scofield. They are actors by vocation. They stepped out of the womb being actors. It is almost like a priest being called. They live, breathe and think of nothing but the theater. I am an actor only by accident. I have too many outside interests. If I don't read at least one book a day I feel that something is wrong with my life."

Richard Burton, rebuilding his life without Elizabeth Taylor, reminisces: "My life is often topsy-turvy but often a hell of a laugh. But if one thought it had all worked out one would certainly be lacking in imagination and guilty of an extraordinary smugness. I'm doing my bit of acting and trying to keep out of trouble."

Then in that sonorous voice, throbbing with a newfound virtue: "Waitress, another glass of soda water, if you'd be so kind." **End**



"I'm off duty."

